

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 91: 100:

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Chapter 91: Chapter 91: Believe in Her, She Can Do It

“What should Doctor Ward do?”

Joy Ward was splattered with blood due to the patient’s sudden bleeding, and in the critical situation, she anxiously said, “Quick, find the source of the bleeding and stop it.”

“The bleeding won’t stop.”

“Snap.” Joy’s hand trembled, and the scalpel in her hand dropped to the ground with a piercing sound. She picked it up in a panic, clearly thrown off balance.

Director Woods’s eyes narrowed as he watched the scene with urgency, “Your brilliant student.” He turned to the senior doctor behind him and said, “Go and bring Hope Williams over immediately.”

Several doctors immediately went out to look for Doctor Williams.

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“Director Woods, we can’t find Doctor Williams.”

“What?” Director Woods looked forlorn.

The cold beeping of instruments echoed throughout the operating room. Elder Murphy watched the scene and couldn’t help but furrow his brow, muttering under his breath, “This shouldn’t be.”

“Look, who is that?” a doctor exclaimed.

Everyone’s gaze turned toward the operating room.

“The person in the operating room is Hope Williams!” a sharp-eyed doctor announced.

Through the large glass window, they saw a woman in green surgical scrubs taking over the scalpel.

“Hope Williams, you!” Joy’s eyes widened at the critical and dire situation. Despite her reluctance, Hope had already taken over the surgery.

But given the current condition of the patient.

A cold smile played across her mouth hidden by the mask. With Hope taking over the surgery, the responsibility was now hers. If she failed to save the patient, it would be over for Hope.

“We’ve found the bleeding point.”

“Turn on the suction.”

“Control the bleeding point.”

“The bleeding point is under control.”

Everyone, both in the operating theater and the observation room, heaved a massive sigh of relief.

Hope worked methodically, her eyes falling on the timer in front of her, already mapping out the surgical plan in her mind.

“My God, what is she doing?” Doctors in the observation room couldn’t help but stand up.

“Recklessness.” Elder Murphy exclaimed angrily, “There’s one hour left, and she wants to treat the patient with her surgical procedure? She’s crazy, not to mention whether she has the skills to perform the proposed drainage technique, there isn’t enough time.”

“Yes, it’s too risky,” many department heads agreed, “Director Woods...”

“Trust her.” Director Woods’s brow furrowed tightly, his gaze fixed on the surgery inside.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, thirty minutes, every minute was excruciating.

Hope continued smoothly and precisely, her beautiful eyes serious and resolute.

“There are ten minutes left,” a nearby doctor reminded anxiously.

Hope remained calm, her eyes expressing serious determination.

“Four minutes and ten seconds.”

Hope looked up, "Okay, begin the check and prepare to close the chest for suturing."

Silence fell both inside and outside the operating room. Joy stood rigid to the side, her whole being seemingly soulless as she watched Hope.

How was this possible? How on Earth did she do it?

Hope, aware of the gazes around her, reminded them softly, "Suture."

"Oh, right." The adjacent doctor immediately snapped out of it and handed over the suturing thread.

"Good heavens, how did she manage that?" Doctors in the observation room who had witnessed the scene couldn't sit still; they all stood up, mouths agape.

She had truly completed the surgery within an hour, an unimaginably daunting presence, and by then the patient was out of danger.

It was unbelievable.

Elder Murphy had been watching the surgery intently, his eyes almost mesmerized; now, he realized how foolish he had been not to trust Hope.

She had truly succeeded, not only that, but she also completed it so perfectly in such a short time.

Until the surgery was over, Elder Murphy remained dumbfounded for several seconds before turning to Director Woods and slowly said, "You were right, she's far from ordinary; perhaps I can now understand your choice."

She handled the emergency methodically, possessing absolute confidence and ability, just like she said, her confidence came from her extraordinary skill.

Yes, she did it.

She was a doctor with the ability to make quick, correct decisions, courageous and strategic, with a credible surgical technique.

Director Woods's eyes shone unusually bright, a smile on his lips that vividly showed his current mood; he proudly tilted his chin up, "From the first time I saw her in Y country, she has given me endless surprises. I told you, trust her, she can."

Hope's abilities never required questioning.

Elder Murphy's eyes narrowed skeptically, "Y country?"

Hmm! Right, Y country...

Hope exited the operating room and saw Director Woods and Elder Murphy standing not far ahead, as if waiting for her. Hope arched her brows slightly and walked over.

"Director Woods, Elder Murphy."

Ever since the surgery ended, the smile hadn't left Director Woods's face, "Hope, I knew you could do it; you are the hero of this surgery."

Hope smiled faintly, replying softly, "You flatter me, I merely did what was within my capabilities."

"Why the modesty today?" Elder Murphy teased with a smile.

"It's rare to see Elder Murphy talking to me with a smile," Hope's clear voice contained a hint of laughter.

"You still bear grudges?"

"How dare I," Hope joked.

At that moment, Joy Ward came out, and as they heard her approach from a distance, Joy, seeing this scene, was visibly gloomy and grinding her teeth with rage.

She had long since wished a thousand cuts upon Hope, blaming her for making her lose so much face.

It was all her fault.

Joy approached reluctantly, while Hope's brows lifted slightly, her demeanor entirely composed.

Joy, looking haggard and a shadow of herself, forced a stiff smile, "Doctor Williams, thank you for helping me today."

"I'm sorry, but I wasn't helping you," Hope retorted coldly.

She was there to save the patient, not to let her rivalry with Joy cause any harm to the patient.

Joy's mouth twitched with a coldness that failed to form a smile.

"You two chat, I've still got a few patients waiting," commented Hope to Director Woods and Elder Murphy, nodding politely before turning to leave.

Watching Hope's slender figure depart, Joy couldn't suppress the surge of anger in her heart.

This surgery would undoubtedly spark significant turmoil.

Hope finished treating patients, glanced at the clock indicating the end of her shift, and left with her bag.

Just out of the hospital, she saw Waylon Lewis's car parked at the hospital entrance; the person inside seemed to have noticed her, and the rear window rolled down to reveal the man's handsome profile.

Chapter 92: Chapter 92: Probably Can't Leave the Cold Palace

From the driver's seat, Thomas Hughes had already gotten out of the car and bent slightly towards Hope Williams, "Miss Williams, Boss is waiting for you."

Hope Williams's gaze was fixed on the man in the car, whose deep eyes were also watching her, their gazes inadvertently crashing into each other.

"Miss Williams, please."

Obviously, she had no choice but to get in the car, Thomas Hughes walked ahead, opened the car door for Hope Williams, and watched over her as she sat down before closing the door, then took his place in the driver's seat.

"Do you need something from me?"

"Are you busy this weekend?" Waylon Lewis asked.

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Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Why are you asking that? Is something the matter?"

"There is."

Hope Williams thought for a moment and said, "I have plans this weekend."

She had arranged for Aria Richardson to bring Luke and Willow over to her house for a birthday celebration.

Waylon Lewis frowned slightly, "Who?"

"Why do you need to know so clearly? Is it something very important?"

Waylon Lewis tilted his head, his gaze fixed on her, with a touch of displeasure.

"It's very important. Have you planned the entire day with someone?"

Hope Williams shook her head, "Not the whole day, just the evening."

Waylon Lewis, "The daytime is mine."

Seemingly sensing that Hope Williams would refuse, Waylon Lewis added, "It's really important, I hope you won't say no."

Hope Williams paused, originally intending to refuse, but after hearing the man say this, she found herself without a reason to.

In the end, all she could do was agree, "Alright, then send me the time when it's decided."

Waylon Lewis's brow eased slightly, "Good."

"So, if there's nothing else? If not, I'll go now."

"Since you're already in the car, I'll send you home." Waylon Lewis wasn't asking for her consent, and Thomas Hughes in front very understandingly drove on, not even giving Hope Williams a chance to get out.

Hope Williams reluctantly touched her forehead.

The car soon came to a steady stop at the entrance of the apartment. Waylon Lewis personally got out to open the car door for Hope Williams.

This made Hope Williams feel a bit overwhelmed, "Thank you, I'm home now. You can go back."

"Mm." A thin smile spread across the man's face, "Don't forget about the weekend."

Hope Williams nodded slightly with a faint frown.

"Willow, look quickly, Mommy and Bad Daddy."

Upstairs, two little treasures were propping their heads up with their hands, two pairs of bright eyes watching everything from above, even bringing along a little notebook.

"Bad Daddy is sending Mommy home, add five points," said Luke.

Willow jotted down a note for Waylon Lewis in the notebook.

Looking ahead in the little notebook, it also read:

Take Mommy out to dinner, add five points!

Send Brother Jimmy home, add five points!

I don't remember Mommy's birthday, deduct fifty points...

Don't believe in Mommy, deduct fifty points...

Add today's total, negative eighty-five points!

"Ah," Willow sighed helplessly, feeling desperate for Waylon Lewis, "With such a score, it seems Dad is never getting out of the Cold Palace."

Both babies sighed helplessly.

If President Lewis knew he was under the close watch of two little detectives, he surely would have behaved better.

In the past few days at work, Hope Williams felt as if a thousand eyes were watching her in the hospital; today was no exception, yet it was different. Nurses and doctors who usually wore their disdain for her on their foreheads were now warmly greeting her, striking up conversations in the elevator, heaping praise on her for the surgery she performed yesterday.

This enthusiasm actually made Hope Williams uncomfortable.

Indeed, the surgery from yesterday had caused a sensation, the patient had suffered massive blood loss and lost their heartbeat, and amid everyone's panic, Hope Williams had been orderly and quick to save the patient. Then, with a set of perfect surgical procedures, she managed to bring the patient back from the brink, astonishing everyone.

Meanwhile, another surgeon named Joy Ward was hiding out in her office, crying like a baby.

"I had already controlled the bleeding point at that time, I was about to stop the bleeding, I don't know why Doctor Williams suddenly intervened in my surgery; it was almost finished. How could she do that, how could she steal my patient? Now everyone is thanking her as if all the faults were mine, I'm so sad, why did she do this..." Joy said through her tears.

"Don't cry, Joy. It's Hope Williams; she's too sneaky and cunning. You did nothing wrong. You led that operation; you saved Old Lady Mrs. Knox. Hope Williams shouldn't steal your credit," Valentina River feigned sincerity while trying to console her.

“Do you believe me, Doctor Harrison?” Joy Ward asked, looking pitifully at Beau Harrison.

Beau Harrison gritted his teeth with a complex expression. It was clear to anyone with eyes that Joy Ward had made a surgical error. If not for Hope Williams’ timely intervention, the patient would have been dead by now. A surgical mishap couldn’t be concealed, and the Knox Family would not let it go; Joy Ward wouldn’t even have had the chance to sit here crying.

One thing was very clear this time: Hope Williams had completed, in the fastest time, a surgery that seemed impossible, saving the patient’s life in a race against the clock. Her ability was witnessed by everyone; there was no room for doubt.

And everyone had seen Joy Ward’s surgical error; if the Knox Family pursued it, Joy couldn’t escape blame. No matter how much she cried about it now, the truth was undeniable.

But Joy Ward was not content; she could not bear Hope Williams shining so brightly before everyone, overshadowing her so completely that she couldn’t even let out a glimmer of light, subject to ridicule.

So, she had to bite back, using her pitifulness, her endearing qualities, to highlight her supposed innocence and helplessness.

Hope Williams stepping into the operation room suddenly was depicted by her as being scheming, as if trying to steal her patient, and she painted herself as the victim.

She was doing all of this with a strong vengeful mindset, keenly trying to absolve herself of any blame.

Beau Harrison clenched his teeth, looked at Joy Ward, crying like this, and felt compassion, gently embracing the woman in his arms.

Because Joy wanted Beau’s help, even though she disliked him, she tolerated his embrace, letting him hold her while she cried softly in his arms, displaying her heartbreak and distress to the fullest.

Through her sobs and chokes, she asked, “Do you believe me, Doctor Harrison?”

“Mm, of course, I believe you,” Beau reasoned while holding a beauty in his arms, needing to believe regardless.

Joy bit her lower lip and then said, “Now no one believes me. Doctor Harrison, will you help me?”

“What can I do to help you?”

"I want to ask Vice Chancellor Wood to clarify that this wasn't a surgical mistake. I was feeling unwell before the surgery, and I pushed through it for the patient's sake. I wasn't expecting the patient to bleed so badly; they were just too weak. I just got a bit too panicked and nervous at the time, it's normal, isn't it?"

If it wasn't for Doctor Williams' sudden intervention, I would have been able to save the patient and complete the surgery myself. All the praises she's enjoying now should be mine. Doctor Harrison, please help me, okay?"

Joy Ward deliberately leaned closer to Beau Harrison, speaking softly, bewitching the man.

Beau Harrison looked at the red lips in front of him parting and pursing, the glaring seduction made him tense all over, slowly leaning in with obvious intent. Joy blushed and quickly dodged away.

Her teary red eyes were filled with nothing but grievance.

Beau Harrison already liked Joy Ward and couldn't resist such temptation, so he readily agreed, "Okay, don't worry, I'll go talk to the Vice Chancellor right away."

Joy's face lit up with joy, and as a reward, she gave Beau Harrison a hug; the man who held her close felt immensely satisfied in that moment.

"Don't worry, Joy. I'll be divorcing that woman Aurora Wood soon. Once I'm divorced, we can be together, okay?" Beau Harrison said, looking at Joy Ward with eyes full of love.

Chapter 93: Chapter 93 Counterattack

Joy Ward narrowed her eyes, clearly not expecting Beau Harrison to suddenly bring this up.

Beau Harrison wasn't a fool; he knew that Joy Ward needed his help, and he certainly wanted to seize this opportunity. After all, Joy Ward had been rejecting him all along, and he hoped that by helping her this time, he could bring their relationship a step closer.

Little did he know that Joy Ward didn't even give him a second glance.

Joy Ward forced a smile, suppressing her disgust, "Doctor Harrison, I really don't have the mindset to consider these things right now. I have a pile of issues weighing on me, and I'm truly exhausted. Can we talk about this after things have settled down?"

Her implication was clear: first, see to my matters, then we can discuss this.

Seeing Joy Ward's demeanor, Beau Harrison's eyes darkened. Every time she had an excuse to fend him off, yet seeing her delicate and seemingly fragile face, he found it impossible to argue and could only compromise and agree.

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Meanwhile, Michael Wood, who stood at the office door, saw everything through the glass window, his face full of rage.

Initially, when Hope Williams told him, he only had suspicions. Aurora had insisted on divorcing Beau Harrison for some other reason. Little did he expect that he would dare to betray his daughter.

"Dad, what's wrong?" Aurora Wood and Hope Williams came over and saw Michael Wood's ashen face.

Michael Wood looked at his daughter with a heart full of pain. The daughter he had treasured was being bullied by this scoundrel, and Michael Wood's fury was uncontainable.

Michael Wood was about to burst into the office and drag Beau Harrison out.

Hope Williams glanced inside through the glass window of the door and immediately understood, "Vice Chancellor Wood."

Just as Michael Wood was about to grab the doorknob, Hope Williams called out to him.

Michael Wood frowned deeply, his eyes narrowing.

"Vice Chancellor Wood, please don't get agitated, come with me."

"Dad, listen to Hope, please." Aurora Wood's eyebrows were furrowed as she urgently persuaded him. She had endured enough over these days; exposing them now wouldn't make a difference.

Vice Chancellor Wood's face was grim, but with his daughter beside him, pleading, he took one more angry look inside and then left with Hope Williams.

Back in his office, Michael Wood couldn't contain his anger any longer, "Why did you stop me just now?"

Hope Williams tugged at the corner of her mouth lightly, "Don't be impulsive. What good would it do you to barge in just now? They were openly in the office, and right next to Valentina River. They could easily say they were discussing work, and others would

believe them. By acting out, you wouldn't teach them a lesson; you'd just spook the snake in the grass. If Aurora really wants to divorce him, you'd be accused of bullying with the Wood family's power, and if it became public knowledge, it would be your faces on the line, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Dad, Hope is right."

Listening to Hope Williams, Michael Wood's eyes widened, and he calmed down somewhat, scoffing and punching the desktop to vent his anger.

"Did you already know about the issues between them?" Michael Wood turned to the seemingly indifferent Hope Williams.

Hope Williams gave a noncommittal nod, "I just know what kind of person Joy Ward is."

"Then why didn't you say anything sooner?"

"If you hadn't seen it with your own eyes, would you have listened to me? Or would you have believed your 'good' son-in-law?"

Michael Wood fell silent for a moment, as if realizing something, and his expression grew even graver, "Has he been putting on an act in front of me all these years?"

Aurora Wood's eyes drooped sadly as she spoke softly, "Dad, the truth is... my relationship with him has been broken for a long time. I just didn't want you to worry. I always thought that if I were sincere with him, he would reciprocate, and so I tolerated him time and again. The last time, he even tricked me into publicly initiating a divorce. It was Hope who saw through his scheme." The more Aurora Wood talked about it, the angrier she became.

"He even dared to push you to propose the divorce? I've really misjudged him—a beast."

Father and daughter grew more agitated, unable to help slamming the table.

Hope Williams, "..."

"Don't get worked up yet. Our priority now is for Aurora and Beau Harrison to divorce. We must preserve the Wood family's dignity and not let their scheming succeed, right?" Hope Williams's voice was calm and steady.

"What do you suggest we do?" Michael Wood looked at Hope Williams.

"If I'm not mistaken, they probably want you to clear up the issue with the surgical error, right?"

Michael Wood's brow relaxed slightly as he sat down on the sofa, pouring a cup of tea for Hope Williams while studying her, and nodded, "You're very smart."

Hope Williams gave a faint smile, "Then, how do you think we should handle it?"

"Of course, we can't agree to their terms. To say it wasn't a blatant surgical error is to fool no one."

"No, you should agree to them." Hope Williams lifted the tea cup before her and took a sip.

"Why?" Michael Wood didn't understand.

"Otherwise, how will the enemy let down their guard?" Hope Williams smiled, "As for whether or not to help them in the end, that's still up to you. If you trust me, don't act rashly."

"You're probably not just trying to help Aurora, are you? As for your rivalry with Joy Ward, I'll stay out of it, but don't drag my daughter into it." Michael Wood's bottom line was to protect his daughter from distress, and it was clear that he deeply loved her.

"Dad, Hope has helped me a lot; she's not that kind of person," Aurora Wood looked anxiously at Michael Wood, not wanting him to misunderstand Hope Williams.

"Helping Aurora is genuine, of course, and I won't deny that I have my own motives."

Hope Williams spoke unhurriedly, her voice cool and commanding.

Michael Wood listened and took another look at Hope Williams. The girl's eyes were clear and honest, with not a hint of pretense. He nodded, sensing that her abilities were likely much greater than what they had seen.

"I understand."

Hope Williams nodded slightly and left the office. As soon as she was gone, Michael Wood turned to Aurora Wood and said, "You should learn from her. She truly is capable."

Chapter 94: Chapter 94: Then Let Her Be Too Busy For Anything Else

Aurora Wood wore a smug expression, as if her husband Michael Wood's compliment was directed at her, "That doesn't need saying, I saw it a long time ago."

Michael Wood pointed helplessly at his daughter and said affectionately, "You, you've finally done something right."

Beau Harrison arrived at Michael Wood's office as expected, and explained the situation with Joy Ward at length.

With anger simmering in his chest, Michael Wood asked, "You seem to be particularly concerned about Joy Ward."

Under Michael Wood's sharp gaze, Beau Harrison began to sweat profusely, immediately raising his voice to explain, "Dad, I simply don't want any doctor in our department to be wronged. She did nothing wrong in this matter. If it were anyone else, I would have helped her just as I did with Doctor Ward."

Michael Wood snorted coldly in his heart; he hadn't realized before that his son-in-law was such a good actor.

...

Seeing that Michael Wood remained silent for a long time, Beau Harrison became somewhat flustered, raising his hand to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead, afraid that his unease would be detected.

Beau Harrison, crumbling under the prolonged psychological stress, tentatively asked, "Dad..."

Finally, Michael Wood spoke coldly, "Fine, I know now."

Beau Harrison was secretly delighted, already thinking about going back to claim credit from Joy Ward, completely oblivious to Michael Wood's clenched and grinding teeth. Seeing that Michael Wood agreed, he expressed his gratitude, "Thank you, Dad."

The hypocritical 'Dad' made Michael Wood feel utterly disgusted, and he waved his hand irritably, "Alright, go."

Beau Harrison nodded, took a couple of steps, then turned back to look at Michael Wood, feeling vaguely that something was off about him, but unable to pinpoint exactly what. Mainly, he was content that Michael Wood had agreed to help clear Joy Ward's name.

As soon as Beau Harrison left, Michael Wood's face darkened instantly, "Where does he get the gall? Blaming his surgical mistake on Hope Williams, thinking others are fools."

Meanwhile, in the hospital, the small figures of Luke and Willow were weaving through the corridors.

“Brother, did you find where Mommy is?”

“Almost there.” Stopping suddenly, Luke said, “Look, there’s Mommy.”

Luke, with his sharp eyes, spotted Hope Williams ahead, who was facing away from them.

Willow’s heart leaped with joy and she ran towards Hope Williams, “Mom...”

Luke suddenly pulled Willow back, “Wait, look.”

“Bad woman?”

Joy Ward was approaching Hope Williams.

“Let’s listen to what the bad woman says to Mommy.”

Willow nodded, “Okay.”

The two little ones quickly hid themselves in a corner.

Seeing Joy Ward as if fully revived, Hope Williams smiled inwardly, thinking that Vice Chancellor Wood must have agreed to speak up for her.

“Hope Williams, do you think you’ve won? It’s just one surgery, what are you so proud of?”

Hope Williams smiled with a hook of the lips, “Am I that proud?” She deliberately paused, adopting an indisputable demeanor, “You’ve noticed that, I’m embarrassed.”

How frustrating.

“You!” Joy Ward clenched her fists, grinding her teeth, her face twisting in anger.

Hope Williams smiled faintly, “Instead of trying to make trouble for me, you’d better hurry and figure out how to make up for your mistake, don’t you think?”

Hope Williams indifferently moved past Joy Ward, who, furious and ashamed, grabbed her hand, “I’m not done yet.”

Hope Williams furrowed her brows, her voice growing colder, “Then continue, I’m leaving.”

“...This time I was careless, I will not let it go, don’t be arrogant, just wait,” Joy Ward warned viciously.

But these warnings seemed utterly ridiculous to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams shook off Joy Ward's hand and left directly, clearly unwilling to waste any more words with her.

"The bad woman just keeps looking for trouble with Mommy every day," Willow said, clenching her little fists in anger.

Luke, deep in thought, didn't speak. Willow looked at him, puzzled, "Brother, what are you thinking?"

"It's not a solution for the bad woman to bother Mommy every day. Mommy is already busy with work, and she still has to be wary of that woman," Luke said with a furrowed brow.

"Yeah, we haven't even settled the last incident with her."

A faint gleam passed through Luke's bright eyes, as if he had already thought of a plan, "Then let's keep her so busy she won't have time to bother Mommy."

Willow wholeheartedly agreed with Luke's idea, and the two little ones whispered and plotted together, quickly coming to an agreement and immediately taking action.

Right now, Joy Ward was in turmoil, although things had taken a slight turn for the better. However, since Hope Williams had become famous for that surgery, with even Elder Murphy looking at her with new respect, this posed a huge threat to Joy Ward.

Why?

Why did Hope Williams deserve such treatment when it should rightly belong to her?

As Joy Ward concocted a new plan to deal with Hope Williams, she ran into Willow head-on.

There was Willow, standing in front of her with a cute round face, smiling and waving, "Hello, Auntie, do you remember me?"

Annoyed, Joy Ward gave Willow a cursory glance, recognizing the familiar face. She had no intention of engaging with a little brat, but then she remembered something and her gaze fixed on Willow again.

Her eyes widened in fury, "It's you."

The little girl who had framed her in front of everyone that day, causing her no end of criticism.

Joy Ward had been livid that day, and had it not been for the need to maintain her facade of gentle and wise demeanor in front of Waylon Lewis, she would have loved to slap the child for daring to frame her.

Now, seeing Willow, Joy Ward's irritation intensified.

She stepped forward aggressively, saying with no warmth, "How could I forget you, you little brat? You framed me so terribly."

Chapter 95: Chapter 95 Auntie, You're Doomed

"That's what you deserve, auntie," Willow said with her little face still smiling, innocent and harmless.

The sweet, soft, and sticky smile only irritated Joy Ward more. She raised her hand, pulling Willow in front of her and threatened, "Little kids who annoy auntie don't end well, you know."

Joy had thought her fierce tone would scare Willow.

But Willow had never been one to scare easily. "I don't know if auntie will let me off easy, but I'm sure auntie, you won't get off so easily."

At those words, Joy became even more enraged. It was bad enough being overshadowed by Hope Williams, but now being threatened by a brat was the last straw. She would show her.

Joy raised her hand and twisted Willow's arm. "Say that again if you dare."

...

Willow's eyes reddened.

"I'm warning you, no crying. If you cry, I'll strangle you..." Joy threatened with a snarl.

"Wahhh..." Without hesitation, Willow burst into a loud cry, tears streaming down her face in an instant.

"No crying, do you hear me?" Joy said fiercely.

The sound of a child crying was already loud, and seeing such a cute little girl cry like that, the attention of the adults nearby was immediately drawn.

The crying may have been fake, but the pinching from the bad woman truly hurt.

Willow raised her other small hand, lifted her clothes, and covered her arm, which was obviously turning red from Joy's pinch.

People who had already been watching the commotion saw Willow's incessant crying and her piteously covering her little arm, and gathered around with concern.

"What's wrong with the child, why is she crying?"

"It's nothing, it's nothing. Just a child throwing a tantrum," Joy quickly pulled Willow back to her side and explained, even comforting her softly, "Don't cry, okay? You just want ice cream, right? I'll buy it for you, okay?"

The passersby, hearing Joy's explanation, didn't think much of it. After all, it's normal for children to cry and throw a fit when adults refuse to buy them something.

Just as the concerned onlookers were about to leave, Willow cried even louder, as if begging them not to go because she was very afraid.

"I don't know her, I really don't, it hurts, it really hurts, ah... I want Mommy..."

A few people frowned at her words, glanced at Joy's sullen face, and crouched down in front of Willow again to ask worriedly, "You don't know her?"

"I don't..."

"The child is talking nonsense, I'm her auntie. This child doesn't recognize anyone when she's upset. She's been spoiled at home, I'm sorry," Joy said guiltily, blocking any contact between Willow and others.

"That's not true... I don't know you, you're dragging me away, and if I don't agree, you threaten me. You said I wouldn't end well if I didn't go with you. You also pinched me, it hurts so much..." Willow extended her reddened arm, her little tender arm was red over a large area, and it looked tremendously pitiful.

Several people immediately shielded Willow behind them, glaring at Joy Ward, "You say you are her auntie, then tell me, what's her name, how old is she, and what are her family members called?"

"I..." Joy stammered, suddenly at a loss for words.

The group's anger intensified as their suspicions were confirmed, "You can't say anything, it shows you are lying."

"I am not," Joy replied, becoming somewhat angry with embarrassment, "This child is deceiving you, you've all been tricked by her. She's good at playing the victim to gain sympathy. She's taking advantage of your compassion to frame me."

“How could such a small child have bad intentions? It’s you who have been threatening and abusing her. Let’s call the police. People like that should be arrested.”

“Yes, call the police.”

Joy’s explanation only fueled the public’s anger.

Fully enraged, Joy barked, “You did this on purpose, you still dare to lie here! Tell them it was you, you set me up intentionally, and now you’re repeating your trick. Explain to them, explain! Don’t cry, I told you not to cry.” Joy shouted in irritation, trying to intimidate Willow into silence.

This played right into Willow’s plan.

“Get this on video, people like her need to be exposed.”

“Exactly, this is too outrageous, what kind of person does this? So malicious.”

“Listen to me, this child is a scammer, she’s purposely harming me, she did the same thing before, she’s doing it on purpose, you shouldn’t believe her...” Joy continued to explain desperately to the people around her.

But... no one listened. The crowd grew even more furious, “What the hell is wrong with you, are you violent or something?”

Such a small child easily stirred up people’s compassion. Several young women took Willow into their arms, comforting her softly, “Little sister, don’t be afraid, we’re here, that old witch can’t hurt you.”

“Old witch?” Joy clenched her back teeth, her face turning green with rage.

“Are you heartless? How could such a small child have such cunning to frame you? It’s clearly your own fault, and you’re blaming a child. That’s enough, I’ve never seen someone as shameless as you.”

“I didn’t...”

Joy kept on explaining incessantly.

“My god, that’s so cruel.” Someone in the crowd gasped, showing their phone to those next to them, “Look.”

“Damn, that’s terrifying, who is this woman? Got a full face shot?”

Several people covered their mouths in shock, “Don’t know, but this woman is too cruel, dragging someone down the stairs when no one’s looking, clearly intending to kill.”

Chapter 96: Chapter 96: Exposing Everything

“Yeah, what kind of deep hatred is there to push someone down from upstairs like that?”

“Hey, look, there’s a clear shot of her face.”

“Let me see, let me see, oh my God, this...”

While Joy Ward continued to explain, many people took out their phones to watch the surveillance video, then looked up at Joy Ward. Those scrutinizing, appraising looks that turned to disgust left Joy Ward at a loss.

Suddenly, someone shouted, “Isn’t that woman in the video her?”

“It’s her, oh my God, she looks so gentle and weak, I never would have thought she had such a black heart, talking nicely then suddenly pulling someone down the stairs behind their back, and now here beating and forcefully taking away a child. She must be a psycho; call the police and have her arrested.”

...

The increasingly loud voices caused by her explanations made Joy Ward’s face change with panic, her brows tightly furrowed as she looked at them, “What are you talking about? What video?”

Just as Joy Ward was confused,

Someone practically shoved their phone in her face. Joy Ward snatched the person’s phone and turned pale as she saw the video.

“This video? Where did you get this video?”

Caught off guard, her voice rose shrilly, and her gentle and weak facade suddenly shifted to an expression of fierce anger.

The person snatched their phone back, stepping away from this crazy woman and shouted, “Don’t you ever go online, lady? This video is all over the internet now. Your evil deed has been exposed.”

Boom.

Joy Ward’s mind went blank.

How could this be? How could this happen?

Impossible, she had personally destroyed it, there could be no surveillance video.

Someone was framing her, the video was fake, it had to be fake.

Impossible, impossible.

Joy Ward shook her head vigorously, denying, "Impossible, it's all fake, the video is fake, don't believe it."

Someone sneered coldly, their voice full of disdain and mockery, "Right, it's not you, how could it be you? It's always someone else's fault, always others framing you. Just now, it wasn't you choking that girl; she must have fallen and framed you. Enough already."

These words, full of sarcasm, made Joy Ward's face turn deathly pale, drained of all color.

The condemning voices around her grew louder and louder; everyone expressed their indignation for the woman and the little girl in the video. Joy Ward suddenly became the target of public wrath.

While no one was paying attention, Willow had already vanished without a trace.

After all, her task was completed.

Faced with the hostile stares, Joy Ward panicked completely, running frantically back to her office. Everything had gone beyond her expectations.

"Boss." Thomas Hughes, after much deliberation, still handed over the phone with a nervous expression, the screen playing the video from the conflict between Hope Williams and Joy Ward at the Lewis Residence.

Waylon Lewis's expression darkened instantly as a cold chill condensed between his brows, spreading out from him in an instant.

Thomas Hughes bowed his head deeply, not daring to breathe too loudly.

Waylon Lewis's eyes narrowed, his grip on the phone tightening as he stared at the video, unwilling to look away.

The moment Hope Williams fell from the building, his heart clenched violently.

His ears buzzed; suddenly recalling Hope Williams's accusation, "Waylon Lewis, your trust in me is always so fragile."

He closed his eyes tightly, his expression frosty.

After a long while, he tossed the phone back to Thomas Hughes, his gaze ice cold without a hint of warmth, and spoke in an extremely chilly voice, "To the hospital."

"Yes!" Thomas Hughes, trembling, immediately left to get the car.

On the road, Thomas Hughes was tense, the car silent, the cold from behind pressing on him, making him accelerate continuously.

Having spent so much time with the Boss, the angriest he had seen him was when his ex-wife left without saying goodbye.

If the Boss's anger were divided into ten levels, that occasion would only score an eight.

But at this moment, his fury was at a ten.

The last thing the Boss tolerated was being deceived, especially concerning his ex-wife. Joy Ward botched things with his ex-wife and then tried to cover it up, deceiving the Boss; how could he possibly stand for it?

Joy Ward surely had crossed Waylon Lewis's bottom line this time, displaying a remarkable talent for self-destruction, but why drag others down with her?

Inside the office, Joy Ward was on the brink of madness, unable to fathom how the video could have leaked, as she had deleted it completely. How could this happen, who could it be?

She paced the office, unable to sit still, and in a frenzy, had Kaeli Thompson reach out for help to delete the video. Still no news, she scratched her head in agitation, feeling close to insanity. If Waylon Lewis found out about this, she wouldn't even know how she died.

She clutched her phone, frantically praying for the video to be deleted quickly, praying Waylon Lewis wouldn't see it.

The phone suddenly rang, startling Joy Ward, but upon seeing the caller ID, she answered immediately, "Hello, Mom, how's it going?"

"Joy, who on earth did you offend? Your father and I have asked everyone, spent a lot of money, but it's like it's gone viral, impossible to delete no matter what," Kaeli Thompson said in utter desperation.

Chapter 97: Chapter 97: So Furious I Wanted to Kill Her

“What?” Joy Ward’s pupils suddenly widened. Whom did she offend? Where had she offended someone?

“Bang.”

The office door was flung open, and the nurse leading the way was so frightened she nearly burst into tears and hurriedly fled.

A bone-chilling coldness swept through the entire space.

Seeing who had come, Joy Ward’s face froze stiffly, “Waylon? You... why are you here?”

As soon as she finished speaking, the expressionless man strode up to her. His eyes, sharp as swords, pierced her, making Joy’s entire body go cold.

...

A sense of foreboding arose, and she forced a smile, hiding her guilt with a flicker of hope.

With a “bang,” the man coldly threw a phone onto the desk.

He spat out a few words without a trace of emotion, “You have one minute to explain.”

Seeing the video on the phone, Joy Ward trembled, “Waylon... this... this isn’t real, someone set me up, deliberately fabricated this video.

Really, Waylon, believe me, we grew up together, you know me. I couldn’t do such a thing; this video is fake.

And the housemaids all said they saw Hope Williams fall by herself, Waylon, really, believe me.

It was Hope Williams, it must have been Hope setting me up, she set me up...”

Joy Ward desperately explained, as innocent and aggrieved as ever, as if the whole world were wronging her.

“Ha...” Suddenly, her neck was gripped tightly by someone, her eyes filled with terror, her voice trembling as she frantically defended herself, “Waylon, really, believe me.”

The man’s face in front was sinister, his eyes harboring a murderous intent, akin to Lord Blake.

“You still dare to argue.”

Alarmed, Joy felt the grip on her neck tighten, nearly suffocating her. She quickly reached out to grasp Waylon Lewis' wrist, "Wa... Waylon, I really didn't, I know nothing, I'm truly being wronged. Will you let me down so we can talk properly?"

"Joy Ward, how long do you intend to act?"

Joy Ward's face turned pale, yet she insisted on defending herself, "Waylon... I really didn't, really didn't."

Waylon Lewis closed his eyes heavily, his gaze icy cold.

Joy Ward had never seen this side of him before, making her soul tremble in fear.

No matter how sorrowfully she cried, the man in front of her, his expression sinister, seemed hell-bent on strangling her, indifferent to her plight.

The force on her neck showed no signs of abating.

Joy Ward struggled with all her might to barely breathe.

She knew she couldn't admit anything now; admitting it would be her end. As long as she insisted the video was synthesized, that it was fake, there might still be a chance. Yes, she mustn't admit it.

The only solace was that the video had no sound. As long as they couldn't hear the conversation with Hope, there was a chance.

But now, she was truly terrified that this man seemed intent on killing her.

Thomas Hughes watched in horror as Joy Ward's face under Waylon Lewis' grip turned from ashen to bluish-purple, her breathing increasingly labored. He feared his boss might really kill her, dirtying his boss's hands, and hastily stepped forward to intervene.

"Boss, calm down, strangling her only dirties your hands."

Waylon Lewis showed no intention of releasing his grip.

Thinking of this woman pushing Hope Williams down the stairs and daring to claim in front of him that Hope had wronged her, while he had wrongly blamed Hope because of this woman, his anger raged, wanting to crush her bones and scatter them.

How could she have the audacity to claim Hope wronged her?

Damn it.

Joy Ward's eyes rolled, never having felt death so close. She was convinced this man truly intended to kill her.

"Boss, she harmed Madam. She should beg for forgiveness in front of Madam. Killing her now would be too lenient." Thomas Hughes, though equally fearful of Waylon Lewis, reluctantly urged him to stop.

Waylon clenched his molars, slightly easing his grip, finally letting the barely-breathing Joy Ward down.

Once released, Joy Ward collapsed weakly on the ground, clutching her throat and gasping for air, her face a mess of tears and sweat, looking utterly disheveled.

Waylon slowly regained his composure, cast a cold glance at her sprawled on the floor, and coldly ordered, "Take her away," as he left.

Thomas Hughes quickly dragged Joy Ward to follow.

Waylon, with a stern face, took out his phone, ready to call Hope Williams, but Alitzel Williams' call came through first.

Waylon swiped to answer.

"Waylon, Grandpa has woken up."

Waylon's sinister gaze paused, "I'll be right back."

Meanwhile, Hope had just come out of the operating room when Wyatt Lewis called her, informing her that Grandpa Lewis had woken up. Hope immediately took leave to head to the Lewis Family.

When Hope arrived at the Lewis Family, everyone was there except for Waylon. All had smiles as they gathered around Grandpa Lewis.

"Old Master Lewis is recovering well. His heart rate is now stable." With Elder Murphy's words, the collective sigh of relief over the past months was finally let out.

"That's great."

"Alright, stop crowding around me, I feel much better." The low, authoritative voice carried a hint of a smile, sounding much stronger.

Hope trembled, tears welling up instantly — it was Grandpa Lewis's voice.

Hope felt an unexplainable nervousness, even though she herself had treated Grandpa Lewis. She expected him to wake in these days, but hearing his long-lost voice still felt unreal.

Chapter 98: Chapter 98: What Exactly is the Truth?

Hope Williams couldn't shake her nerves, even though she had treated Grandpa Lewis herself and had anticipated his awakening in these past days. When she heard his long-missed voice, it still felt surreal to her.

Wyatt Lewis, standing behind, was the first to notice Hope. Seeing her standing back, he turned his head to Elder Lewis, leaning on the hospital bed, and immediately smiled, "Grandpa, look who's here."

The people gathered around the bed looked back.

Hope blinked and quickly walked to the bedside. Elder Lewis had already lovingly extended his hand toward her, and Hope immediately clasped his warm, large hand, tears uncontrollably falling as she said, "Grandpa, you've finally woken up, that's wonderful, truly wonderful."

"Why are you crying, girl? Grandpa is fine now, thanks to your saving me," Elder Lewis said with adoring and sharp eyes, his indulgence undeniable.

"It's good you're alright, Grandpa. I was wrong before, leaving without a word and worrying you."

...

Hope's voice choked, feeling guilty, especially recalling what Alitzel Williams had said, despite Elder Lewis being out of danger now.

Elder Lewis glanced at Alitzel Williams standing nearby upon hearing this.

Seeing Elder Lewis's gaze on her, which carried a hint of reproach, Alitzel reluctantly muttered, "Dad, I know you didn't want her to know, but what I said is true. You wouldn't have fallen ill so quickly if not for her stressing you out day and night."

Alitzel still held resentment toward Hope's previous departure.

"I didn't mean to blame you," Elder Lewis didn't intend to reprimand his daughter-in-law, who indeed was flawless, but one thing about Alitzel's actions did upset him, "I hear from Wyatt that you kept Little Hope from visiting me while I was unconscious, is that right?"

"I..." Alitzel choked, her eyes angrily flicking toward Wyatt.

What kind of son goes tattling like that?

Wyatt shrank his neck, having merely told the truth when asked about Hope by Grandpa.

Elder Lewis lifted his hand, "No need to explain, just ensure this doesn't happen again. I've said before, even if Little Hope divorces Waylon, she remains a member of the Lewis family."

With Elder Lewis having said this, what else could she say? She pursed her lips, understandably reluctant, "I understand, Father-in-law."

At that moment, noise came from the door, and Waylon Lewis's tall figure appeared before everyone.

His eyes brightened as he walked over to Hope and respectfully greeted Elder Lewis, "Grandpa."

"Hmm." Elder Lewis responded indifferently, his face turning displeased upon seeing Joy Ward following Waylon.

Then neither the grandson nor the grandfather spoke.

Hope blinked gently and tugged at Waylon's sleeve, signaling him to talk more with Elder Lewis.

Waylon glanced at Hope and slightly pursed his lips, asking, "Are you feeling better?"

Elder Lewis retorted, "Can't you see?"

Waylon raised an eyebrow, "Seems you're almost well."

Hope's brow twitched involuntarily.

Elder Lewis looked at Waylon briefly and chose not to speak with his "unfavored" grandson, turning to chat curtly with Hope instead.

Seeing her two less favored sons, Alitzel felt helpless, accustomed to Elder Lewis always doting on Hope, but she couldn't stand one aspect, "Dad, it wasn't Hope who saved you, it was Joy. Please don't get it wrong."

Elder Lewis frowned, his eyes moving from Alitzel's angry face to Hope.

Hope shook her head slightly in resignation, and Elder Lewis patted her hand back sympathetically.

Ah, dealing with such a stubborn mother-in-law isn't easy!

Speaking of Joy Ward, Alitzel's gaze searched the room and finally found Joy, standing quietly at the back.

Knowing Elder Lewis disliked Joy, Alitzel believed Joy's reluctance to come forward was due to fear of Elder Lewis's disdain, and this thought made her even more sympathetic toward Joy.

She walked over to Joy and noticed her eyes were red. Alitzel was startled and immediately asked, "Joy, what's wrong?"

Joy's eyes, brimming with tears, looked fearfully at the man in front of her before quickly lowering her head, unwilling to speak, seeming utterly frail and helpless.

"Joy, just tell me," Alitzel urged, glancing at her son coldly like a judge risen from hell.

Amid the strange atmosphere, Alitzel concluded there must be some issue between them.

After a long pause, Joy finally said, "Aunt, I... I'm fine, just some misunderstandings with Waylon, we just need to clear them up."

Joy's voice was hoarse.

Faced with Alitzel's queries, Joy felt guilty; she didn't want to discuss the issue of her causing Hope's fall here, as it wouldn't benefit her.

Seeing Joy unwilling to talk, Alitzel let it go and took Joy's hand warmly, approaching Elder Lewis's bedside, "Dad, Joy has been treating you and saved you during these days."

Elder Lewis's face, initially smiling, quickly frowned upon hearing this, increasingly unhappy, "I was just unconscious, not dead. Don't I know who saved me?"

"Dad, it really was Joy who saved you." Alitzel felt somewhat helpless, thinking Elder Lewis was biased towards Hope and spoke more for Joy, blaming his partiality, "You can't favor someone to the point of confusing right and wrong."

Elder Murphy furrowed his brows from the side and added, "I can testify to that as well, it was Joy who saved you with Silver Needle Acupuncture."

Hope Williams's brows raised slightly as she looked at Elder Murphy, then paused, turning her gaze to Joy Ward, "Silver Needle Acupuncture?"

"That's right, I discovered long ago that Joy was skilled at Silver Needle Acupuncture, and I've also seen the prescription she wrote for Old Master Lewis, all of which are evidence that Joy cured Old Master Lewis," Elder Murphy said with a stern face, naturally unwilling to stand by as his disciple was slandered.

Joy Ward stood to the side with her head lowered, her hands tightly clenched. Hearing what Elder Murphy said, her pupils constricted. She knew nothing about Silver Needle Acupuncture, but since Elder Murphy had said so, she certainly wouldn't admit her lack of skill now; wouldn't that expose everything?

Silence equaled consent.

Regardless, she had to get through this ordeal first, then settle the score with Hope Williams.

...

Hearing his words, Hope Williams sneered, "I don't know whether Joy Ward is proficient in Silver Needle Acupuncture or not, but is the prescription you mentioned this one?"

Joy Ward suddenly raised her head, only to see Hope Williams taking out a complete prescription from her bag. Her eyes filled with terror, she exclaimed, "Master..."

At Joy Ward's sharp cry, all eyes suddenly turned towards her.

Waylon Lewis's icy gaze also swept towards Joy Ward involuntarily.

Today, Joy had truly feared Waylon Lewis; that one look frightened her into silence.

Elder Murphy had already taken the prescription analysis report, but upon Joy Ward's call, he looked at her with suspicion. Joy's eyes darted around within their sockets, but she could not speak a word.

To prevent it would only reveal her guilt.

What was loathsome was that Hope Williams, that contemptible person, actually had a backup. It was despicable, utterly despicable.

She felt an icy chill throughout her body, as a tremor spread from the depths of her heart.

Seeing that Joy Ward did not respond, Elder Murphy turned his gaze to the prescription and suddenly he was stunned, "This... this prescription is for who?"

Hope Williams's delicate features turned cold, "For Grandpa Lewis."

"What?" Elder Murphy's brows furrowed tightly, "While each medicine on this prescription is meant for heart disease, the dosages are far too large. How many could withstand it? Who wrote this? This could kill someone!" Elder Murphy, a lifelong physician of integrity, would never allow such incompetent doctors to endanger patients.

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows casually and said lightly, "Your esteemed disciple."

Elder Murphy's brows knit together again as he angrily slapped the paper on the table, "Impossible, this isn't what Joy wrote. I've seen what she wrote; it was a perfect prescription, not this one."

As expected, Hope Williams nodded, began writing on the spot, and quickly handed a prescription to Elder Murphy, "Is this what you saw?"

Elder Murphy, full of suspicion, took one look and confirmed it was indeed the one he had seen before. With a complicated look at Hope Williams, he said, "Yes, it's this one, how did you know?"

"Because she plagiarized my prescription," Joy Ward, pale-faced, preemptively shouted, trying to pin the plagiarism label on Hope Williams.

This was a label Hope Williams would not accept.

Hope Williams, unfazed, smiled faintly, "Oh, is that so? Then please list out the prescription that I allegedly plagiarized from you."

Hope Williams slammed a blank paper in front of Joy Ward, and with a gesture said, "Begin."

Joy Ward stepped back in panic, "I..."

"Can't list it, can you?"

"I... I've forgotten, and after so long, who could remember so clearly? Hope Williams, you plagiarized mine, that's why you remember it so well." Joy Ward pointed at Hope Williams, her anger making her grit her teeth.

Hope Williams nodded calmly, having anticipated that Joy Ward would deny everything. She said with a smile, "That's okay."

"You said this prescription wasn't written by you," Hope Williams lifted the printed version, paused, then took up her handwritten one, "And this is the one I copied from you, right?"

Joy Ward's chest heaved violently, she glared at Hope Williams and said stubbornly, "That's right."

"Good," Hope Williams nodded.

Hope Williams stood up, placing her phone on the table.

Joy Ward didn't know what Hope Williams was planning or what evidence she had next, her eyes wary, "What else do you want to do?"

"Why are you panicking?"

"I'm not panicking."

"Don't worry, you will be in a moment."

Joy Ward narrowed her eyes, racking her brain for any evidence that might still be in Hope Williams's possession.

But no matter how much she thought, she couldn't come up with anything, finally snorting coldly, convincing herself that Hope Williams was just bluffing, that she had no evidence at all.

She used this reasoning to force herself to calm down.

"Hope Williams, no matter what you do, it will be in vain. Don't think you can confuse things and wrongfully accuse me."

Hope Williams smiled, not engaging in further conversation.

With a touch of her hand, voices suddenly filled the room through the phone.

"Grandpa Lewis's body is weak; he can only be nourished little by little. Flooding him with such a large dose of medicine is like inflating a ball; it needs air, but it cannot handle an overload. Once it's overfilled, explosion is the only consequence."

"Joy Ward, don't you claim to be highly skilled in medicine? Surely, you would know this basic principle. I do not believe you, what are you trying to do, trying to kill Grandpa Lewis?"

"You're talking nonsense, I did no such thing, don't try to smear my name."

“Whether I’m speaking nonsense or not, you know the truth. You can’t escape this matter; any doctor would see that you cannot argue your way out of this.”

“No, Hope Williams, don’t!”

“Step aside.”

“Hope Williams, you want to expose me? Don’t even think about it. Everyone knows I’ve been dedicated to treating the old master to the best of my ability. Who would believe what you’re saying? Even if you have this report, how could it not be a forgery you made to frame me? Hope Williams, give up. Nobody will believe you.”

“Get out of the way.”

“Hope Williams!”

Chapter 100: Chapter 100 Nothing Can Be Hidden

“I’m begging you... whatever amount you ask for, I can give it, but you must keep this matter to yourself, I swear I will never give this medication to Grandpa Lewis again... you... rest assured, I mean it, I’ll stick to my word, as long as you don’t speak out... give me that prescription...”

“Miss Williams you must not expose me...”

The recording ended with a noise of something falling, followed by a moment of oppressive silence, leaving no one in the Lewis family with a pleasant expression on their face.

Waylon Lewis’s eyes were terrifyingly sharp, his gaze gradually shifted towards Joy Ward, “It was to stop Hope Williams from exposing you that you caused her to fall down the stairs.”

As soon as he said it, everything fell into place.

“Ah, Hope Williams!” Joy Ward screamed incredulously, “You...!”

...

She actually dared to record it, anticipating that she would come to her, she was played by Hope Williams.

Damn it!

Everyone involuntarily turned their eyes toward Joy Ward.

Hope Williams curled up her lips into a sardonic sneer, "Well, now that you've heard it, Miss Ward, please begin your defense."

"Elder Murphy, what exactly is going on here?" realizing he was deceived, Elder Murphy's stern face filled with anger.

"I..." Joy Ward's mouth opened, her face deathly pale, at a loss for words.

Alitzel Williams stood frozen, as if struck by thunder; observing Joy Ward's face that seemed fragile and innocent, she could scarcely believe that the voice belonged to her.

Alitzel stared at her, "Joy Ward, hello there, you! You!" Alitzel clutched at her chest, her anger suffocating her, making it hard to breathe.

It's disheartening to discover that the person you've always trusted and appreciated turns out to be like this, no one wants to accept it.

"Aunt, I..."

Alitzel took deep breaths, "I'm giving you a chance to explain yourself, speak!"

"I didn't... Aunt, believe me, I truly wanted to save Grandpa Lewis, I never intended to harm him, I only wanted his illness to recover faster, my haste led to this result, I know I was wrong, I really do know. Aunt, fortunately Grandpa Lewis is alright now, isn't he?"

"Slap." Alitzel could no longer restrain herself and slapped Joy Ward across the face, "You, how dare you endanger the old master." Alitzel pointed furiously at Joy Ward, her whole body trembling with anger.

Joy Ward clung to her face, still looking innocently confused as she faced Alitzel.

"Aunt, I know I was wrong... but Grandpa is fine now, isn't he."

"You! You still dare say that, if it weren't for Hope Williams discovering it early, the old master would have been killed by you; how can you still have the audacity to say that, Joy Ward, I trusted you so much, even considered you as a future daughter-in-law for the Lewis family, how could you betray my trust, you are simply inhuman."

Alitzel was furious with Joy Ward and with herself; she had trusted Joy Ward too much, always thinking she was pure and kind-hearted, never would she have imagined she was mistaken.

"Aunt, you are really wronging me... I truly had no intention of harming Grandpa Lewis, please believe me..."

"Silence, I will not listen to any of your defenses now, leave, get out." Alitzel gasped for breath with anger.

Hope Williams appeared behind Alitzel, steadying her as she seemed ready to collapse.

Joy Ward suddenly looked towards Hope Williams, "It's you, always you, Hope Williams why did you have to harm me?"

"I harm you?" Hope Williams listened to her words and let out another cold laugh, "Joy Ward, you have only harmed yourself, you were selfish and only wanted to marry into the Lewis family. You gave these medications to Grandpa Lewis because he objected to your marriage; you saw him as an obstacle and hoped that he would never wake from his illness."

Joy Ward's face turned deathly pale after being exposed by Hope Williams.

Suddenly, it all clicked for Alitzel, her anger continually rising. Looking at the dark-faced Old Master Lewis lying on the hospital bed, she felt even guiltier towards him.

Now, Elder Murphy was truly bewildered, picking up the prescription written by Hope Williams and looking towards her, "So this prescription is yours?" Taking another, he looked towards Joy Ward, "This one is yours."

Joy Ward bit her lip, unable to defend herself.

"The prescription isn't yours, so you aren't the one who saved Elder Lewis?" Alitzel calmed herself down and asked.

"No, it was me, I was the one who saved Grandpa Lewis." Joy Ward could not afford to lose this last shred of protection and immediately denied.

Hope Williams glanced indifferently at the still struggling Joy Ward, a trace of mocking amusement crossing her face.

Waylon Lewis's piercing black eyes squinted slightly as he motioned with his hand. Thomas Hughes, standing behind, stepped forward and plugged a USB drive into a computer, pressing the enter key, showing a video Hope Williams had captured of the daily surveillance in the Lewis house.

Thomas announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, please see, this is the surveillance video of Miss Williams bringing the medicine box daily to the old master's sickroom. Additionally, the maid in the old master's room can testify that Miss Williams treated the old master daily with Silver Needle and personally prepared and administered the medicine, while Miss Ward, as the chief physician of the old master, only visited twice a month and left within minutes each time."

Thomas concluded just as the video finished playing.

The stark contrast in their behaviors made everything clear to everyone.

With everything revealed, nothing could remain hidden.