

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 21 – 30

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Chapter 21: Chapter 21 Mommy, Save Me

Hope Williams also noticed Joy Ward, suddenly, her gaze uncontrollably shifted to Waylon Lewis.

A hint of sadness unconsciously crossed her indifferent face.

Before she had divorced Waylon Lewis, she had playfully asked him to go shopping with her, but he had refused due to work. At that time, Hope Williams was particularly understanding, even blaming herself for interrupting his work.

Now, with Joy Ward, it was all about picking her up after work and accompanying her shopping. He seemed not busy at all.

Perhaps that's the difference between love and lack of love.

Hope Williams sneered coldly, quickly suppressing the displeasure in her heart, her expression returning to its usual indifference. Her gaze lingered on Joy Ward for two seconds, then glanced at her own dress.

She scoffed sarcastically, "It seems we really do have similar tastes."

Joy Ward clenched her fist tightly, and the atmosphere around subtly shifted.

The same dress, worn by different people, showed a surprising difference.

Joy Ward considered herself quite attractive, but the dress did not look as good on her, and compared to Hope Williams, it almost felt like a disparity between a promotional model and a real buyer.

"Ah, our Hope Williams is truly beautiful. Indeed, the right clothes on the right person are always the most suitable," Aria Richardson said, arms crossed, clucking her tongue twice, "Don't you think?"

The sales assistants, professionally trained, managed their expressions well, but Joy Ward still saw their agreement with Aria Richardson's words in their eyes.

Joy Ward bit her lip tightly, a strong sense of humiliation making her furious, "Miss Williams, you... you did that on purpose, didn't you?" There was a hint of grievance in her soft and weak voice.

"Did what on purpose?" Hope Williams found it amusing. What did she mean by 'on purpose'? Choosing the same dress to outshine her and embarrass her?

She had better things to do, especially since she was the first one there.

Where did she get the nerve to say that?

Hope Williams twirled in front of a mirror, "Hmm, it looks pretty, I'll take this one."

She walked a few steps towards the cash register, then suddenly turned back, a sarcastic smile lifting the corners of her lips, an eyebrow arched, "Don't doubt, I did it on purpose."

Joy Ward was so angry she could almost go crazy, the dress on her now as uncomfortable as if it were made of needles.

"Wait." A magnetic, icy male voice stopped Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis, who hadn't spoken until now, suddenly spoke.

Hope Williams and Aria Richardson's hearts skipped a beat, they stood still, blinking at each other.

Aria Richardson nervously approached Hope Williams, "What does he mean?"

Hope Williams pressed her lips together resignedly, "Probably wants to avenge his beloved."

Joy Ward's eyes flickered, looking expectantly at Waylon Lewis, was he going to teach these two women a lesson for her?

It must be.

Thinking this, Joy Ward's expression carried a subtly triumphant look.

Waylon Lewis's gaze rested on Hope Williams, his strikingly handsome face cold and sharp, his inscrutable eyes lightly sweeping from Hope Williams to Aria Richardson behind her.

His deep, chilly voice sounded again.

"This lady looks familiar, we've met before."

Aria Richardson was immediately flustered.

That wasn't a question, but a statement!

For a moment, Aria Richardson couldn't react.

Met where?

...at the hospital! She had impersonated Willow's mommy to rescue Hope Williams, putting on quite the show that time.

Oh no!

This man couldn't possibly have recognized her.

Aria Richardson gently tugged at Hope Williams's skirt hem, seeking her help.

Hope Williams thought quickly, immediately understanding the reason behind Waylon Lewis's words, and she couldn't help but feel a tightness in her chest.

On that day, Aria Richardson had pretended not to know her, and now the two of them were walking arm in arm...

Hope Williams felt uneasy for two seconds, then her beautiful face regained its usual composure, a faint smile crossing her lips, and her amber eyes looked back at Waylon Lewis as she casually asked, "What is it? Does President Lewis have any questions about my friend?"

Waylon Lewis's dark eyes narrowed slightly, becoming more profound, and a barely noticeable frown creased his brow.

In a trance, he suddenly realized something.

"Aria, do you know President Lewis?" Hope Williams forcefully suppressed the fear in her heart and calmly asked Aria Richardson.

Aria Richardson, seeing Hope Williams's composed demeanor and even tone, felt as if she had found her backbone, and her fear diminished slightly, shaking her head, "I don't know him."

Hope Williams gave Waylon Lewis a slight smile, "Then perhaps President Lewis has mistaken someone else for someone. If there's nothing else, we'll be leaving now."

Hope Williams took Aria Richardson's hand, settled the bill, and without lingering, left unhurriedly.

Waylon Lewis's gaze flickered but he did not stop them.

Leaving the store, both their steps and their pace of speech unconsciously quickened.

Aria Richardson clutched at her chest, still somewhat shaken, "Hope, what do we do, did he recognize me?"

"Hmm." Hope Williams nodded, convinced that Waylon Lewis's mind had already figured out the deception.

"What do we do?" Aria Richardson asked, anxious.

Hope Williams suddenly stopped walking and gritted her teeth, "Don't worry, everything will be alright."

Since Waylon Lewis had realized it but didn't say anything, allowing them to leave safely, it indicated that he did not intend to expose them for the time being.

As for why, Hope Williams couldn't figure out what this man was really planning.

After picking up both children and causing such a stir, continuing to dine out was out of the question, so everyone returned home, where Hope Williams cooked dinner herself.

After dinner, both children were also a bit tired from playing, and after washing up, Hope Williams took them to bed.

A small night light was turned on in the room.

Hope Williams sat between Luke's and Willow's small beds, holding a storybook and softly telling them a bedtime story.

Gradually, she heard the even breathing of both children, and Hope Williams smiled gently, always feeling especially content when she saw Luke and Willow by her side.

She had single-handedly raised these two children and, being a mother, was selfish in her desire not to let her children leave her side.

Hope Williams carefully bent over and kissed each child on the forehead, softly saying, "Good night, my darlings."

At night, in the living room, a warm light lamp was on, and Hope Williams sat alone on the sofa, her hand supporting her head.

She urged Aria Richardson not to worry, which was more like a way of reassuring herself.

But this did little to calm her increasingly anxious heart.

The more she cared, the more she worried; she was truly afraid of her children leaving her one day.

Perhaps because thoughts during the day led to dreams at night, Hope Williams had a very long dream that night. In the dream, darkness surrounded her, and she frantically searched for Luke and Willow. In the distance, she saw a ray of light and desperately rushed toward it, only to see Waylon Lewis and Joy Ward happily embracing.

Next to them was a small cage, inside which a child was crying hoarsely, “Mommy, Mommy save me, Mommy...”

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: Tearing the White Lotus Apart by Hand

She desperately rushed toward the child only to be pushed to the ground by a man. The man looked at her coldly, a bloodthirsty smirk on his lips, “Hope Williams, you’ll never see the child again.”

“No, no, Waylon Lewis, don’t take the child away, give him back to me, give him back to me...”

“No!” Hope Williams suddenly awoke, drenched in cold sweat and sitting up straight, she held her chest and stared blankly at a spot for a long while.

“Mommy, what’s wrong?” Luke hurried over, his voice soft, his little face filled with worry as he looked at the sweating Hope Williams.

Her butterfly-like eyelashes trembled slightly as she came to. Seeing Luke by her side, she hugged him tight.

What a relief, it was just a dream.

She quickly squeezed out a smile, “Mommy is fine, Luke, you woke up so early.”

“Mommy, why were you sleeping on the sofa? Did you have a nightmare just now?”

Hope Williams tenderly tapped Luke’s little nose, not wanting him to worry and put on a relaxed look, smilingly saying, “Thank you, baby, for caring. Mommy forgot to go back to the room last night, it won’t happen again.” She glanced at her watch, “It’s almost seven, Luke, go wake up your sister, Mommy will make breakfast for you.”

Luke, concerned about Hope Williams, couldn’t help but furrow his little brow, then obediently went to wake Willow.

Hope Williams sighed. Perhaps she was a bit tired, for she had fallen asleep on the sofa last night in a daze.

Hope Williams washed up quickly, made a rich breakfast as usual, finished breakfast, sent the children to school, and then went to work.

Due to the nightmare from last night, Hope Williams hadn't rested well, and her expression wasn't very good.

Just as she arrived at the office, she was met by Joy Ward and Valentina River. Whenever there were others around, Joy Ward always had a kind and gentle demeanor, warmly greeting Hope Williams, "Good morning, Doctor Williams."

Hope Williams couldn't be like her, hating her to death inside, yet having to put on a face as if they were close sisters.

Hypocritical, artificial.

She couldn't be bothered to deal with them. There was a surgery to attend to soon, and she needed to focus; she had no time to spar with them.

"Hope Williams, our Joy greeted you, didn't you hear?"

Hope Williams indifferently organized the files on her desk, not even lifting her brow as she responded softly, "I heard."

"Then why don't you say anything?"

"Doctor River, I believe my mouth is my own, it's not your place to dictate."

"Do you not have any manners?"

"You have manners, you have the best manners, so please remember this is a hospital, don't shout and scream." Hope Williams, holding her files, brushed past the two and left.

Valentina River was left speechless by her retort, almost fainting with rage; she moved to the side, blocking the doorway to prevent Hope Williams from leaving.

Hope Williams's already displeased face darkened as she looked annoyed at the person deliberately blocking her way.

Lifting her eyes, she said nothing, just quietly stared at Valentina River.

Valentina River wasn't about to let Hope Williams off easily today. Every time she saw her face, she was driven to insane jealousy.

“Hope Williams, who do you think you are? You think you’re something special because you got into the hospital through connections, explain yourself, or don’t think about leaving today. Let’s have everyone judge, our Joy didn’t provoke her, she even kindly greeted her, and her? She just put on airs, too good to care.”

“It’s okay, Valentina, let it go, I’m fine.”

Joy Ward bit her lip, though she said that, her tone sounded as if she had been greatly wronged.

Seeing this, the surrounding doctors sympathized with Joy Ward.

Joy Ward hurriedly spoke up for Hope Williams, “Everyone, don’t blame Doctor Williams, I’m fine. Doctor Williams and I have a misunderstanding, I know she doesn’t like me, but I just think as colleagues, we should value harmony while working together.”

Valentina River shot back immediately, “Joy, you’re always so kind and easy to talk to. I think she’s just jealous of you, jealous that your skills are better than hers, jealous that you’re about to become Mrs. Lewis.”

Hope Williams gave a faint, cold laugh, somewhat speechless, about to speak when Valentina River was pushed away by someone with great disgust, who then patted the dust off their hands.

The person was a chubby, short-haired girl. Valentina River stumbled a couple of steps from the push, and when she steadied herself, the short-haired girl spoke, “What are you doing? Are you that idle? What are you doing in our cardiac surgery department every day as a trauma specialist?”

“Aurora Wood, are you sick?” Valentina River was not one to control her emotions; at that moment, enraged by Aurora Wood’s push and feeling humiliated, she roared back.

Aurora Wood rolled her eyes, “I suggest you visit psychiatry, do you realize how horrific you look right now?”

As more people gathered, Joy Ward suppressed the displeasure in her heart and grabbed Valentina River, looking helplessly at Hope Williams and Aurora Wood, “Doctor Williams, Doctor Wood, Valentina didn’t do it on purpose, but you’re excessive in pushing people around. Can’t we discuss things peacefully without resorting to violence?”

“If I wanted to talk peacefully, would you listen?” Aurora Wood stood with her hands on her hips, her brow raised, her plump body leaning forward, exerting pressure on Joy Ward as she closed in.

Joy Ward retreated several steps, appearing even more fragile and powerless in front of Aurora Wood.

Aurora Wood especially despised these two women, all dolled up and putting on airs, whether they'd come to work or to participate in a beauty contest was unclear.

"Doctor Williams, you go on with your work." Aurora Wood crossed her arms, standing before Valentina River and Joy Ward with the air of a boss.

Hope Williams nodded appreciatively at Aurora Wood, "Thank you."

Aurora Wood smiled generously, "No problem, just a public service."

A public service?

Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh softly, finding the girl quite amusing.

Chapter 23: Chapter 23: Rushed into the Emergency Room

Hope Williams had performed a surgery in the morning and saw several patients at noon. By the time she finished work, those two nuisances hadn't come to bother her again, which made her mood quite pleasant.

Tonight, Hope was on duty, so she made a call asking Aria Richardson to pick up the children. As she passed by the deputy director's office, she was unintentionally drawn to the sound of an argument inside.

"Aurora Wood, will you go apologize to Doctor River, Doctor Ward yourself? Bullying a colleague blatantly in the hospital, you..."

"Bullying a colleague? Which eye of yours saw me bullying them? I think you just feel sorry for your goddess, don't you? Beau Harrison, I'm your wife. Are you scolding me for another woman? What do you mean by that?"

This fierce voice belonged to the stout female doctor from the day before. Hope blinked, seeing Aurora Wood wiping tears from her eyes as she stormed out of the office.

Hope blinked again, not intending to eavesdrop, when Aurora glanced at her in a hurry. Hope was about to ask what was wrong when suddenly,

"Doctor Williams, the patient in room 866 has cardiac angina; you need to check on them immediately," a nurse called urgently.

Upon hearing this, Hope didn't hesitate for a moment and hurried into the patient room, with Aurora Wood not missing a beat and following right behind her.

"What's the situation?" Hope pushed past the patient's relatives to see them clutching at their chest, as pale as a sheet, mouth agape, struggling to breathe, and trembling all over. A sense of dread filled her as she patted the patient's cheek, "Can you hear me?"

She then examined the patient's pupils with a flashlight, "The patient is unconscious, pupils not focusing, cardiac arrest, quick, get them to the resuscitation room."

"And call their primary physician."

"I am," Aurora immediately responded.

"Wipe away the tears and get ready for surgery," Hope looked directly at Aurora, commanding in a serious tone, then helped the nurses wheel the patient into the OR.

Aurora panicked and hurried to keep pace with Hope, "Doctor Williams, but I have just started working here and haven't performed an official surgery on a patient. I'm not ready."

Heart surgery was extremely complicated, and in such a critical situation, she lacked the confidence to do it well.

Hope's smooth forehead creased slightly.

"As a doctor, faced with an emergency, nobody gives you time to prepare. Since you were capable of getting a job at this hospital, it indicates you already possess the professional skills of a qualified doctor. If I weren't here today, would you balk at the surgery and let the patient die?"

The situation was urgent, and although Hope's words were harsh, they were all valid.

Aurora trembled at her words, her eyelids drooping, her expression filled with sorrow and sadness.

Hope did not give her a chance to hesitate any longer, stuffing scrubs into her arms with a low and rapid voice, "Get ready for surgery immediately."

Aurora clutched the scrubs tightly, watching Hope enter the OR, her gaze dazed, her hands trembling slightly.

Fresh from crying, Aurora's eyes were red-rimmed, and her expression even more dispirited.

Seeing Aurora follow her in, Hope assumed she was ready, "You take the lead, I'll assist."

As soon as Hope finished speaking, Aurora suddenly grabbed her hand, and Hope looked down at the hand holding hers.

With a choked and trembling voice and shaking her head, Aurora said, "Doctor Williams, I... can't do it."

Hope's eyes darkened, clearly displeased.

Bringing personal feelings into the operating room was highly unprofessional and irresponsible to the patient.

Whether it was her current state or the emotions she carried, neither was suitable for the surgery.

Hope looked at her deeply, without saying anything more.

In the end, Hope led the surgery with Aurora assisting, and after two hours, they saved a life.

The family thanked Hope repeatedly, and after advising them about postoperative care with a calm gaze, Hope looked around the room but did not see Aurora.

She later had to ask a nurse for Aurora's whereabouts.

When Hope found Aurora, she was in a dimly lit stairwell, huddled in a corner, embracing herself, accompanied by quiet sobs.

She seemed as if the whole world had abandoned her.

This image of Aurora didn't match at all with the confident and forthright woman Hope had seen during the day.

Hope's eyes darkened as she silently approached and leaned slightly against the wall beside her.

Aurora lifted her head at the sound and met a pair of clear, indifferent amber eyes.

"Doctor Williams, it's you," her hoarse voice sounded after crying, mixed with sobs.

"Mm," Hope hummed a brief response.

Aurora hung her head, lacking any confidence, "I'm sorry, I'm useless."

“Good that you know it,” Hope replied without mercy, her voice cold and emotionless.

As a professional doctor, backing out in the face of action was useless. Aurora was the most suitable to lead the surgery since she was the primary physician and most familiar with the patient’s condition. Yet, she backed out at the most critical moment, indicating her inability.

What if it had been her alone on call tonight and she was unable to manage a patient emergency, letting the patient die?

That’s uselessness, isn’t it? If it were in the y country, she would have already scolded a doctor under her for such behavior until they questioned their life choices.

Hope was already being gentle with Aurora.

Aurora looked up at Hope with tearful eyes, who had just dazzled her on the operating table with her ability—methodical, confident, and determined, each movement precise. Hope’s eyes shone as if she was a deity, radiating the conviction of saving the patient’s life.

Yet the brilliance Hope emanated was something Aurora couldn’t even hope to reach.

Aurora sniffled as she looked at Hope, now back to her usual indifference, her already striking face now full of coldness, her whole being exuded a chilly and proud aura.

Suddenly, she realized why Joy Ward and Valentina River, those two women, loved to cause her trouble. A woman so beautiful, confident, proud, and excellent, how could she not incite jealousy from her peers?

Chapter 24: Chapter 24 Who is the Beloved?

Aurora Wood laughed self-deprecatingly, then looked at herself—her plump figure, her plain face. Even her childhood sweetheart to whom she’d been married for two years criticized her in front of another woman.

She had given up her job for her family for two years, and although she had graduated long ago, she had only just started working at the hospital. Now, she didn’t even have the confidence to perform surgery on her own.

She felt like a complete failure. All her troubles had accumulated, and suddenly she burst into tears.

"I'm really useless, I'm really useless. I can't do anything right, even Beau defends those two vixens. My lifelong relationship with him can't even compare to a few words from them. I'm such a failure."

Hope Williams slightly lowered her eyes and thought about Aurora's words for a moment, quickly clarifying the situation.

So, Deputy Director Beau Harrison was Aurora Wood's husband, but Hope had seen him flirting with Valentina River just yesterday.

Joy Ward and Valentina both looked good and dressed well, speaking sweetly in front of men, naturally having many admirers around them.

Because of her weight, Aurora felt a deep sense of inferiority.

Hope's clear eyes narrowed slightly.

"Do you know, we've known each other since we were children, and our feelings through decades of marriage can't withstand a few words from Valentina. He even wants to divorce me today. I'm failing at love and work, aren't I, Doctor Williams? You must look down on me today too."

Aurora bit her lip and lowered her head fiercely, her sense of defeat deepening.

"Although the way you're handling things today is disappointing, I've never looked down on you. Aurora, give yourself some confidence. If you were able to get a position at the hospital, it surely means you have solid professional skills. Believe that you are no worse than others."

Seeing Aurora in this state reminded Hope of herself five years ago. She too had given up on medical school for the sake of Waylon Lewis, giving up her dreams. Back then, she had lived in that villa constantly revolving around him, always thinking about how to make this man fall in love with her.

She eventually realized that if someone doesn't love you, no amount of effort will help.

As a woman, she should be independent and strong, not reliant on anyone—with a stable job, proficient skills, and an independent life. These are the foundations of self-confidence.

Looking at Aurora's helpless and dejected state, Hope's heart softened towards this woman who had undergone similar experiences.

Hope sighed lightly and patted Aurora on the shoulder.

“Aurora, look ahead; perhaps there’s bright daylight in front of you. When you look back, that man who doesn’t appreciate you may not seem so important anymore.”

Aurora looked up at her, her gaze shining, her amber pupils seemingly holding stars within.

Her gaze was exceptionally firm and confident when speaking, as if what she believed, she would surely achieve. This quality in Hope offered endless strength to others.

Look ahead, perhaps there’s bright daylight in front of you, and when you look back, that man who doesn’t appreciate you may not seem so important anymore.

...

When Hope Williams arrived home, it was already 9:30 PM. She immediately called Aria Richardson, as the children were still with her and it was getting late. Aria had to work the next day too; it was really too much trouble for her.

“Hello, Aria, I’m sorry, a patient had a critical situation tonight, and I got delayed. I’ve just gotten home. Are you at home now? I’ll come pick up Luke and Willow.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, you don’t need to come here. I’m out with them having a late snack. We’re almost done eating. It’d be more trouble for you to come here. I’ll just bring them back, and you should rest a bit since you’ve just finished work.”

After hearing Aria’s reply, Hope didn’t refuse. “Alright, then thank you, Aria.”

“Saying thank you makes us strangers, and besides, Luke and Willow are my godson and goddaughter. I’m getting them in the car now, hang up, okay?”

Hope nodded, “Alright.”

Hope had performed two major surgeries today and had been busy all day without a break. She flopped onto the soft sofa, feeling an overwhelming sense of fatigue.

She grabbed a pillow and hugged it, and sleepiness swept over her.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Hope’s butterfly-like eyelashes trembled slightly as she opened her eyes.

“Hmm?”

Aria had returned the little treasures so quickly—she perked up and eagerly went to open the door.

“Darlings...”

The moment she opened the door, Hope’s facial expression shockingly froze.

At that moment, a man was standing at the door, dressed in a sharp black suit, his posture straight, his handsome face chilly, and his deep eyes like cold pools, ice-cold and seemingly bottomless, as if they could suck someone in.

The air around seemed to be swallowed up by the chill.

Waylon Lewis?

With a loud “bang,” Hope Williams slammed the door shut without hesitation.

Just now...

Waylon Lewis!

Why had he come? No way! Did she see wrong?

How did he know her address? And in the middle of the night, pitch black, she must have seen wrong.

It must be, it must be!

Hope leaned against the door, clutching her chest, panting heavily.

Just then, the doorbell rang again, like a demon claiming lives.

With a tense expression and holding the belief that it was an illusion, Hope finally placed her hand on the doorknob, carefully reopening the door.

After just one glance, Hope regretted it.

It really was him!

The man’s face grew even more sinister and frightening due to Hope’s recent actions, the chill almost freezing her through the door gap.

Why had he come at all?

It couldn’t be because he had learned about the day’s events with Joy Ward, and hurt by his “white moonlight,” he wanted to kill her at night.

Driven by a survival instinct, Hope desperately tried to close the door, but... a hand abruptly pressed against the door.

It was over!

The disparity in strength between men and women was evident as he effortlessly pushed the door open.

With a boom, a chill rampaged through the room instantly.

Waylon, standing over six feet tall, towered above her, pressing forward to stand right in front of her, silently staring at her, his eyes emanating an extremely terrifying coldness. He said nothing, his icy eyes seemingly piercing through her flesh, striking deep into her soul.

“You? What are you doing here?”

“What do you think?”

It dawned on Hope that except for today’s events at the hospital with Joy Ward, she hadn’t provoked him in any other way.

Coming to confront her in the dead of night?

He sure was amusing.

It was them who had provoked her first; why should they trouble her?

“What should I say? It was your ‘white moonlight’ who provoked me first, allowed to pester me repeatedly, spread rumors about me, and I’m not allowed to strike back? Waylon Lewis, why are you so domineering? What do you want? Revenge? Come on then! Who’s afraid of you!”

Hope stood straight, her delicate face tilted up defiantly, filled with anger and stubbornness, as if declaring to the man that she wasn’t afraid of him!

Waylon’s expression was indifferent, quietly watching her, his lips twitching slightly.

This woman, he had called her so many times, and she hadn’t answered a single one; he was worried about her, originally just wanted to check on her, but before he could say anything, she had unleashed a tirade on him like firecrackers.

She really owed him.

And just now...

After a while, the man’s thin lips parted slightly, his voice cold, “Dear, who did you call?”

Chapter 25: Chapter 25 That Dog That Bit Mommy is So Fierce

After a long silence, the man's thin lips parted slightly, his voice cold, "Who is 'dear'?"

Does she have another man?

Waylon Lewis's heart inexplicably surged with nameless anger, he didn't even know why, and it irritated him greatly.

Hope Williams thought for a moment before she finally realized she had mistaken him for her two treasures returning, wanting to call them "my dear babies"...

But!

"What's it to you?"

Hope murmured nonchalantly, but Waylon Lewis's originally cold expression seemed to freeze everything around him, an icy aura sweeping through.

"'Dear?' Your adulterer?" The man's words seemed to be squeezed through his teeth, tinged with biting coldness.

Adulterer?

Hope was somewhat puzzled, what on earth was he talking about? What adulterer? Was his mind not right, to misunderstand that the 'dear' in her mouth was her adulterer?

Ha!

Hope sneered inwardly, questioning with the tone of catching an adulterer, what did he mean by that?

Besides, she was divorced from him, even if she really had another man, he would be a boyfriend or a husband, not the adulterer his words implied.

"Cat got your tongue?" The man was clearly unsatisfied with her silence, he pressed closer to Hope by a few inches, his cold voice coming again.

Hope subconsciously stepped back, speechless, and couldn't help rolling her eyes.

She stood her ground, stubbornly tilting her little face up, glaring at Waylon Lewis, and articulately said, word for word, "None! Of! Your! Business!"

"And please, President Lewis, watch your language. I'm divorced from you; even if I have another man, he's a boyfriend or a husband—not the 'adulterer' you're talking

about, understand?" Hope challenged with her eyebrows raised, her voice lilting at the end.

Waylon Lewis was so angry that he felt a headache coming on. He took a deep breath, trying to suppress the towering rage in his heart.

This woman was truly maddening; her sharp tongue deserved a lesson.

"If President Lewis has no business here, then please leave my house, I... Hey..."

Suddenly, Waylon Lewis pinned her against the wall, his dominant presence sweeping over every cell in Hope's body, her eyes widening in panic as she looked up at him.

The dim light outlined his exquisitely handsome features; he smirked wickedly, his dark gaze burning intensely upon her.

Hope pressed nervously against the wall, their eyes locked, at such a close distance that no detail could escape the other's sight.

For some reason, an ambiguous tension suddenly rose between them.

"Let go of me!"

"You just need to be put in your place!"

"I... Mmm..."

After saying that, Waylon Lewis immediately lowered his head and sealed her chattering lips.

Hope couldn't even cry out in surprise before he took her breath away. His kiss was fierce, as if he wanted to devour her, leaving her completely dazed, her heart pounding as if it would burst out of her chest.

Her small hands pressed against his solid chest, trying to push him away with all her might, but her hands were pinned above her head.

Hope was so angry her entire face turned red, she glared at him, "Waylon Lewis, you bastard, lecher, pervert, lunatic, let me go."

Waylon Lewis responded with a smile rather than anger, propping a hand on the wall behind Hope, his lips curling into an intermittent smirk, his voice low and magnetic as he provocatively said, "Go on, curse at me again."

Hope glared at him, her molars clenched... Silence!

“Not satisfied?”

Hope almost died of anger. She locked eyes with Waylon Lewis, and after a pause, she scoffed, “Satisfied.” I’m so satisfied I could die, Hope bitterly added in her mind.

...

Aria Richardson was driving the car with Luke and Willow just arriving at the apartment building when she saw a tall, towering figure emerging from the apartment.

Waylon Lewis?

!!

Aria Richardson’s body reacted more quickly than her mind; she snatched the two children and pulled them back into the car with one hand each.

After these two encounters with Waylon Lewis, she had developed a deep-seated fear of the man, trembling in her very soul whenever she saw him.

“Godmother, what are you doing?” Luke and Willow looked at Aria with puzzled faces, as if she were a thief.

“Shh.” Being a godmother was truly a heart-wrenching job for Aria.

It wasn’t until Waylon Lewis was completely out of sight that Aria hurriedly led the children upstairs.

“Hope, I just saw Waylon Lewis downstairs!” Aria fretted, hopping from foot to foot.

Waylon Lewis here, and with Hope Williams present, there could only be one reason—he was here for her.

“Mm.”

Hope’s expression was indifferent. No! There was something vicious about that ‘Mm,’ as if she were grinding her teeth, and her calm face was filled with eyes that seemed about to spit fire, wishing she could tear someone into pieces.

Aria shivered, her best friend’s cold and murderous gaze was just as frightening as Waylon’s.

“He? What is he doing here?”

Hope pressed her still-swollen lips tightly together, “Being a scumbag.”

“Mommy, why are your lips all red, did you secretly eat spicy peppers?” Luke asked, passing a glass of water to Hope.

“Pfft...” Aria, who had been drinking water, couldn’t help but spray it out, now noticing... Hope’s lips still bore the faint marks of teeth. Judging by the current situation, something indescribable must have happened between Waylon and her best friend here.

“Your Mommy, this isn’t from eating spicy peppers, this is clearly...”

“Bit by a dog,” Hope said, taking a deep breath, dead serious.

“What kind of dog would bite Mommy’s lips? Does it hurt, Mommy? And there are even tooth marks, that dog must be really fierce.” Willow bit her fingertip, her chubby little face full of confusion as she looked at Hope.

“ ... ”

Hope’s face flushed with embarrassment, “Willow, baby please stop asking, okay?” Give Mommy a bit of privacy, alright?

“Okay,” Willow nodded obediently, hugging her toy princess, but then something struck her little mind and she climbed onto Hope’s knees, wrapping her arms around Hope’s neck. “Then does Mommy need Willow to blow on it? Being bitten by a dog must hurt a lot.”

Luke brought over the first-aid kit, mumbling, “Willow, blowing on it won’t help if Mommy was bitten by a dog. It needs disinfecting, cleaning the wound, and then Mommy needs to go to the hospital for a rabies shot.”

“Hahaha...” Aria slapped her thigh, not able to contain her laughter.

Hope fell back onto the couch behind her, completely collapsing inside.

...

In the following days, besides working, Hope was devising a new treatment plan for Grandpa Lewis’s illness. The medication she left behind at the Lewis Residence should nearly be finished by now, she wondered how Grandpa Lewis was doing at the moment.

Right now, without knowing Grandpa Lewis’s current condition, she couldn’t determine the dosage of the medicine. She would have to visit the Lewis family and examine Grandpa Lewis firsthand to find out.

The most troubling thing for Hope was that she couldn’t simply enter the old Lewis house—the Lewis family were very opposed to her being near Grandpa Lewis.

Hope bit her fingertip, deep in thought.

“Hope?” Aria saw Hope’s anxious face and came over with a plate of fruit, “What are you thinking about?”

Hope sighed and revealed the situation to Aria, who knew all about her past and couldn’t help but worry about her after hearing everything.

“So, you need to go to the old Lewis house?”

“Mm.” Hope nodded her head.

She had to go.

And Grandpa Lewis’s illness required long-term treatment and regular check-ups.

Aria knew her best friend was soft-hearted and valued relationships; once she set her mind on something, not even ten bulls could pull her back, but Aria didn’t know what to say to dissuade her.

Still, she worried. Five years ago, Hope had left without saying goodbye in order to protect her children; the Lewis family would surely not be easy to talk to—her departure must have deeply offended Waylon’s parents.

With Elder Lewis bedridden for a long time, going back to the Lewis Residence was like walking into the lion’s den—who would protect her then?

Moreover, the more she interacted with the Lewis family, the more likely it was for Luke and Willow’s existence to be exposed, which would be ever more dangerous.

Aria furrowed her brows, hesitated for a moment, then asked, “Hope, are you sure about this?”

Chapter 26: Chapter 26 Wyatt Lewis Discovers a Huge Secret

“Mm,” Hope said with a determined look, “For Grandpa Lewis, regardless of whether I am Hope Williams or a doctor, I can’t possibly ignore him.”

Aria Richardson could understand her. When Hope fell into hardship years ago, Elder Lewis had helped her. After marrying Waylon Lewis, only Elder Lewis truly treated Hope Williams kindly. The feelings Hope had for Grandpa Lewis were not just of respect and love, but also laced with years of guilt.

“So who do you plan to ask for help?” You can’t possibly mean to climb over the wall to get into the Lewis Residence.

Hope thought for a moment, “There is, in fact, one person.”

...

That night, a bright moon hung in the night sky.

“Sister-in-law, you certainly picked a good day; both my parents are home today. Be careful,” Wyatt Lewis sneakily opened the back door for Hope Williams.

Hope, carrying her medical kit, hurried in. Under the moonlight, two figures stealthily entered the main house one after the other. Hope lowered her voice and whispered, “Thanks, don’t worry, I’ll be careful. How has Grandpa been lately?”

“Grandpa is much better. Joy Ward said there’s no life-threatening danger, just that he alternates between waking and sleeping, with longer durations of sleep.”

As Hope and Wyatt Lewis walked, she asked, “Did Grandpa take the medicine I prescribed on time?”

“The medicine you prescribed?” Wyatt’s eyes narrowed slightly, looking at Hope with a hint of suspicion.

When they reached Old Master Lewis’s room, Wyatt had already taken care of everything so no one would disturb Hope. She sat down comfortably next to Grandpa Lewis’s sickbed.

Grandpa Lewis’s breathing was much steadier than the first time she saw him, and his complexion was much better too.

Grandpa Lewis’s current condition was pretty much what Hope had expected, indicating that the previous silver needle treatment had been effective. Hope took out the prepared pack of silver needles from her medical kit. She performed the sterilization and disinfection meticulously, not allowing any sloppiness.

“Grandpa, your recovery is going well. It seems our last Silver Needle Acupuncture treatment was effective. We’ll keep working hard, and you’ll be able to wake up soon. Grandpa, Hope hopes you wake up quickly. Hope’s here to do acupuncture again today.”

Wyatt, standing at the door, heard everything Hope said clearly, his face full of disbelief.

So it was Hope who saved Grandpa, then what Joy Ward said...

Wyatt considered carefully, remembering how Joy initially examined Old Master Lewis and declared it hopeless. Her expression didn't seem like she was lying.

Suddenly, Old Master Lewis was revived as though brought back from death? How was that possible? It was hopeless and then it all changed after everyone left?

At that time, everyone was immersed in the joy of Old Master Lewis's improved condition and didn't think deeply about it.

Now that he thought about it, Hope was also present back then, and her affection for Old Master Lewis couldn't be faked. Hope, too, was skilled in medicine. Looking at it now, the person who saved Old Master Lewis was 99.9% Hope!

Wyatt's eyes turned cold. That woman usually pretends around here, and now she even uses such despicable methods!

Disgusting!

Outrageous!

"Wyatt, Wyatt Lewis?" Alitzel Williams called him twice, frowning.

"Wyatt Lewis!" Alitzel raised her voice.

Wyatt then came to his senses, turning to see that Alitzel had come to stand beside him without him noticing.

"Mom," his voice was low.

"What are you thinking about? You look so engrossed," Alitzel rarely saw such a serious expression on her youngest son's usually nonchalant face and asked curiously.

"Mom, I..." Wyatt paused.

Hope had said not to let anyone disturb her while she treated Grandpa. If he told his mother the truth, it would inevitably make his mother aware of Hope's presence, not only disturbing Hope but given his mother's trust in Joy Ward, she might not even believe him, which would only complicate matters further.

Wyatt Lewis forcefully swallowed the words stuck in his throat and regained his frivolous smile, "Mom, I was just worried about Grandpa, I wasn't thinking about anything else."

"You claim to be so filial." Alitzel Williams didn't suspect his words, "Okay, your brother and Joy are coming over for dinner too, you should go down and eat as well."

"Mom, what about you?" Wyatt Lewis stood tall and unmovable at the doorway.

"I'm going to check on your grandpa." Alitzel Williams pushed against Wyatt's towering figure.

Wyatt's heart skipped a beat, but he didn't move an inch from Alitzel's push.

Sister-in-law, rest assured, I will defend this door with my life.

Alitzel Williams looked puzzled at Wyatt, "What's gotten into you, child? I'm just going to check on your grandpa."

"Mom, Grandpa is fine, and you, as his daughter-in-law, see him every day. With such a filial daughter-in-law like you, Grandpa must be deeply touched. Mom, you've also been working hard. Grandpa must want you to rest too. Don't disturb his rest anymore; Mom, please go have your meal."

Alitzel Williams blinked, feeling a bit confused as if he was complimenting her, but it sounded so odd. What craziness was possessing her silly son today?

Without time to think deeply, Wyatt hurriedly pushed her shoulders down the stairs, "Mom, let's eat first, don't keep dad and brother waiting. You can see Grandpa after the meal; it won't make much difference."

Alitzel Williams felt something off about Wyatt but couldn't pinpoint what it was, and somewhat confused, she was pushed downstairs.

At the dining table, Christopher Lewis sat at the head, Waylon Lewis on one side, and Joy Ward, with a sweet smile, sat beside Waylon. The stern atmosphere that was a traditional trait of the Lewis family filled the air at the table.

Wyatt couldn't help but click his tongue twice and glanced upstairs. It was rare for the Lewis Residence to have everyone home, and it just happened that Hope Williams had turned up.

Alitzel Williams made no effort to hide her fondness for Joy Ward, even personally serving her soup, "Joy, you look thin; eat more to nourish yourself. Waylon, Joy is here, have a nice chat with her, don't be like a block of wood."

Alitzel Williams had no shortage of worries about her two sons, one cold as ice, just like his father, with aloofness etched deep into his bones, and the other always frivolous, never serious. When would she ever get to hold a grandchild?

Joy Ward looked at Waylon Lewis, nervously biting her lip, her eyes filled with shyness and anticipation.

Waylon maintained a bland expression, focusing on his food without uttering a word.

Christopher Lewis solemnly put down his chopsticks and looked deeply at Waylon, "You're not getting any younger; when are you going to settle the marriage with Joy?"

Upon hearing this, Joy's cheeks slowly reddened even more, her eyes looking towards Waylon, filled with even more anticipation.

"Waylon, did you hear what your father said?" Alitzel Williams urged when her son gave no response.

Waylon, "Mind your own business."

Seeing her son's indifferent attitude, Alitzel Williams felt really frustrated, "Waylon, you..."

"I'm done eating. You all take your time." Waylon Lewis put down his chopsticks and stood up to leave.

"Waylon?" Joy Ward stiffened, calling out anxiously.

"What kind of attitude is this?" Christopher Lewis was furious.

"Mom, dad, you should worry less about my brother; Sister-in-Law hasn't died. What are you rushing for?" Wyatt Lewis ate his ribs, wore a light smile, and spoke in a leisurely tone, still heartless as ever.

"Wyatt Lewis, your brother and that woman are already divorced, don't keep calling her 'Sister-in-Law.'"

Wyatt, "I don't care, I've recognized her as the only Sister-in-Law."

Hope Williams was good, they might not see it, but this bystander had seen, Hope Williams had been impeccably good to this family, to his brother, to his parents, to his grandfather.

And regardless of anything else, Hope Williams was definitely more suitable to be his brother's wife than Joy Ward.

"Wyatt, you all are so blinded by that woman," Alitzel Williams was extremely agitated.

Chapter 27: Chapter 27 Joy Ward Can You Have Some Shame

Alitzel Williams glared at her son, each one failing to give her peace of mind.

Joy Ward lowered her head and sighed softly, her eyes flashing with deep sadness and helplessness, "Auntie, don't blame them, it's me who's not good enough."

While speaking, tears continued to spin in her eyes, her demeanor sad and distressed yet still speaking up for them, stirring pity in Alitzel's heart.

Such a good girl, and yet they don't appreciate her.

"Joy, don't be sad, you know Waylon is all about his work, he's just wooden. You're so great; give him some time, and he'll see your worth."

Joy Ward could only bite her lip and nod, her eyes filled with sadness.

After a moment of silence, seeing the awkward atmosphere, Alitzel tried to change the subject, "By the way, Joy, I must thank you. Thanks to you, the old man is much better now; it's all your merit, you are a great benefactor to our Lewis Family."

Joy's beautiful face slowly relaxed, her voice soft, "Auntie, you are too kind. Saving Grandpa Lewis was my duty, and I'm glad I could help."

"Good child," Alitzel admired Joy more and more, "Joy, please take good care of Grandpa Lewis."

"I will do my best to save Grandpa Lewis..."

Wyatt Lewis's chopsticks snapped onto the dining table.

Has nobody told her that her seriously gentle and weak facade makes her look very cheap when she seriously lies?

"Enough already."

With that, Wyatt Lewis abruptly stood up, his fists clenched, his face a mix of anger and disbelief.

Everyone looked at Wyatt, puzzled; he had been off-kilter all through dinner, his face cold as if he harbored significant complaints against someone.

Joy was startled by Wyatt's outburst, shrinking back, her expression one of shocked surprise as she faced Wyatt's cold, angry gaze.

Joy was taken aback, at a loss for words.

"People need a face, and trees need bark; those who shamelessly abandon their dignity truly are invincible."

Wyatt had never seen such a shameless woman, how could she comfortably accept praise that wasn't hers?

Frustrated, Wyatt kicked the chair away and stormed out.

Joy was completely baffled, watching Wyatt leave, her hands unconsciously tightening; she lowered her head, embodying pity, innocence, and grievance.

She bit her lip, her face pale, and suddenly tears started, "Did I... did I do something wrong?"

Alitzel was also confused; everyone today was acting so strangely, as if they had swallowed nuclear bombs.

She immediately went over to Joy, slightly embarrassed, "Uhh... don't mind them two, I'll talk to them later."

...

Hope Williams finished inserting the last needle for Grandpa Lewis, exhaling deeply, signaling the end of the two-hour treatment.

After removing the Silver Needle, Hope carefully covered Grandpa Lewis with a blanket and wrote down his prescription. She shouldn't stay long, intending to hand the prescription to Wyatt and had some words for him.

But upon opening the double doors of the room and scanning the empty corridor, Hope stepped back inside, calling Wyatt, but no one answered.

Hope lingered by the door, her phone in hand, exhaling anxiously before returning to Grandpa Lewis's bedside, placing the prescription in a conspicuous spot to avoid it being overlooked. After doing everything, she prepared to leave.

Wyatt had warned her that today, Alitzel and Christopher were home; to avoid detection, Hope was even more careful, her steps barely audible.

Hope gently pushed open the double doors and then carefully closed them behind her.

All was silent around her, unsettlingly so.

Just as she was about to leave, Hope suddenly felt something odd behind her.

She swallowed, and as she slowly turned her head, her gaze met with the man's.

"Ah."

Though she was prepared, the sudden appearance of the person still startled her.

Under the fluorescent light, the man's handsome features seemed even colder, his tall and robust presence imposing. And at that moment, his deep eyes were examining her, almost piercing her soul.

Hope tensed up, her head bowing as she touched her forehead, thinking why Waylon Lewis was also here, Wyatt hadn't mentioned this!

Caught red-handed, what to do?

"Who allowed you to come?"

Hope steadied herself, frowned slightly, really wanting to blame the unreliable Wyatt, but she held back, taking a deep breath, "I came on my own."

At that moment, Wyatt finally remembered Hope was still in Grandpa Lewis's room, treating him. He hurried over only to see his brother confronting Hope.

Oh my God!

It's screwed!

Wyatt rushed to intervene, "Bro, this..."

"Let go of me," Hope was dragged into the room by Waylon, "Hey, you..."

"No, not... hey, bro, calm down, I..."

Wyatt couldn't finish his sentence before he saw Hope being pulled into the room by Waylon.

He was about to follow when the door slammed shut in his face, leaving him shut out.

"..."

It was over, he really messed up this time.

Good luck, sister-in-law.

In the room, Hope found herself pinned against the wall by Waylon, his cold fingers on her chin, his dark eyes scrutinizing her, "You really walk right into the trap, don't you?"

Chapter 28: Chapter 28 Willow, I am Daddy

“Was it Wyatt Lewis who brought you in?”

Hope Williams bit down on her back teeth, her eyes distinctly unfriendly as if she were looking at an enemy. She tightly pursed her lips, said nothing, and had a defiant look that for some reason made Waylon Lewis chuckle.

“Speak, hm?”

Hope Williams, “Do as you will, whether to kill or to mutilate.”

Maintaining high concentration for a long time is an extremely exhausting affair, and right now, Hope Williams was so tired she had no energy left to engage in a battle of wits with him.

“Heh,” Waylon Lewis scoffed.

Just then, the sound of a ringing phone cut through the tense standoff between them.

Hope Williams’s heart skipped a beat—bad news, it was her cell phone. It must be Aria Richardson and the kids outside, getting worried because she hadn’t gone out for so long, so they called.

Hope Williams was about to take her phone out of her pocket to turn it off when the man beat her to it in almost the next second.

Hope Williams’s heartbeat missed a beat, “Waylon Lewis, give me my phone back.”

Waylon Lewis looked at the caller ID, his expression stern, his brows furrowing, and he murmured in his magnetic voice, “Dear baby?”

“Waylon Lewis!” Hope Williams gritted her teeth. He was tall and had long legs, a robust physique; there was a huge disparity in strength between men and women, so she was easily restrained by Waylon Lewis with just one hand.

Hope Williams was desperate, her face cold as she glared at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis remained unmoved, his dark eyes briefly swept over the struggling woman and he coldly answered the phone without showing any reaction.

A fierce desire to perish along with him surged in Hope Williams’s chest.

“Mommy~” the childish and tender voice of Willow came from the phone.

The air around them quieted in an instant.

“...” It was a girl.

The ice on Waylon Lewis's face gradually melted, and the corners of his mouth uncontrollably curved upwards—Hope Williams's daughter, his daughter.

Just as Hope Williams was about to speak, the man's arm wrapped around her neck, and his large hand covered her mouth, so that she could only make muffled protests.

"Mommy, are you listening?" Without hearing Hope Williams's response, Willow's voice seemed filled with doubt, growing weaker.

Hope Williams was shaking with anger. Suddenly, she jumped up in an attempt to grab the phone, but the man easily dodged with his tall figure and she missed her chance again.

"Mommy?"

"I'm your daddy," Waylon Lewis deliberately softened his voice, afraid of scaring the little girl.

...

Beep!

The call was ended.

Utterly ruthless!

"Daddy, what did Mommy say?" Luke saw Willow with her dazed little face and asked worriedly.

Willow blinked, looked at her brother, then back at her godmother in front.

"Baby, tell me quickly, your godmother is dying of anxiety."

"Mommy didn't say anything." Willow frowned, her little head drooping, "The person who answered said he was my daddy!"

Luke, "..."

Aria Richardson, "... All hell broke loose!!

"Waylon Lewis!"

Waylon Lewis, "That is my daughter!"

As Hope Williams struggled with her small hand to push Waylon Lewis away, who was still holding her restless hand, his voice became somewhat eager, "Stop it, answer me."

Hope Williams was panicking inside, coupled with the nightmare she had had the other night, a wave of fear spread through her entire body.

Every cell in her brain was telling her that now Waylon Lewis knew about Willow's existence, he would definitely take her children from her. He would take them away, and she would never see her Luke and Willow again. At that thought, Hope Williams felt like she was going crazy.

She was truly afraid.

"Waylon Lewis, do you have no heart at all, how can you still want more? Back then, it was you who didn't want them. My escape for five years was also because you drove me away. What right do you have now to take them away? You wish! You won't take my children away; I carried them for ten months before giving birth to them, they are more important than my own life, I will not let you catch them, just give up. Let me go, let me go!"

Hope Williams, who was usually indifferent and calm, was rarely as agitated and lost her composure as she was today.

Waylon Lewis's brows tensed as he watched the woman suddenly get angry and spout incomprehensible words, and his heart unexpectedly clenched.

An indescribable emotion spread through his chest.

What on earth was she talking about? When had he ever said he wanted to take the children away?

"Waylon Lewis, I'm begging you, please spare my children."

Waylon Lewis's eyes narrowed, his heart pierced harshly.

That woman, who always had an indifferent look in her eyes, hid an untouchable bottom line—her children.

Because five years ago, he had forced her to abort, and from then on, she became exceedingly wary of him. Whenever children were mentioned, she became extra sensitive. Update by n0vgo.co

Before the children were born, she feared he would force her to abort, so she escaped.

Now that the children were born, and he brought up the children again, she feared he would take them away, which caused her to be strained to the limit. At the mere mention of children, she became like a bomb without a fuse, ready to explode at the slightest touch.

She would protect her children at all costs.

The corners of Waylon Lewis's eyes tightened, but at the moment, he didn't know how to explain to her that he didn't want to take the children away. His villainous image seemed deeply rooted in her heart, and she wouldn't believe him even if he said so. In order to calm Hope Williams down, he had to let her go.

As the restraint was released, as if afraid the man would catch up with her again without the slightest hesitation, she turned and left.

Waylon Lewis watched the slender and resolute figure of the woman walking away, a trace of darkness flashing in his black eyes.

"Waylon, I've come to see Grandpa."

Joy Ward stood at the door, her voice gentle, looking at Waylon Lewis with a dark face, she bit her lower lip.

Waylon Lewis, "Hmm."

Joy Ward carefully observed Waylon Lewis's mood, not knowing what had just happened inside, but she saw Hope Williams leaving from here, and her heart panicked, afraid that her own secret would be discovered, and she hurried over to check.

Joy Ward approached the old man, pretending to give him a checkup, and then suddenly, she gasped.

Her gaze fell on the prescription, she clenched the prescription tightly in her hand, viciously crumpling it into a ball, and surreptitiously peeked at Waylon Lewis, swiftly stashing it into her pocket.

That bitch Hope Williams was indeed not simple, but fortunately, Joy Ward had been cautious and come over to check.

Waylon Lewis, "How's Grandpa doing?"

"Waylon, don't worry, Grandpa is recovering well. I'll write a prescription later, and as long as Grandpa takes it on time, he will gradually get better." Since Joy Ward had discovered Hope Williams's prescription, naturally, it now belonged to her.

Chapter 29: Chapter 29 Joy Ward is definitely a genius in the medical field

"Mm, hard work." Waylon Lewis responded indifferently, his expression cold.

“Waylon...” Seeing Waylon Lewis about to leave, Joy Ward desperately wanted to call him back.

Waylon Lewis stopped in his tracks and turned his head slightly, his voice cool and detached, “Is there something else?”

Joy Ward pursed her lips and hurriedly stepped forward, coming in front of Waylon Lewis, looking at him affectionately, “Waylon, about the matter your mother brought up at the dinner table today, I want to hear your thoughts. Waylon, I’ve been by your side for five years. Throughout these years, I’ve wholeheartedly treated Grandpa, carefully following you. Your parents and mine hope that we can settle our marriage soon. Waylon, let’s get engaged, shall we? You wouldn’t want to keep the elders worried over our affair, right?”

Joy Ward nervously observed Waylon Lewis’s expression and seeing his cold face furrowed with brows, she panicked and immediately said, “Waylon, I’m not pressuring you; I’m just anxious without a definite answer, Waylon...”

“Joy, I thought I made it clear to you five years ago that I already have responsibilities to fulfill, and I will not marry you.”

“What responsibilities?” Joy Ward looked at Waylon Lewis with a gaze full of urgency, unwilling to be rejected just like that. She had waited for him for so many years; she couldn’t possibly give up.

In her haste, Joy Ward grasped Waylon Lewis’s arm, “Waylon, are you using this as an excuse to put me off? You... you’ve already divorced Hope Williams...”

Joy Ward hesitated as a piercing cold gaze fell upon her, making her feel as if her throat had been clenched, and she dared not breathe out loud.

Waylon Lewis gave her a cold glance, said nothing, and walked away.

“Waylon, I won’t give up.” Joy Ward clenched her fists tight and watched the retreating figure of Waylon Lewis, her trembling voice shouting loudly.

She couldn’t believe that Waylon Lewis would be so heartless towards her.

He had previously said he would marry her, which meant he had feelings for her.

As for the responsibility he mentioned now, Joy Ward really couldn’t figure out what he was referring to.

What she needed to do now was to cure that old geezer so that the Lewis Family would be grateful to her, then both Mother Lewis and Father Lewis would be on her side. By the end, how could Waylon Lewis refuse her?

Thinking thus, Joy Ward took out the crumpled prescription from her pocket, looking disdainfully at the medicinal herbs listed, and snorted coldly, "I thought it was some remarkable prescription, but it's just this stuff. Hah, as if these herbs could save the old man's life. Laughable."

"Joy? Are you still worrying about Elder Lewis?" A robust voice sounded from behind her.

Startled, Joy Ward's body trembled, and she abruptly clenched the prescription in her hand. This action did not escape Elder Murphy's notice.

"Master, what brings you here?" Joy Ward immediately put on a relaxed demeanor.

"Forgot? Today was the day previously arranged with the Lewis Family for Elder Lewis's treatment."

Joy Ward eagerly assisted Elder Murphy to sit beside Old Master Lewis's bed, looked at Old Master Lewis, and said helplessly, "Grandpa Lewis's illness indeed needs more attention, but Grandpa Lewis is much better now."

Elder Murphy closed his eyes, placed his hand on Old Master Lewis's pulse, and began the pulse diagnosis.

After a while, Elder Murphy's eyes brightened, he sighed deeply, and a joyful yet curious smile appeared on his face, "Joy, may I observe your next treatment process?"

Joy Ward's face stiffened. Treatment process? She had no such process.

The one treating Old Master had always been Hope Williams with a few needles, and she had never even watched.

However, why would Elder Murphy say this? Could he have discovered something?

Joy Ward's heart tightened, and her hands clenched nervously at her sides, "Master, why do you ask? Is Grandpa Lewis's illness not..."

Elder Murphy turned around solemnly to look at Joy Ward, saw her nervous look, and smiled kindly, "Joy, don't be nervous. Elder Lewis is not in grave danger, quite the contrary, he has improved a lot, all thanks to you. I just thought, given that Elder Lewis was originally near the end of his life, he has significantly improved through your treatment and recovered at a pace far exceeding my expectations. I'd like to see your treatment process so I can learn as well."

Joy Ward's mouth twitched.

Great improvement?

How exactly did that wretched Hope Williams manage this?

At the moment, all Joy Ward could do was to force a stiff smile to hide her panic, “Master, your medical skills are exceptional; how dare I show off in front of you?”

“No, no, no, Joy, you are being too modest. Looking at it now, in terms of medical skills, I might even have to learn from you.”

Joy Ward’s heart skipped a beat.

What on earth was Elder Murphy talking about?

Although he was complimenting her, she knew very well that it was Hope Williams’ doing, and the person he was praising was also Hope Williams.

But how could Hope Williams’ medical skills be higher than Elder Murphy’s?

Joy Ward kept reassuring herself in her heart that it was impossible; it must have been some fluke that Hope Williams had managed to save Old Master Lewis, and there was no way her medical skills could surpass Elder Murphy’s.

How could she, a mere high school graduate, have medical skills that exceeded Elder Murphy’s?

Seeing Joy Ward’s panicky expression, Elder Murphy was a bit puzzled. “Joy, what’s wrong? Are you not happy?”

Happy?

How could she possibly be happy?

It was all that damned Hope Williams!

Joy managed to compose herself quickly, her face still smiling, and she quickly deflected, “Happy, of course I’m happy to receive Master’s praise, but Master, it’s a long story about the process, and I can’t explain it in just a few words. Can I show you my treatment plan some other time?”

Elder Murphy didn’t suspect Joy Ward’s words and naturally knew that the treatment process was too complex to be explained in just a few sentences, so he decided to wait and see her treatment plan.

“Joy, what were you just hiding there?”

Joy Ward gripped the prescription in her hand tighter, her expression slightly taken aback, but she quickly regained her composure. “No, nothing, just a prescription.”

“Oh? A prescription? Let me have a look.”

“It’s not much to look at, Master, I think this prescription isn’t perfect yet, it needs improvement.”

“No matter, if it’s not perfect yet, make it perfect. I’ll help you look and make adjustments.”

Joy Ward was in a bit of a panic, but since Elder Murphy had already said so, further refusal on her part would seem deliberate.

Joy handed over the prescription to Elder Murphy nervously and anxiously, comforting herself that he wouldn’t be able to tell anything odd about it.

At the same time, she still scorned Hope Williams’ prescription, doubting what good prescription she could possibly come up with.

“Joy!” Elder Murphy’s eyes were fixated on the prescription, scrutinizing it carefully, not wanting to miss a single word.

Joy Ward bit her lower lip, her fingers nervously intertwined as she watched his expressions.

Thinking to herself that this lousy prescription from that damned Hope Williams had better not get her scolded.

“Master, is there a problem?” Joy Ward tentatively asked.

A trace of shock flickered through Elder Murphy’s lifted eyes.

“Joy, this prescription is brilliant, truly brilliant. These herbs may seem unassuming, but together they have a miraculous effect on the treatment. I’ve studied cardiothoracic surgery for so many years, and this is the first time I’ve seen such an ingenious prescription. Joy, your talent for medicine is immeasurable.”

Joy Ward felt like her back teeth were going to shatter, but she still smiled modestly on the surface, “Master, you flatter me.”

Hope Williams!

Again, Hope Williams, was Elder Murphy sure he wasn’t mistaken about the prescription?

How could that be possible!

Chapter 30: Chapter 30 He's Forcing You to Divorce

Hope Williams's mind was weighed down with worries even after she got home.

She simply couldn't grasp Waylon Lewis's thoughts.

Five years ago, he had forced her to have an abortion; just a few days ago, he had chased her to the airport, demanding to know the whereabouts of the child and then detained her.

All these incidents accumulated in her mind, indicating to her that this man wanted to take her child away, filling her with an immense fear of him.

But today, after he received a call from Willow, hearing Willow's voice seemed to spark surprise and anticipation in his eyes.

Even the way he spoke, there was a tentativeness that one might associate with a man just beginning to experience fatherhood.

And he had actually allowed her to leave. If Waylon had chosen not to let her go today, she would have had no chance of escaping, and with Luke and Willow potentially leaving traces through that phone call, he would have been able to quickly locate them.

Yet, he had simply let her go without pursuing further. Hope was completely at a loss as to what he was planning now.

Hope massaged her forehead, feeling somewhat exhausted.

"Mommy, did I cause you trouble today by calling?" Willow asked, with her little mouth pursed remorsefully as she looked up at Hope.

Gently stroking Willow's hair and holding her close, Hope comforted her, "Not at all, Willow."

Hope then looked to Luke at her side and embraced him, whispering softly, "My little darlings, don't worry too much, okay? Mommy will take care of it, rest assured."

"Mommy, don't worry, my sister and I will never leave you. Nobody can take us away from you."

Hope's eyes involuntarily reddened as she pressed a deep kiss to each of their foreheads, "Mommy's good darlings."

The next day at the hospital.

Hope had managed to compose herself, but upon entering her office, she found herself face to face with the person she least wanted to see.

“Doctor Williams, have you had breakfast yet? Doctor Harrison brought us breakfast, and there’s extra. It’d be a waste to throw it away, you can have some if you’d like,” Joy Ward said with a soft, harmless smile.

“Joy, have you forgotten? Our esteemed Doctor Williams is quite proud; how could she deign to eat what we have?” Valentina River, nibbling on a dumpling and tilting her chin up, then softened her voice to sweetly thank the man beside her, “But, the breakfast Doctor Harrison bought is really good, thank you, Doctor Harrison.”

Doctor Harrison was Aurora Wood’s husband, Beau Harrison, who was sitting nearby, a pair of rimless glasses perched on his nose, giving him a scholarly, refined appearance, the very image of a genteel gentleman.

He was very good at socializing; it looked like he had bought breakfast for everyone in the office, even placing a portion on her desk.

Hope’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Buying breakfast for everyone was just a façade; it was clearly a show of devotion for Joy in front of everyone.

Suddenly ahead, there was a loud “bang” as Aurora’s expressionless face slammed a file harshly onto the desk.

“Aurora,” Beau moved forward, gently taking Aurora Wood’s hand, “Aurora, please don’t be upset, okay? I know I was wrong, I shouldn’t have talked back when you were scolding me.”

“What do you mean?” Aurora had the kind of temper that was quick to ignite. Hearing Beau twist the truth, her face instantly darkened.

Hope’s expression remained indifferent, seemingly detached, yet she observed every detail with keen eyes.

“Aurora, stop it. Say whatever you want about me at home, but don’t disturb others in the hospital.” Beau still maintained the facade of a man who could endure anything, appearing to be a gentle and considerate good guy.

His words skillfully cast Aurora as someone who was unreasonably causing a scene and being irrational.

As expected, the effect was that the other doctors in the office couldn’t help but feel indignant for Beau Harrison.

“Doctor Wood, don’t be angry, to have a husband as good as Doctor Harrison, we’re all envious of you.”

“Yeah, Doctor Wood, let’s just talk it out, there’s no need to be so aggressive.”

“Doctor Harrison is such a kind person, Doctor Wood, you should cherish him.”

“Just don’t be like a tigress all day long, Doctor Harrison is so good, you don’t know how blessed you are,” Valentina River added fuel to the fire with a sneer.

“Am I being aggressive?” Aurora Wood’s face turned purple with rage as she furiously swiped the breakfast Beau had offered her onto the floor, “Who’s pretending? Am I being aggressive? Am I the one throwing a tantrum? You’re the one forcing me for a divorce, aren’t you? The one who pointed at my nose and cursed at me, the one flirting with other women, what kind of trash bag are you to pretend to be a good man here?”

Aurora Wood’s straightforward nature meant she didn’t hold back when provoked, cursing openly without regard for the opinions of those around her.

Joy Ward and Valentina River leisurely enjoyed their breakfast, exchanging looks and sharing a smile clearly filled with a sense of triumph from a successful scheme.

Aurora Wood didn’t notice, but Hope Williams caught it.

“Aurora, I know you have a bad temper which I’ve always tolerated, but you can’t sling accusations like this,” Beau Harrison adjusted his glasses, looking at Aurora Wood anxiously, with an innocent expression on his face.

“That’s too much, Doctor Wood.”

“Exactly, Doctor Wood, Doctor Harrison is universally acknowledged in our hospital as a good-tempered, handsome man, what more could you possibly want?”

Hope Williams pursed her lips, where did this “green tea man” come from.

“Enough, what’s all this fuss? Doctor Wood this, Doctor Wood that, what’s with all the shouting and arguing every day? Are you all here to watch a drama? Is there no need for a meeting anymore?”

The director, passing by the door, admonished the crowd.

Facing everyone’s accusations, Aurora Wood stamped her feet in frustration, but she was left speechless.

How had she fallen for such a despicable man, “Isn’t it about the divorce...” Fine, let’s divorce then.

“Aurora,” Hope Williams stood up in time to stand by Aurora Wood’s side, her face placid, her tone neither warm nor fiery, “Let’s go to the meeting.”

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow slightly, patting Aurora Wood’s shoulder. Aurora Wood wasn’t foolish; she understood Hope’s intention. Although she was seething inside, she shut her mouth nonetheless.

Hope Williams always gave off a mysterious and indifferent vibe, which made Aurora Wood trust her unconsciously.

As Hope Williams and Aurora Wood passed by Beau Harrison, she didn’t miss the fleeting flash of thwarted anger in his eyes.

Hope Williams’ mouth curled up in a mocking smile, she paused, glancing sideways with a hint of sarcasm, and said lightly, “Doctor Harrison, pointing your finger at your own wife in front of everyone, you really are acknowledged by the whole hospital as a great... husband!”

She paused ever so lightly on the last few words, with palpable irony.

“You!” Beau Harrison could hear the mockery in Hope Williams’ tone.

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“Doctor Williams, why didn’t you let me finish just now?” Aurora Wood stamped her foot as she walked, both angry and fuming.

Hope Williams looked at her calmly and said indifferently, “He is trying to force you to bring up divorce.”

Beau Harrison knew Aurora Wood’s nature was explosive at the slightest provocation. He was banking on this, so every word he said was meant to infuriate her, whilst he could pretend to be the tolerant husband to an unreasonable wife.