

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

### **#Chapter 735: Intentionally Humiliating Her - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 735: Intentionally Humiliating Her**

#### **Chapter 735: Chapter 735: Intentionally Humiliating Her**

"Both of you are six of one and half a dozen of the other." Old Ortiz walked out with his hands behind his back, shook his head at the two of them, "Trying to cut against the grain, no wonder it's not working, a waste of effort."

Following the sound, Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud looked in Hope Williams' direction. Old Ortiz was standing beside her, glaring at the two of them.

Waylon Lewis strode over to Hope Williams, glanced at Old Ortiz, and his gaze returned to Hope, filled with concern, "Why did you come out? Go back inside and lie down."

If it were before, Hope Williams would have said he was too worried about her, but after fainting this time, she knew there was a reason for his concern.

However, she did feel a lot better now, not as exhausted as before.

Hope Williams held onto Waylon Lewis's large hand, leaned next to him, and smiled gently, "No need, it's nice to come out and get some fresh air."

Old Ortiz disapprovingly glanced at Waylon Lewis, "Don't always have her lying down; her bones will go soft. It's good for her to move around more often."

Liam Cloud walked over nonchalantly, looked at Hope Williams, and noticed she was thinner than before, "Hope Williams, is Waylon not feeding you? Why do you look thinner?"

"Really?" Hope Williams looked down at herself, "But I eat quite a lot and feel like I've gained weight."

"Doesn't seem like it." Liam Cloud glanced at Old Ortiz, "Old Ortiz, can you heal this girl?"

Old Ortiz grunted twice, "Naturally, I might not be good at other things, but I've spent a lifetime treating and saving people, and I'm confident that as long as she follows my treatment plan, her health will improve."

Hearing this, both Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud felt a bit relieved.

Liam Cloud curled his lips into a smile, "That's good."

Hope Williams felt even more guilty seeing Liam Cloud like this; he didn't have to do all this for her here.

Liam Cloud saw her part her lips, wanting to speak, and interrupted her first, "I'm just bored, and this place happens to be remote and quiet, so I'm here to relax and get some exercise. Don't you feel like you owe me again."

"Alright, stop rambling. I think it's going to rain, so you all should stay the night, and you two work harder. At your current pace, it won't be done by evening." Old Ortiz frowned at the two of them.

It was evident, Old Ortiz was really disdainful of these two 'more harm than good' guys.

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud, leaders who dominated their respective fields, didn't seem to have any temper being scolded by Old Ortiz.

Upon hearing that they needed to stay, Hope Williams immediately wanted to refuse. She had three children; not to mention Luke and Willow, but Baby was less than two months old and needed care at night.

Hope Williams said, "Master, we have to go back tonight, I have children to look after."

"Children to look after?" Old Ortiz looked at Waylon Lewis, then at Hope Williams, "Didn't you discuss this before coming? You'll need to stay here for about a month, isn't it troublesome going back and forth?"

Waylon Lewis held Hope Williams' hand, consoling her, "Don't worry, I've talked to the family, you can stay here for treatment at ease, Baby will be taken care of."

Hope Williams was still a bit hesitant, "I want to know where this place is?"

Waylon Lewis said, "It's a village in River City, but Old Ortiz lives a bit remotely, you'll see the village if you go further down the mountain."

Hope Williams was a bit surprised, "River City?!"

So far away! Hope Williams looked up at the sky, it seemed they really couldn't go back tonight.

Hope Williams withdrew her gaze and glimpsed a figure in the distance hurrying over with a document.

It was Thomas Hughes.

It seemed cars couldn't drive up here, so Thomas Hughes was panting, suit draped over his arm, and his shoes were muddy, looking a bit disheveled.

Thomas Hughes took several deep breaths and handed the document to Waylon Lewis, "Boss, there's an important document that needs your signature."

Hope Williams smirked, Thomas Hughes came all this way just to get Waylon Lewis's signature.

Hope Williams chuckled dryly, "Assistant Hughes... really dedicated."

Thomas Hughes wiped the sweat from his forehead, flashing a toothy smile at Hope Williams, "You're too kind, ma'am."

Hope Williams took out her phone, but there was no signal here as it was quite remote. She initially wanted to call Luke and Willow, and Aria Richardson too. She was a bit worried about Aria's current situation.

After Alexander Knox's recent commotion, it seemed he wouldn't stir up any more trouble. But their engagement was real, and resolving it in the end was quite distressing.

Hope Williams' concern wasn't unfounded; at that moment, the atmosphere at the Richardson Family was awkward.

Aria Richardson had been in her room for two days, feeling dizzy, increasingly irritable, and couldn't put on a good face when she saw the two people in front of her.

Alexander Knox was sitting on the long sofa, while Lily Armstrong sat to one side.

Aria Richardson muttered to herself, finally understanding the saying, "If you don't look for trouble, trouble will find you."

Lily Armstrong was smart; she spoke to no one initially, then softly said, "Miss Richardson, are you still upset? No one expected what happened the night before, Alexander's emotions were intense because he likes you, he also got hurt afterwards, you know?"

Aria Richardson glanced at Alexander Knox's arm in a cast, "Now I know."

Lily Armstrong discreetly looked at Alexander Knox's expression, then continued, "Why don't we see Miss Richardson showing any concern for Alexander?"

Aria Richardson kept a cold face, "You caring for him is enough."

Alexander Knox's face was dark as he kept his eyes on Aria Richardson.

But Aria Richardson didn't want to look at him.

Lily Armstrong smiled subtly, "Don't misunderstand us, Miss Richardson. The reason Alexander and I came today was to bring you an evening gown, knowing you'll attend tomorrow night's banquet, time is tight, and we were worried you weren't prepared, so his mother and I picked one for you."

Aria Richardson's lips couldn't help but curl into a mocking smile.

She wondered how she deserved their concern, going as far as to specially help her choose and deliver a dress.

Lily Armstrong picked up a prepared gift box, cheerfully saying to Aria Richardson, "Miss Richardson, open it and have a look. We all think it looks good, and it should suit you."

Aria Richardson did not accept it.

Lily Armstrong didn't mind and opened the gift box herself, taking out the dress inside.

A pink tulle dress.

The top was a halter design with a large embroidered sequin flower on the chest, the waist was connected with sheer fabric to a garish, puffy tulle skirt...

The entire dress was gaudy and tacky, indecent and vulgar.

A dress nobody would accept at any event for free, yet she presented it like a treasure to her.

Aria Richardson looked at Lily Armstrong with sarcasm in her eyes, curious about where she got such a dress, was it bought intentionally to humiliate her?

"How about it? Miss Richardson, just wear this tomorrow night, it'll definitely suit you well."

Aria Richardson glanced at the dress. If she really wore this to such a banquet, she'd probably be laughed at.

Lily Armstrong, as if oblivious to Aria Richardson's stare, put the dress back in the box and pushed it into Aria's arms, "Miss Richardson, you must keep it."

Aria Richardson raised an eyebrow, suddenly turning her gaze to Alexander Knox, asking, "Will you be going tomorrow?"

Caught off guard by Aria's question, Alexander Knox was momentarily speechless.

Lily Armstrong quickly answered for him, "Alexander is injured, so he won't be going tomorrow night."

Of course, she didn't want Alexander to go. If he went, their plan might fail.

Alexander Knox, however, looked at Aria Richardson and asked, "Do you want me to go?"

Aria Richardson glanced at Lily Armstrong, then smiled, "Of course."

Alexander Knox nodded, "Alright, I'll go."

Hearing this, Lily Armstrong's face changed, "Alexander, you're injured, it's best if you don't go."

Aria Richardson took out the dress Lily Armstrong had given her, eyes full of sarcasm, and said, "Miss Armstrong, rest assured, Alexander and I will definitely be on time tomorrow, and yes, I really like this dress, I'll wear it tomorrow."

### **Chapter 736: Chapter 736: The Banquet at Hongmen**

Lily Armstrong tugged at the corner of her mouth, her smile stiff.

Alexander Knox's gaze drifted from her face to the dress Aria Richardson was holding, his eyes darkening slightly.

Lily Armstrong felt a little nervous under Alexander Knox's scrutiny, unconsciously pressing her nails into her fingers.

Aria Richardson tossed the dress back onto the gift box coldly, "I'll take the dress, thank you for your kindness, Miss Armstrong. Is there anything else you need?"

Lily Armstrong maintained her strained smile, "Nothing else."

"Alright." Aria Richardson stood up, "It's getting late, Nanny Thompson, see the guests out."

With that, Aria Richardson didn't spare them another glance and went straight upstairs.

Alexander Knox glanced at Lily Armstrong beside him and left.

Aria Richardson returned to her room and casually tossed the dress aside, Isla Sue walked in, looked at the dress, and picked it up to examine.

Isla Sue's expression darkened several shades, "Did Alexander Knox and Lily Armstrong send this dress?"

“Yes.”

Isla Sue snorted heavily.

“How down-and-out must the Richardson family’s eldest daughter be to not only wear a dress sent by others but one that’s so cheap it wouldn’t be picked up off the street?” Isla Sue said indignantly, throwing the dress onto the floor, “If you want to attend that opening party, I’ll take you to buy something nice tomorrow.”

Wearing this dress to the banquet would be a joke.

Aria Richardson picked up the dress and threw it back onto the sofa, “No, I’ll wear this one.”

Isla Sue’s eyes widened, almost doubting her own hearing, “Are you crazy?”

“Mom, don’t worry, I have my plans.”

Isla Sue didn’t understand.

The servant gently knocked on the door, “Madam, Miss.”

Isla Sue, “What is it?”

The servant came in holding a delicate gift box, speaking to Aria Richardson, “Miss, this was sent to you by President Knox.”

Isla Sue raised an eyebrow, “What’s this now?”

Isla Sue opened it for Aria Richardson, finding a silver-white long gown with an off-the-shoulder design, a row of precious gems encrusted along the shoulder, a cinched waistline, and a long mermaid tail skirt. The design was simple yet elegant, understated yet luxurious.

Isla Sue looked more closely, “Isn’t this a high-end custom by that trending designer? This dress is worth no less than seven figures.”

Aria Richardson glanced at it, “Send it back to him, I don’t want it.”

“This?” The servant looked at Isla Sue, troubled.

Isla Sue put the dress back in the gift box, “Right, send it back to him. Although our Richardson Family isn’t as wealthy as the Knox Family, we can still afford a dress.”

The servant nodded and took the gift box out.

Isla Sue sat next to Aria Richardson, speaking with some concern, "Perhaps it's better not to go tomorrow night. I always feel they're up to no good."

"I know. Why would they so kindly invite me? It's just a trap, but don't worry, Mom, I have a plan."

Isla Sue, "Be careful. Villains have no limits."

Aria Richardson sighed, leaning over to rest on Isla Sue's shoulder, "Yes, I know."

Isla Sue sighed helplessly and with heartache, "If we had refused that one billion from the Knox Family from the beginning, you wouldn't have been engaged to Alexander Knox, and perhaps the whole situation wouldn't have become so complicated."

Mom originally thought Alexander Knox was someone you could rely on for life, but unexpectedly, life is unpredictable, and now I really don't know how to end this."

Aria Richardson's eyes darkened, glancing at the dress, "Don't worry, Mom, there will be a way."

Isla Sue nodded.

...

At night, a light rain began to fall in River City.

The mountain path was slippery, and Thomas Hughes couldn't leave, so he had to stay with them for the night. Old Man Ortiz arranged rooms for them. Since there were only three rooms, Hope Williams shared one with Waylon Lewis, while Liam Cloud and Thomas Hughes shared another.

After dinner, the rain outside grew heavier, falling thickly, with occasional claps of thunder.

There was no signal here, so they couldn't use their phones, and Waylon Lewis couldn't work. Liam Cloud was similarly bored.

Seeing them with nothing to do, Old Man Ortiz slowly returned to his room, coming back with a wooden box he placed on their table.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, "Old Man Ortiz, what's this?"

"Mahjong, there's four of you, go ahead and play." Old Ortiz said.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, straightening up and opening the box, which was filled with mahjong tiles.

“You actually have mahjong here, Old Man?”

Old Man Ortiz chuckled, walking back to his recliner and sitting down, speaking slowly, “My wife used to love playing, and since she passed, I’ve always kept it with me.”

At the mention of Old Man Ortiz’s sad past, everyone was silent for a moment.

Old Man Ortiz, however, chuckled with relief, “My wife has been gone for many years, it’s long past. Don’t be so serious; young people, enjoy yourselves.”

Hope Williams pursed her lips, “Thank you, Master Cloud.”

Liam Cloud sat on a chair, counting the mahjong tiles. Although they looked old, they were well-preserved.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, glancing at the others, “Four are missing three. Will you three join?”

Hope Williams looked at him, “I’ve never played before.”

“Simple, you’ll learn after a few rounds.” Liam Cloud then looked at Waylon Lewis and Thomas Hughes, “What about you two?”

Thomas Hughes nodded, “I know a little.”

Waylon Lewis, “Same here.”

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, “You know how to play?”

“I’ve watched, never played. Mom’s biggest hobby is playing this.”

Hope Williams blinked, “Is just watching enough?”

Waylon Lewis nodded, “It’s enough.”

Liam Cloud lazily smiled, “Enough talk, let’s begin.”

After all, it was the only way to kill time now, so everyone played.

Hope Williams curved her lips, “Want to bet on something?”

Since playing mahjong involves winning and losing, betting money seemed boring.

Liam Cloud laughed, “Old Man Ortiz suggested that we should get up to make our own breakfast tomorrow, so the loser will have to prepare breakfast tomorrow morning.”



Though the stakes were a bit childish, since it was just to pass time, no one objected.

Hope Williams nodded, "Then let's start."

Hope Williams really had never played before, and even struggled with arranging the tiles, so Waylon Lewis paused to help her organize them and explained the basic rules and gameplay.

Hope Williams seemed to understand, looking eager to try.

However, in the first round, even with Waylon Lewis helping her, Hope Williams still played disastrously.

In the second round, she played more smoothly than the first, but she still managed to scatter a winning hand, handing it over to Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud, sitting next to her, couldn't have been happier and directly declared victory.

Liam Cloud laid his tiles on the table, grinning, barely holding back laughter.

Thomas Hughes looked a bit helpless, "Mrs. Williams, were you deliberately feeding him? Master Cloud has won two rounds already."

She wasn't playing right, helping someone else win.

Hope Williams glanced at the tiles Liam Cloud laid out, "Did you win that quickly? Alright, I'll be careful next time."

Waylon Lewis glanced at Liam Cloud and Thomas Hughes, then looked back at Hope Williams, "It's okay, keep going."

### **Chapter 737: Chapter 737 Attending the Opening Party**

In the next few rounds, Hope also got the hang of the rules and playing style, gradually becoming more proficient.

Mainly because Waylon Lewis was constantly helping her.

So much so that Liam Cloud and Thomas Hughes both kept a close eye on Waylon Lewis every time he played a card, but they couldn't prevent him from helping Hope.

After a few rounds, the two were hopeless against this devoted husband.

Liam Cloud rolled his eyes at Waylon Lewis, "Are you even letting us live? You two are playing cards and flaunting your affections!"

Hope blinked, "How are we showing off our affection?"

"To make you win, look at how he's playing those cards!" Liam Cloud was speechless at Waylon Lewis.

But because he was always helping Hope, Waylon Lewis lost the most, and Liam Cloud, while arranging the mahjong tiles, chuckled lightly, "Remember to get up early to make breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Okay."

Waylon Lewis had no objections, a faint smile slowly forming on his handsome face, "Not playing anymore, time to sleep."

Waylon Lewis pulled Hope up to stand.

Liam Cloud caught Thomas Hughes' arm and glanced at his watch, it was only nine o'clock!

"Seriously, what kind of routine do you two have?"

"You two play by yourselves, my wife needs to rest."

Liam Cloud helplessly tugged at the corners of his lips, "Two people playing mahjong at your house? What are you playing? Jenga?"

"That's your business."

Hope smiled, "Sleep early, wake early, it's good for health. You guys should rest early too, we'll head off first, goodnight."

Liam Cloud, "..."

Really felt like hauling Waylon Lewis over for a beating.

...

The next day.

Breakfast was made by Hope and Waylon Lewis together when they got up. Old Ortiz grows his own fruits and vegetables here, and stores quite a lot in the small warehouse. Waylon Lewis also had a lot of ingredients brought up yesterday during the day.

Hope made porridge, steamed some pastries, and boiled some eggs, all relatively simple and didn't take much effort.

Waylon Lewis still had work at the company and couldn't stay here with Hope all day.

Hope also persuaded him to go back, as there was a lot to do at the company, and Luke and Willow couldn't go without seeing them for too long.

So after breakfast, Waylon Lewis and Thomas Hughes left together, not forgetting to drag Liam Cloud along before they left.

Liam Cloud was utterly speechless at this miser.

Waylon Lewis sent Nolan and several others back to stay by Hope's side. Even though there wasn't any danger here, considering the distance between River City and the Emperor Capital, Waylon Lewis still couldn't be assured about Hope, better to be safe.

...

Waylon Lewis returned to the Emperor Capital, went home first, then headed to the company.

It seemed like Wyatt really wanted to change this time. Although his injuries weren't healed, he was already dressed in a suit early in the morning, ready to go to the company.

But as soon as his car left the door, he encountered Lily Armstrong, who had come to find him.

Wyatt Lewis, of course, remembered Lily Armstrong. She had followed Natalie Rogers in bullying Aria Richardson, and he remembered it clearly.

Wyatt Lewis' originally indifferent expression turned cold, without any intention of acknowledging her, and he turned the steering wheel to leave.

"Young Master Lewis, wait." Lily Armstrong hastily blocked Wyatt Lewis's car.

She stood in front of the car, forcing Wyatt Lewis to stop, his face looking increasingly unpleasant.

Lily Armstrong hurried to the car window, bent down, and lightly knocked on the window.

Wyatt Lewis had no intention of getting out of the car, impatiently rolled down the window, and looked outside, "Anything?"

Lily Armstrong ignored Wyatt Lewis's cold demeanor and stooped to ask with concern, "Young Master Lewis, are your injuries better?"

Wyatt Lewis's voice was cold and deep, "What's it to you? Speak quickly if you have something to say."

Lily Armstrong chuckled, not dragging it out anymore, and handed over an invitation, "Young Master Lewis, tonight is the opening party of our family's resort, here's an invitation, if you have time, please come."

Wyatt Lewis glanced coolly at the invitation handed to him, his expression indifferent as usual, "Not interested, get lost."

Wyatt Lewis directly raised the car window.

Lily Armstrong's face stiffened, but she quickly said, "Young Master Lewis, Miss Richardson will also be there tonight, are you sure you won't come?"

Upon hearing that Aria Richardson would be there, Wyatt Lewis hesitated, and Lily Armstrong took the opportunity to toss the invitation into the car, with a light smile, "Young Master Lewis might as well hold on to it, I have nothing more, sorry to bother you, I'll be off now."

Wyatt Lewis picked up the invitation, his brow slightly furrowed.

Lily Armstrong got back in her car. When Natalie Rogers saw her return, she immediately asked, "How was it? Will he come?"

Lily Armstrong nodded confidently, "Don't worry, Auntie, as long as Aria is there, I'm sure he will come."

Natalie Rogers smiled broadly, "That's great, my son can finally rid himself of that bitch Aria tonight, Lily, we owe this to you."

Lily Armstrong smiled briefly, though she felt a little nervous thinking about Alexander Knox also saying he'd come last night, but with Natalie Rogers there, she felt a bit more confident.

...

As nightfall gradually cloaked the sky, the hotel banquet hall was buzzing with excitement.

Alexander Knox was initially going to pick up Aria, but she refused.

A black car slowly came to a stop, and Aria stepped out wearing the pink puffy cocktail dress.

Even the driver couldn't help sneaking a few more glances at her, eyes full of disbelief.

Seeing the driver's gaze, Aria looked at her attire again and smiled nonchalantly.

As soon as Aria stepped out, she felt the eyes around her, followed by secretive laughs and whispered remarks.

Aria seemed not to hear, completely unaffected.

It was unclear whether Lily Armstrong had planned this intentionally or not.

Supposedly, it was just a lively opening party among circle friends, but the arrangement at the entrance alone showed how grand the scale was.

Aria ignored the gazes around her and was about to walk in.

A voice called out to her from behind.

"Aria."

Aria stopped and turned to see who was calling her.

Alexander Knox, in a sleek, custom-tailored suit, with a face incredibly handsome yet expressionless, exuded an air of coldness.

Aria's gaze fell on his arms still in a cast, and as she looked away, he had already reached her.

Alexander Knox looked at Aria in her outfit, his brows knitted tightly, a fleeting expression of disdain crossing his eyes.

He asked in a calm voice, "Why did you dress like this?"

Aria raised an eyebrow, glanced down at her outfit, then looked up and smiled at him, "Did you forget? This was a gift from Miss Armstrong. She has good taste, doesn't she? She said it suits me well. How does this dress look on me?"

### **Chapter 738: Chapter 738: A Grand Drama Awaits Her**

Today, Aria only applied light makeup, and her hair was simply tied at the back.

Although she had a good figure, fair skin, and was quite beautiful, the dress she wore was undeniably cheap in both craftsmanship and material. The gaudy sequin flowers on the chest were especially tasteless, lacking any sense of design.

Feeling the gazes from around, Alexander Knox clenched his molars.

Aria was now his fiancée; dressed like this, if they entered together, it wouldn't be just her who'd be embarrassed, but him too!

He felt he couldn't save face, lifted his hand, directly grabbed Aria's wrist, and pulled her towards the car.

Aria resisted, stubbornly stiffening herself against him, "What are you doing?"

"Why didn't you wear the outfit I brought you last night? I'll take you to change it." Alexander's stern face showed a hint of anger.

"Let go of me." Aria stubbornly looked him in the eye.

"Take a look at what you're wearing. Dressed like this, going in, you're practically losing..." Alexander paused, his brows tightening continuously.

Aria continued with his words, "Losing what? Losing face for the great Alexander Knox, right?"

Alexander's thin lips pressed tightly together.

Aria let out a cold laugh.

Alexander's dark eyes were full of anger; he was truly furious.

"Why must you kill a thousand enemies but harm yourself by eight hundred?"

Aria chuckled twice, "Oh, you knew perfectly well she was giving me this dress to humiliate me last night, but you didn't stop her, did you?"

"If I had stopped her, would you still want me to come? You wanted me to come because she wanted to humiliate you, you were frustrated, and you wanted to drag me into being humiliated as well, because you're my fiancée now, and you're taking revenge on me."

The principle of shared glory and shared shame: if your fiancée dresses like this, you'll be mocked as well.

"Revenge on you?"

Aria nodded.

Yes and no; the main thing is she believed Lily Armstrong and Natalie Rogers were brewing a grand show.

She's going along with the plan, playing along with them till the end.

Aria didn't explain further, "Exactly, Alexander, aren't we just trying to outplay each other right now? If you enjoy it, we can continue to torment each other."

Alexander's dark eyes were full of anger, "Do you really have to do this? Wouldn't being with me properly be good?"

Aria clenched her hand, looking at Alexander.

"Being together properly? Alexander, you know I don't have you in my heart; this couldn't possibly leave you without any grudges.

Likewise, you grandly sent a betrothal gift, forcing me to marry you.

You sent people to beat up Wyatt, forcing me to agree to marry you.

You used videos to distort the truth, threatening my parents, preventing them from breaking off the engagement.

All these things you've done only make me loathe you.

So, Alexander! Tell me, how can we be together harmoniously? Can you pretend none of this has ever happened?"

These matters, one by one, were uncrossable chasms between them.

Alexander's thin lips tightened, his molars clenching unconsciously, his gaze fixed intently on Aria.

Aria's eyes trembled, and tears unavoidably slipped from her eyes.

She stubbornly kept looking at him, continuing to ask, "Alexander, let me ask you, do you really like me?"

Did you originally suggest we give it a try because you liked me, or was it because you had already noticed that Wyatt had feelings for me? Your competitive spirit got the better of you — having lost to Waylon Lewis once, you didn't want to lose to Wyatt too, you wanted to prove you weren't worse than them, so you got together with me. Is that it?"

Alexander's dark eyes squinted, a faint flame of anger lit up in their depths, his expression remained calm, yet his heart was in turmoil.

He gritted his teeth, instinctively denying, "No, I'm not."

"No? Really?" Aria nodded, "Whether you are or aren't, you know it yourself."

She didn't want to continue arguing with him about this, nor did she want to let it make her upset.

"Alexander, just wait and see, your mother and your Zoe have a bigger drama prepared for me."

With that, she lifted her dress and walked towards the banquet hall. Alexander stood still, watching Aria's departing figure with a gaze filled with complex emotions.

At the doorway of the banquet hall on the second floor, Lily Armstrong was chatting gracefully with friends.

Today, she wore a form-fitting white gown, covered with a silver-gray fur wrap, the gown's waist-cinched design impeccably accentuated her fantastic figure.

Her delicate and pretty facial features were lightly adorned with makeup, her charming smile so beautiful it was hard to look away.

She was elegant and poised, composed and confident.

Seeing Aria, Lily's eyes lit up, her gaze glanced at the clothes on Aria, the corners of her mouth lifting in a mocking arc, noticing Alexander wasn't with her, Lily's heart swelled with pride.

"Miss Richardson."

Lily deliberately called out to her.

The eyes of the wealthy girls chatting with Lily turned to look at Aria.

When they saw the dress on Aria, their faces all showed mockery.

Lily walked up to Aria, "Oh, Miss Richardson, you've come. Why didn't Alexander come with you?"

"Why don't you ask him why he didn't come with me?"

Lily inwardly sneered.

Fool, daring to show up dressed like this, who would want to be with you?

Lily gave a light smile, "Perhaps he had something to do and will come later. Since you're here, why don't you head inside?"

She was already looking forward to seeing Aria humiliate herself.



Aria nodded, striding boldly inside.

She had only taken a few steps when she heard the girls around Lily sneer, "Miss Armstrong, was that your friend? What kind of taste does she have, wearing something that would make people die of laughter — straight out of the sticks."

"She really has a knack for picking dresses. To be so ugly is outstanding, it's a wonder security even let her in, she's dragging down the whole party's level."

Aria stopped in her tracks, turned back, and asked the girl who spoke, "Ugly, is it? But this is the dress Miss Armstrong gave me, she said it suited me well. Why do you doubt her taste?"

The girl was momentarily stunned, looked at Lily with a bewildered expression.

Lily forced a smile, looking at Aria with a seemingly amiable grin, "Miss Richardson, you picked out your own dress, didn't you? How could it be from me?"

Aria smiled, "Miss Armstrong, do you have a bad memory? Last night, you and Alexander brought it over to me, you even said you'd love for me to wear this to the party. If you've forgotten, we can ask Alexander, I believe he remembers."

Lily secretly gritted her teeth.

The people around blinked, not speaking but clearly understanding, looking at Lily with changed expressions.

Aria's smile remained, "Thank you for the dress, Miss Armstrong."

### **Chapter 739: Chapter 739 Mutual Torment**

The nearby young ladies forced a laugh, "Miss Armstrong, your taste is truly... unique."

Lily Armstrong's hands at her sides tightened slightly.

Aria Richardson no longer tangled with her and walked directly inside; the banquet hall was already crowded with guests.

Upon seeing her outfit, everyone burst into laughter.

"Look quickly, who's that? What on earth is she wearing? A pink puffy dress, with two big red flowers embroidered on her chest, it's hilarious."

"Yeah, who is this person? Is she here to entertain us? This dress choice is just too ugly."

"I think it's Miss Richardson from the Richardson Family, Aria."

"No way, Aria? Her dresses at previous parties were quite nice. What got into her today, wearing this and showing up? Plus, isn't she Young Master Knox's fiancée now? How did Young Master Knox allow her to come out like this and be embarrassed?"

"Maybe Young Master Knox likes her style, hahaha."

Natalie Rogers stepped out at an opportune moment, glancing scornfully at Aria before directly refuting the person's words, "Fiancée? My son certainly doesn't have a fiancée like her."

Hearing Natalie's words drew the crowd's attention.

Although Natalie said that, everyone knew about the grand engagement proposal by Alexander Knox to the Richardson Family.

It was undeniable that Aria Richardson was Alexander Knox's fiancée.

Unless...

Her future mother-in-law refused to accept this daughter-in-law.

Sensing an impending drama, no one left.

Natalie scrutinized Aria from head to toe, sarcastically, "Just look at her, in what way is she worthy of my son."

Someone nearby laughed, "Whether she's worthy or not, doesn't your son still have to marry her, Mrs. Knox? After all, she's your future daughter-in-law, don't be so harsh."

"Exactly, Mrs. Knox, why belittle your future daughter-in-law like this?"

"What a joke, future daughter-in-law, let me clarify, I don't want her as my daughter-in-law at all. If she wasn't clinging to my son, he wouldn't even have gone to the Richardson Family to propose."

Natalie's statement made her stance clear, she disapproved of this daughter-in-law and didn't want her.

Originally, those who envied Aria due to Alexander's grand proposal to the Richardson Family turned their envy into ridicule.

People circled around Aria, assessing her as if she were a spectacle, while Aria stood silently, her expression unchanged.

Lily Armstrong had composed herself and slowly walked over, her gaze settling on Aria, whose eyes clearly saw the mockery and disdain in Lily's eyes.

Lily stopped beside Aria, her attire completely overshadowing Aria. Compared to Aria's outfit, she appeared sexy, elegant, and noble, making a striking impression.

She then curved her lips slightly, softly calling to Natalie, "Auntie."

"Ah yes," Natalie grasped Lily's hand with fondness in her eyes, "Lily is the daughter-in-law in my heart, unlike some people who are trying to climb up the social ladder like a gold-digger."

Aria, who hadn't spoken all this while, opened her mouth, "Since you feel that way, just call off the engagement. Your son can marry the woman you like."

Natalie looked at Aria with disgust, "Breaking off the engagement is for us to propose. We don't want you, who are you to propose it to us?"

"Who said there's going to be a break-off?"

A deep voice came through as Alexander Knox strode in, his gaze lingering on Aria for a moment before turning to look at Natalie and Lily.

Lily saw Alexander, her eyes softened, "Alexander."

Alexander ignored her and asked again, "Who said there's going to be a break-off?"

Natalie and Lily paused for a moment, Lily squeezing Natalie's hand.

Natalie reacted, and facing Alexander's stern face, she pushed Lily in front of him, saying, "I mentioned breaking off the engagement. Alexander, you should take a good look at Lily, then look at her. The difference is immense, one is in the sky, and the other is on the ground, they simply cannot be compared."

Indeed, if the two of them stood together tonight, Lily's attire would certainly overshadow Aria's.

Describing it as one in the sky and one on the ground was not an exaggeration.

And anyone with eyes could see that Lily Armstrong had feelings for Alexander Knox.

Everyone watched the potential drama, curious about how Alexander would choose.

"Alexander, we've known each other since childhood. You know my feelings for you. Miss Richardson isn't suitable for you. I'm more suitable for you than she is."

Lily looked confidently at Alexander; she believed he would choose her over a disgraceful fiancée, especially when she was dazzling.

Alexander gave her a sideways glance, then reached for Aria's hand.

Aria felt a twist in her heart and wanted to pull away, but his grip was like a shackle, strong and inescapable.

Alexander's deep, dark eyes fixed on Aria, "I won't break off the engagement."

Aria looked into his eyes, as if he was saying, you'll never escape from me in this lifetime.

A crack appeared in the expression on Lily's face, her hand clenched tightly around her skirt.

Regarding this outcome, someone nearby let out a low laugh.

"She tried to cling to him but unfortunately, Young Master Knox doesn't want her. How pitiful."

"It's quite pitiful. The dress Miss Richardson is wearing was gifted by Miss Armstrong, intended to overshadow her, yet even though one is in the sky and one is on the ground, Young Master Knox still chose Miss Richardson. Ultimately, the embarrassment is hers."

"Miss Armstrong gave the dress to Miss Richardson? No wonder, I initially thought Miss Richardson had lost her mind, wearing such an ugly dress."

"But if she knew it was ugly, why wear it? Isn't that playing into Miss Armstrong's hands? And why does Miss Richardson seem eager to end the engagement with Young Master Knox?"

"Mrs. Knox says Miss Richardson is clinging to her son, but it seems more like Young Master Knox is clinging to Miss Richardson."

Lily's hands trembled slightly as emotions churned within her eyes, suppressed, then churned again, ending up as a stiff smile as she turned to look at Natalie.

Natalie's face was similarly grim.

Alexander tightened his grip on Aria's hand and pulled her to his side, lowering his voice close to her ear, "Since we're mutually tormenting each other, if you don't let me have my way, how can I let you have yours?"

Aria's brow furrowed deeply, "You're insane."

"There's an outfit prepared for you upstairs. Go change. Don't appear in this outfit again."

With that, Alexander signaled for two waiters and bodyguards, releasing Aria's arm, "Escort her upstairs to change. If she's unwilling, force her."

With a dark look, Aria was escorted upstairs by four people, forced to change into a beautiful dress before being allowed out.

Seeing the bodyguards still trailing her, Aria said coldly, "I've changed into the clothes your master ordered, now I need to use the bathroom. Do you need to follow me there too?"

The two bodyguards glanced at the nearby bathroom and nodded, retreating.

Aria walked straight into the bathroom, and a slap came right at her.

"Slap."

Lily clutched her face, staring at Aria in disbelief.

Aria shook off her hand, coldly glaring at her. Having noticed Lily following her, she was prepared, seizing Lily's arm in the moment Lily struck, and giving her a slap in return.

#### **Chapter 740: Chapter 740: Does it count as fulfilling her and Wyatt Lewis**

Lily Armstrong covered her face, shaking with anger, "How dare you hit me."

Aria Richardson shook her hand, "I've already hit you, and you're asking if I dare? Want another slap as proof?"

"You bitch, Alexander chose you, you're feeling proud now, aren't you?"

Aria looked at the furious Lily Armstrong and nodded, "Yes, I'm very proud, and seeing you like this makes me even prouder."

Aria stood in front of the washbasin, reaching out to wash her hands under the faucet, then pulled out two tissues to dry them.

"Besides, it was he who chose me, not that I forced him to. Why don't you go slap him? Instead, you're going crazy here with me."

After drying her hands, Aria stepped around Lily Armstrong and walked out.

Lily Armstrong stared at Aria's back, her eyes burning with rage.

Lily Armstrong had never been so humiliated.

If not this bitch, then who else to blame? She could never swallow this anger.

Lily Armstrong took out her phone and dialed a number, "Send people to the second floor of the banquet hall... Yes, the photo has been sent to your phones. Succeed, or else. The deposit's already in your account, and the rest will be paid once the job's done."

After making the call, Lily Armstrong finally felt a bit relieved.

She snorted coldly through her nose, thinking, "How can a clueless girl from a third-rate family compete with me."

Lily Armstrong returned to the banquet hall with red eyes, and Natalie Rogers walked towards her as she saw her.

Lily Armstrong covered her still aching face, suppressing her grievances as she lowered her head.

"Lily, where did you go just now?"

Lily Armstrong sniffed, shook her head, bit her lip, and didn't speak.

Natalie noticed something off about her, saw that she kept holding her face, and reached to pull her hand away, "What's wrong? Let me see... Lily, your face... Who hit you?"

Lily Armstrong lowered her head, letting tears fall silently.

"Was it that bitch Aria Richardson?"

Lily Armstrong pitifully nodded, "Yes."

"Where did that bitch run off to? She dared to hit you. Let's go get her back; this is outrageous." Natalie Rogers, indignant, tried to drag Lily Armstrong to confront Aria.

But Lily Armstrong stood still, "Auntie, let's not. I've already been humiliated today; I don't want to embarrass myself further."

Natalie paused, recalling how Alexander Knox had chosen Aria in front of everyone, turning Lily into a laughingstock, and she felt a bit guilty.

"Lily, don't be sad... Alexander was just bewitched temporarily; I believe he will come back to his senses. By the way..." Natalie lowered her voice, "How did the arrangements go?"

Lily Armstrong bit her lower lip and nodded.

Natalie's previously gloomy mood suddenly lifted, a smile appearing on her face, "Great, when the time comes, we'll get our dignity back. So Lily, don't be upset."

Lily Armstrong blinked her tear-filled eyes, "Auntie, the arrangements are in place, but I'm worried about Alexander..."

"Worried about what? Alexander won't know we set up that woman, and even if he does, I'm here to protect you. I don't believe he'd dare lay a hand on his own mother.

Besides, once the deed is done, he won't have a chance to take it back. He'll have to break off the engagement with the Richardson Family, and we'll make them return the dowry.

Natalie thought about the dowry and couldn't wait to get it back.

"By the way, have you seen Young Master Lewis? Has Young Master Lewis arrived?"

Lily Armstrong shook her head, "Not yet, but don't worry. Even if he doesn't show up, someone else will. Aria won't escape this time."

"Good." Natalie couldn't suppress her smile, "But it seems like it benefits her. Young Master Wyatt Lewis of the Lewis Family, does this mean we're doing her a favor?"

Lily Armstrong shook her head, a sarcastic smile appearing on her lips, "Auntie, if premarital affairs are confirmed, do you think anyone in the Lewis Family will respect her? Besides, I've already arranged the reporters, and when this gets exposed, they're in the wrong. Wyatt Lewis will face public pressure, and what about the Lewis Family? They'll get dragged down too."

Natalie chuckled, "True, but make sure it's done cleanly, or we'll be finished if we're found out."

After all, it's the Lewis Family, and no one in the Lewis Family is easy to mess with.

Especially Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams.

"Yes, don't worry."

Aria left the restroom but didn't return to the banquet hall. She headed to the nearby balcony to get some fresh air. A cool breeze passed by, but she didn't feel cold at all.

Compared to the noise of the banquet hall, she preferred being there. She sat on a recliner on the balcony and looked up at the sky. Today, there were no stars or moon, just a dark, oppressive sky.

Everyone was in the banquet hall, and only occasionally did someone pass by in the hallway outside.

She looked down at her phone and didn't notice two people silently approaching her from behind.

When she looked up, the two quickly moved forward. One reached over from behind with a chloroform-soaked cloth, covering her mouth and nose, while the other held down her struggling hands.

The whole process happened extremely quickly.

Aria barely had time to struggle before the drug on the cloth took effect. She felt dizzy, her strength fading, with no room for resistance.

Aria's heart thudded violently.

She heard her phone drop to the ground, vibrating, and then the ringtone sounded.

Someone was calling her, and she wanted to ask for help, but she had no chance.

She was dragged away by two men, who lifted her by the arms. Aria wanted to seek help from people she passed by but couldn't make a sound.

A passing waiter might have found the situation strange, glancing a couple of times, but the men carrying her scolded, "What are you looking at? Never seen someone drunk?"

The waiter didn't want trouble and quickly left with his head down.

Aria opened her mouth but didn't know where they were taking her or who these people were.

Could it be Natalie Rogers and Lily Armstrong's people?

It must be them.

She had never offended anyone else.

There was no one else but them.

She originally thought they only prepared a scene at the banquet hall but underestimated them.

Beep.

The room door opened, and she was dragged inside and thrown onto the bed.



Aria tried to think of ways to save herself but was too weak.

Then she heard the two men's conversation.

"Alright, call Miss Armstrong and report that we've got her and put her in the room."

Miss Armstrong! It was indeed Lily Armstrong!

It seemed like more people entered from outside, as the men instructed them a bit before leaving. Aria saw two women approaching. Without a word, they began to strip off her dress, then put her in a gauzy nightdress.

But that wasn't all. They also scattered flower petals on the floor, lit incense, and turned on warm lights, decorating the room like a romantic date.

What were they planning?

If they intended to taint her, why do all this?

Aria bit her lip, wanting to fight back but too weak, trying to rely on pain to stay awake, but the drug was too potent, and her eyelids grew heavy until she fell into darkness...

Wyatt Lewis initially didn't want to come. He had no interest in such banquets.

But Lily Armstrong said Aria would be here, so he was worried she might be in danger, and he came.

He arrived at the banquet hall but couldn't find Aria, so he called her. No answer. He called several more times, but it was the same result.

Wyatt Lewis felt a wave of inexplicable anxiety, his already foul mood darkening further.

Lily Armstrong had just hung up the phone, unable to suppress the smile on her lips, "Auntie, it's done."