

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 81: 90:

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Chapter 81: Chapter 81: Dare to Hurt Hope Williams, This Slap Is Well Deserved

Waylon Lewis narrowed his eyes, unsure if he believed her, and without a word, his deep gaze briefly met Joy Ward's.

Joy seemed genuinely frightened, tears streaming down her face as she bit her lip, painting a picture of innocence and pitiful misery to the fullest, "Waylon, are you suspecting me?"

Waylon looked at her and his expression softened somewhat. The situation was still unclear, and Joy indeed had been very anxious at the time, urging him to save Hope Williams. Without her, things could have turned out much worse for Hope today. While he had his doubts, he had no reason to suspect her.

Waylon nodded slightly, "No, thank you for saving her. You should go rest now."

Joy sobbed, "It's most important that Miss Williams is alright now. Waylon, let me take care of Miss Williams. She's not in danger anymore. You... you should go change your clothes."

Waylon's clothes were covered in Hope's blood, in large patches that had mostly dried, mingled with the disinfectant from the hospital.

...

Waylon nodded, personally escorting Hope to her ward and making sure everything was in order before leaving.

With a wave of his hand, Thomas Hughes immediately approached.

"Go investigate."

"Yes."

When Hope Williams woke up, the first thing she saw was a ceiling blanketed in white. The smell of disinfectant surrounded her. She blinked, propping herself up on the bed, leaning back against it with an extraordinarily calm gaze sweeping over the woman beside her.

Seeing Hope awake, Joy slowly got up, the small knife in her hand peeling an apple, she pulled the corner of her mouth up with satisfaction, "You're awake, huh? I must say you really do have a big life; you just can't seem to die."

Hope glanced at her coolly, her chilly gaze sending a shiver down Joy's spine.

It was a gaze as cold and as burdening as Waylon's.

Joy clenched her teeth, "What are you looking at me like that for? I just pulled on you. It was your own fault for falling. Don't blame me."

"You really are despicable."

Joy crossed her arms and let out a cold snort, "If I didn't do that, how could I have stopped you from exposing me, Hope Williams? You're to blame for not appreciating what you have."

"You think like this, you can cover up your crimes?"

Joy curled her lips into a cold smile, "Do you have any evidence in your hands now? Even if you do, how many people would believe the prescription you have was indeed given to the old man by me? Hope, don't be so naive. Between you and me, they will always choose to believe me."

Hope watched her laugh triumphantly, withdrew her gaze, and sarcastically curled the corner of her lips, "Lies can't be kept forever. One day, your deeds will come to light."

"But I've won now, haven't I, Hope? And I will keep winning against you. You might as well resign now to avoid an even uglier loss."

"You are really despicable and shameless."

"Despicable and shameless? So what? As long as I can win, as long as I can marry Waylon, I can do anything..."

"You bitch!" A sharp scolding came from the door.

"Slap!" A heavy slap landed hard on Joy's arrogant face.

"Ah!"

Joy was momentarily stunned, her hair plastered across her face, feeling a numb pain on her left cheek.

When she came to her senses, she glared furiously at the woman before her.

“Are you crazy, why do you—ah...”

Aria Richardson grabbed Joy by the hair and, without hesitation, slapped her face twice.

“I was wondering how Hope could have fallen down the stairs without reason when I got the call; turns out it was you. Is there anything you do besides wreaking havoc and courting death? You ask for a beating, you get a beating. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure these slaps count!”

“Ah... Let go of me... Let go!”

Joy, being yanked and unable to retaliate, let out a piercing scream in anger.

Aria released Joy’s hair, flinging her away.

Joy fell to the ground in a terrible mess, clutching her face that was both painful and numb, almost exploding with rage.

She got up, aiming to lash out at Aria, but Aria pushed her away with a slap.

“You... Bitch! Lunatic, you all are bitches!” Joy bellowed, “This isn’t over yet!”

Hope picked up the water nearby and sipped it leisurely; not a single trace of warmth showed in her calm eyes.

“Psycho,” Aria muttered.

“Aria, stop. Don’t hurt your hand.”

Aria shook her somewhat sore hand, her mouth curving slightly, “It does hurt a bit. This ‘kill a thousand enemies, harm yourself eight hundred’ tactic isn’t usually my style, but she kept asking for it. Besides, a few slaps can hardly make up for the pain you’ve endured.”

“You...” Joy’s eyes were filled with vicious rage, as if she had lost her mind. She grabbed a sharp decorative object nearby and fixed her gaze on Aria’s back, lifting her hand to smash it down on her.

Right then, the hospital room door opened.

Joy's pupils contracted, instantly ceasing her motion and hastily retreating two steps, her abdomen slamming against the corner of the table, then she collapsed on the floor with a "thud". Aria turned to see Joy in a dramatic fall as if she had been pushed by her.

Chapter 82: Chapter 82: The Villain Sues First

Hope Williams furrowed her brow and set down the cup she was holding, mentally preparing for the performance Joy Ward was about to give.

"Miss Richardson, Miss Williams fell down herself, what does that have to do with me? Why do you take it out on me? I kindly stayed to take care of Miss Williams, yet I am slandered and mistreated this way by you all. Tell me, is there no justice left?"

Joy Ward lay on the ground, shouting with all her might, pitifully questioning. Tears streamed down her face, her features swollen, visibly in extreme pain, making her look more innocent than anyone else.

"What's going on?" Waylon Lewis stepped in and was met with this scene; his eyes narrowed slightly, his voice cold and eerily somber.

"Waylon, what have I done wrong? It was clearly Miss Williams who fell down by herself, why do they blame me? I'm really heartbroken..." Joy Ward raised her eyes, tears welling up, looking pitifully and helplessly at Waylon Lewis.

Her helpless and pitiful demeanor was enough to arouse anyone's sympathy.

...

Aria Richardson was really amused by this woman's acting, "Accusing you wrongly? Joy Ward, really? What is your face made of? It was clearly you who pushed Miss Williams down the stairs, and yet you have the audacity to say we've wronged you?"

Joy Ward immediately refuted firmly, "Miss Richardson, talk with evidence. Do you have proof that I pushed Miss Williams? If not, then this is defamation. I know we have our differences, but that is not a reason for you to slander me."

Having destroyed all evidence and tucked away everything neatly, Joy Ward was confident in her righteousness.

"Evidence?" Hope Williams sneered, "You've destroyed them all, haven't you?"

Joy Ward wouldn't be foolish enough not to destroy the evidence. Hope Williams concluded that all the evidence must have been destroyed by her; otherwise, she wouldn't dare to be so arrogantly triumphant here.

“Miss Williams, I really don’t understand what you mean,” Joy Ward still wore an innocent face.

“Playing dumb when you know what’s going on, if you dare do it, you should dare to own it,” Aria Richardson’s voice involuntarily grew loud in her anger.

“I didn’t do anything, and I don’t understand what you all are talking about,” Joy Ward adamantly clung to her stance, eagerly looking at Waylon Lewis, pleading, “Waylon, I really didn’t, Miss Williams fell down the stairs herself.”

Hope Williams bit her dry lips and unconsciously looked towards Waylon Lewis, finally unable to help asking, “Waylon Lewis, do you believe it?”

Hope Williams desperately wanted Waylon Lewis to believe in her.

There was no way she fell down the stairs for no reason, and Waylon Lewis wasn’t foolish enough not to be suspicious.

Waylon Lewis didn’t speak immediately, his brows slightly knitted, his forehead emanating a chilling aura as he appeared to be in a dilemma, his profound eyes minutely squinting.

After a while, the man finally spoke, “A servant saw that you accidentally misstepped and fell down the stairs.”

Since the servant’s description matched what Joy Ward described, Waylon Lewis saw no reason to doubt Joy Ward.

Hope Williams’s expression slightly froze, bitterness flashing through her beautiful eyes, a strong sense of despair spreading in her heart.

Joy Ward’s head was bowed, in an angle invisible to others, she curved her lips in a cold, proud smile. She knew if there hadn’t been any surveillance people would still suspect her, but having a witness changed everything, she had gone back and bribed the servant.

Hope Williams, I told you I’d win.

Joy Ward felt increasingly confident.

Hope Williams stared at him for a long time, tugging the corners of her mouth into a shallow smile, finally shaking her head and laughing, “Waylon Lewis, your trust in me is just this little.”

She lowered her eyes, unsure of how to convey her current sense of grievance.

The person who caused her so much harm arrogantly stood before her, while the person she hoped would believe her, believed the wrongdoer instead.

A devastating sense of loss overwhelmed her, heart-wrenching pain becoming unbearable.

That laughter was cold and mocking, seemingly indifferent yet flawless on the surface.

At the door, Luke and Willow tightly clenched their little fists in anger.

Aria Richardson was at Hope Williams' home taking care of Luke and Willow when she received the message that Hope Williams was taken to the emergency room. She wanted to keep the accident from the little ones, to spare them any worry.

But Luke and Willow, as sharp as they were, sensed something was wrong from Aria Richardson's hurried departure and demeanor.

Therefore, Luke checked today's movements on Hope Williams' smartwatch, noticing she had been to the hospital and quickly went to the Lewis Family's home, then returned to the hospital at an alarmingly fast pace, all in less than an hour.

Aria Richardson then received a call an hour after these events and hurried to the hospital, which was evidently unusual; he suspected something had happened to Hope Williams.

So, Luke and Willow made their way to the hospital, inquiring all the way, and indeed learned that their mommy had been taken to the emergency room.

Willow was already crying inconsolably, while Luke was holding back tears; it wasn't the time to cry. The bad woman had hurt mommy, and they had to seek justice.

"I want to go see Mommy." Mommy was so afraid of pain, suffering such severe injuries, she must be in so much pain. Willow just wanted to be by mommy's side now.

Luke held onto Willow, anxiously advising, "Not yet, it's not the right time."

"What do you mean not the right time? Mommy has been hurt by that bad woman."

"I know, Willow," Luke said calmly, yet very steadily soothing Willow, "Mommy wouldn't want that bad woman to see us, she is ruthless, and if she discovers us, she will definitely target us, which would make mommy even more troubled.

Now, we are hidden and she is exposed, which is to our advantage. Come with me, mommy's suffering will not be in vain, we must seek justice."

“But...” Willow, not as far-thinking as Luke, just wanted to be with mommy, hurt by the bad woman, with their daddy not believing in mommy, mommy must be very heartbroken now.

“No buts, come with me,” Luke forcefully pulled Willow away.

Hope Williams turned her eyes to look outside the window, covering the chill in her heart with a helpless smile.

Waylon Lewis, affected by that look from Hope Williams, felt his heart tremble profoundly, his chest aching with it.

“You rest well, I’ll come back later,” Waylon Lewis said in confusion, leaving the hospital room after a strained statement, and seeing him leave, Joy Ward followed suit.

Chapter 83: Chapter 83: Collecting Evidence, Will Not Let Her Go

“Waylon,” Joy Ward bit her lip, looking pitifully at Waylon Lewis, “Miss Williams has really wronged me this time. I would never do something so disgusting, no matter what. I don’t know why Miss Williams would say I pushed her, why she would frame me...”

“It’s not your fault; she’s just not in a good mood right now, don’t blame her.” Waylon Lewis glanced at her with a cold expression, speaking indifferently.

Joy listened closely but couldn’t hear any concern for herself in the man’s tone. She bowed her head and sighed, looking wronged no matter how one saw her. Hearing what Waylon Lewis said, she could only leave for now. The instant she turned around, a triumphant and sinister smile spread across her face.

“I’m so mad, this woman must be a trash bag with how much she can hold in.” Aria Richardson paced back and forth on the spot, fuming with anger.

Hope Williams’s expression was very calm as she kept all emotions buried deep in her eyes, reaching into her bag to pull out a small voice recorder and a complete set of composition testing documents.

Aria’s eyes flickered briefly at the sight of the items in Hope’s hand, “What’s this?”

...

“To face shameless people, naturally, I have to be prepared.” The moment Hope Williams got the test results, she thought that there was a high chance Joy Ward would stubbornly deny everything, after all these years, she had gained the deep trust of

Alitzel Williams. Even if she presented this evidence in front of them, it was not certain they would believe her.

So when she noticed that Valentina River was tracking her, she deliberately did not expose her, just to let Joy find out.

People say anything when they are frightened, which is more conducive to her obtaining evidence.

That's why she had prepared this voice recorder early on.

"No, but Hope, why didn't you present the evidence just now? To prove it to Waylon Lewis," Aria listened to the recording, feeling both angry and puzzled.

Hope Williams's eyes narrowed slightly, a touch of sorrow flashing through her clear eyes.

"Where are Luke and Willow?"

"Don't worry, Aunt Bailey is with them at home. I didn't want the kids to worry, so I didn't tell them..."

"Mommy, are you still going to keep it from us?" Two milky voices rang out at the door.

Hope Williams was taken aback and turned to look at the door, only to see her two precious children standing there, looking at her angrily.

Hope Williams and Aria Richardson exchanged glances, both almost smiling despite themselves; she knew these two smart little ones couldn't be kept in the dark.

"Mommy, it's not right to keep things from us, we worry, and godmother, your acting is really bad," Luke and Willow climbed onto Hope Williams's hospital bed, one on each side.

Aria Richardson was somewhat helpless, "How did you two little ones get to drag me into this?"

It wasn't easy being with two highly intelligent children; nothing escaped their eyes, and it was also hard for her.

"Does it hurt, Mommy?"

"It doesn't hurt, Mommy's okay now," Hope Williams hugged the two milky-smelling little ones into her arms, soothing them softly.

“That’s a lie, Mommy is clearly in trouble, isn’t she? That bad woman hurt Mommy, right?” Luke asked very seriously.

Hope Williams paused, and immediately, Luke said, “We all know, Mommy, don’t try to trick us.”

Luke then took out a USB drive from his little pocket.

Hope Williams looked at it with a puzzled expression, “What’s this?”

“Surveillance evidence.”

“Did Waylon Lewis not say there was no surveillance evidence?” Aria Richardson asked, astonished.

“It was destroyed by the bad woman.”

Luke had hacked into the Lewis Family’s surveillance system. The surveillance footage seemed to have been naturally corrupted, but a closer inspection revealed signs of tampering. After a more thorough examination, sure enough, someone had deliberately destroyed it. Although restoring the damaged surveillance video was difficult, it was no challenge for Luke.

Hope Williams was moved as she looked at Luke with sparkling eyes.

“Damn, impressive! Luke, to be able to restore this, you’ve got my utmost admiration,” Aria Richardson hugged Luke and kissed him on the cheek fiercely; the child was simply a prodigy.

“Mommy, brother has found all the evidence; what’s the next step?” They couldn’t let that bad woman off, hmph!

“Thank you, my darlings. Leave the rest to Mommy, okay?”

Hope Williams naturally wouldn’t let Joy Ward go; she had to get back everything that was owed, for Grandpa Lewis, and for herself.

...

At night, Aria Richardson took the two little ones home. The children reluctantly held Hope Williams’s hand; it took quite a convincing effort to send the two little ones off to sleep.

The hospital room was empty. Hope Williams leaned on the hospital bed, her gaze turning cold as she looked out the window, which was faintly illuminated by the moonlight, appearing a bit weary as she closed her eyes.

At that moment, the door of the hospital room was quietly opened, and a tall and distinguished figure stepped in from the darkness.

Hearing the noise, Hope Williams's eyelashes trembled before she finally opened her eyes and sighed silently.

The room's atmosphere turned chilled.

Bathed in the moonlight, Hope Williams could only make out the silhouette of the long and straight figure of the man, but she could imagine how cold the face hidden in the darkness must be.

During the day, Joy Ward had been here appearing aggrieved; knowing Joy's nature, she surely would have cried a river to Waylon Lewis, and played the victim.

It was easy to imagine he was here to seek justice for Joy Ward.

Chapter 84: Chapter 84: Go to the Civil Affairs Bureau, Remarry

Hope Williams gathered her thoughts, her voice chilly, "What now, President Lewis? Are you here to seek justice for Joy Ward?"

"..."

The man didn't speak, and all Hope could feel was the intense gaze of his deep, dark eyes boring into her, as if he was trying to see through her body and into the depths of her soul.

Hope's butterfly-like eyelashes trembled slightly, and she felt a tightness in her chest. The day's events had indeed exhausted her; she didn't want to say anything, and at this moment, she didn't want to deal with Waylon Lewis either.

Towards this man, she could never resort to behaving like Joy Ward, manipulating and feigning pity for sympathy. Perhaps she shouldn't have asked that question today.

But deep down, she had wanted Waylon Lewis to believe her, so she asked.

...

The result left her disappointed.

When he didn't trust her, she admitted to herself that she hadn't wanted to explain or provide evidence because she was acting petulantly.

In the dark corner of her soul, she hoped that Waylon Lewis would one day regret his distrust towards her.

Silence filled the hospital room, and Hope closed her eyes deeply, "If you want to stand, then stand. I'm tired..."

Before Hope's words even finished, a strong arm locked around her waist.

Startled, in the darkness the man leaned over her and his cool, thin lips covered hers, prying open her teeth, seeking her sweetness, almost intertwined.

The strong, familiar scent enveloped her whole body, and Hope's heart felt like it was about to burst from her chest.

She was completely stunned.

When she finally recovered and tried to push back against the man's strong chest with her hands,

Her feeble resistance was futile against the strength of the robust man; her attempts only made him more ardent.

"Mmm... Waylon Lewis!"

With her breath completely stolen, Hope finally found a chance to breathe, only to be kissed yet again.

She couldn't withstand his frenzy tonight, and after fruitless struggles, she acquiesced to his kisses.

Unintentionally, tears began to form at the corners of her eyes, and a metallic taste flooded her mouth as their lips and teeth clashed.

Hope bit down on Waylon's lower lip, biting hard as if to make him hurt just as she did.

Waylon held her neck, not allowing her to escape, letting her bite him while he relentlessly kissed her, giving her no space to breathe.

They were like lovers who had been apart for too long, filled with bitterness and love, determined to hurt each other in order to soothe their own inner pain until they were appeased.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and the faint sound of her sobbing finally brought Waylon back to his senses, willing to let her go.

In the darkness, Waylon bent forward, his arm still around her waist, and Hope tensed as they locked eyes, both too quiet to speak.

The silence lingered for a while.

The man slowly lowered his head and nestled in the crook of her neck, his breaths flowing in delicate bursts along her throat.

Hope dared not move, the calm after the storm lasting who knew how long.

“Hope Williams.”

The man’s hoarse voice sounded, “Promise me you won’t get in any more trouble.”

He had never been as afraid of losing her as he was today.

The way she was earlier had scared him breathless.

Hope’s eyelashes trembled slightly, the kiss seeming to alter their relationship subtly.

Hope couldn’t understand this man at all now, what he was really doing; his sudden impulse and care lightly stirred her heartstrings.

She tried to curve her lips into a smile, her voice choked, “Waylon Lewis, are you concerned about me?”

“Yes, concerned about you.”

His rich voice fell, causing a tremor in Hope’s heart.

“So promise me, don’t get in trouble again, I can’t handle it.”

Hope blinked gently, staring into the man’s dark eyes, a shadow of despondency falling across her as she thought of something, eventually choosing to look away.

“Does it really matter to you if I get in trouble or not? Concerned about me? By what right are you concerned about me, Waylon Lewis?”

The hand that Waylon had around her waist tightened slightly.

Hope pushed against Waylon, extremely uncomfortable with their overly intimate position, feeling the oppressive force of the man that made her hold her breath.

But he remained immovable, like a mountain.

Hope clenched her teeth.

“If you have nothing to say, President Lewis, you can leave. I need to rest.”

“If needing a reason to care about you requires a title, then let’s get remarried.”

The man’s sudden statement made Hope’s heart skip a beat, almost doubting her own ears, but in the quiet hospital room where one could hear the other’s soft breathing, the voice resonated again near her ear, leaving no chance for mistake.

“You’re joking!”

Having dismissed the possibility of a misunderstanding, Hope could only cling to that reasoning.

Her body moved slightly, and the next second she was swept up in a princess carry and carried briskly out.

Hope was dumbfounded.

“Waylon Lewis, what are you doing?”

“Civil affairs office.”

Hope’s heart skipped again.

Absolutely insane.

He was proving with actions whether he was joking or not.

“Put me down, I didn’t agree to remarry you.”

“The reason?”

The reason she didn’t agree to remarry.

Chapter 85: Chapter 85 She Has No Plans for the Future with Waylon Lewis

Waylon Lewis’s eyes, a deep black, grew gradually colder.

Hope Williams moved her lips, “There’s no reason. Our marriage was a mistake from the start, and I’ve paid for my mistake. Since the divorce agreement was signed, I have never intended to remarry you, no, not just no intention—it’s something I wouldn’t even think about.”

Five years after her departure, she was ready to become a stranger to Waylon Lewis forever. Because of Grandpa Lewis, she needed to visit the Lewis Family, and thus she became entangled with him to this extent, far beyond her expectations.

Thus, after curing Grandpa Lewis, she intended to take her twins back to Country Y.

She... her plans for the future did not include Waylon Lewis!

So for Waylon Lewis's proposal, she simply laughed it off.

...

The next morning, the sun shone brightly through the window, casting light on Hope Williams's delicate face.

The man had left last night without a word, clearly in a huff.

When she woke up this morning, sitting by her bed, with a stern expression, was Benjamin Myers.

"You're awake." Hope Williams tried to get up, and Benjamin Myers helped her.

"Benjamin?" Hope Williams's gaze unintentionally swept the room, not encountering that person's figure. She hesitated for a moment; last night seemed like a dream.

She looked at Benjamin Myers, "You... Why are you here?"

"If it weren't for the ward rounds this morning, I wouldn't have known you got hurt, and so severely at that," Benjamin Myers's gentle voice carried a serious tone, laced with considerable displeasure.

Hope Williams let out a light laugh and pursed her lips slightly, "I'm alright, don't worry. It's just a minor injury, and it's almost healed. I'll be discharged in a few days."

"A minor injury? Do you need a mirror to see how your head is bandaged? And you still say it's nothing—what does it take for you to admit it's serious?" Benjamin Myers was quite irritated by Hope Williams's nonchalance.

Hope Williams's eyes shifted, and being reminded by him, she subconsciously touched her head, "It does seem rather ugly."

"..." Benjamin Myers bit down on his rear molar in frustration—he had suggested the mirror for her to see the severity, not to check if it looked ugly.

“Alright, stop touching it.” Benjamin Myers, seeing her like that, had a helpless look on his handsome face. He stood up. “I’ve ordered some porridge for you. It’s the Lotus Seed Lily Porridge you usually like. Get up and eat.”

Hope Williams didn’t refuse; since he had already brought it over, there was no reason not to eat. Besides, she was indeed hungry. She got out of bed, freshened up in the bathroom, and when she returned, Benjamin Myers had already served the porridge, “Come and eat.”

Hope Williams nodded, “Thank you. Have you eaten? I can’t finish this much by myself. Let’s eat together.”

Benjamin Myers paused for a moment, “Okay.” He probably hadn’t eaten either, and took a small bowl from beside him to serve himself a little porridge from the thermos.

Hope Williams picked up the spoon and was about to eat when there was a knock on the door of the ward.

“Please come in.”

As the cool voice fell, the door opened, and the man who walked in wore a crisp suit, his handsome face expressionless. Following him was Wyatt Lewis, who, as always, carried an air of careless detachment, and then came Thomas Hughes, holding two large bags of delicately packed food boxes.

Hope Williams’s eyes landed on Waylon Lewis, a pause in her gaze. The man’s complexion bore no warmth apart from severity.

Suddenly, the already cool ward seemed even colder.

Hope Williams was momentarily dazed, withdrawing her gaze, and looked at the man’s face, indifferent as if it was about to destroy everything. Then she thought of that inexplicable kiss from the night before. Hope Williams lowered her head, her cheeks instantly flushed with a hint of red.

To Waylon Lewis, it looked as if she was blushing because she was doing something with Benjamin Myers.

With that thought, his expression grew even darker.

Wyatt Lewis and Thomas Hughes, standing aside and swept up in the increasingly chilling atmosphere, shivered uncontrollably.

Hope Williams pursed her lips. She had thought that he would not come back after her words last night, and seeing him this morning indeed surprised her.

Seeing the way he stared at her, Hope Williams felt uncomfortable. She put down her spoon and asked, "Is there something else you needed?"

Waylon Lewis's cold lips curled slightly, ready to speak, when the perceptive Wyatt Lewis, fearing that his brother would speak harshly again in his current mood, quickly scooted next to Hope Williams. He grabbed a chair and sat down, saying, "Sis-in-law, I heard you were hurt, and I came to check on you out of concern. But the one who's most worried about you is still my brother, right? Brother?"

Waylon Lewis gave him a cold glance but said nothing.

Wyatt Lewis awkwardly chuckled twice, incessantly signaling his brother with his eyes.

Brother, you've got to say something. Can't you see the love rival is right here? If you don't make a stand, your wife will be taken away.

Waylon Lewis ignored him, and Wyatt Lewis turned back to Hope Williams, cheerily saying, "Don't mind him, sis-in-law. My brother is just shy."

"Cough..." Hope Williams choked on the water she was drinking.

Benjamin Myers immediately wanted to pat her back, but Wyatt Lewis swatted his hand away.

"What are you doing?" Benjamin Myers's expression grew darker.

"What do you think you're doing?" Wyatt Lewis retorted, his handsome face taut. Was his sister-in-law someone anyone could touch?

Hope Williams caught her breath.

"What exactly are you here for?"

To scare her?

Waylon Lewis shy? Did his icy face have anything to do with shyness?

Wyatt Lewis gave Thomas Hughes a signal, and regardless of the propriety, the grandiose display could not be neglected.

Thomas Hughes, quick on the uptake, immediately put down the food boxes, "Miss Williams, Boss has specially ordered breakfast for you."

After finishing his words, he bent towards Hope Williams, "Enjoy your meal, Miss Williams."

Hope Williams looked at the small table already filled to capacity with food, her brow inadvertently furrowing, "This..."

"Sis-in-law, eat this." Wyatt Lewis served her a small bowl of millet pumpkin porridge with particular eagerness, dismissively pushing aside the bowl of Lotus Seed Lily Porridge.

"Um... this..." Hope Williams was truly at a loss.

"What's the matter, sis-in-law? Eat up." Wyatt Lewis blinked expectantly, as if eager for Hope to quick start eating.

"She doesn't like pumpkin." Benjamin Myers, sitting opposite Hope Williams, stated coldly.

"How do you know my sis-in-law doesn't like it? Millet pumpkin porridge is her favorite, isn't that right, sis-in-law?"

Hope Williams gave Wyatt Lewis a helpless look, "Indeed, I don't really like pumpkin."

"..." Wyatt Lewis was silent, "No problem, there's also Yam Turnip Porridge, Eight Treasure Porridge, Barley Winter Melon Pork Rib Porridge, Glutinous Rice Lotus Porridge, seafood porridge..."

It was as if he had ordered every porridge from the porridge shop.

Hope Williams reached up to her hair, her expression one of helplessness.

"You two obviously don't know what she likes to eat, so you've brought everything back." Benjamin Myers shifted the porridges now crowding in front of him and slightly curled his lips, revealing their oversight.

Chapter 86: Chapter 86: Almost Flipped the Table

Wyatt Lewis's face fell into shadows.

Why did this guy have to dance on his brother's bottom line? What was the benefit for him?

He felt that the coldness exuding from his brother was about to freeze the entire hospital room.

Yet, this love rival could still sit there serenely. He was really afraid that his brother would flip the table in anger.

Waylon Lewis strode to the table; Wyatt's eyelids twitched.

Was he about to flip the table?

...

At that moment, he felt that the chilly gaze was fixed on himself.

Wyatt felt a tingling on his scalp as he looked up at his brother. If you're staring at me, what are you doing?

Wyatt's shoulders couldn't help but tremble slightly as he tentatively stood up.

Waylon's somber face softened a bit. He bent down and sat in Wyatt's spot next to Hope Williams.

Benjamin Myers raised his eyes.

"Is President Lewis going to have some too?"

Waylon gave him a faint glance. "Don't you think you're being an eyesore here?"

"Isn't it you who's being an eyesore?" Benjamin insisted, pushing the bowl of lotus seed and lily bulb porridge that had been shoved aside back in front of Hope. "Eat."

Waylon picked up a bowl of seafood porridge from the row and shoved it directly into Hope's hands. "Eat."

Hope, "..."

Wyatt covered his face with his hand. Brother, who gives a girl something by shoving it into her hands and then insists with a stern face that she must eat it...

A table of steaming hot porridge in front of her, and beside her, the acrid atmosphere of the Great Demon King, the air was filled with the smell of gunpowder. The two men looked like they were about to overturn the table any time. Sitting between them, Hope had the feeling of sitting on pins and needles.

Hope's lips were pressed into a tight line, helplessly she closed her eyes and with the spoon in her hand, she truly didn't know which bowl to choose.

It seemed like eating from either bowl was a sin against the other. She really didn't understand what these two men were up to, insisting on making trouble over a bowl of porridge.

"Do you want me to feed you?"

Seeing her motionless, Waylon's expression darkened. That look clearly said, "If you don't eat mine, don't think about leaving the table today."

Hope was utterly helpless.

She lightly pursed her lips and said, "There's so much, why don't you all eat some as well? Second Young Master, Assistant Hughes, have you eaten? If not, let's eat together."

Waylon's displeasure at Hope's suggestion was obvious. He gave a faint sweep of his gaze over the two men but said nothing.

Wyatt's eyes lit up, and he grabbed Thomas Hughes, who was about to speak. "Alright, sister-in-law, then I'll join you for a bit."

Having been sent by his brother early in the morning to buy porridge, he hadn't eaten anything yet. The table full of steaming, fragrant porridge was already tempting him, and his sister-in-law was kind to him.

Wyatt unapologetically picked up a bowl of porridge and started eating with a spoon.

Thus, five people sat around a small table that was somewhat crowded, each with a bowl of porridge. Except for Hope, everyone else seemed out of place no matter how you looked at it, strangely mismatched.

Hope ate a bit from both bowls of porridge that had been placed in front of her.

This standoff was finally broken.

How this absurd breakfast ended, Hope didn't know, but Benjamin Myers was called away by a nurse, and Wyatt and Thomas Hughes left the hospital room with peculiar tact.

In the end, the vast hospital room was left with only Hope and Waylon sitting by her side. No matter what, Hope felt the atmosphere was odd. Just as she was about to get up, her wrist warmed; the man had grabbed her.

Hope had her reservations against Waylon, especially after last night. The usually tense Hope was startled, turning back with a pair of eyes filled with doubt looking at Waylon.

Waylon's deep, dark eyes quietly looked at her, their gazes colliding unintentionally.

Hope stared at Waylon's handsome face for a while, pursing her lips and asking, "They've all left, aren't you leaving too, President Lewis?"

"No rush, sit." The man's typically low voice sounded.

Hope looked at him in wonder, a trace of confusion sweeping through her clear eyes.

“About what I mentioned last night, I didn’t mean to force you. I know you have reservations about it before. You can stick to your convictions, but my determination won’t change either.”

Hope looked at Waylon’s indifferent countenance, unconsciously stunned for a few seconds.

Such domineering words made Hope’s heart drum noisily.

She could stick to her convictions, but his determination wouldn’t change.

Meaning, he wouldn’t let go.

Hope’s clear eyes trembled slightly, her face remaining calm, but her heart was already in turmoil.

She lightly rubbed her temple, which had throbbed twice, took a deep breath, and then exhaled heavily.

“Waylon, I don’t understand your reasons for doing this.”

His marriage proposal really baffled Hope.

She looked at him.

At such a close distance, no emotion could escape each other’s eyes.

He had deliberately restrained his usual sternness. Perhaps it was an illusion, but Hope felt that this previously arrogant and domineering man was actually a bit cautious today.

Waylon’s pair of dark eyes quietly looked at her. After a while, he furrowed his brows, and his low and magnetic voice, as beautiful as a cello, resonated fatally, “Perhaps it’s because I want the woman by my side to be you, and always be you.”

Chapter 87: Chapter 87: Have You Asked Us for Permission to Pursue Mommy?

Hope Williams’s eyes suddenly trembled, and her heart lost its rhythm.

For a long while, Hope Williams finally regained her senses, her hand that was casually placed on the table tightened a few degrees, slightly at a loss.

“Do you want to pursue Mommy? Have you asked for our permission?”

Right at this moment, two childish voices rang out.

The two little treasures didn't know when they had entered the ward and were currently standing with their hands on their hips, giving Waylon Lewis an intimidating stare.

Evidently, Luke and Willow were very angry because of Waylon Lewis's distrust towards Hope Williams yesterday.

...

Waylon Lewis raised his eyebrows unconsciously and looked at the two childishly fierce kids with softened eyes, but at the same time felt a bit of a headache, "To pursue her, I need your consent too?"

"Of course." Luke and Willow nodded very seriously, "To pursue Mommy, you have to get through us first. Otherwise, don't even think about it. Plus, you've already been cast into the Cold Palace."

"Cold Palace?"

Waylon Lewis lifted an eyebrow, somewhat surprised, and looked at Hope Williams to ask lightly, "Since when did you have a harem?"

Hope Williams tugged at her lips, "..."

"What are your demands?" Waylon Lewis asked lightly.

"Well, that depends on what you do. In any case, you currently have negative points in our hearts," Luke said.

"That's right, we don't want a bad daddy who bullies Mommy," Willow added.

Waylon Lewis frowned, realizing that he wasn't impressive, not making the rank in their hearts!

"Well, I'm also your father, the true consort," Waylon Lewis spoke, his tone even holding a bit of pride – what's with that?

The true consort?

He's getting too caught up in the role.

Hope Williams helplessly lifted a hand to her face, Waylon Lewis where's your shame, after having a row with porridge now you're even squabbling with your own kids.

"The true consort who has been deposed and cast into the Cold Palace,"

Luke spoke without a second thought, immediately exposing Waylon Lewis's stubbornness.

Waylon Lewis grimaced with a sour face.

"Tsk..."

Listening by the side, Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh out loud, and in the next second, Waylon Lewis's glowering gaze swept over.

"Cough..." Hope Williams coughed lightly, a bit embarrassed she looked away, turning towards Luke and Willow and gesturing to the two treasures.

The two little ones rushed into Hope Williams's embrace, one on each side, sweetly calling out Mommy.

Hope Williams helplessly tapped on Luke and Willow's little noses, and said with a smile, "Alright, stop nagging, after all, we share blood relations, it's not good to anger him to death."

President Lewis, on the receiving end of a verbal barrage, wore a dark expression but said nothing, apparently having no way to deal with the mother and her children.

"You're being discharged the day after tomorrow, I will come to pick you up, don't run off."

Hope Williams looked up at him, "I can manage by myself, you don't need to come."

"Hmm, I'm not asking for your permission."

"..."

Over the next few days, the two little treasures came to keep her company after school, the ward bustling, not letting Hope Williams feel bored at all.

Joy Ward was increasingly proud in the hospital, because Hope Williams being hospitalized and unable to work, allowed her to take on several surgeries and pair up with Beau Harrison to complete them perfectly, earning the title of the best partnership, and her status suddenly rising. Wherever Hope Williams went, she could hear rumors about Joy Ward being the potential next Chief of Cardiothoracic Surgery.

With a good family background, high education, skilled techniques, a beautiful and kind person, maintaining a perfect image, and being Elder Murphy's disciple while holding a position in the hospital for five years without any major mistakes, and being the lead surgeon in cardiothoracic surgery and group leader at the same time.

When the Ward Family learned that the department head was being selected again, they donated equipment to the hospital, making a grand gesture, earning widespread praise, and in any case, Joy Ward appeared to be the hot candidate for the department head this time.

Hope Williams quietly listened to a few nurses chatting, her lips curving into a thin smile, and walked back to the ward.

Today she was being discharged, her injuries were almost healed, and in the afternoon, Director Delacey sent someone to deliver the precious medicinal materials she had borrowed last time. Hope Williams had to personally go to the airport to pick them up, after all, the materials were valuable, and she needed to take them into her own hands to protect them. She had to visit the Lewis Family tonight.

Hope Williams packed up her things and walked out of the ward, her belongings weren't many.

Today the sun outside was particularly good, Hope Williams let out a long sigh, having lain in the hospital bed for several days, breathing fresh air, and seeing the bright sunlight, her mood naturally became much better.

"Miss Williams, are you being discharged today?"

At this point, a discordant voice sounded, halving Hope Williams's good mood.

Joy Ward approached with a gentle smile, after a few days of silence she faced Hope Williams with no trace of guilt, as if she truly hadn't been the one to push her down the stairs. She was dressed exquisitely, more pleased with herself than ever.

Hope Williams's expression was indifferent, her hands in her pockets, her dispassionate gaze falling on Joy Ward. She didn't respond.

Joy Ward mistook Hope Williams's disinterest as envy and jealousy of herself.

Thinking about this, Joy Ward held her chin even higher, more proud, "Hope Williams, why don't you stay a few more days? Is your head injury healed? After all, it's better to be careful with head injuries."

Joy Ward's brows furrowed with concern, as if she genuinely cared for Hope Williams.

But the triumph hidden in her eyes couldn't escape Hope Williams's notice.

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows slightly, her lips curling in a cold, mocking smile, her voice crisp and cold, "Thank you for your concern, Miss Ward, rest assured, I'm quite fine. I will surely return double whatever Miss Ward has granted me."

Chapter 88: Chapter 88 She Won't Make a Move Easily

Joy Ward coldly pulled at the corner of her mouth, "Hope Williams, why must you always be against me? What good does it do you?"

Hope Williams's lips curled with a hint of mockery.

"Isn't it you who's been biting at me like a mad dog?"

"You!" Joy's fists clenched tightly as she took two steps forward, "Hope Williams, don't you have any evidence yet? Are you still not giving up?"

Hope raised her eyebrows slightly and spoke indifferently, "It's just what you think, Joy. From now on, you'd better tuck your foxy tail in and see if there are any other loopholes you've left unfilled. Remember to check for any oversights, and patch them up. Don't let me catch any leverage against you, or else... you're done for."

"What do you mean?" Joy's face instantly took on a guarded expression as she grabbed Hope's hand, "You... what evidence do you still have?"

...

Hope shook off Joy's hand with cold detachment.

Furious, Joy gritted her teeth, her gaze seeming as though she wanted to tear Hope apart by any means necessary.

As Hope turned around, Joy raised her hand to grab at Hope. But with a swift shift of her eyes, Hope sidestepped, her icy gaze landing on the suspended hand. With a chilling look in her eyes, she directly seized the hand.

"What's this? Trying old tricks again?"

"..." Joy's silver teeth seemed almost on the verge of shattering as she struggled furiously to break free from Hope's grip, but held by Hope's pinch, she couldn't muster any strength.

All of a sudden, Joy raised her other hand, aiming to slap Hope across the face, but Hope, sensing Joy's intent, preemptively raised her hand and struck Joy's face first.

"Ah... Hope Williams, you!" Enraged to the point of gnashing her teeth, it was at this moment that Joy suddenly saw someone approaching from a distance, her lips curling into a twisted smile. In the next moment, her expression changed dramatically, "Miss Williams, why are you hitting me? Please, let me go..."

The sudden change of face was utterly repulsive to Hope, who, sensing someone approaching, still didn't hesitate to let go of Joy's hand.

Joy stumbled weakly, tears falling as if they cost nothing, "Miss Williams, you..."

"Cut out the acting, it disgusts me."

Hope turned to leave and saw a man standing behind her with an unhappy expression.

She didn't know how long he had been standing there listening, but Hope was not the least bit guilty and said nothing.

Without hesitation, Hope began to walk away, but after just a few steps, her arm was seized by the man, and a hint of coldness flickered in Hope's eyes.

Hope looked at him indifferently, removed his hand from hers with a calm sweep, and coldly walked past him.

Waylon Lewis scanned Joy, his deep eyes gliding over with touches of inquiry and complexity.

"Waylon, I was just coming to see how Miss Williams was doing after her discharge today, never expecting her to suddenly lose her temper. It was really too much," Joy said.

"You knew she was temperamental and still chose to provoke her?" Waylon asked faintly.

Joy opened her mouth, having thought that Waylon would at least offer her some comfort, but his unexpected question left her at a loss.

"I just wanted to be friends with Miss Williams."

Saying this, Joy deliberately lowered her hand to reveal the redness on her cheek from Hope's slap.

"If she's not willing, why force her?"

"I..."

"Joy Ward, do you really think I can't see through these tricks of yours?" Waylon's handsome features grew colder by the second, his voice cool and devoid of any warmth.

"Waylon, I don't understand what you mean," Joy said, nervous and fearful.

“Hope Williams may have a temper, but she wouldn’t raise her hand if she weren’t provoked to the extreme.”

Joy Ward understood the meaning behind Waylon Lewis’s words.

The meaning was that she had done something that crossed Hope Williams’s bottom line and was now suffering the consequences.

Watching Waylon Lewis leave, Joy Ward was both angry and resentful, blaming Hope Williams for it all.

...

Hope Williams went to the airport, grabbed the herbal medicine, and returned home. She put the other herbs together and brewed them herself. After the incident with Joy Ward, she didn’t trust leaving the medicine at the Lewis Family home.

The other members of the Lewis Family wouldn’t harm Grandpa Lewis, but they trusted Joy Ward. There could be more mistakes, and Hope Williams would not allow such a thing to happen again.

After Hope Williams had slowly simmered the medicine over a low heat and it was ready, she personally delivered it to the Lewis Family home. She watched as the servant fed the medicine to the old master, and the heart that had been in her throat these past days finally settled.

Hope Williams then performed acupuncture with Silver Needle on Grandpa Lewis. After being busy for half a day and seeing Grandpa Lewis’s heart rate stabilize, she finally left at ease.

When she got home, the two little ones, Aria Richardson, had already been picked up. Because Hope Williams hadn’t told them about her discharge, they had quite a bit of complaining to do.

The next day, Hope Williams went to work as usual.

The hospital.

Director Woods called Hope Williams into his office and handed her a medical record with a serious and solemn expression.

“Take a look. This patient’s surgery is probably something only you can do.”

Seeing the furrow in Director Woods’s brow, Hope Williams took the medical record and carefully looked over each page, her brows involuntarily furrowing, “This kind of heart

tumor isn't common, and the tumor has reached an advanced stage. What makes it more difficult is that the patient is elderly and suffers from multiple diseases."

Hope Williams couldn't help but tense her brows even more.

"That's right, and the patient is Old Lady Mrs. Knox of the Knox Family. The hospital is giving special attention to this surgery because of her esteemed status. However, given Mrs. Knox's current health status, the mortality risk from the surgery is predicted to be very high, so..."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "So no doctor dares to take it?!"

Director Woods, with a helpless twist to his brow, nodded his head.

After all, the risk of death was too high, and the surgery was extremely difficult. Not to mention the psychological pressure on the doctors, a high failure rate didn't inspire much confidence in completing the surgery, and to add, taking this thankless task could offend the Knox Family.

Hope Williams closed the medical record, "I understand. I'll submit a surgical plan later on."

Director Woods' worried expression brightened up, and he let out a sigh of relief, looking at Hope Williams, "That's great, but how confident are you?"

Indeed, the surgery had a high mortality rate, was complex, and exceedingly difficult. Also, due to the patient's health condition, a lengthy surgery could not be sustained, so the operation time had to be controlled within two hours. This was a significant challenge for the lead surgeon—the slightest mistake and the patient's condition wouldn't hold out until the surgery was over.

Of course, Hope Williams had already considered all this when she first read the medical record.

"I'll need to evaluate the patient before I can give you an answer."

"Alright."

"Knock, knock." Two knocks sounded at the door.

Hope Williams glanced at the door with a slight frown. Joy Ward walked in, also looking at her, her eyes holding a challenge that only the two of them would understand.

Hope Williams indifferently withdrew her gaze.

"Director Woods, Doctor Williams is here too."

“Doctor Ward? Do you need something?”

“Director Woods, I’d like to take on Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s surgery. I’ve already drafted a detailed surgical plan after yesterday’s consultation. Please take a look.” Joy Ward handed her surgical plan to Director Woods.

Chapter 89: Chapter 89: The Impossible Surgery

Director Woods’ sharp eyes glanced at Joy Ward and then paused on Hope Williams.

Hope’s expression remained calm, without any emotion.

“Doctor Ward, the surgery has already been decided to be handed over to Doctor Williams.”

Joy clenched her teeth, her face quickly regained its composure, and she smiled slowly, “Maybe Director Woods should take a look at my surgical plan first. My mentor has also seen it and made some modifications. He said there were no problems.”

Director Woods’ eyebrows raised slightly, “Elder Murphy thinks there’s no problem with it?”

“Yes.” Joy responded with a confident smile.

...

Director Woods began to browse through the plan, his eyebrows involuntarily raising, and then he looked toward Hope.

Joy gently addressed Hope, “Doctor Williams, you’ve just been discharged from the hospital and should rest more. Let me take care of this surgery for Director Woods. Besides, I’ve already laid out the surgical plan, and it’s safer in my hands, isn’t it?”

Hope smiled faintly and glanced over Joy’s surgical plan before asking with a light raise of his eyebrows, “Where does your confidence come from?”

“Are you suggesting there’s something wrong with my surgical plan, Doctor Williams?”

“Isn’t that obvious?”

Joy bit her lip in frustration, “Doctor Williams, you haven’t even seen the patient. How can you be sure that there’s a problem with my plan?”

Hope raised the patient's medical records he was holding, "The tumor has reached an advanced stage, with adhesion in the major blood vessels of the heart, making the surgical excision difficult, and the quality of life post-surgery is very low."

"But the current condition of the patient means that removal is the fastest way to save his life."

"That's on the basis of the tumor being in the early to middle stages, your plan is not suitable for critically ill, elderly patients," Hope said expressionlessly.

Joy disagreed vehemently, "I don't agree with you. The patient's life is already in danger..."

Hope sighed softly, refusing to argue further, "Let's have a consultation meeting."

"When?"

"Now."

Joy sneered. A consultation meeting—she didn't even have her surgical plan ready for discussion. It was clearly a self-inflicted embarrassment, and Joy was naturally pleased with that.

"Perfect, my mentor is also very interested in this surgery. Let's have him judge it," Joy declared with a triumphant smile.

Hope had no objections.

In the conference room, several cardiologists who saw Elder Murphy flocked to him for advice. Joy stood by Elder Murphy's side, holding his arm, laughing and talking, basking in the reflected glory.

Hearing about Hope Williams and Joy Ward locking horns over the same surgery, many doctors couldn't help but take a peek inside the conference room door.

At the head of the U-shaped conference table, Joy stood in front of the screen, confidently presenting her plan for the surgery and the treatment process for the patient.

"That's my surgical plan, and I believe it guarantees the patient's life to the greatest extent."

After Joy finished speaking, everyone nodded in agreement, while Joy looked at Hope with full-on provocation.

Hope rested his hands on the table, appearing calm and detached, with his eyes cast downward as if deep in thought.

Now it was Hope's turn, and everyone's curious gazes turned towards him.

Joy Ward tilted her chin up high, confident that Hope Williams, having not attended yesterday's consultation discussion and never having even seen the patient, couldn't possibly have a surgical plan ready based just on a quick review of the medical records.

And so, her sense of superiority grew, believing that no matter what, Hope could not outdo her.

Under everyone's gaze, Hope Williams slowly stood up. She walked unhurriedly to the front, where the large screen was located.

Joy Ward sneered, "Doctor Williams said she didn't agree with my surgical plan, so surely, Doctor Williams must have a better one, right? Let's hear it."

Joy deliberately made this comment, making everyone turn their attention to Hope. Her intention was to make Hope lose face.

Hope Williams merely glanced at her and then, with a cold and detached voice, began to explain her surgical plan and insights. She was even able to fluently answer sharp questions posed by Elder Murphy and other doctors.

When Hope finished, the room fell silent.

"I heard you just finished reading the patient's medical records. When did you come up with this plan?" Elder Murphy asked.

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows, "Just now."

Elder Murphy, listening, found himself nodding along involuntarily, a rare look of admiration in his shrewd eyes.

Joy Ward looked on in panic, her hands tightly clenched, barely managing to muster a smile and said, "Doctor Williams, your plan may be safe for the patient in their current condition, but so far, only Cynthia has a record of completing this technique. You...?"

Hope Williams turned the pen in her hand at a deliberate pace, her brow furrowed in seriousness, "If I propose it, I can complete it. This is a plan to safeguard the patient. If we go with your surgical plan, there's a high risk of complications during the procedure, and even if the surgery is successful, the patient will be left with significant life risks."

"I stand by my surgical plan," Hope Williams stated firmly, earning nods of agreement from several doctors.

Joy Ward ground her molars and scoffed, "Doctor Williams, I don't doubt your abilities, but so far only Cynthia, known as the Saintly Healer, has completed this technique. Are you truly confident?"

"Yes, only Cynthia has records of this technique, Doctor Williams. We don't believe you can do it, and if you can't, the risks are too great," several doctors echoed with nods.

"I have full confidence in Doctor Williams' surgical plan. Doctor Ward's plan cannot ensure the patient's quality of life afterward, and there's a high likelihood of recurrence," Aurora Wood stated her absolute trust in Hope Williams.

"No doctor can guarantee no recurrence after surgery. Are you, Doctor Wood, suggesting you can guarantee that your patients will absolutely not experience recurrence?" Joy Ward retorted with a snort, countering Aurora Wood's words, "The patient is currently in critical condition; shouldn't saving their life be what matters most?"

Hope Williams, "Preserving life is indeed important, but the method must be considered."

Joy Ward, "Your method may be good, Doctor Williams, but if you don't have the skills, you can't complete it, can you?"

Hope Williams, "You're not me. How would you know I can't complete it?"

"Regardless of whether you can complete it, I'm sorry to say, Doctor Williams, I've already reached a consensus with the patient's family to use my surgical plan," Joy Ward said through gritted teeth, forced to reveal the trump card she had prepared in advance.

Hope Williams had been in the hospital just yesterday, and at that thought, Joy Ward smiled triumphantly.

Hope was unfazed, calmly lifting an eyebrow, "Fine, we shall see at this afternoon's public surgery."

Everyone was aware that this was a critical moment in the contest for the position of chief of cardiothoracic surgery. If Joy Ward managed to successfully complete this significant surgery, there would be no chance left for Hope Williams.

This was exactly what Joy Ward had realized, and even without much confidence, she was determined to risk everything to secure the surgery.

Hope Williams was very calm; she said nothing more and gathered her things, ready to leave the conference room. She wasn't concerned with competing with Joy Ward for the surgery but was worried about the patient. Hope had intended to visit the ward to check on the patient's condition when a typically stern voice called out from behind.

“Wait.”

Elder Murphy stopped Hope Williams, who turned around to see him approaching.

“Do you need something else?”

Chapter 90: Chapter 90 What Is She If Not a Genius?

“Your surgical plan is good, but the technique you proposed is indeed beyond the capability of most doctors; comparatively, Joy’s approach is more conservative.”

In the end, it still boils down to them thinking she’s boasting without the ability, right?

Hope Williams wasn’t annoyed and merely curved her lips slightly, “I hope Elder Murphy will keep holding his opinion.”

After saying that, Hope Williams turned around and left.

Elder Murphy’s sharp eyes narrowed, feeling even more convinced of Hope Williams’ overconfidence.

Hope Williams paid a visit to Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s ward to observe her condition before planning to return to the office. As she arrived at the office door, she saw a man in a tailored suit standing there.

...

It was Thomas Hughes. The assistant to Waylon Lewis would naturally be the elite among elites, embodying an outstanding image and aura. Standing there, he was indeed eye-catching, with numerous doctors and nurses asking for his contact information, but Thomas Hughes straightforwardly refused with a stern face.

Seeing this, Hope Williams chuckled and walked over.

Thomas Hughes, seeing that Hope Williams had finally arrived, looked as if he had seen a savior; he was nearly driven insane by all sorts of questions from these women.

Hope Williams only noticed upon nearing him that underneath Thomas Hughes’ stoic appearance, his ears were actually red.

“Assistant Hughes, are you here to play the role of a Gate God, inviting romantic advances?”

Thomas Hughes bowed respectfully to Hope Williams, "Miss Williams, the Boss asked me to bring you lunch."

Upon hearing his purpose and seeing the exquisite lunch box handed to her, Hope Williams couldn't help her brows twitching twice, "Go back and tell him that the hospital has a cafeteria; I don't need it."

"The Boss said that you've just recovered from a serious illness and need to nourish your body. All this food was bought according to your preferences, and he has added some ingredients for nourishing blood and energy. The Boss also said that if you refuse, I will keep waiting until you are willing to eat it."

Hope Williams felt a bit of a headache.

Seeing that Hope Williams remained silent signified her continued refusal. Thomas Hughes resumed his earlier stance, standing there diligently.

Hope Williams helplessly twisted her brows and it wasn't good to let someone stand there indefinitely. She raised her hand, "Give it to me."

Thomas Hughes immediately handed over the items to her, "Miss Williams, please enjoy your meal."

Hope Williams took it and said indifferently, "Tell him there's no need to send it next time."

"Understood, I will convey Miss Williams' message to the Boss, but I must remind you, it will likely not be very effective."

Reminding her indeed, Hope Williams touched her forehead, truly grateful to him.

...

The surgery scheduled for two o'clock in the afternoon commenced as planned; it was a procedure that attracted a high level of attention.

Everything was ready. The patient was put under anesthesia, and the chest was opened; the surgery began.

"What's the situation inside?"

"The surgery has already been underway for half an hour."

Although the surgery eventually fell to Joy Ward, Director Woods was not at ease and directly watched intently from the viewing room, not daring to slack off since the surgery also had high social attention.

“You don’t need to be so tense. You can trust Joy’s medical skills; she will be able to complete this surgery well,” Elder Murphy stood by his side, his wise eyes watching the people inside the operating room with full confidence.

“It seems you trust your apprentice too much.”

Director Woods frowned slightly.

“You trust Hope Williams just as much.”

“I naturally trust her; her medical skills go much beyond what you all have seen,” Director Woods spoke with undeniable conviction.

“In recent days, it seems she has demonstrated some ability, but the most substantial skill is still her penchant for boasting—youthful and impetuous, easily making grand promises. But Joy is different; her mind is simple and calm, devoted to treating and saving people. Moreover, do you know about Old Master Lewis from the Lewis Family?”

“Yes, he has severe heart failure, and Joy Ward is Old Master Lewis’ personal physician.”

“Correct. Old Master Lewis was at death’s door, and it was Joy who saved him. Back then, I realized Joy used the Silver Needle Acupuncture Technique. Not many people can do this technique. She not only pulled Old Master Lewis out of danger but also helped him recover quickly, which shows her proficiency with Silver Needle Acupuncture has reached an extremely advanced level,” Elder Murphy said, his face filled with pride.

Practicing Silver Needle Acupuncture requires exceptional talent; of course, that alone isn’t enough. One also needs a calm mind and diligent practice to find the correct acupoints at lightning speed. The difficulty is indeed high, and very few people can persist.

“You and I both know Silver Needle Acupuncture requires an extremely high medical aptitude. She has reached such a level at such a young age; isn’t that the mark of a genius?” Elder Murphy glanced sidelong at Director Woods.

Director Woods’ brows furrowed slightly, somewhat disbelieving, “You’re saying Joy Ward knows how to perform Silver Needle Acupuncture?”

“Indeed. Although I haven’t witnessed it personally, I am ninety percent sure. She’s discreet about it, and since she hasn’t spoken of it, I haven’t exposed her.”

“So that’s why you hold her in such high regard.”

“Of course. And also, the prescriptions she drafts are meticulous, not a single unnecessary herb. Even I felt humbled when I saw them.”

Concerning Elder Murphy’s exceptionally high praise of Joy Ward, Director Woods was even more skeptical. Elder Murphy has always had high standards; it was rare for someone to receive such high praise from him.

Yet, based on Director Woods’ many years of knowing the doctors inside the hospital, Joy Ward was starkly different from the individual Elder Murphy described. And Silver Needle Acupuncture—does Joy Ward know it?

In Director Woods’ view, if Joy Ward truly knew Silver Needle Acupuncture, considering her showy and boastful character, it would have already been widely known.

Therefore, Director Woods did not believe this to be true; instead, he thought of another person who truly had that skill.

Seeing Elder Murphy with such complete trust, Director Woods merely smiled without saying anything.

“Beep...” The cold alarm of the machine broke the silence of the moment.

“What’s the situation?” Director Woods rose swiftly, his brows deeply knitted.

“The patient is bleeding profusely.”

“The patient’s heartbeat has stopped.”