

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 726: Chapter 726: Going to the Knox Family

Waylon Lewis pulled Hope Williams into a small garden nearby, and Hope wrapped her arms around Waylon Lewis's arm, leaning her head gently against him.

The weather is nice today, perfect for a walk.

"Did you finish handling everything today?" Waylon Lewis asked.

When Waylon Lewis asked this, Hope Williams thought of the matter with Aria Richardson and sighed lightly.

"What makes you sigh?"

Hope Williams turned her head to look at Waylon Lewis, "Do you know about the Knox Family going to the Richardson Family with a betrothal gift?"

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow, "I've heard a bit."

Hope Williams looked up at Waylon Lewis, "What do you think about it?"

"One is useless, one lacks self-opinion, and one is scheming."

Uh...

The useless one is Wyatt Lewis, the one lacking self-opinion is Aria Richardson, and naturally, the scheming one is Alexander Knox.

Hope Williams tugged at her lips; it's hard to hear a good word about Wyatt Lewis from Waylon Lewis's mouth, and Hope Williams is already used to it. However, Aria Richardson is not as he described.

"You might not fully understand the whole situation, but Aria is not a person without self-opinion. She already suggested breaking up, but didn't expect Alexander Knox would come with a betrothal gift, forcing this situation."

Waylon Lewis looked at Hope Williams seriously, "When I say she lacks self-opinion, it's because with her parents around, she can't follow her own thoughts, make her own decisions, or have the right to resist."

Hope Williams frowned and said nothing.

"Even without Alexander Knox's betrothal gift, the Richardson Family would choose Alexander Knox between Wyatt Lewis and Alexander Knox."

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis in confusion, "Why?"

The Knox Family can't compare to the Lewis Family.

If Father Richardson truly treats Aria Richardson as a tool for alliance, the top choice should be the Lewis Family.

Waylon Lewis said indifferently, "If you were Miac Richardson, immersed in indulgence with the second son of the Lewis Family who is a spendthrift, versus the capable and strategic head of the Knox Family, who would you choose?"

Hope Williams suddenly understood, her eyes deepened, and the voice dropped a bit, "I would choose Alexander Knox."

In Father Richardson's eyes, the Lewis Clan is all in the hands of Waylon Lewis, and Wyatt Lewis is just a playboy without real power and can't help the Richardson Clan in the future.

And although the Knox Clan can't compare to the Lewis Clan, Alexander Knox controls the entire Knox Clan.

Businessmen are always shrewd; Father Richardson would prefer to have his daughter choose the slightly lower status Knox Family, with President Knox who controls the entire Knox Clan, rather than a playboy without any power in the Lewis Clan.

Waylon Lewis continued, "Your friend, the Richardson Family's lady, born in the Richardson Family, enjoys the wealth and glory brought by the Richardson Family, and at necessary moments, she must pay the corresponding price; she almost has no say in this matter of business alliance."

Hope Williams furrowed her brow; she naturally understood this.

Waylon Lewis drew Hope Williams closer into his arms and said lightly, "It's hard for you to interfere in this matter; ultimately, it's an issue between their two families."

"Then you're not going to help Wyatt?"

Waylon Lewis chuckled coolly, "How can I help? If Miac Richardson doesn't favor him, should I go snatch a woman for him?"

"In this matter, if he sees clearly, he should step out of his comfort zone, go to the company, and let everyone see his value, rather than continue being a playboy who drinks, plays, and lives on the Lewis Family for his whole life."

Hope Williams agreed with Waylon Lewis's opinion; Waylon Lewis sees more clearly than she does in this matter.

Hope Williams thought for a while and sighed.

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow and looked at Hope Williams warmly, "Why are you sighing again?"

Hope Williams looked earnestly at Waylon Lewis, "Waylon Lewis, when our daughter grows up, will you be like Miac Richardson towards Aria, letting her marry for business alliance with another family?"

Waylon Lewis looked seriously at Hope Williams, "No."

"Hmm?"

"She's my daughter, Waylon Lewis's daughter; I'm not bad enough to use her marriage to consolidate company interests."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, tightly holding Waylon Lewis's hand, "Yes, my Mr. Lewis is the best."

Waylon Lewis's eyes flickered, suddenly thinking about when his daughter grows up, he doesn't know which family's punk would marry her; he suddenly felt a bit annoyed.

"No one is good enough for our daughter."

"Huh?"

Hope Williams looked puzzled at Waylon Lewis's sudden comment, rather confused, "Who's not good enough for Willow?"

"No one is good enough."

Hope Williams blinked her eyes, seemingly understanding something; Waylon Lewis might be annoyed thinking about his daughter needing to marry in the future.

Hope Williams smiled gently, "Then what will happen to Willow? Won't she get married? Is she going to be lonely for life?"

"I can support her for a lifetime."

Hope Williams chuckled lightly, patting Waylon Lewis's chest to calm him, "Alright, Willow is only six years old, getting married will still be twenty years away, saying these now is too early."

Hope Williams felt helpless; she could already envision when little Willow marries in the future, Waylon Lewis, as an old father, would probably dislike her son-in-law immensely.

Hope Williams wrapped her arm around Waylon Lewis, and they walked slowly. Hope Williams quite enjoyed the time wandering leisurely with Waylon Lewis; it made her think of their lives as they grew old together.

If possible, Hope Williams wants to accompany Waylon Lewis for a long time.

Staying with Luke, Willow, and Baby as they grow up, watching them marry and have children, then surround by children and grandchildren; just the thought of these makes Hope Williams smile.

Only her health...

Hope Williams's eyes darkened a bit.

"What's wrong?" Waylon Lewis saw Hope Williams's bad complexion and asked anxiously.

Hope Williams shook her head, looking at Waylon Lewis, her beautiful eyes flickering, bundling up the bad emotions and tossing them to a corner of her heart, she smiled at Waylon Lewis, "It's nothing."

"If you're tired, let's go back."

"I'm not tired, we just walked a bit."

They bypassed a rockery, and Hope Williams suddenly saw a shadow leaning there, startled, and screamed, "What's that?"

Waylon Lewis raised his hand to protect her, and upon close inspection, saw Wyatt Lewis leaning against the rockery with a cigarette in hand.

"Wyatt Lewis?" Waylon Lewis frowned.

Hope Williams bent down to take a closer look, "Wyatt? Why didn't you go inside when you returned?"

Wyatt Lewis lacked his usual cheeky smile, throwing the half-smoked cigarette on the ground, stood up, and said in a deep voice.

"Just cooling off outside."

Hope Williams stepped forward, seeing scars on Wyatt Lewis's face. He wore a black coat, masking the scars, but Hope Williams could still smell the blood.

"You're hurt!"

"A small injury."

Waylon Lewis looked at the ground full of cigarette butts, his eyes deepening, pulling him out from the shadows of the rockery.

Under a bright light, the scars on his face were even more evident, and the white shirt on his chest was stained red, looking shocking.

Hope Williams widened her eyes in shock.

Waylon Lewis's eyes were dark, coldness rampant, "What happened?"

Wyatt Lewis lowered his eyes, his hoarse voice saying only, "Careless."

Clearly, neither Waylon Lewis nor Hope Williams is silly enough to believe carelessness could cause such injuries.

"Do you think if you don't tell, I won't find out?" Waylon Lewis looked at him coldly, although his tone was icy, there was a hint of unwillingness hidden in it.

Wyatt Lewis pressed his thin lips into a line, as if remembering some angering event, his palm clenched, and with each grip, the wound on his arm was pulled, causing blood to drip down his hand onto the ground.

Hope Williams's gaze fell on the bloodstains on the ground, and inevitably felt chilled. She looked up to see Waylon Lewis walking aside with his phone, probably to investigate the situation.

Hope Williams furrowed her brow, gesturing to the nearby pavilion chair, "Go sit."

Hope Williams went inside to get the medical kit. Wyatt Lewis didn't go in upon returning home, probably to prevent the old master from worrying. So, Hope Williams also avoided them, getting the medical kit and then calling a family doctor over.

Hope Williams took out alcohol cotton from the kit and started treating the wound on Wyatt Lewis's face. Wyatt Lewis sat there motionless, seemingly indifferent to the pain.

Hope Williams pressed her lips tightly; the more she thought, the more off things seemed, "How exactly did you get injured this badly?"

Hope Williams asked him questions and Wyatt Lewis lifted his eyes to look at her and said, "Sister-in-law, can you go check on Aria for me?"

Hope Williams paused mid-action, "Aria? What's wrong with Aria?"

Wyatt Lewis's sullen voice was a bit agitated, "I don't know, but I saw her father's face wasn't good, so something might have happened."

Waylon Lewis, after sending someone to understand the matter, approached and gave Wyatt Lewis a glance, his gaze fell on Hope Williams, "I'm going out for a bit."

"Where to?"

Waylon Lewis's brows moved slightly, "The Knox Family."

Chapter 727: Chapter 727: What Exactly Did She Do Wrong

"Bro." Wyatt Lewis wanted to stop Waylon Lewis, but Waylon ignored him, leaving with a cloud of low pressure.

Hope Williams handed over the task in her hand to the family doctor, "You handle the wounds at home, I'll check on Aria."

Wyatt Lewis nodded solemnly, "Thank you, sister-in-law."

The Richardson family.

Aria Richardson was brought home by Miac Richardson, and as soon as they reached the doorway, she saw the servants organizing a large number of packages marked with brand store logos on the vacant land at the entrance.

Miac Richardson walked over with a completely gloomy face, "What are all these things?"

"These just arrived from a courier, said to be clothes the eldest miss bought at the mall."

Thinking of the video Alexander Knox showed at the Knox Family's place, Miac Richardson glared fiercely at Aria, "Was that Young Master Lewis using these to lure you in?"

Aria didn't know what got into Miac Richardson, "What do you mean Wyatt used these to lure me in?"

"You're still arguing? Did you do something against Alexander first? And then, thinking you'd climbed up to Wyatt, you dumped Alexander?"

Miac Richardson's voice was full of anger, as if Aria had done something terribly shameful that brought disgrace to him.

Isla Sue couldn't listen any longer and stood in front of Aria, facing Miac Richardson.

"Miac Richardson, do you not know your own daughter? Just because of a few words, you make such assumptions about her. If she really wanted to cling to Wyatt, Mrs. Lewis has mentioned multiple times to let them just get married, Aria could have agreed any time, why put herself in such a difficult position?"

Miac Richardson, "You saw the video yourself clearly, if she has nothing indecent with Wyatt, why is he willing to spend money on her?"

It's all because you raised her like this, doing disgraceful things day by day." Miac Richardson's forehead veins bulged with anger.

Aria stepped directly in front of Miac Richardson, her eyes filled with anger, she questioned back, "What video? What indecent relationship? What disgraceful thing have I done? Make yourself clear."

Miac Richardson pointed to the piles of clothes in front of them, "You still feel wronged, huh? Then tell me, weren't these clothes paid for by Wyatt?"

"Yes."

Those were the clothes Hope wanted to buy for her at the mall yesterday, but Wyatt had given his card to the sales associate and dragged her away.

Miac Richardson snorted angrily, "It's good you've admitted, Aria, I'm telling you, you are not to meet with Wyatt again, you must cut off all ties with him. As for these clothes, fetch some alcohol and a lighter."

Aria's eyes widened, "What are you going to do?"

"You need a lesson; otherwise, you'll never learn." Saying so, Miac Richardson took the alcohol and lighter handed over by a servant.

"No."

Aria grabbed Miac Richardson's hand forcefully, explaining desperately.

"There's nothing between me and Wyatt, and I've never done anything inappropriate. These clothes were originally intended as a gift from Hope. Things are not how you say they are. Why do you never believe me? Am I really your daughter?"

"Slap."

Aria was unexpectedly slapped, hitting the ground hard, a buzzing sound filled her ears.

"Miac Richardson! What are you doing!" Isla Sue screamed anxiously, rushing over to shield Aria.

Miac Richardson's hand trembled, there was a moment of regret the moment the slap landed, but ultimately he did not hesitate, taking the alcohol and pouring it on the dry boxes.

"Miac Richardson, enough, how far are you going to push your daughter before you're satisfied?" Isla Sue quickly stopped him when she realized he was serious.

Yet, Miac Richardson lit the lighter without hesitation.

A wave of heat swept over, engulfing the cardboard boxes in flames instantly.

Aria covered her face, her dark pupils flickering with the fiery blaze, as if the dancing flames wanted to swallow her whole.

Inside, she was utterly overwhelmed, not because Miac Richardson wanted to burn the clothes, but because a sense of helplessness and inability to refute or be trusted shackled her completely.

When Hope arrived, she saw the scene, the sky-high blaze, and the fiery flames jumping and crackling.

Hope hurriedly got out of the car, almost tripping in her rush, but she didn't care at this moment.

Hope jogged over and saw Isla Sue holding a crying Aria by the burning items, with Miac Richardson standing angrily nearby.

Amidst the flames, logos on the burnt boxes could be faintly seen.

"Aria?" Hope stepped forward and squatted in front of Aria.

Aria moved her black, expressionless eyes to Hope, her voice fragile and helpless, "Hope..."

Hope felt a pang of heartache, hugging Aria to comfort her, "It's okay, it's okay, I'm here now."

"Aunt Sue, what's going on? How did things become like this?" Hope frowned and asked.

Isla Sue gritted her teeth, glaring fiercely at Miac Richardson, and said angrily, "This old fool insists Aria has something with your Wyatt, and adamantly wants to burn the clothes Wyatt bought for her."

Hope looked at the burning boxes and then at Miac Richardson, and quickly said, "Uncle Richardson, you're mistaken."

"Mistaken about what?"

Hope said, "All these clothes were gifts from me to Aria."

"You gifted them?" Miac Richardson snorted, still skeptical, "You don't need to cover for her."

"Why would I lie about this?" Hope's voice turned cold, pulling out her phone and opening the payment notification.

Hope handed the phone to Miac Richardson, who took it skeptically and saw, indeed, a significant payment, dated yesterday, "This?"

Although it was Wyatt's card handed over later, Hope realized it wasn't appropriate for Wyatt to pay, so she eventually paid, and large amounts require a personal signature.

"If you still don't believe me, you can ask the store associates." Hope helped Aria up, continuing, "Moreover, the matter of gifting Aria these clothes had nothing to do with Wyatt. Wyatt was just upset seeing Natalie Rogers deliberately bullying Aria, Lily Armstrong stirring things up, and Alexander Knox siding against Aria, which is why he took her away in anger. So, Uncle Richardson, where was Aria wrong in all this?"

Chapter 728: Chapter 728: Apologizing to Your Family on Behalf of Wyatt Lewis

Miac Richardson remained silent, his brows slightly twitching, and he didn't speak for a moment.

Hope Williams instructed the confused servant beside her to extinguish the fire first, then raised her hand to wipe the tears from Aria Richardson's face, "Don't cry."

Isla Sue glared angrily at Miac Richardson, "Aria is your daughter, how can you, as a father, not believe her like this? Look at what you've done."

Miac Richardson stood silently for a while, opened his mouth but couldn't argue, so he walked into the house with his hands behind his back.

Isla Sue was utterly helpless; with the situation in such a mess, she didn't know what to do.

Aria sniffed, her eyes red, looking at Hope, "Hope, thank you."

"No need to thank me." Hope looked at Aria's face marked with five fingerprints, obviously beaten, and frowned slightly, "Let's treat your face first, or it'll swell by tomorrow."

Aria held onto Hope's hand, "Hope, did Wyatt go back? How is he?"

Hope replied, "I've asked the family doctor to treat his wound. I checked and it wasn't a big issue, just painful for him. Don't worry too much."

Aria pressed her lips and nodded quietly.

In front of the Knox Family's gate.

Several SUVs suddenly stopped, followed closely by a low-key Maybach.

Thomas Hughes got out from the driver's seat of the Maybach and walked directly towards the Knox Family's gate, followed by four or five bodyguards from one of the SUVs.

Thomas Hughes knocked on the door.

The servant opened the door, puzzled by Thomas Hughes's imposing presence, "Who are you?"

Thomas Hughes, with a stern face, walked briskly into the Knox Family's living room.

The servant hurriedly tried to stop them, but seeing that they were not to be trifled with, retreated fearfully to the side.

Alexander Knox and Natalie Rogers were still in the living room.

Thomas Hughes glanced around, "Everyone's here."

Natalie Rogers looked at the sudden intruder, her face changing, "Who are you? How dare you enter our home?"

Natalie Rogers didn't recognize Thomas Hughes, but Alexander Knox knew him well, his eyes turning dark and grim.

Thomas Hughes spoke very politely, "Sorry for disturbing you all at night, President Knox, Mrs. Knox, our Boss requests your presence."

Natalie Rogers's eyes flickered, but two bodyguards in Lewis Family uniforms didn't give her a chance to speak, pulling her up from the sofa.

Natalie Rogers blinked in confusion, swallowed the half-chewed fruit she was eating whole, "What do you want? Who exactly are you people?"

Alexander Knox remained calmly seated on the sofa, his handsome face cold, "This is the Knox Family, who gave you the courage to come here and cause trouble?"

"If President Knox prefers, we can settle this at Lewis Family's place too." Thomas Hughes stood straight, his expression carrying a cold smile as he looked at Alexander Knox.

His courage naturally came from his family's Boss.

Finally, Natalie Rogers understood that Thomas Hughes was from the Lewis Family.

Because they beat Wyatt Lewis, the people from the Lewis Family came to retaliate.

"Are you here because of Young Master Lewis?" Natalie Rogers asked anxiously, "It's nothing to do with us, he wanted to fight himself, it has nothing to do with our family. Your family can't be unreasonable."

Thomas Hughes ignored her and looked at Alexander Knox, "President Knox, if you please."

Alexander Knox remained unmoving, showing no intention to comply.

Thomas Hughes was not annoyed, continuing, "I heard the Knox Clan is competing with the Renew Group for a piece of land in the city. Coincidentally, our Boss has also taken an interest in it and wants to compete."

Renew is the rival company of Knox Clan, both are determined to get that piece of land, but if Waylon Lewis intervenes now, their efforts may end in vain.

This threat is indeed quite forceful.

Alexander Knox's expression turned grim.

Thomas Hughes calmly observed Alexander Knox, "President Knox, please. Our Boss is eager to return home to accompany his wife and can't wait too long for you."

Alexander Knox clenched his molars tightly.

Just then, Silas Knox and Old Lady Mrs. Knox, who heard the commotion from upstairs, came down.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked at the situation in bewilderment, "Alexander, what's happening here?"

Alexander Knox furrowed his brows, reassuring the old lady, "Grandmother, it's nothing."

Thomas Hughes also smiled gently, "Old Lady Mrs. Knox, our Boss wants to discuss a few things with President Knox, nothing else."

Alexander Knox now stood up, coldly looking at Thomas Hughes, "I'll go with you, don't scare my grandmother."

Thomas Hughes nodded slightly, naturally knowing the limits.

Alexander Knox left, accompanied by the bodyguards following Thomas Hughes.

However, Old Lady Mrs. Knox and Silas Knox are not simple-minded; such an intimidating manner surely indicates something serious.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked anxiously at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes smiled, "Old Lady Mrs. Knox, don't worry. With us, whatever happens, President Knox will return whole."

"Return whole!"

Silas Knox frowned deeply, feeling uneasy, knowing that the Lewis Family wouldn't let this go easily.

Thomas Hughes courteously bowed slightly, "Old Lady Mrs. Knox, Chairman Knox, sorry for the disturbance, I hope you can understand."

Having said this, Thomas Hughes walked away without looking back.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox quickly held onto Silas Knox's hand, "You must go and see what's happening, hurry."

Silas Knox immediately nodded and followed them out.

On the flat ground outside the Knox Family, Waylon Lewis sat on a chair, his legs covered by black suit pants crossed, contemplating deeply without knowing what.

It wasn't until Thomas Hughes brought the two out that Waylon Lewis slowly lifted his head.

Natalie Rogers saw Waylon Lewis sitting on the chair with his imposing presence and the Lewis Family bodyguards standing behind him, a sudden panic overtaking her.

Alexander Knox stood calmly, his gaze indifferent as he looked at Waylon Lewis, "President Lewis, please speak directly. I'm also busy."

Natalie Rogers was startled by Alexander Knox's continued tough stance, her neck shrinking, glancing at him, feeling a wave of panic.

Waylon Lewis raised his eyes and glanced at him lightly, "I heard about the matter, and I apologize for my brother's reckless actions towards your family."

Hearing this, Natalie Rogers breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed that despite Waylon Lewis's intimidating appearance, he was reasonable after all.

Natalie Rogers forced a smile, "Is this all about that? No problem, our family doesn't mind anymore, as long as Young Master Lewis doesn't do this next time."

Thomas Hughes couldn't help but internally scoff at this woman's words.

While they might not mind, their family certainly intends to settle this matter.

Alexander Knox's face was gloomy, knowing the matter couldn't be so simple.

Waylon Lewis definitely wasn't easy to talk to.

Chapter 729: Chapter 729: Very Protective

Natalie Rogers humbly continued to ask, "Since I've apologized and we've forgiven, can we go back now?"

Thomas Hughes replied blandly, "Mrs. Knox, our Boss hasn't finished speaking yet."

"What... what else is there?"

A cold, sardonic smile appeared on Waylon Lewis's extraordinarily handsome face, and he beckoned with a finger.

The tall and burly bodyguards behind him stepped forward expressionlessly and stood in front of Alexander Knox.

Alexander's face turned icy, and he clenched his fists, "What do you mean by this?"

Waylon stared coldly at him, "No other meaning. Twenty people attacked Wyatt; I'm not bullying you. If you can defeat these ten bodyguards of mine, you can take your mother and leave."

Alexander gritted his teeth. This was clearly an eye for an eye.

"What if I don't?"

Waylon raised an eyebrow, "Then what happens to your mom will depend on my mood."

"Ah? No, please... Alexander, save me... save me." Natalie panicked, filled with fear.

Alexander clenched his fists, "Waylon Lewis, don't push it too far. Wyatt barged into my family's place to take away my fiancée. Isn't it right that he got hurt and beaten? Is the Lewis Family so arrogant that they even want to steal someone else's fiancée?"

Waylon curled his lips, his expression cold and stern, "Fiancée? Forcing someone to marry you by any means, and you have the nerve to call it that?"

"So what? What's it to you?"

Waylon's dark eyebrows shifted slightly, "Naturally, it has nothing to do with me. Whether you marry a corpse or not is none of my concern, but when someone from the Lewis Family is beaten, it does concern me. I'm very protective."

Alexander furrowed his brow violently, staring at Waylon with eyes full of anger.

Silas Knox hurriedly brought a few bodyguards out, trying to stop all this, "President Lewis, please show mercy."

Waylon glanced at his watch, "Chairman Knox, this is a personal vendetta. I hope it doesn't escalate to affect corporate interests."

Silas halted in his tracks, his face stiffened. Waylon implied that if he dared to interfere, it wouldn't just be about a fight today; even the Knox Clan would suffer.

Waylon silently withdrew his gaze and glanced at the ten bodyguards.

In the next moment, several bodyguards clenched their fists and struck first.

Alexander barely dodged the first punch, which grazed his cheek. His eyes turned dark; he clenched his fists and retaliated, filling the air with the sounds of combat.

"Alexander!" Natalie screamed in fear.

These ten bodyguards of Waylon were not ordinary. They had been carefully selected and professionally trained, with combat skills that could rival even Nolan and his kind.

Thomas stood beside Waylon, watching the scene, thinking Alexander deserved it.

This was already considered merciful; when they attacked Wyatt, each was armed, which is how Wyatt got injured so severely.

And after Wyatt had fought off more than twenty people, he didn't stick to the original plan to let him and Aria Richardson leave but instead added over ten more people.

Game rules are always set by the strong, so naturally, Waylon was obliged to return the gesture.

After a few rounds, it was evident that Alexander was no match for Waylon's ten bodyguards. He was beaten to one knee, gasping heavily, sweat dripping down his hair.

The bodyguards gave him no breathing room, swiftly aiming a side kick at him. Alexander's eyes sharpened, and he raised his hand to block. The kick's force was immense, and he himself slid back several meters in the collision of power.

Natalie watched as her son was powerless against a group of burly men, her heart aching, crying as she crumpled to the ground, "Stop it, stop it, President Lewis, please don't hit him anymore..."

Silas Knox, with a tightly furrowed brow, also felt heart-wrenching, wishing he could step in to take the beating for his son, but he dared not gamble with the company's future.

Tonight, Waylon needed to vent this grievance.

Waylon's cold smile curled up at the corners of his mouth.

In just ten minutes, Alexander couldn't hold on, his hands on the ground unable to stand up.

Having lost his ability to fight back, the bodyguard's fists naturally landed directly on him, each punch resounding in dull thuds, making Natalie fear-struck, her cries growing louder.

Alexander couldn't resist; in this one-sided beating, he could only grit his teeth and tough it out. He even heard the sound of his bones breaking.

Thomas shook his head, cheering internally.

Well fought, beautifully fought.

Planning an engagement? Better stay lying down.

Waylon raised his hand, and the bodyguards stopped attacking, returning to stand behind him unharmed.

Natalie and Silas rushed forward to help Alexander up.

Natalie cried and shouted, "Alexander! Alexander! Are you okay, Alexander..."

Waylon stood up, looking down at him, "I don't care about your love affairs, but don't touch anyone from the Lewis Family."

Alexander clutched his chest, his blood-red eyes glaring at Waylon, full of immense anger.

Waylon glanced at him coldly and turned around to leave straight away.

Thomas tossed a card in front of Alexander indifferently, "Our Boss's compensation for the medical expenses."

Alexander, "Get lost!"

"Oh." Thomas picked up the card and left with Waylon.

He didn't want it, which saved some money. Isn't it better to use it for fuel?

Natalie was dumbstruck that Thomas even picked the card back up.

Seeing her son, her heart ached intensely, and simultaneously, a surge of hatred grew in her heart, blaming everything on Aria Richardson.

It was all that woman's fault her son ended up like this.

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Hope Williams comforted Aria Richardson at the Richardson Family's home for quite a while and learned everything that happened at the Knox Family's place from Aria.

She truly hadn't expected that Alexander had become this crazy.

He claimed to love Aria but perhaps, in reality, he was simply unwilling to be surpassed by Waylon and the others, wanting to prove to everyone that he wasn't inferior to Waylon or Wyatt.

Hope rubbed her forehead, feeling a bit of a headache.

After leaving the Richardson Family, she went straight home, and as soon as she got out of the car, it happened that Waylon had just returned as well.

Waylon's handsome face was cold, but upon seeing Hope, his expression immediately relaxed a lot, and he stopped to wait for her to walk up to him.

Waylon took Hope's hand, "You went to the Richardsons'?"

"Mm, did you go to teach Alexander a lesson?"

"Mm." Waylon's deep voice hummed an acknowledgment.

Hope halted, pulling Waylon's hands, and examined him up and down.

Waylon raised an eyebrow. "I didn't make a move."

Hope saw his calm demeanor and sighed in relief, "That's good."

Every time Wyatt got involved with the Knox Family, he'd end up hurt, and Hope feared Waylon would get into a fight with Alexander.

The two walked toward the main house, and Hope asked Waylon, "So what did you do to Alexander?"

"Got him a little injured, but he won't die."

Hope, "..."

Hope's lips twitched slightly; Waylon was quite protective, actually. Although Wyatt would always joke around with him, and he'd beat him out of frustration, he wouldn't allow anyone else to bully his younger brother.

Wyatt probably went back to his room, so they headed toward Wyatt's room.

Just as they opened the door, they were slightly startled by what they saw.

Wyatt was wrapped up like a mummy, leaning against the bed. The old man, Alitzel Williams, and Christopher Lewis stood at the foot of his bed, their gazes icy as they looked at him. Wyatt covered his face, looking utterly despondent.

Hope spoke up, "Grandpa, Dad, Mom, what's going on with you all?"

"Waylon, Little Hope, you two came back just in time. Look at this brat, wounded like this, yet he refuses to say how it happened." Alitzel pointed at Wyatt, angrily ranting, "It's infuriating! He's almost mummified!"