

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 827: 827: If You Don't Say Anything, I'll Take It as You Like Them All - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 827: 827: If You Don't Say Anything, I'll Take It as You Like Them All

Chapter 827: Chapter 827: If You Don't Say Anything, I'll Take It as You Like Them All

The man's face froze for a moment. Seeing Wyatt Lewis's extremely cold expression, a chill rose in his heart, and he dared not make any trouble again. He apologized a couple of times and hurriedly left with his wine glass.

Aria Richardson watched the man get scared by Wyatt Lewis, and couldn't help but curl her lips into a smile.

"When you put on that cold face, you really resemble your brother. It turns out, the indifference of the Lewis Family is indeed etched in your bones."

Even if Wyatt Lewis was usually all smiles and never serious, the aura he should have was not lacking at all.

Wyatt Lewis looked at her lazily curling her lips into a smile, resumed his usual demeanor, and after a few seconds of silence, suddenly leaned toward Aria with an expression that begged for a punch.

Aria Richardson's eyelashes fluttered lightly. Faced with Wyatt Lewis's sudden approach, she was startled, instinctively leaning back.

But there was a backrest behind the chair, she couldn't dodge far.

Wyatt Lewis's long eyes carried a faint hint of a smile, locking onto Aria Richardson.

Aria Richardson's heart was pounding wildly, meeting his gaze, a slight tremor flickered in her eyes.

His thin lips parted slightly, and he asked in a low voice, "So, which version of me do you prefer?"

"I..." Aria's lips moved, and unknowingly, a blush spread across her face.

"Do you need to think about it?"

Aria Richardson was so intensely stared at that she felt her face was about to catch fire, her blank mind unable to come up with a single sentence.

“If you don’t speak, I’ll take it as you like all of them.”

After saying this, Wyatt Lewis suddenly recalled when Aria was unconscious and he took advantage by her sickbed.

‘If you don’t answer, I’ll kiss you.’

‘If you don’t speak, it’s taken as a tacit agreement.’

Wyatt Lewis chuckled softly at the memory; if she had been awake then, she probably would have chased him with a knife, scolding him for being shameless.

But indeed, it was pretty... shameless.

Aria’s mind paused for a few seconds, then she snapped back and flatly denied, “Wyatt Lewis, you really are getting more and more shameless. Who even likes you?”

“You don’t like me? But you clearly admitted it earlier.”

“When?”

“Earlier.”

“When was ‘earlier’?”

“Just before.”

“Get lost.”

“Tsk.” Wyatt shook his head, “Amnesiacs have it so good, they can excuse their words and actions with ‘I don’t remember’, without taking responsibility.”

Wyatt wore a defeated look that gradually turned into a face full of sadness, constantly sighing.

He looked as if he had been thoroughly heartbroken by a heartless man.

Aria was slightly dazed, raising her eyebrows; she really didn’t remember saying those things.

Aria bit back on his words, realizing, “Not taking responsibility for what I’ve done? What did I do that makes me irresponsible?”

It sounded like she truly was a heartless woman, playing with him and then dumping him.

Wyatt turned his head to look at her, and they locked eyes for five seconds, before he seriously said, "I gave you my first kiss. Can you really not take responsibility for that?"

"That's bullshit."

Aria shot up from her chair.

People around looked their way.

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis also turned to look at them.

Seeing Aria's flushed face and Wyatt Lewis lounging calmly on his chair.

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow.

What's this all about?

Wyatt subtly curled his lips, giving everyone a calm smile, "Sorry, she's had a bit too much to drink, please excuse her."

Aria realized how loud her voice had been, quickly sat back down, bit her lip, and lowered her voice, "Stop trying to fool me, I did not."

"You did." Wyatt said it with absolute certainty, showing no signs of lying.

Because it was indeed true.

He was just doing it unilaterally, shamelessly, forcibly that was.

Wyatt watched Aria's bright red face with amusement, finding her flustered state incredibly entertaining.

Confronted with Wyatt's confident expression, combined with her own amnesia, Aria for the first time seriously doubted whether she had forcefully kissed Wyatt Lewis and then irresponsibly left it behind.

She shook her head, scattering the unfounded thoughts in her mind.

Looking away, she grabbed the drink in front of her and gulped it down, trying to calm her nerves, but she drank too hastily and ended up choking and coughing.

Wyatt raised his hand to ask a server for a glass of water for her, then gently patted her back.

“You’re something else.”

“You should go home and think about it properly.” Aria coughed a few more times, then looked up and tossed Wyatt a promise-like sentence.

Wyatt didn’t catch it and asked, “What?”

Aria tugged her lips awkwardly, “I said, I’ll go home and think about it properly.”

To really think about whether such a thing happened or not.

Wyatt was amused by her awkward and stiff “I’ll go home and think about it properly,” bursting into laughter.

Seeing Aria narrow her eyes, looking like she might explode from his laughter.

Wyatt quickly stifled his laughter, cleared his throat, and gave her a light pat on the head, “Alright.”

Aria pulled his hand off her head, suddenly feeling like she had been tricked.

“Then you think carefully, and remember to take responsibility for me when you figure it out.”

Aria said nothing, hesitated for a moment, then nodded slightly with a soft nasal response.

The sound was faint, but Wyatt heard it.

Seeing such an obedient Aria, Wyatt suddenly felt a little guilty about continuing to tease her.

Wyatt turned his back, the corners of his mouth curving into a smile.

Aria finally couldn’t bear sitting next to him anymore, stood up, grabbed her dress, and was about to leave.

Wyatt didn’t stop her, figuring if he continued teasing, she’d really explode.

...

The banquet didn’t end until the evening.

Despite the small hiccups, the hundred-day banquet was considered a success.

Waylon Lewis arranged for someone to send Hope Williams and the three little ones home first while he stayed behind to see off the guests.

Jade Bell didn't return to City A directly; she originally intended to find a chance to talk to Hope Williams, but she didn't find any opportunities later.

Since Jade Bell didn't return to City A, Hope and Waylon initially planned to let her stay at the Lewis Family, but she declined, so Hope arranged a hotel for her and had her safely sent there before feeling at ease.

Noah Carter dared not stay too long here, mainly because he was afraid Emily Parker would come over and make a scene with Hope Williams again, so he hurried back to City A.

Today he saw Baby, heard Luke and Willow calling him grandpa, and heard Hope calling him dad, which already satisfied him.

Hope Williams took Baby, Luke, and Willow back to the Lewis Family. As she got out of the car, she bent down to lift her dress and, when she looked up, noticed a faint figure at the doorway.

Hope narrowed her eyes. As she tried to move closer for a better look, the figure disappeared.

She frowned slightly; the figure seemed somewhat familiar, but standing in the shadows, she couldn't immediately identify who it was.

Hope felt something was odd deep down.

Chapter 828: Chapter 828: Daddy Is Too Happy to Speak

Luke and Willow tugged at Hope Williams' hand, looking at her curiously.

Willow's soft voice asked, "Mommy, what are you looking at?"

Hope, "Mommy just saw someone over there."

Following Hope's gaze, Luke and Willow looked over, their eyes wide open, searching around but seeing no one.

"There's nothing there, is Mommy too tired today and seeing things?" Luke said to the side.

Hope retracted her gaze, "Maybe Mommy really did see it wrong."

"Then let's hurry back home, Mommy should rest early tonight."

Hope nodded her head, "Alright."

The servant beside them held Baby, while Hope led Luke and Willow back home.

When Waylon Lewis returned, Hope had already bathed and was lying in bed coaxing Baby to sleep.

The little guy was in particularly good spirits all day, not crying or making a fuss, even flashing a sweet smile to everyone he met. Everyone who saw Baby had nothing but praise for him.

Perhaps he was tired from the day, as the little guy was sleeping soundly at the moment.

"You're back." Hope put down her phone, lifted the blanket, got out of bed, and walked to Waylon Lewis's side.

Her clear, melodic voice, along with her beautiful face, gradually enveloped Waylon's deep and cold eyes with warmth.

Waylon had inevitably had a few drinks today, a faint scent of alcohol surrounding her, "Did you drink a lot today?"

Waylon wrapped his arms around Hope's waist, softly saying, "Yeah, I had a few drinks with them."

Waylon bent down to carry Hope back to bed, tucking her in, "You sleep first, I'll take a shower."

Hope nodded, "Alright, I put your pajamas in the bathroom."

Waylon curved his lips, a wave of warmth rising in his heart, "Okay."

Waylon entered the bathroom, and Hope carefully picked up the sleeping Baby to lay him in his crib.

Just then, the door at the entrance was quietly opened to a crack.

The slight noise caught Hope's attention.

Hope turned her head and saw two small figures peeking through the door crack.

Hope smiled and called out, "Luke, Willow."

The two adorable little figures immediately squeezed through the door, each holding their own little pillow, Willow's soft voice asked, "Mommy, can we sleep with you and Daddy tonight?"

Hope smiled, looking at the two little ones, "Why do you want to sleep with us tonight?"

"Just want to sleep with Mommy." The two little ones blinked their big, hopeful eyes at Hope.

How could Hope refuse these adorable little darlings?

She patted the spot next to her, "Come on over."

The two little ones, delighted, kicked off their slippers and climbed onto Hope's bed, giggling with joy.

Hope quickly gestured for them to be quieter, "Shh, Baby is sleeping, let's be a bit quieter."

The two little ones looked at Baby sleeping soundly in the crib and nodded cooperatively, "Okay."

Willow, "Mommy, where's Daddy?"

"He's taking a shower."

At this time, the sound of water in the bathroom stopped.

The two little ones exchanged glances, and Hope watched as they communicated silently across her, not knowing what they were scheming.

Waylon finished his shower, put on his pajamas, and came out of the bathroom, seeing Hope still awake and unaware of the two new additions to the bed.

Without hesitation, Waylon walked over to Hope, pulled back the blanket, and was about to hug her...

But before he could reach his wife, two little figures suddenly shot up from under the blanket, stopping him in his tracks.

"Surprise!"

Waylon's brow twitched heavily, furrowing as he met two pairs of round, shiny eyes.

Willow cupped her face, grinning at Waylon, "Aren't you surprised, Daddy? We're sleeping with you tonight, aren't you happy?"

Waylon, "..."

"Mommy, look, Daddy is so happy he can't even speak."

Hope looked at Waylon's dark expression and couldn't help but chuckle softly.

"That's right, you made Daddy so happy he can't speak."

Waylon's furrowed brow finally moved slightly, and without a word, he stood up, picking up the two little ones and started walking towards the door.

Hope, "..."

She quickly got out of bed and chased after them, the two little ones were placed at the door, and just as Waylon was about to close the door, Hope stopped him in time.

"Waylon Lewis, I promised Luke and Willow they'd sleep in our room tonight."

"I disagree."

Luke and Willow quickly ran back to cling to Hope, looking weak, pitiful, and helpless as they shivered in her embrace.

Waylon pinched his brow, "You two go back to your room."

"No way, Mommy promised."

With Mommy's backing, the two little ones weren't afraid of Waylon at all.

Waylon turned to see Hope nodding repeatedly, pursing his lips in displeasure.

There were two little light bulbs everywhere.

"Waylon Lewis, I indeed promised Luke and Willow, adults should keep their word, you can't throw them out tonight. If you disagree, you can sleep in the guest room tonight."

Waylon's face turned even sourer. Was he really being banished to sleep in the guest room?

Looking at the two little ones acting pitifully with Hope, Waylon's thin lips pressed into a line.

Hope saw Waylon silent and thought he agreed, so she waved her hand, "Alright then, you sleep in the guest room tonight, go on."

"I don't..."

“Click.” The door closed.

Waylon, “...”

This time, the struggle between Waylon and the two little ones ended in their victory.

With a strong sense of grievance, Waylon headed to sit in the downstairs living room.

He had to think of a way to get rid of those three, so he could have some alone time with his wife.

At midnight, Wyatt Lewis staggered back home from outside.

He hummed a little tune contentedly while feeling around to turn on the living room lights, thinking the living room was empty. Suddenly, a silhouette appeared on the couch.

Wyatt was startled, taking a closer look, it was Waylon, “Whoa, bro, what are you doing sitting here not sleeping in the middle of the night?”

Waylon lifted his gaze to coldly glance at him, remaining silent and continuing to exude a strong aura of grievance.

Wyatt, holding his suit, initially planned to go upstairs, but seeing Waylon sitting motionless on the sofa, Wyatt leisurely retreated back.

He looked up at the tightly closed bedroom door, then looked at Waylon’s dark face.

Suddenly, he realized something and unabashedly laughed out loud, “Hahaha bro, did your wife kick you out to sleep in the living room?”

Chapter 829: Chapter 829: The Night Is Perfect for Love

Wyatt Lewis looked at Waylon Lewis and laughed without holding back.

Seeing his big brother’s frustrated face, he couldn’t help but find it amusing.

“Hahaha, who would have thought that President Lewis, who strikes fear in the business world, would one day be kicked out by his wife to sleep in the living room.”

Waylon Lewis remained expressionless in the face of Wyatt’s laughter.

But when he looked up at Wyatt, Wyatt froze abruptly, and the smirk on his face vanished instantly.

Waylon Lewis lifted his hand and motioned with two fingers for Wyatt to come over.

Wyatt looked at Waylon's face, stood there resisting for a long time, and said awkwardly, "No, come on bro, it's the middle of the night, perfect for brotherly love, not suitable for violence. Mainly don't want to wake up mom and dad by hitting me."

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow, "Come here."

"Huh?"

"You want me to come over?"

"Oh, no need, no need." Wyatt walked over with a mournful face, stopping about two meters away from Waylon.

Maintaining a safe distance to facilitate a quick escape.

Waylon glanced at him, patted the seat beside him, "Sit."

"Huh? Ah." Wyatt slowly moved to sit beside Waylon, feeling both uneasy and apprehensive, but still smiling at him, "Bro."

Waylon raised his hand.

Was he really going to give him a beating before bed in the middle of the night?

Wyatt jumped back immediately.

Waylon furrowed his brow, looking puzzled at Wyatt's practiced reflex, "Am I that scary?"

Wyatt nodded, then shook his head.

Waylon raised an eyebrow and gestured to the spot next to him again, and Wyatt sat back down.

Waylon put his hand on Wyatt's nape and patted it; just when Wyatt felt a shiver, he heard Waylon sigh, "Once you're married, you'll understand."

Wyatt straightened up, looking at his brother's deep and helpless expression, he smirked, "Understand what?"

"That third wheels are everywhere."

Wyatt curled his lips, "Come on bro, really feeling down? Don't be. How about a drink with me?"

"No drinking, it's too late. She'll get mad if she finds out."

Wyatt took out a cigarette and offered it to him.

Waylon didn't even glance at it, "No smoking, she doesn't like the smell."

Wyatt scratched his head, "She doesn't like this, she'll get mad at that, fine, be miserable by yourself, I'm going to bed."

Wyatt stood up, turned back every three steps to look at Waylon, stopped and asked, "How about you sleep in my room?"

Mainly because Wyatt thought his brother looked a bit pitiful being left alone.

Waylon stared at him for a few seconds, "Two grown men sleeping together, you think that's suitable?"

"What's unsuitable about it? I don't mind you."

Waylon looked away, "I mind you."

He has a sweet-smelling wife, why would he sleep with a smelly guy like Wyatt.

Wyatt was miffed, "Fine, just keep sleeping in the living room then."

Wyatt grabbed his jacket and walked upstairs briskly.

Hope Williams happened to step out of her room and saw Wyatt, asking casually, "You got back this late?"

"Sis-in-law, you're still up? I went out for a few drinks with friends, so I'm late."

"Mhm, rest early."

Wyatt's eyes darted around, and he laughed mischievously as he leaned closer to Hope, "Sis-in-law, did you and my brother have a fight?"

Hope raised an eyebrow, "No, why do you ask?"

Wyatt crossed his arms and touched his chin, "That's strange, why is my brother sleeping in the living room with a sulky look, heh... kind of funny."

Hope glanced downstairs and did see Waylon sitting down there.

Hope curved her lips, finding it amusing.

Wyatt, seeing Hope smile, also chuckled knowingly, "Sis-in-law, it's quite cold at night, you should probably go comfort my brother. What if he catches a cold?"

“He’s a grown man, doesn’t he know if he’ll be cold?”

“Mainly he needs your warmth.” Wyatt nudged Hope towards the stairs, “Go on, go on.”

Hope raised an eyebrow, “Waylon is lucky to have a good brother like you.”

Wyatt’s lips curved into a smile, “Of course, sis-in-law, off you go. I guarantee peace and quiet, no one will disturb you.”

Having said that, Wyatt quickly returned to his room, made a cheering gesture to Hope at the door, then closed it.

Hope shook her head and smiled, he’s really a character. And if he truly marries Aria Richardson in the future, with two such characters together, life would indeed be entertaining.

Thinking this, Hope went downstairs.

Seeing Waylon sitting on the sofa, looking grumpy and fixated on nothing, Hope’s lips curved.

This one is also a character.

Although the word slightly clashes with Waylon’s tall, strong, mature image.

But when it comes to competing with their own kids for attention, Waylon indeed seems quite childish.

Seeing her arrival, Waylon glanced at her, then picked up a newspaper and looked at it, ignoring her.

Hope smiled, leaning on the side of the sofa, watching him for a while.

Waylon pursed his lips, “Aren’t you fond of the two little things? Why come here?”

Hope slowly sat beside him, “The two little ones just fell asleep. I heard someone was full of resentment and lonely, so couldn’t bear to ignore it and came down to check.”

Waylon leaned a bit to the side, refusing to look at Hope, “Now you’ve seen, you can go back to sleep.”

“Oh.” Hope raised an eyebrow, unwilling to indulge him, stood up, “Then I’m leaving.”

Waylon glanced at her, then turned his head the other way.

“Am I really leaving?”

Waylon said nothing.

“Seriously leaving!”

No response.

Hope crossed her arms and turned to leave. Waylon’s brow twitched.

After three seconds, he stood up. Suddenly, Hope’s waist was held, and she found herself lifted onto his lap.

Hope knew he’d give in after just three seconds.

“Do you only think of me after they’ve fallen asleep?”

“No.” Hope answered honestly, “The room ran out of water, so I came down to get some. I saw Wyatt said you’re turning into a bitter wife, so I came to see you casually.”

Waylon tugged his lips, “Casually?”

“Really just casually.” She emphasized.

Waylon stared at her for two seconds, slowly curling his lips, “The price of being casual might be high.”

“What...”

The next second, Hope was pressed onto the sofa, wrapped in his dominant aura.

Hope felt a bit anxious, realizing she had indeed provoked Waylon to anger.

Waylon lowered his head and bit her lip, causing Hope to dodge in pain, “You bit my only mouth off.”

Waylon, “Still casual?”

“It really is...”

“Hmm?”

Faced with Waylon’s dangerous gaze, Hope resignedly smiled, “Deliberately, deliberately, okay?”

Chapter 830: Chapter 830: Your Grandfather Wants to Meet You and the Children

“That’s more like it.” Waylon Lewis hugged her tightly and lay down with her, “Since you’re here, don’t think about leaving.”

Hope Williams snuggled closer to Waylon Lewis, and said softly, “You’re such a child, always competing with the kids. Can’t you let your son and daughter have a little?”

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow and chuckled lightly, “Not a chance, not even a little bit.”

Hope Williams gently pinched his waist with the hand that was wrapped around him, “You’re so petty.”

Waylon Lewis’s hand restlessly tickled her waist twice, “Good that you know.”

Hope Williams was ticklish and immediately dodged everywhere, laughing tremulously, “It tickles, stop it, hahaha...” Hope Williams caught his hand, “Stop it, stop it, we’ll wake everyone up, let’s sleep.”

It was too late today, so Waylon Lewis let her off and pulled her back into an embrace, “Alright, sleep.”

Waylon Lewis lay on the sofa hugging her, closed his eyes.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, at this man who was usually cold and ruthless outside, commanding respect and awe, but gentle and considerate with her, occasionally throwing little tantrums.

Her heart was wrapped in love, and Hope Williams leaned forward to gently kiss Waylon Lewis on the lips.

Waylon Lewis opened his eyes to look at her, capturing Hope’s gentle gaze, his eyes filled with laughter, “If you keep doing that, I might not be able to control myself.”

Hope Williams blinked, burying her face in his chest, quickly closing her eyes, “I’m going to sleep now, asleep.”

Waylon Lewis’s eyes were full of smiles, and he went to sleep satisfied.

...

The next day.

Alitzel Williams, “Why are those two kids sleeping here when they have rooms?”

Wyatt Lewis, “Last night, my brother was kicked out to sleep on the sofa by his wife, ended up looking disgruntled outside.”

Alitzel Williams, "Really? Hmph... this Waylon is really controlled by Little Hope."

Wyatt Lewis, "That's right, if she says east, he wouldn't dare to go west."

Alitzel Williams, "That's what they call one thing restraining another."

Wyatt Lewis, "Mom, you should have seen my brother's face last night..."

Alitzel Williams, "Hahaha, didn't expect him to have this day."

Christopher Lewis, "You two better not be so close to them, you'll wake them up soon."

Hearing the voices overhead, Hope Williams blurry-eyed half-opened her eyes in Waylon Lewis's arms, seeing the large faces of Wyatt Lewis and Alitzel Williams above her.

"Ah!" Hope Williams screamed, instantly awake, and sat up suddenly from Waylon Lewis's arms.

Oh my! What the heck?

Her large movement directly woke up Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis frowned, adjusted to the surrounding light, then Wyatt Lewis's face swayed in front of him, "Brother, sister-in-law, you're awake? How did you sleep last night?"

Hope Williams patted her forehead, quickly lifted off the blanket, glanced down to check if her attire was proper, once assured, got up from the sofa.

Unexpectedly, they had really fallen asleep here last night, all the way until daylight.

Hope Williams ruffled her hair slightly in a fluster, "Sorry, Mom and Dad, we fell asleep here last night and forgot."

Alitzel Williams didn't find anything wrong with them, instead laughed with joy, "What's the big deal? You can sleep wherever you like, we're all family here, no worries, just don't catch a cold."

Hope Williams bit her lip awkwardly, glancing at Waylon Lewis, still biting her lips in embarrassment.

Waylon Lewis had already sat up, looking quite composed, placing the blanket aside without haste, poured a glass of warm water, and handed it to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams blinked at him twice.

Waylon Lewis said softly, "They're too noisy, let's go back to the room to sleep."

Hope Williams, "..."

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams's hand and headed upstairs, maintaining his calm demeanor.

Hope Williams awkwardly nodded to the others and quickly went upstairs.

Alitzel Williams's face couldn't stop smiling, seeing them so affectionate made her very satisfied.

Seeing Wyatt Lewis standing on the side also smiling, Alitzel Williams's face sank, "Look at your brother and sister-in-law, so affectionate, and they've got three kids. What are you planning?"

Wyatt Lewis with his hands in his pockets, raised his eyebrows looking sideways at Alitzel Williams, "What could I possibly be planning."

Alitzel Williams raised a hand, gave Wyatt Lewis's backside a slap, "You better speed up and marry Aria."

"You think I can get married just like that? What about the process?"

Wyatt Lewis walked to the dining table and picked up a piece of bread to eat.

Alitzel Williams snatched the bread from his hand, "There needs to be a process, don't eat, go deal with the process now."

Wyatt Lewis was chased out by Alitzel Williams, who stood hands on hips, fuming.

Luckily, one of her sons did well; otherwise, she wouldn't have the face to go out.

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis went upstairs, having lost any sleepiness.

It was Saturday today, Luke and Willow had also slept in, waking up to find both Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis beside them.

Waylon Lewis was changing into a suit, and Hope Williams was holding Baby, feeding with a bottle.

"Mommy." Luke and Willow rubbed their blurry eyes, crawled out of the big bed, and walked with small steps to Hope Williams's side.

Hope Williams couldn't spare her hands to hold them, so she smiled gently, "Awake?"

The two little ones nodded, Willow leaned against Hope Williams's side, pouting, "Where did Mommy go last night?"

"Mommy..." Hope Williams paused, these two little ones probably woke up to go to the bathroom and found she wasn't there. After thinking she said, "Last night somebody couldn't sleep, so to prevent him from staying up all night, Mommy went to soothe him."

Hope Williams glanced at Waylon Lewis, who didn't seem to think there was anything wrong at all.

Luke and Willow charged at Waylon Lewis, eyes wide open, it was him again.

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow, even showing a few streaks of pride in his eyes.

After making a little fuss in the room, Waylon Lewis left for work, Alitzel Williams came up to knock on the door and walked in.

"Mom."

Hope Williams placed Baby in the cradle, gently rocking it as she looked at Alitzel Williams, asking, "Is there something?"

"It's nothing, I just came to let you know that the old lady from the Williams family is here."

"Grandma?" Hope Williams suddenly remembered that Jade Bell stayed at a hotel nearby last night, "I'll go down now."

Hope Williams and Alitzel Williams went downstairs with Baby.

Jade Bell was sitting uneasily in the living room, drinking the tea served by the servants.

Even though Alitzel Williams didn't like Hope's grandmother, she gave Hope face, observing all the courtesies.

"Grandma." Hope Williams walked over with a warm smile.

"Little Hope." Jade Bell stood up.

Hope Williams took Jade Bell's hand, "Please sit down."

"Eh." Jade Bell leaned over to take a look at Baby, "Did Baby just wake up?"

"He's been awake for a while, this little guy has a very regular sleep schedule, usually wakes up around seven in the morning."

Jade Bell smiled kindly, "This little guy is like you. When you were that small, you were in your mother's arms like this too..."

Jade Bell's words paused, and mentioning this made her look at Hope's expression worriedly.

Hope Williams noticed Jade Bell's concern, and calmly smiled, "It's okay, Grandma, so many years have passed. As for Mom's matters, I've already come to terms with them."

Jade Bell's expression was complex, but she shifted to another topic, "Little Hope, Grandma plans to head back to A City today."

"Won't you stay a few more days? If you stay a few more days, you can often come over to visit."

"No." Jade Bell shook her head, "I don't want to stay and trouble you."

"How could it be a trouble, Baby, Luke, and Willow are very happy to see you."

"Little Hope, there's something Grandma wants to ask your opinion on."

Hope Williams noticed Jade Bell's troubled face, and asked more seriously, "What is it? Has something happened?"

"Your grandfather... he's been released from prison, and he's come along this time too. He wants to see you and the kids..."

Hope Williams's heart sank.