

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 211 – 220

211 In the Blink of an Eye Eight Years - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 211 - 211 211 In the Blink of an Eye Eight Years

Chapter 211: Chapter 211: In the Blink of an Eye, Eight Years Passed Chapter 211: Chapter 211: In the Blink of an Eye, Eight Years Passed “People who don’t know any better might think they came here to get divorced.”

Hope Williams gazed into the distance, her thoughts fluttering.

At the moment she held the marriage certificate, an uncontrollable joy filled her heart, and she told herself that it didn’t matter that he didn’t love her now, she would make him fall in love with her. She whispered to him in her heart, “Waylon Lewis, we have all the time in the world!”

In the blink of an eye, eight years had passed. They had gotten divorced, had Luke and Willow, he fell in love with her, and they remarried.

Yes, he had fallen in love with her.

Just as the staff member had joked earlier, “You can tell, your husband really loves you. I wish you happiness.”

Hope Williams gripped the two marriage certificates a little tighter.

A mellow, pleasing voice came from above.

“What are you thinking about?”

Hope Williams gathered her thoughts and looked up, her beautiful starry eyes filled with a smile as she looked at him, “Waylon, we’re going to be very happy from now on, aren’t we?”

Waylon Lewis lifted his hand to embrace the little lady lost in her wild thoughts into his arms.

Hope Williams could not see Waylon’s emotions, but it seemed like something crossed his mind, his eyes flickered for a moment, yet he assured her firmly, “Yes, we will always be happy.”

He would handle everything that stood in their path.

She was his now.

They would be happy ever after.

He wouldn't allow anyone or anything to ruin it.

"I believe that too."

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams to lunch, then drove her back to the hospital and came early in the evening to pick her up personally, stirring envy among others.

"Next time, just drive a less eye-catching car, it's too conspicuous." Hope Williams felt like she had been looked at eight hundred times today, "Or I could drive my own car."

"...We'll pick out a more low-profile car later."

Waylon clearly did not like the latter suggestion.

Hope Williams chuckled; that man was indeed stubborn.

After dinner, Hope Williams took the two little ones upstairs to bathe.

Waylon Lewis sat in the living room, and Elder Lewis settled down on the sofa across from him.

Waylon's dark eyes twitched, and he straightened up to place the two marriage certificates in front of Elder Lewis.

Elder Lewis's eyes brightened, and he glanced at Waylon, then looked at the marriage certificates and asked very calmly, "Remarried?"

"Mhm." A single word, filled with joy.

Elder Lewis's gaze returned to the certificates, the joy barely concealed in his seemingly composed eyes.

Waylon suddenly grew more endearing to him.

"Finally did something right for once."

The first time Waylon did something right, he was "..."

Elder Lewis pulled out his reading glasses and put them on, clearly ready to examine the certificates thoroughly.

Waylon...

"My granddaughter-in-law is so beautiful, hahahahaha..." Elder Lewis held the two red booklets, emitting unstoppable laughter.

"I have a granddaughter-in-law now, hahahahaha..."

"Yes, beautiful, beautiful..."

Waylon...

It always seemed that he was happier about acquiring a daughter-in-law than Waylon himself.

All evening, Elder Lewis simply gazed at those two red certificates as if he could see flowers blooming on them.

His face glowed with happiness, his smile never fading.

"When will Little Hope's wedding be? You didn't have one when you got married; this time, it must be grand, I want the whole city to know that Cameron Lewis has regained a perfect granddaughter-in-law."

Elder Lewis was truly overjoyed.

"Yes, we will have it."

What other women had, his woman should not lack.

"But Hope said to consider the wedding after your surgery."

Although they had remarried, Elder Lewis still had surgery to undergo; the old man's operation came with pressure. She didn't have the heart for a wedding banquet, so they would wait until the surgery was successful, hoping for a joyful occasion for all.

Waylon always respected Hope's wishes, so he had no issue with it.

But Elder Lewis wasn't satisfied upon hearing this, as the wedding was what every girl looked forward to.

Hope was no exception; it was not to be delayed because of him.

"I know that girl is always worried about this old man's health, but I won't die so soon. You two shouldn't postpone the wedding because of me..."

“Grandfather.” Hope’s clear voice interrupted, her brows slightly furrowed, “Don’t say that; how can it be called delaying? A wedding can take place any time, but your surgery cannot be postponed.”

“Little Hope...”

“Grandfather, you don’t have to persuade me. Being with Waylon is the best thing for me; actually, the wedding isn’t that important.”

“That won’t do.” The old man wouldn’t relent at the idea of not having a wedding, “The wedding must be grand and done properly.”

He sighed, “Well... since you’ve decided to wait, then we shall wait.”

Hope bent her lips into a smile, “So, grandfather, let’s both work hard to get you well soon so that Waylon and I can have our wedding with hope.”

Elder Lewis knew that Hope said this to give him something to look forward to on purpose.

His grandson must have saved the world in a past life to have married such a wonderful wife.

If one day he were really to pass on, he’d have peace of mind.

He gently patted Hope’s hand, “Good.”

A tender warmth filled Hope’s eyes.

Chapter 212: Chapter 212 If You Let Me Go Chapter 212: Chapter 212 If You Let Me Go “Little Hope always knows what to do, Grandfather listens to you the most. He wouldn’t heed our advice,” Alitzel Williams approached with a smile.

Hope Williams smiled faintly, “Auntie...”

“What auntie?” Alitzel Williams frowned, “Haven’t you two remarried? Why are you still calling me auntie?”

Hope gently blinked her eyes and pursed her lips, her lovely and gentle voice softly calling out, “Mom!”

“Ah, that’s more like it. Calling me auntie after remarrying, I won’t accept that,” Alitzel Williams said as she took Hope’s hand, and Hope only felt a chill on her wrist. She looked down and saw a Jade Bracelet on her wrist.

The bracelet was a bright green, crystal clear, with excellent water content, and flawless. Just looking at its color, one could tell it was a top-quality piece, priceless.

“This is too valuable...”

Alitzel Williams pushed Hope’s hand back, “Keep it. This was given to me by your grandmother, and now it’s rightfully yours.”

The Jade Bracelet should have been given to Hope eight years ago.

Hope’s beautiful eyes shimmered, and she bit her lip. Hearing Alitzel say this, she understood the bracelet’s significance and did not refuse again.

“There were some things I did in the past that were indeed inappropriate. Do not hold it against me. I hope you and Waylon will get along well in the future,” Alitzel Williams said earnestly, patting Hope’s hand.

Hope looked up at Waylon Lewis. Waylon said nothing, his deep eyes watching the scene, a warm smile in his gaze.

Hope curved her lips into a warm smile and tightened her grip on Alitzel’s hand, her clear and gentle eyes expressing gratitude, “Thank you, Mom. We will.”

Alitzel Williams nodded in satisfaction.

She always had prejudices against Hope, so no matter how well Hope did, she couldn’t see it.

But now, she felt Hope was very pleasing to the eye, and she thought Hope and Waylon looked like a perfect match together.

...

That evening, Waylon Lewis had a transnational meeting. Hope planned to take a bath first and then spend time with the two little ones.

Dressed in a light-colored nightgown, Hope stepped out of the bathroom and noticed two small bumps under the covers on the bed, with little figures wriggling around inside.

The room was quiet, and Hope could hear Luke and Willow’s soft whispering.

A smile flickered in Hope’s eyes. She shook her head, feeling helpless about what to do with the two little ones.

As she approached the bed, she said, “Ah, it’s so boring being alone. I wonder if there are any little treasures who could keep me company.”

“We can!”

The covers suddenly flipped open, and two adorable little figures sprang out.

Dressed in bunny pajamas, Little Hope joyfully leaped into Hope’s arms. Hope chuckled as she tickled Willow, “Caught two little treasures. What are my babies doing here?”

“Of course, we’re here to sleep with Mommy. Can we?”

“Of course, you can.” It’s just that someone’s going to blow a fuse.

As expected, Waylon Lewis finished his meeting, wanting to spend time with his wife, but upon looking down, he saw the two little figures on the bed and furrowed his brow.

“You two go back to your room.”

“No, we won’t leave. Mommy, save us.”

Feeling the chill coming from beside her, Hope gave a helpless smile, “Waylon Lewis...”

“No.”

“No, no, we want to sleep with Mommy,” Luke clamored, and Willow followed suit, clawing at the bed.

The two little ones looked at Hope with such pitiful eyes that she couldn’t bear to refuse them, “They’ll sleep here with their mom, sleep here... Don’t mind him.”

“Blah blah blah!” Luke stuck his tongue out at the stern-faced Waylon Lewis.

It was as if they were saying, with Mommy’s approval, what could you do to us?

“Alright, Waylon Lewis, if they want to sleep here, let them sleep here.”

Waylon Lewis was silent.

Hope tugged at Waylon’s hand and looked up tenderly, planting a kiss on his resolute jaw, “Be nice. They’re not making any more trouble for me, let it be.”

A flash of light sparked in Waylon’s eyes as he looked down, attempting to kiss her deeply, but Hope stopped him with a raised hand.

“Hold on.”

Waylon Lewis frowned slightly, glanced at the two little figures on the bed, and eventually compromised.

After Waylon had finished his bath and came out, Hope and the two little ones were already asleep. Waylon kissed Hope's forehead, and since Luke and Willow had taken up spaces on either side of her, he reluctantly slept next to Luke.

With Luke lying in the middle, Waylon couldn't hold Hope even if he wanted to. He gritted his teeth in frustration, pulled up the covers, and tucked them in securely.

In the middle of the night, because Waylon was warm, Luke kept burrowing into his side.

Waylon disdainfully put Luke's foot, which was resting on his stomach, back down, only to have a hand immediately flung up, landing squarely on his face.

"Shhh!"

Waylon took a deep breath, clenched his teeth, held his breath, and put the hand back in place.

This kid was really something.

Not only could he not hold his wife because of sleeping here, but the kid's sleeping posture was terrible. If he let them sleep here again tomorrow, he wouldn't bear the Lewis name.

The next morning, Hope and the two little ones went downstairs for breakfast, full of energy, but they didn't see Waylon.

Hope looked around the living room and asked the servant, "Has Waylon Lewis gone to work?"

"The young master should not have gone to work yet. I haven't seen him come down this morning."

Hope took a few sips of porridge, frowned slightly, and stood up thoughtfully, taking a bowl of porridge and heading toward the upstairs study.

When she pushed the door open, Waylon Lewis was sitting in the executive chair, legs elegantly crossed, with a pile of reviewed documents beside him.

Waylon Lewis did not look up, thinking it was a servant coming in to clean, and paused for a couple of seconds before lifting his head sharply.

Meeting Hope's gaze, Waylon Lewis subtly collected the darkness in his eyes, put down the documents, and looked up at the woman approaching him.

"Why didn't you sleep in a bit longer?"

Hope gave Waylon a few looks, her gaze falling on the pile of documents he had reviewed, "What time did you get up?"

"Five o'clock."

Hope pursed her lips, placed the porridge on the table, and seeing the dark circles under Waylon's eyes, asked with concern, "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Waylon raised his hand, and Hope naturally placed hers in his palm.

Chapter 213: Chapter 213 I Will Not Give Up the Position of Chief Surgeon Chapter 213: Chapter 213 I Will Not Give Up the Position of Chief Surgeon Waylon Lewis raised his hand, and Hope Williams naturally placed her hand into his palm.

He pulled, and Hope Williams fell into the man's embrace, sitting on his lap, enveloped by his familiar scent.

"Uh," Waylon Lewis responded with a deep, husky voice, "too noisy because of the son."

Hope Williams raised her hand and rubbed Waylon Lewis's temple, "Luke is actually very quiet when he sleeps, how is he noisy?"

"The sleeping posture is bad," Waylon Lewis thought of last night's punch and his face darkened a degree.

Seeing Waylon's dark face, Hope Williams chuckled, "Is that the frustration from your son?"

"You're laughing now, but tonight they both must go back to their own room to sleep."

Hope Williams tapped Waylon Lewis's forehead, "Alright, I get it."

Luke and Willow had been used to sleeping independently since they were young, but lately, they had been clinging to her due to her being too busy to spend much time with them.

"You haven't had breakfast yet, have some porridge."

Hope Williams brought the porridge to Waylon Lewis, "I don't really drink porridge..." but he reached out to take it, then said, "But since my wife told me to, I will."

Hope Williams laughed, "Even in drinking porridge, you jest. By the way, today I'm planning to admit Grandpa to the hospital earlier. The hospital's equipment is more

comprehensive, and I will observe Grandpa there for a while. I'll try to schedule the surgery as early as possible."

"You're the doctor, so it's your call."

"You're going to work today, right? My mom and I can take Grandpa to the hospital. If you're busy, you can come over later." Hope Williams could imagine how busy Waylon Lewis was just by looking at the stacks of documents on the table.

Waylon Lewis nodded, "Yeah, I'm a bit tied up, and there's a meeting later on that I can't miss. I'll leave Grandpa in your hands."

"Don't worry, I can handle it myself."

Waylon Lewis lowered his head and kissed Hope Williams's brows and eyes, and she cooperatively closed her eyes.

"I know my wife is the best."

Hope Williams smiled lightly, stood up from Waylon Lewis's lap, "I need to go now; there's still a lot to prepare. Remember to finish your porridge."

"Okay."

Hope Williams was highly competent, arranging everything neatly and properly. As the old master was admitted into the VIP ward, Hope Williams was recording his heart rate on the monitor.

"Grandpa, you're in good condition right now. I'll arrange the surgery as soon as possible..."

"Grandpa Lewis." A familiar voice came from the doorway, and Hope Williams's face immediately turned cold as Ellie Field approached with a smile on her face.

"Aunt Williams, you brought Grandpa Lewis to the hospital without telling me." Ellie Field rambled on, then turned her head to seemingly just notice Hope Williams, "Oh, Doctor Williams, you're here too."

Hope Williams's gaze was cold, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm Grandpa Lewis's chief surgeon, of course, I need to come and check on his condition. Doctor Williams, do you have a problem with that?"

"Since when did I ask for you to be the chief surgeon? Little Hope will operate on me," Grandpa Lewis said coldly, displeased as he looked at Ellie Field.

He disliked the girl from the moment he first saw her, with all her scheming written on her face.

Ellie Field looked somewhat troubled as she turned to Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel Williams pondered and finally said with gravity, "Dad, I know you trust Little Hope, and I do too, believe in her abilities, but regardless of anything else, I feel that having Chief Surgeon Cynthia would be more appropriate than Little Hope." Alitzel Williams emphasized meaningfully.

She did not like Cynthia's character, but she could not deny her abilities.

From any aspect, the chief surgeon had to be Cynthia.

Alitzel Williams then went to Hope Williams and took her hand, "Little Hope, I know you're worried about Grandpa, and since you are worried, you should consider what's best for him."

Hope Williams was indeed capable, having saved Grandpa from the brink of death, which was proof enough.

But however capable she was, she couldn't surpass the renowned Chief Surgeon Cynthia.

Ellie Field raised her chin with a smug look at Hope Williams.

Miss Williams tugged at her lip slightly, "I understand what you're saying."

Alitzel Williams smiled brightly, "As long as you can see reason, I'll leave Grandpa Lewis's surgery to Cynthia..."

"I won't give up the chief surgeon's position for Grandpa's surgery."

Alitzel Williams was taken aback, her brows quickly knitting in displeasure as she reacted to Hope Williams's resolute tone, "Why is this child so stubborn..."

"There's no need to say more. I must be the one to perform Grandpa's surgery."

Hope Williams was well aware of Ellie Field's capabilities; leaving the surgery in her hands would mean a sure path to failure.

She would not allow such a thing to happen.

Therefore, she would not yield on this matter one bit.

Clearly, Grandpa Lewis was also on Hope Williams's side, leaving Alitzel Williams in a state of frustrated helplessness.

It was Vivia Fuller who had somehow heard the news of Grandpa Lewis's hospitalization and came with a large bouquet of flowers.

"Grandpa Lewis... Aunt, Miss Williams, and Doctor Cynthia, you're all here. I wasn't sure which flowers you like, Grandpa Lewis, so I just picked some. I hope you like them."

Grandpa Lewis nodded distantly as a courtesy, "Thank you."

"Doctor Cynthia, how are you feeling, Grandpa Lewis? Is the surgery date set?" Vivia Fuller looked to Ellie Field with concern.

Ellie Field stepped forward to answer, "The surgery date hasn't been set yet, but I'm already preparing the surgical plan. We will be able to operate on Grandpa Lewis soon, it's just that..."

Vivia Fuller listened to Ellie Field's suddenly complicated tone and asked with concern, "Did you encounter a problem?"

"It's nothing major, just that Doctor Williams insists she has to perform this surgery on Grandpa Lewis, so the chief surgeon has not been decided yet."

As she spoke, Ellie Field deliberately put on a complicated, worried expression.

Hope Williams's expression was very cold, and it was nauseating to look at.

Upon hearing this, Vivia Fuller immediately turned to Hope Williams, "Miss Williams, I know you've always been very concerned about Grandpa Lewis's condition. Since you're concerned about him, you should let Doctor Cynthia be the chief surgeon. You know Doctor Cynthia is a top-tier cardiologist, and with her as the chief surgeon, the success rate would be much higher, right?"

Miss Williams, you wouldn't fail to understand this, would you?" Vivia Fuller heaved a sigh, "Of course, I know Miss Williams is also a very impressive doctor, but compared to Doctor Cynthia..." Vivia Fuller trailed off hesitantly, "Miss Williams, you should stop being stubborn."

Hope Williams looked up and glanced at Vivia Fuller, who was posturing as the good person.

"Miss Fuller, I believe this is a matter for the Lewis family, which I'm afraid has nothing to do with you?"

A matter for the Lewis family?

Vivia Fuller paused sharply—what did this despicable person mean by that? How shameless could she be? She hadn't even entered the Lewis family yet and was already starting to call herself one of them. Truly shameless.

“Also, Mom, no matter what you say, the position of chief surgeon will ultimately be mine. Please believe me, if I say I can do it, I definitely can,” Hope Williams stated with a tone that brooked no argument.

Alitzel Williams opened her mouth but found herself at a loss for words, the inherent commanding presence Hope Williams emitted made her subconsciously want to believe her.

Vivia Fuller's face stiffened terribly.

What did that wretch just call Alitzel Williams?

Mom!

And the key point was that Alitzel Williams had not protested, indicating she accepted Hope Williams's term for her.

Oh my God!

Vivia Fuller's heart lurched fiercely—the only possibility was that Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis had already remarried.

Otherwise, Alitzel Williams would not accept such a term of address from Hope Williams.

This thought startled Vivia Fuller, making her retreat a step backward and accidentally bump into the edge of a table. The pain brought her back to her senses.

She clenched the hem of her clothes tightly, a surge of boundless resentment and anger welling up.

This woman had remarried Waylon Lewis so quickly; her own chances were now even slimmer. Disgusting.

Chapter 214: Chapter 214: Who is the real Cynthia? Chapter 214: Chapter 214: Who is the real Cynthia? This woman actually remarried Waylon Lewis so quickly, which made her chances even slimmer, damn it.

In that case, she couldn't allow this bitch to triumph.

“Miss Williams, you are literally gambling with Grandpa Lewis’s life. We know you’re capable, but dare you say your skills surpass those of Doctor Cynthia?” Vivia Fuller challenged, “If your abilities aren’t better than Doctor Cynthia’s, please don’t persist stubbornly. Everything is for the good of Grandpa Lewis, please don’t only think of your own interests.”

Hope Williams’s eyes flashed coldly, “Speak plainly, why beat around the bush and hold back to put on a show for whom?”

Vivia Fuller almost ground her teeth to dust, “If I haven’t misunderstood, Miss Williams is competing for the head of department position, right? With the competition at its most critical moment, you need a major surgery to boost your own momentum, so you’re insistent on carrying out this operation— isn’t that correct?”

Hope Williams replied with cool, deep eyes, “Miss Fuller has quite the eloquence, pinning the hat of selfishness on me in just a few words.”

“I didn’t say that, I’m simply stating the facts.” Vivia Fuller stood her ground, the pressure unyielding. Returning to the country, she’d been thwarted by this bitch at every turn, she was truly going to explode with rage.

“While I’m aware of Doctor Williams’s interest in the position of head of department, I won’t compete with you. If you want that position, it’s yours, but I really should be the lead surgeon for this operation,” Ellie Field spoke up with a face full of sadness.

“There’s no need to fight; the position of head of department was hers from the beginning,” a grave and steady voice came from the doorway.

Director Woods walked in with several vice-directors, first respectfully greeting Elder Lewis, then turned to look at Vivia Fuller.

“It seems Miss Fuller is mistaken. The position of head of department was always Doctor Williams’s. Due to certain reasons, she voluntarily proposed a vote for competition.

Doctor Williams’s strength and techniques over the past few months have been witnessed by all of us. I trust she has the capability to handle this surgery well.”

It was evident that Director Woods’s stance was firmly in support of Hope Williams.

Vivia Fuller narrowed her eyes, even Director Woods came forward to speak for this bitch.

Where did this bitch get her influence?

Mia Fuller looked towards Ellie Field, wasn't she the renowned Cynthia? Why did Director Woods choose to believe in Hope Williams over her?

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth; she simply couldn't believe that Hope Williams could be better than Cynthia, who ranked first on the medical world leaderboard.

She raised her chin and said, "Director Woods, I personally do not agree with you. Miss Williams might be excellent in your hospital, but there are others better out there, and nobody here can compare with the world's number one, Cynthia. I'm sure you're aware of this."

"If Miss Fuller wishes to say so, I can only say that true ability will come to light," said Director Woods.

Vivia Fuller raised her eyebrows, "What do you mean?"

"Regarding Elder Lewis's surgical condition, both doctors will submit a detailed paper on their respective critical illness discussions and a surgical plan—postoperative treatment and rehabilitation included. The surgical plan itself reveals the basic competence of a doctor. Within three days, whoever has the better plan will be the lead surgeon."

Director Woods glanced at Hope Williams. She smiled in response with clear, bright eyes and nodded.

"What about Doctor Cynthia?" Director Woods asked with a cold gaze towards Ellie Field who stood nearby.

"I..." Ellie Field hesitated briefly, biting down hard on her teeth. Hope Williams's paper and surgical plan had already reached flawless perfection four years ago, earning even her master's repeated praise and admission of inferiority.

How could she ever outperform Hope?

If she agreed, wouldn't she just be shooting herself in the foot?

Damn it.

Ellie Field, with her head down, considered all the consequences but still lacked the courage to accept the challenge.

Hope Williams lightly tugged the corner of her mouth, "What's the matter? Is Doctor Cynthia unwilling or afraid?"

Ellie Field continued to bite down hard on her teeth.

Vivia Fuller glared, not being a fool; she saw through Cynthia's nervous demeanor at a glance.

What was going on? Logically, a doctor of her standing should not be flustered facing an obscure doctor like Hope Williams.

What exactly was Cynthia up to?

Focusing her thoughts, Vivia Fuller walked a few steps towards Ellie Field, "Doctor Cynthia, I believe you certainly won't have a problem."

"What, no problem? There is a big problem! Does this woman have a screw loose or what? What does it have to do with her? Why does she need to come out and say anything? She's such a busybody, causing herself to be unable to step down gracefully now."

"Since that's the case, let's settle on this," Director Woods said, leaving no room for Ellie Field to refuse, finalizing the matter with his words.

Ellie Field's heart skipped a beat, the panic in her eyes difficult to conceal.

"Good, I'm also very much looking forward to Dr. Cynthia's masterpiece," Hope Williams said with a slight smile.

Ellie Field clenched her fists and forced out an ugly smile, rigid and strained.

Vivia Fuller grew even more suspicious. She smiled faintly and respectfully said to Old Master Lewis, "Grandpa Lewis, please rest well, I won't disturb you further."

Vivia took a few steps towards the door, then stopped, turned back, and looked at Ellie Field, "Dr. Cynthia, I need to talk to you, can you step out for a moment?"

Ellie Field twitched the corners of her mouth and followed Vivia Fuller out with large, forceful strides as if she wanted to smash the floor beneath her feet.

"What do you want?" Ellie Field snapped with a bad tone.

Vivia Fuller gave her a glare and appraised Ellie from top to bottom; this woman didn't at all seem like someone capable.

Rough around the edges, simple-minded, physically adept but cerebrally lacking.

Vivia narrowed her eyes slightly, "Are you really Cynthia?"

Ellie Field's eyes widened in shock, her gaze darting around evasively, "Of course, I am. Why are you asking this?"

“What are you nervous about?”

Ellie Field’s body trembled, “I’m not nervous at all. What nonsense are you spouting?”

Vivia stared at Ellie Field’s expression, her own suspicions growing stronger.

“Alright, then let me ask you why Director Woods is so indifferent to you as ‘Cynthia’? If you are really Cynthia, why did Director Woods prefer to believe Hope Williams rather than you just now? And another thing, why didn’t you dare to accept the challenge earlier? Even if I don’t pay close attention to the medical field, I’ve heard of Cynthia’s capabilities. A mere thesis, a surgical plan, should be a piece of cake for Cynthia.

Why could Hope Williams accept the challenge without any pressure, but you couldn’t?” Vivia grabbed Ellie Field’s wrist and shouted, “Speak!”

“Let go of me, you crazy bitch!” Ellie Field struggled to shake off Vivia’s grip, but she was no match for Vivia.

Ellie’s increasingly frantic demeanor had already told Vivia the answer.

“You’re not Cynthia at all!”

“You!”

“Who exactly is the real Cynthia?” Vivia furrowed her brows, feeling an intense sense of crisis at the realization that the woman was not Cynthia.

“I am Cynthia...”

Ellie Field was still stubbornly denying the truth.

“Slap.” Vivia slapped Ellie Field across the face and grabbed her by the collar, “You slut, you dared to deceive me back then, and now you dare lie to me?”

If she had known she wasn’t Cynthia, she would never have recommended her to Old Master Lewis. If this incompetent nobody were to be discovered, Vivia would be implicated as well. She felt like she was going to be killed by this idiot’s stupidity.

“Ah... let go of me!”

“Shut up, you whore,” Vivia covered Ellie Field’s mouth and dragged her to a secluded area.

“What are you going to do?” Ellie Field struggled and called for help, turning her head, but when she saw no one around, she looked at Vivia in terror.

"Tell me who the real Cynthia is!" Vivian stared at Ellie Field fiercely.

"I, I don't know..."

Vivian grabbed Ellie Field's chin, "You don't know? Ellie Field, who are you trying to fool? Speak!"

Chapter 215: Chapter 215: It is Hope Williams, Hope Williams is Cynthia Chapter 215: Chapter 215: It is Hope Williams, Hope Williams is Cynthia Vivian Fuller grabbed Ellie Field's chin, "You don't know? Ellie Field, are you trying to deceive a ghost? Speak!"

"I..."

"I advise you to think carefully before you speak. I am the eldest daughter of the Fuller Family. I have a thousand ways to make you disappear from this world. If you don't tell the truth, I can't be certain..."

"I'll speak, I'll speak... I..."

Ellie Field clenched her teeth tightly and stopped again...

"Speak!" Vivian Fuller roared, completely losing her patience.

"It's Hope Williams! It's Hope Williams! Hope Williams is Cynthia..."

Vivian Fuller was completely stunned in place, staring at Ellie Field with eyes wide in disbelief, "You're lying to me!"

How could that bitch, Hope Williams, possibly be Cynthia?

She must be tricking her.

She didn't believe it.

Hope Williams couldn't possibly be Cynthia!

"Really, I'm not lying to you," Ellie Field cried out in fear, "She and I were trained by the same master; she is my senior sister. I envied her renowned reputation. I envied that the identity of Cynthia was respected by everyone, so I took advantage of her absence from the country and used her identity.

I swear I was just trying to satisfy my vanity at the time.

But after I used her identity, everyone was catering to me, flattering me, begging me, desperately bidding up for a surgery I conducted. That's when I no longer wanted to return the identity to her.

I really didn't mean to deceive you, you found this out on your own. You can't blame me."

Ellie Field kept explaining. Since she had assumed the identity of Cynthia, encountering various powerful families had shown her how terrifying these people's influence could be; a mere flick of their finger could crush her.

She was afraid, afraid that Vivia Fuller would not let her go.

She was also afraid that Vivia Fuller would reveal this matter.

She had told too many lies already.

She didn't want to be exposed; she wanted to completely monopolize the identity of Cynthia.

"Please, Miss Fuller, please forgive me. I really know I was wrong. Please don't expose me, please..."

Moreover, using Hope Williams's identity, she had swindled so much money. If discovered, she could very well end up in prison!

No, she didn't want to go to jail; she still wanted to marry that celestial deity-like man and live a superior life.

Vivia Fuller did not absorb any of her subsequent words; she felt terrible all over. Hope Williams was Cynthia; these words kept haunting her mind.

She felt she was going insane.

Hope Williams was actually Cynthia.

Cynthia!

It was Hope Williams!

Vivia Fuller clenched her eyes shut forcefully. What should she do next? She had just been vigorously supporting this bitch. If the Lewis family, including Waylon Lewis, knew she brought a fraud to treat Old Master Lewis, they would never spare her.

Waylon Lewis's thunderous rage was something she could not withstand, nor could the Fuller Family.

What should she do?

In her anger, Vivia Fuller turned back and slapped Ellie Field again.

"It's all your fault, bitch."

Ellie Field's face swelled from the slap but she dared not resist, "I... I really know I was wrong, Miss Fuller, please don't expose me... I will definitely repay you, I will work for you as a gesture of my gratitude." Ellie Field knelt on the ground, crying and pleading.

Vivia Fuller paced back and forth on the spot, clenching her teeth harshly.

An arrow shot cannot be reclaimed.

She was already pushed to the edge, retreating meant death.

Vivia Fuller took a deep breath and asked, "You! How confident are you in this surgery?"

"I... actually, no doctor can guarantee that a surgery will definitely be successful," Ellie Field weakly spoke.

Vivia Fuller, gasping with rage, "I'm just asking if you can do it?"

"I can." It was just one surgery; she had studied for so long, how could she not perform it? She still believed in her own skills.

Vivia Fuller squatted down and grabbed Ellie Field by the collar, "I'm telling you, this surgery must be secured and successful for me, or else keep my identity safe."

Ellie Field's eyes brightened, "Does this mean you won't expose me?"

Expose her, and then die alongside her?

There was only one path in front of Vivia Fuller, with no room for retreat.

"Competing with Hope Williams, how confident are you in securing the surgery?" Vivia Fuller suppressed the anger in her heart and asked.

Ellie Field shifted her eyes, stuttering, "Probably, probably... not confident."

Vivia Fuller...

This waste, no wonder she was afraid to speak just now.

Vivia Fuller was truly about to explode with anger.

“You must secure it; I don’t care how you do it, even if it means copying or stealing, you’re very good at stealing, aren’t you? Find a way to steal from Hope Williams, you must steal her portion for me, do you hear me?”

Ellie Field stiffened for two seconds, then looking at Vivia Fuller’s ferocious expressions nodded repeatedly, “Understood, understood.”

Vivia Fuller released Ellie Field and turned away, “Call me if there’s any problem.”

With that, Vivia Fuller left coldly.

She took several deep breaths to suppress her emotions, and just as she turned, she encountered Hope Williams heading back to the office.

Vivia Fuller looked at Hope Williams and suddenly froze, a name floated in her mind—Cynthia!

She couldn’t believe that Hope Williams was the Cynthia doctor everyone was looking for.

If Ellie Field hadn’t revealed everything, she wouldn’t have believed it was true.

Seeing Vivia Fuller blocking her way and staring at her, Hope Williams’s expression turned cold.

“Good dogs don’t block the way, Miss Fuller. I’m very busy. Please move, thank you,” Hope Williams said coldly.

Vivia Fuller snapped back to reality, shook herself, and retorted, “Who are you calling a dog?”

“Whoever responds is who I’m talking about.”

“You!” Vivia Fuller’s face turned as black as ink, “Fine! Hope Williams, keep being arrogant. I’ll see how long you can keep it up.”

“Just watch, Miss Fuller. By the way, send my regards to Second Miss Walker; is she doing well?”

Mia Fuller, confined to her room by Old Master Fuller since she returned, had been smashing things all morning.

Because of the Knox Family incident, she had also been severely reprimanded.

It’s all this bitch’s fault.

“Thanks to Miss Williams, Mia is not doing well.”

“That’s good, her troubles make me happy,” Hope Williams smiled.

Chapter 216: Chapter 216 It’s Not Nice to Wear a Wedding Dress with a Big Belly
Chapter 216: Chapter 216 It’s Not Nice to Wear a Wedding Dress with a Big Belly Vivia Fuller...

“Little Hope.” Alitzel Williams approached following the voice and saw that Vivia Fuller was also there. Her eyes dimmed slightly, “Vivia is here too.”

“Mother.” Vivia Fuller immediately switched to a smiling facade.

Alitzel Williams nodded slightly to show politeness, “Vivia, why do you look unwell? What were you just talking about?”

Vivia Fuller opened her mouth, her tone relaxing slightly, “It’s nothing, just clarifying some misunderstandings with Miss Williams.”

“Misunderstandings?”

Alitzel Williams looked back and forth between the calm-faced Hope Williams and the stiff-faced Vivia Fuller.

“Yes, Mia is young and doesn’t understand the world. A few days ago, at the Knox family’s banquet, when she saw Mr. Knox chatting happily with Miss Williams, she misunderstood their relationship. Because of this matter, Mr. Knox even canceled his engagement with Mia, and she has already been punished. Now, her father is keeping her confined at home.

So, I would like to ask Miss Williams to forgive Mia. After all, she didn’t do it on purpose.”

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows.

The implication of her words was that Mia Fuller had found out that she might have something going on with Alexander Knox, leading to a misunderstanding of their relationship, which caused Alexander Knox to cancel his engagement with Mia Fuller.

As for whether this was a real misunderstanding or a false one, she left that for Alitzel Williams to deduce.

She just wanted Alitzel Williams to misunderstand something, didn’t she?

It had to be acknowledged that Vivia Fuller was indeed quite clever. With her pearly teeth and ruby lips, her ability to twist the truth was certainly not average. Her statements were tightly linked, as if fearing that a word spoken too lightly wouldn't kill her.

Alitzel Williams's brows slightly furrowed, and her gaze shifted to Hope Williams. After pondering for a few seconds, she asked, "Little Hope, do you have a good relationship with Mr. Knox?"

"I know him."

"You know him? Then why would Mia Fuller misunderstand the two of you?"

Hope Williams was about to speak when Vivia Fuller suddenly raised her voice and preempted her, "Mother, it's probably because of an incident that happened a while ago. I heard that Miss Williams and Mr. Knox went out to eat alone. Mia saw them at the time, so she must have misunderstood."

Eating alone?

Indeed, it was such a misleading choice of words.

A wave of concern surged between Alitzel Williams's brows. Hope Williams was really too beautiful, a great temptation for men.

Not seeking out men herself didn't mean that men wouldn't seek her out!

Seeing Alitzel Williams's displeased expression, clearly taking her words to heart, Vivia Fuller showed a triumphant smile.

Even if she couldn't kill Hope Williams, this little wench now, she certainly couldn't let her live comfortably.

So what if she remarried Waylon Lewis? If they had a poor relationship with the mother-in-law, their marriage would collapse just the same.

"Is that true, Little Hope?" Alitzel Williams's expression deepened.

Dining with Alexander Knox was something she couldn't deny, "Yes, but..."

"Enough!" Alitzel Williams raised her hand to interrupt Hope Williams, "Don't explain, I don't want to hear it."

Hearing Alitzel Williams's tone, Mia Fuller couldn't be too happy.

It seemed that she really had misunderstood.

“Vivia, thank you for telling me.” Alitzel Williams turned back and smiled at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller curled her lips, “You’re welcome, Mother.” She just wanted her to leave the Lewis family as soon as possible.

Vivia Fuller glanced at Hope Williams, her eyes filled with smug satisfaction.

“Little Hope, you and Waylon must get married as soon as possible – not just get married, but have a big wedding.”

Vivia Fuller and Hope Williams were both stunned.

Especially Vivia Fuller, the expression on her face froze awkwardly, looking particularly unattractive.

Alitzel Williams took Hope Williams’s hand and said, “We must let every man in the city know that you’re the daughter-in-law of the Lewis family, Waylon’s wife. I want to see who would dare to covet you.”

Alitzel Williams held Hope Williams’ hand and said to Vivia Fuller, “Thank you, Vivia. Had you not mentioned it, I wouldn’t have thought of that.”

Vivia Fuller’s lips involuntarily twitched twice, and no matter what, she couldn’t squeeze out a smile on her stiff face.

“Vivia, you should head back as well, Little Hope and I are leaving first.” As Alitzel Williams left while holding Hope Williams’ hand, she continued, “Little Hope, let’s go look at wedding dresses later tonight, we need to get it done sooner rather than later.”

Hope Williams smiled with her eyes downcast, “What’s this about?”

After they had walked a distance, Alitzel Williams hummed in contemplation, “I’ve lived for such a long time; do you think I can’t see through these women’s little schemes? She’s just trying to sow discord between us, but she’s really underestimating me. Do I look like someone without a brain? Playing little tricks in front of me, she’s still too green.

Besides, if you were really that kind of flighty woman, you would have been with another man during the years away from Waylon, and he would have no chance.”

Was she really so silly to listen to such divisive words?

A beautiful curve formed on the corner of Hope Williams’ mouth, and her clear, distinct eyes softened, “Thank you, Mom.”

She was indeed standing up for her against Vivia Fuller, showing her support. One could imagine how awful Vivia Fuller's expression must be.

"Thank what? Since you are going to be my daughter-in-law, of course I have to protect you." Alitzel Williams said with a face full of maternal protection, "But do you really plan to wait until the old man's surgery and recovery to marry Waylon?"

"Yes, Grandpa is important."

"You really... what girl doesn't look forward to her wedding? If we wait for the old man to recover, your wedding might be delayed again and again. You'll have to wait a while."

"It's okay, whether it's done sooner or later doesn't really make a difference to me."

"That's not it, mainly I'm still a bit worried." Alitzel Williams pondered.

Hope Williams looked curiously at Alitzel Williams, "About what?"

"It'll be almost half a year from the old man's surgery till his recovery, right? What if you're pregnant by then, and it affects how the wedding dress fits?" Alitzel Williams asked earnestly, "This is something you have to consider carefully."

Hope Williams' face turned red.

"Maybe you should remind Waylon to be a little more careful, a girl only gets one chance to wear a wedding dress, it has to be..."

"Cough cough... Mom, this... this..." Hope Williams awkwardly interrupted Alitzel Williams.

"Oh, don't be shy, I'm serious..."

Hope Williams bit her lip, looking for an excuse to change the subject, "Mom, I understand what you're saying. Since nobody is with Grandpa, you should go back first. I still have some things to do here and will go there once I'm finished."

Upon hearing this from Hope Williams, Alitzel Williams did remember her own urgent matters; before leaving, she specifically reminded Hope, with the old man being hospitalized, relatives visiting was inevitable, and she should also call Waylon Lewis to come over.

As the eldest grandson, it would be improper for him not to be there while the old man was hospitalized.

Rushing off, Alitzel Williams reminded Hope Williams a couple more times before leaving.

Back in the office, Hope Williams sat in front of her computer, the surgery plan for the old man she had figured out long ago.

As for the paper Director Woods had mentioned, Hope Williams crossed her arms and leaned back in her chair to think for a while. Then, with a spark in her eyes, her fingers began to dance on the keyboard, and a long discourse quickly unfolded.

After some time, Hope Williams' phone rang.

She got up and saw the caller ID, her eyes softening.

Gently sliding her finger, the exceptionally handsome face of Waylon Lewis appeared on her phone screen.

"Are you busy?"

"I am a bit," Hope Williams smiled and nodded, "I've taken care of all the arrangements for Grandpa's admittance, so you don't have to worry."

"You always handle things in a way that gives people peace of mind."

"Have you had lunch?"

"Not yet, I just finished up."

Hope Williams pouted, "I know you're busy, but you still need to eat."

Waylon Lewis smiled, the corners of his lips lifting, "I'll listen to you."

Chapter 217: Chapter 217: Intrigue and Struggle within the Family Chapter 217:
Chapter 217: Intrigue and Struggle within the Family Waylon Lewis hooked his lips into a smile, "I'll listen to you."

"Then, are you going to come over after you're finished?"

Waylon Lewis picked up a cup of water and took a sip, "Do you miss me?"

"Don't joke around, I'm talking serious business here. Grandpa is in the hospital, and it wouldn't look good if you didn't show up."

This was a matter of politeness. The Lewis Family was large, with numerous uncles, aunts, and others who would surely come upon hearing the news of the old man's hospitalization. Alitzel Williams had specifically mentioned that as the eldest grandson who was always absent, Waylon Lewis's absence might cause gossip.

The Lewis family business was extensive and seemingly calm, but underneath, countless schemes and power struggles were hidden. Countless eyes were watching Waylon Lewis, eager for him to slip up so they could put him on trial, to drag him from the CEO position. Hope Williams understood all this.

Waylon Lewis glanced at his watch for a moment when his secretary knocked and entered, "Boss, President Kim has been waiting for quite some time."

Waylon Lewis slightly raised his eyebrows.

Hope Williams let out a gentle sigh, "You should get back to your work first."

"I'll come over," came the mellow voice as the man rose from his executive chair, picked up his cellphone, draped his suit over his arm, and strode out.

The voice of Thomas Hughes attempting to retain him still echoed from behind, "Boss, President Kim flew back from abroad especially to sign this contract, he only has these two hours of time, and we have been discussing this partnership for a long time, if..."

Waylon Lewis had already entered the elevator, his gaze turned ice-cold, and Thomas Hughes immediately fell silent.

Hope Williams pursed her lips slightly. Knowing Thomas Hughes's level of anxiety, one could imagine how important the contract was. Now with Waylon Lewis leaving people hanging, the project might be blown.

Seeing Hope Williams slightly furrowing her brow and a subtle darkness swirling in her black pupils, her tone softened even more to reassure, "Don't worry, I will come over shortly, wait for me."

Hope Williams softly hummed in affirmation, "Then I'll hang up first."

"Mhm," Waylon Lewis nodded.

...

After Hope Williams finished her business, she returned to the old man's hospital room and, as expected, found it bustling with activity.

All the aunts and nieces had arrived and brought along a brood of younger family members to express their excessive concern in front of the old man, though it was unknown how much of that concern was genuine.

Alitzel Williams, standing at a back position, had an unpleasant look on her face.

Hope Williams pushed the door open, and Alitzel Williams noticed her first, pulled her outside.

“What’s wrong, Mom?”

“Look at that crowd inside, acting so concerned for Grandpa. If anything, they’re just hoping Grandpa dies quickly so they can get a share of the inheritance during these turbulent times. Christopher is abroad, Wyatt Lewis that damned kid is god knows where, and Waylon hasn’t arrived yet. They are all gabbing and speaking poorly of him in front of Grandpa. If Waylon arrives, they will all shrink back like dogs and not dare to let out a peep.

Right, is Waylon coming over?”

“He’s on his way.”

“Good, let’s see what they dare to say when my son arrives,” Alitzel Williams glanced back into the ward, clearly infuriated, “The one closest to Grandpa in there, ah right, that one who’s acting the most concerned, his name is Isaiah Lewis, your great-uncle...”

Alitzel Williams proceeded to describe their “ugly” faces to Hope Williams so that she could recognize them.

“Got it?” Encouraging Hope Williams as they re-entered, “As Waylon’s wife, go in there, say hello; we should at least keep up appearances. Grandpa is old and still hopes for a harmonious family.”

Alitzel Williams continued, “If they say something unpleasant, I’m by your side, there’s no need for you to be nervous. If you don’t like what you hear, just ignore it. If you can’t come up with a reply, you needn’t bother—I’ll do it for you.”

Alitzel Williams repeatedly entrusted Hope Williams with these instructions.

Hope Williams nodded lightly, “Yes, don’t worry, I remember.”

Alitzel Williams and Hope Williams entered one after the other, and the next second a sharp voice asked, “Oh? Sister-in-law, who have you brought with you?”

Alitzel Williams took Hope Williams’s hand and introduced her to everyone, “This is Hope Williams, Waylon’s wife. Hope, say hello.”

Hope Williams’s indifferent gaze turned toward the source of the sharp voice. It was a woman dressed exquisitely, with a mole at the corner of her mouth that made Hope recognize her instantly—she was the great-aunt.

Hope Williams politely greeted them in turn, feeling someone’s stare fixed on her.

She had felt this gaze as soon as she entered the room. Hope Williams lifted her eyes and furrowed her brows slightly as she looked to the side.

She saw a man sitting on a couch, fingers on his chin, his eyes intently fixed on her, filled with scrutiny.

The impolite scrutiny made Hope Williams uncomfortable. Alitzel Williams subtly stepped forward, perfectly shielding Hope from the unwelcome gaze.

After a moment of thought, Hope recalled a name from Alitzel Williams's recent introduction: Xavier Lewis, great-uncle's youngest son, known for his lechery.

That look from earlier just made Hope feel more disgusted.

"Waylon's wife? Sister-in-law, aren't you deceiving us? Since when did Waylon get married, and how come we didn't know about it? Could it be that because neither Waylon nor Wyatt showed up, you just found some random woman and claimed she's Waylon's wife to represent him?"

Your family really is amusing. Grandpa gave almost everything of the company to your Waylon, and now that Grandpa is sick and hospitalized, Waylon is nowhere to be found.

Dad, look at our Isaiah, knowing that you were hospitalized, he was so anxious that he skipped lunch and hurried over to see you."

Great-Aunt Amelia Bailey said sarcastically, stepping on Waylon while boasting about her own son.

Alitzel Williams suppressed the anger in her heart. This entire family was crafty, always voicing their discontent about the company being handed to Waylon.

Hah, it's their own fault their sons are useless. If their sons were capable leaders, she'd be happy to let Waylon hand over the seat.

Sadly, not one of their sons was of any use, and together they didn't even compare to one of her son's fingers. What's there to be sour about?

"Great-Aunt, you're right. Waylon shouldn't have been late," Hope Williams replied coldly.

"Hope Williams!" Alitzel Williams sternly called her name, questioning whether she knew what she was saying.

Hope Williams gave Alitzel Williams a reassuring glance, calmly saying, "But it is because Waylon is managing the entire company that he isn't idle like my cousin here, idling away his time, so it's inevitable for him to be a bit late, isn't it?"

However, Grandpa, Waylon already called early this morning to send his regards, and he just finished work and is on his way now."

"This is the Lewis family. What right does an outsider like you have to speak?" Amelia Bailey asked in a shrill voice.

"Little Hope is my granddaughter-in-law. How is she an outsider?" The old man asked unpleasantly.

"Dad, what are you talking about? Is this woman really Waylon's wife?"

Chapter 218: Chapter 218: Hope Williams's Super Strong Combat Ability Chapter 218: Chapter 218: Hope Williams's Super Strong Combat Ability "Dad, what are you saying? Is this woman really Waylon's wife?"

"Sister-in-law, would I lie to you?" Alitzel's face was cold as she pressed her voice to ask.

Amelia Bailey exchanged a glance with her husband, Isaiah Lewis, who signaled her with his eyes, and she seemed to regain her confidence to continue.

"I really didn't know when Waylon got married, but sister-in-law, you should be more cautious in judging people. Which family's precious daughter is she from? How come I've never heard of her?"

Amelia Bailey asked Hope Williams disdainfully, her chin tilted up.

"I'm not a precious daughter from any influential family," Hope Williams responded calmly.

"Heh," Kaeli Bailey scoffed coldly. "So she comes from a humble background? Sister-in-law, what were you thinking allowing Waylon to marry such an unworthy wife? Aren't you afraid of becoming a laughingstock?"

Sister-in-law, I suggest you talk to Waylon and get rid of her quickly, to avoid embarrassment later."

"Whether I will be laughed at is my business," Hope Williams retorted, her expression still calm, treating Amelia Bailey's sarcasm as a joke and laughing it off.

"Aunt, you should be concerned about yourself."

"Concerned about what for myself?"

"When you constantly speak with hidden mockery and spiteful remarks, with rudeness in both words and actions, it really doesn't befit the demeanor of a lady of your status. You should consider if this will tarnish Uncle's reputation," Hope Williams said lightly.

“You! How dare you judge me?” Amelia Bailey was furious, raising her hand and pointing at Hope Williams as she charged forward.

Hope Williams smiled slightly, “So, Aunt, how exactly am I your concern?”

Her tone was as cool and elegant as ever.

Though it lacked any hostility, the light and dismissive way she spoke was enough to infuriate anyone.

Hope Williams paused, then added, “But Aunt, it’s really strange. You don’t like others talking about you, yet you enjoy talking about others so much?”

“I am your elder; aren’t I allowed to speak?” Amelia Bailey, not used to being challenged like this, retorted, furious beyond measure.

“Being an elder is true, but Aunt, if we are talking about my elders, my mother-in-law takes precedence over you. She hasn’t criticized me at all, so why do you keep making such insinuations?”

“It’s precisely because your sister-in-law is too easy-going and never disciplines you, allowing you to be unruly, that I have to teach you a lesson!”

“Ah. Aunt, you are right,” Hope Williams nodded. “My mother-in-law indeed isn’t as brash and rude as you.

Unruly, you say? That’s also true, as it proves that my husband dotes on me. Otherwise, how could I dare to be so brazen? It seems that being unruly is also my asset.”

“You...,” Amelia Bailey stomped her foot, furious. “This woman is absolutely insufferable, truly a woman from a modest background with no manners at all.”

“Aunt criticizes me constantly, yet both my mother-in-law and husband approve of me. Are you questioning their judgment?” Hope Williams intensified her tone.

She knew exactly what Amelia Bailey was thinking; as Waylon Lewis’s wife, to mistreat her was to slap Waylon Lewis in the face.

How could Hope Williams let herself be bullied?

She stood quietly, while Amelia Bailey, now overcome with anger, covered her chest with one hand, tears streaming down her face as she pointed at Hope Williams, “Dad, did you see that? This woman is outrageous; today she dares to talk back to me, tomorrow she will disrespect you too.

Dad, please stand up for me.”

Isaiah Lewis came forward to support his wife, his gaze fixed on Hope Williams, full of anger and amazement.

This was clearly someone unwilling to ever be at a disadvantage, who not only defended herself with each sentence but also protected Alitzel and Waylon.

And she did it all without showing any emotion, lightly infuriating Amelia Bailey.

Amelia Bailey, known for her overbearing nature, could even intimidate women of her age.

Yet this woman managed to gain the upper hand from her very first sentence.

Isaiah Lewis narrowed his eyes, stating sternly, “Sister-in-law, you really should discipline your daughter-in-law properly.”

At that moment, Alitzel was feeling a surge of emotions. She knew Hope Williams was a person who retaliated in kind, but she never expected her to be so formidable to make Amelia Bailey cry.

Alitzel couldn’t help but regard Hope Williams more highly; as the eldest in their family, she had been suppressed by this woman for many years. Today, Hope Williams had truly avenged her.

Hearing Isaiah say this, Alitzel replied without mincing words, “Brother, I don’t see anything wrong with what my daughter-in-law said. What do you want me to discipline?”

Isaiah Lewis’s cheeks puffed up with frustration, and he turned to look at the usually silent Old Master Lewis, “Dad...”

“You two get out of here,” Old Master Lewis commanded sharply.

Isaiah Lewis...

Amelia Bailey was never one to let herself be slighted. Currently boiling with rage and embarrassed by a junior, she couldn’t contain herself.

“Let go of me, I’m going to smash this disrespectful bitch.”

She shook off Isaiah Lewis’s hand and charged forward, Lewis’s hand slipped, and he couldn’t hold her back.

Raising her hand, she slapped Hope Williams’s face.

Hope Williams's eyes chilled and, just as she was about to dodge, she stopped herself, and almost instantly, a crisp "smack" sounded.

The slap landed solidly on Hope Williams's face, causing her to stagger backward sharply and crash into the wall behind her, pain creasing her brow.

"Little Hope!"

Alitzel and Old Master Lewis both felt a tightness in their chests.

Almost the moment Alitzel moved to help Hope Williams, there was a loud "bang!"

Something large flew out abruptly, scattering glasses and cups from the table, crashing to the ground with loud bangs.

Alitzel froze for a moment, staring blankly at Amelia Bailey, who lay moaning beside the coffee table, mouth agape in delayed reaction before turning her head toward the man filled with murderous intent.

Chapter 219: Chapter 219 If She Can't Live, Let Her Die Chapter 219: Chapter 219 If She Can't Live, Let Her Die "Ah! Help! Someone's been murdered!"

Amelia Bailey sprawled out on the ground, clutching her chest and wailing in pain.

Only then did others react, their faces filled with disbelief.

Waylon Lewis, paying no heed to the rest, stepped forward, bent down, and picked up Hope Williams. His incomparably handsome face was full of stern chilliness. His eyebrows instantly knitted as he saw Hope's slapped red cheek, and the coldness emanating from him intensified a thousandfold.

"Waylon..." Even Alitzel Williams, who stood nearby, felt a subconscious jolt in her heart. It was the first time she had sensed such bone-chilling coldness from Waylon Lewis.

Everyone present gave a slight shiver.

"Waylon Lewis!" Isaiah Lewis's face darkened with anger. "Have you gone mad? She is your great-aunt!"

Waylon Lewis glanced at Isaiah, forcing him to take a step back with the sheer intensity of the look. The overwhelming chilliness emanating from him was suffocating.

“Dad, Waylon is absolutely unreasonable!” Isaiah turned to Old Master Lewis with a grieved face. “You can’t condone this behavior. Amelia is an elder, how could he... This is practically murderous.”

“Shut your mouth,” barked Old Master Lewis, who had also been startled by Waylon’s earlier display. But upon further thought, he deemed they truly had it coming. “If you had disciplined her properly, she wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

“But no matter what, Amelia is an elder. Waylon shouldn’t strike her, no matter the circumstances.”

“An elder?” The man holding the woman in his arms let out a voice as cold as ice.

“Am I wrong? Waylon Lewis, you...” Isaiah gritted his teeth. “I am your great-uncle, she’s your great-aunt. Are we not your elders? By striking her, aren’t you striking me in the face?”

“Then let it be struck.”

Isaiah narrowed his eyes. “What do you mean?”

Waylon Lewis gave him a cold, sweeping look.

“From now on, this familial hierarchy means nothing to me, Waylon Lewis.”

Isaiah was taken aback. “You...you intend to sever our family ties over this woman...I am your blood uncle, your father’s own brother. You can’t just sever blood ties because you say so, Waylon Lewis, you...”

“Then perhaps I’ll just drain the blood from your bodies.”

Suddenly.

Everyone’s faces froze solid, with something stuck in their throats, blocking every word.

The room was filled with a domineering presence, causing hearts to race in fright.

They feared any second, Waylon Lewis would turn the room into a bloody scene.

Amelia Bailey suddenly rose and flung herself at Old Master Lewis’s bedside. “Dad, did you hear that? Not only did Waylon hit me, his great-aunt, because of this woman, but he also wants to sever ties with us. Dad, please stand up for your daughter-in-law. This is outrageous.”

Amelia Bailey threw a tantrum, crying hysterically. “It was obviously this bitch who talked back to me first. I’m an elder. Can’t I discipline her?”

“Someone judge this for me. Is there no justice left in this world?”

Waylon Lewis’s brow throbbed violently.

His clenched fist cracked.

If you can’t live on, then go die.

Waylon Lewis stepped forward, but the next moment his arm tightened; he turned, and Hope Williams looked at him with slightly reddened eyes, lightly shaking her head.

Seizing the moment, Old Master Lewis bellowed, “You three, get out! I never want to see you again in the Lewis Family.”

Isaiah’s heart went cold as he looked at Old Master Lewis in shock, but the old man’s face showed no mercy.

“Get out,” Old Master Lewis ordered again when he saw the three of them standing still, his voice harsh.

Amelia Bailey jumped, shaking as she looked at Isaiah Lewis.

Isaiah gritted his teeth hard, as waves of cold hostility swept over them. Waylon Lewis’s emotions had reached a boiling point.

If they stayed any longer, he didn’t dare imagine what might happen. Isaiah grabbed the woman on the ground and walked out with a dark face.

As he brushed past Waylon Lewis, he couldn’t help but shiver.

The next moment, Isaiah’s pupils suddenly dilated as a murderous punch whizzed past his ear.

“Waylon Lewis!”

“Ah...” Amelia Bailey screamed.

With a loud “thud,” the woman in front of them rolled her eyes back and collapsed to the ground.

The floor where she lay became wet, and a foul smell spread.

Amelia Bailey had wet herself...

But Waylon Lewis’s punch had only hit the wall.

Isaiah and his son stiffened on the spot, regarding Waylon Lewis as if he was a devil incarnate.

Hope Williams, unable to help it, felt tears welling up in her eyes and rushed into Waylon's embrace.

"Waylon Lewis, please don't be angry anymore, okay?" Hope's voice was unusually timid.

Waylon held her tightly in his arms with gentleness, one hand caressing her back, the other tenderly stroking her soft hair. "Alright, I won't get angry. Don't cry."

Hope Williams nodded her head with effort.

Yet, tears kept on wandering aimlessly around her eyes.

Alone, she had to protect others, clad in armor bristling with thorns to confront those who wished to harm her.

But once the person who protected her appeared, cradling her tenderly in his arms, refusing to let her suffer any harm, inexplicable tears would surge forth.

She wished to show her vulnerability only to him.

With him by her side, she could hide in his embrace and reveal her feminine side.

Old Master Lewis's brows furrowed slightly as he spoke in a deep voice, "Waylon..."

Waylon Lewis raised his eyes to give Old Master Lewis a cold glance, took Hope Williams by the hand without a word, and strode out.

...

Old Master Lewis drew a slight breath, truly seeing such an indifferent look from Waylon Lewis for the first time.

Alitzel Williams sighed softly, walked silently to Old Master Lewis's side, and sat down, "Dad, don't take it to heart, Waylon he..."

"He resents me!" Old Master Lewis shook his head, "In my current state, I dare not die..."

"Dad." Alitzel Williams quickly interrupted Old Master Lewis.

Old Master Lewis raised his hand, "Let me finish. I'm aware of all the scheming that goes on behind my back in this family, and I know all too well how Big Boss's family resents the arrangements I've made."

Old Master Lewis slightly raised his head and sighed deeply, "If I were to go now, it wouldn't just be Big Boss's family, but others would not stay in line, either. Little Hope is smart; she solves problems for Waylon and has made decisions for me that I've been unable to make."

"Are you saying?"

Alitzel Williams's heart tightened. She had also noticed that Hope Williams could have dodged that slap just now, but she didn't. Why?

"Big Boss's family has certainly learned a lesson this time from encountering Hope Williams. They're used to being arrogant and disrespectful because they are the eldest, and someone needed to set them straight. Waylon is angry with me for still showing them favor just now.

But flesh is flesh, be it the palm or the back of the hand," Old Master Lewis said, shaking his head helplessly.

At his age, he wished for nothing more than harmony among his descendants.

But clearly, born into a family like theirs, there could be no real harmony.

Hope Williams had seen through this and decided it was better to make a clean break if unity was impossible.

Alitzel Williams's eyes shifted, and suddenly she understood something.

Hope Williams had taken that slap on purpose!

It was because of what she had just said to her outside!

Isaiah Lewis's family, considering themselves the eldest and looking down on everyone, didn't even regard them.

Due to being close kin and elder siblings, their relationship had made them repeatedly tolerate Isaiah Lewis's family, enduring annoyance without breaking ties.

This had only emboldened their family to become more and more arrogant, taking their forbearance for granted.

Like just now, with Amelia Bailey daring to curse at Hope Williams in front of the Elder Lewis, Isaiah Lewis, blind to it, not only failing to intervene but encouraging it, and even their lecherous son brazenly eyeing Waylon Lewis's woman.

But what was most terrifying was...

Hope Williams!

My God.

Alitzel Williams had never imagined a single woman could be so strategic.

She glanced fearfully in the direction they had left.

She had only spoken to her briefly.

And yet she had such profound thoughts; how incredibly smart she must be.

Hope Williams had used that slap to completely fall out with Isaiah Lewis's family.

The thin veil between their family and Big Boss's family had been utterly torn; in the future, they wouldn't need to hold back because of that relationship.

And with Elder Lewis having spoken, their family was forbidden from entering the Lewis home again.

She was clearing troubles for Waylon Lewis.

And she had pushed Old Master Lewis to make a decision he had long been unable to make!

Alitzel Williams's thoughts delved deep.

...

In Hope Williams's office, Waylon Lewis had Thomas Hughes buy cooked eggs and was gently rubbing them on Hope Williams's face.

"Does it still hurt?" Waylon's voice was very deep, and the atmosphere so oppressive that Thomas Hughes, after setting down the eggs, scurried out as if fleeing for his life.

Hope Williams honestly nodded, "A little bit still, but it'll be fine in a while. Can you stop frowning now, please?"

Waylon Lewis tugged his lips slightly, but his expression did not improve, "Why didn't you dodge?"

Hope Williams was momentarily stunned, her eyes flickered away, and she pursed her lips, "I couldn't."

"I saw it."

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes gazed at her, inevitably filled with anger.

He had just reached the doorway the second before the slap fell; he hated that he was too late to stop it, but he saw that Hope Williams could have dodged.

He was furious that she could avoid it but didn't.

Chapter 220: Chapter 220 You Are the Most Capable Chapter 220: Chapter 220 You Are the Most Capable "Why?" A coldness flickered through Waylon Lewis's eyes.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, aware that Waylon was angry. With outsiders present just a moment ago, he had finished reprimanding them, and now it was her turn.

Given Waylon's way of thinking, since he had seen it, he surely had thought it through. Asking her was just his way of wanting her to admit her mistake.

Waylon's gaze fixed on her, and seeing her like this, his heart felt both pained and angry.

"Waylon, can you not be angry, please?" Hope's voice was soft.

Waylon didn't speak, and his hands didn't stop moving.

Hope blinked, "Because mom said their family has been too arrogant, riding on the coattails of their 'Big Boss,' and even mom has had to suffer a lot of grievances.

Waylon, do you know? Mom said she would protect me today, so naturally, I must protect her too. Dad isn't by her side. It's not easy for mom alone, but I still have you.

You saw me being bullied, and you avenged me right away, didn't you?

Oh, come on, can't you stop being mad, please?"

Hope nestled into Waylon's chest, leaning against his torso and looking up at him with a soft, pleasing smile, the picture of sweetness.

Waylon's expression didn't soften, "You're very clever, aren't you? Should I praise you for your self-sacrificing spirit?"

“...Go ahead and praise. I’m listening.”

Hope’s petite face was grinning, but her eyes were still red, with a palm print lingering on her face. It looked truly pitiful.

A hint of helplessness flitted through Waylon’s eyes.

“Hope, I’m really speaking to you seriously about an issue.”

Hope nodded eagerly like a diligent student, “Mmm, I’m listening very seriously.”

“Are you aware that I can’t bear to see you slighted, even in the slightest?”

Hope felt warmth in her heart. Of course, she knew.

“But you did fight back for me, didn’t you? You saw everything. In the end, the aunt was scared to pee herself.”

Waylon...

“Besides, they started talking about me first. I greeted her nicely, and she just started attacking me for no reason. She called me low-class, uneducated, and not fit for public appearance. She said I would embarrass you, that I’ve embarrassed you before when we went out, have I?”

“...No.”

“See? So I was very angry. What right does she have to say those things about me? Then I talked back. That’s not wrong, is it?”

“Not wrong.”

“Right, right. When I talked back, she still disagreed, pointing and cursing at me, even insulting mom. It was unbearable. I tried reasoning with her, but when she couldn’t win the argument, she tried to hit me. Given that, I decided to turn her tactics against her.

Mom said that grandpa wants harmony among the siblings in the Lewis Family, but obviously, our repeated concessions only make them more arrogant. You know I’m not one to let myself be bullied. I married you; I’m part of the Lewis Family too. So shouldn’t I make those who act overbearing in the Lewis Family leave? Wouldn’t that make our lives more peaceful in the future?”

Waylon...

She did have quite the argument there.

That small mouth of hers, babbling non-stop, no one could win an argument against her.

But...

"Is this what we're discussing now?"

"Yes, yes it is."

Waylon...

He was utterly at a loss with this woman.

"Hope, you can punish them, but you must not let yourself get hurt, do you understand?"

"I admit this method was a bit of fighting fire with fire, but it worked, didn't it? They can't blame me. If they don't provoke me, I definitely wouldn't deliberately provoke them."

Hope was like this; as long as others didn't disturb her, all was well.

But if they did, she definitely wasn't one to take it lying down.

Waylon frowned slightly, "Okay, I know you're capable. You're the most capable. I can't play against you, nor outtalk you."

Waylon reached out to pry off Hope's hands, but she held him even tighter.

"Let me go."

"No, can you not be angry, please?" Hope held on tight to Waylon.

After pushing back several times, Waylon couldn't free himself from Hope, nor was he willing to use force on her.

Finally, with great resignation, Waylon sighed, "Do you realize what you did wrong?"

Hope nodded earnestly, "I do, I do. If they try to hit me next time, I'll dodge."

Waylon...

It seemed like she really understood.

Yet it also seemed like she didn't.

Waylon lifted his hand and rubbed his throbbing brow, "Who else would dare to hit you? I'd have them carried out. You're not allowed to let yourself suffer the slightest grievance. Tell me about any problems, and I'll handle them for you, got it?"

Hope appeared exceptionally obedient, “Hmm... not really. This time was an accident. Other things I can handle myself. You’re so busy with work, how can I bother you with these trivial issues?”

Waylon, “Hope, I’m your husband. Your concerns are the most important to me. However busy, I can handle them.”

Hope stubbornly shook her head, “No, you don’t know how much strife there is between women. Just today I’ve encountered a bunch. I want to handle it myself.”

Waylon clenched his teeth, “Alright, you’re the most capable. I can’t handle you.”