

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 271: 300

Chapter 271: Don't You Want Me Anymore? Chapter 271: Chapter 271: Don't You Want Me Anymore? Vivia Fuller nodded reluctantly, a smile hidden in her heart.

Alitzel Williams shot Vivia a disdainful look. How shameless, she thought, her son is already married, and she is still clinging to him.

"Auntie..."

Alitzel Williams turned her head and walked away.

Being treated coldly by Alitzel Williams, Vivia looked at Christopher Lewis with teary eyes.

Christopher gritted his teeth and sighed, "Don't mind her, she's always like this."

Vivia pursed her lips, "Miss Williams has said some baseless things to Auntie, and it's understandable that she has misunderstood me."

Christopher raised his eyebrows.

Waylon Lewis woke up the next day. When he opened his eyes, he murmured, "Hope Williams."

Seeing this, Vivia Fuller approached with a look of surprise on her face. "Brother Waylon, you're awake?"

Waylon's deep gaze swept the hospital room, but he didn't see the figure he wanted to see, and a strong sense of disappointment appeared in his eyes.

Seeing Waylon searching for Hope, Vivia immediately felt irritated.

She was right in front of him, yet he couldn't see any good in her. His heart and eyes were full of Hope.

What was so good about Hope, that she was the first person he thought of when he opened his eyes?

Vivia's eyes started to turn red with anger.

Seeing Waylon trying to get up, she suppressed her emotions and quickly went over to stop him, "Brother Waylon, you still have injuries, don't move, just stay in bed."

“Where is Hope Williams?” Waylon asked in a husky, deep voice, ignoring Vivia’s efforts to stop him.

Vivia’s eyes shifted quickly, and she immediately responded, “I don’t know. I haven’t seen Miss Williams since your car accident, maybe she is busy with something important.”

“Has she not visited?”

Waylon frowned tightly and gave Vivia a cold glance as he pulled his arm back from her grip.

Vivia’s forehead creased slightly, and she shook her head, “I didn’t see her coming.”

A wave of disappointment crossed Waylon’s dark eyes.

She must still be mad at him.

That’s why she didn’t want to see him.

Watching Waylon’s disappointed face, Vivia seized the moment to continue probing, “Brother Waylon, did you and Miss Williams have a fight? The situation was very critical the day you had the accident. Your parents wanted Miss Williams to perform the surgery, but she refused.”

Waylon looked down.

She refused to perform surgery on him.

Was she going to leave again? Did she not want him anymore?

He must have hurt her badly; she must be so disappointed in him.

Seeing no reaction from Waylon, Vivia felt uneasy inside.

She wondered if he believed her.

Waylon, struggling, got up, pulled out the needles from his hand, and winced at the pain from the wound on his chest but still forced himself out of bed.

“Brother Waylon, what are you doing? You still have injuries, you shouldn’t get out of bed.”

Waylon held his chest and merely glanced at her sideways, his gaze moving directly to the door. His lips were tightly pressed, and his expression was cold.

Vivia's outstretched hand suddenly froze mid-air.

The thought of him going to look for Hope Williams made her both angry and scared.

Waylon moved to open the door, and Vivia gritted her teeth and stepped forward to block his way, "Brother Waylon, are you going to look for Hope Williams? Wake up, she doesn't love you. At the brink of death, she refused to perform surgery on you. While you were unconscious, she never came to visit you. She doesn't care about you.

Can't you see me? We grew up together; you know my feelings for you. Just look at me, please look at me?"

Vivia Fuller gazed at Waylon Lewis with deep affection.

It was clear how wonderful she was, yet why could he never see that when she was in front of him?

Waylon Lewis's expression suddenly turned cold, his dark pupils flickering with endless chill.

"Get lost."

Vivia's body trembled slightly, she forcibly tugged at the corners of her mouth, looking at Waylon, on the verge of crying from anger.

"What is so good about that woman, Hope Williams? Do you love her that much? Even though she doesn't love you."

"Yes, even if she doesn't love me, I would still choose her."

His gaze lowered, he swept a heavy look at her.

Vivia stood frozen in place, watching helplessly as Waylon walked away from her.

Waylon opened the door and took a few steps outside, then halted, as if struck by a thought. His fingers clenched into a fist, his expression icy cold.

"Your malicious slander against her, I will settle with your Fuller Family. If you see her in the future, steer clear of her. If I find you troubling her again, I will make your Fuller Family pay a hundredfold price."

"Brother Waylon."

"Shut up," Waylon snapped coldly, his icy gaze sharp as daggers.

Vivia clenched her fists, her eyes filled with nothing but panic.

Hope Williams had just dealt with an emergency case with a patient and was about to return to Waylon's hospital room when the elevator doors opened on the eighteenth floor.

Hope was about to step out when her gaze fell on a group of people near a chair not far away.

Each one was tall and imposing, dressed in black, with an intimidating presence.

And the most striking among them, sitting on a chair, was a man with silver-white hair.

His tall, lean figure lazily leaned on the chair, his bold and unrestrained features deep-set against a high nose bridge and a perfectly shaped side profile.

His head was slightly lowered, playing with a metal lighter in his hand, occasionally sparking bright, warm colors, yet his face remained chillingly cold.

Beside him on the chair was a large bunch of white chrysanthemums.

Such a bizarre pairing made passersby repeatedly look back.

A mafia boss visiting a relative in the hospital with white chrysanthemums?

Hope's steps involuntarily slowed down, subconsciously wanting to retreat to avoid his gaze.

But his gaze had already fixed directly on her.

Liam Cloud's eyes slightly narrowed. "Where are you going?"

His magnetic, slightly displeased voice sounded.

Hope stopped in her tracks and sighed.

He stood up and walked towards her, not looking away.

"Hope Williams."

The low, familiar voice approached from afar, and Hope immediately turned to look, seeing Waylon approaching her. He was dressed in hospital attire with a black coat over it; his face still slightly pale, yet his noble demeanor was unmistakable.

Hope immediately walked towards him, reaching out to grab his hand with a worried expression, "Why are you out? Your wounds haven't fully healed yet. I'll take you back."

Waylon didn't let her, instead, he used some strength to pull her closer by the waist, his dark eyes intently looking at her, his affection unmistakable, "Don't you want me anymore?"

His hoarse voice carried a full sense of loss, the cautious tone sounding particularly pitiful.

The moment this question was asked, Hope's heart ached sharply, immediately softening, her eyes couldn't help but redden, "What nonsense, how could I not want you?"

"Really?"

Hope gave a helpless smile, was he doubting her words or doubting himself, "Really." Hope gave him a truthful answer.

Chapter 272: Chapter 272: Smoke of Gunpowder Fills the Air Chapter 272: Chapter 272: Smoke of Gunpowder Fills the Air Hope Williams gave a helpless smile. He was questioning her words, or doubting himself, "Really." Hope Williams gave him a definite answer.

Waylon Lewis's gloomy expression vanished in an instant, and as he wrapped his arms around her waist, he pulled her tightly into his embrace and pressed a kiss to her lips.

However, at that moment, a pair of eyes that had been fixed on them suddenly burst into raging flames, as if the fire within would devour everything.

Hope Williams quickly braced herself against Waylon Lewis's shoulders, her gaze flustered as she looked towards Liam Cloud, who was approaching.

However, Waylon Lewis must have been aware of Liam Cloud's presence, but he just embraced her with one arm, pulling her tightly against his sturdy body.

Desperate, Hope Williams pressed against Waylon Lewis's chest, "Let go of me first..."

He was doing it on purpose, to provoke Liam Cloud.

Neither of these two men were easy to provoke.

Hope Williams did not want to see them fighting in the hospital.

Liam Cloud approached with a dark face, and Waylon Lewis was suddenly stuffed with a bundle of white chrysanthemums.

“For you, no thanks.”

Seizing the moment, Liam Cloud’s long hand pulled Hope Williams away.

Hope Williams’s eyelashes quivered slightly, her eyes panicking for a moment before she raised her head and met Liam Cloud’s dark eyes, deep as abysses.

In the next instant, Waylon Lewis unhesitatingly tossed the chrysanthemums back into Liam Cloud’s arms. Liam Cloud did not catch them, and the flowers fell to the ground.

Hope Williams looked incredulously at their interaction, her other hand caught by Waylon Lewis and instantly pulled back into his embrace.

Liam Cloud’s face was chillingly cold as he glanced at the scattered white chrysanthemums. His eyes frosted over and a mockingly light chuckle squeezed through his clenched teeth.

“Personally chosen for you, don’t like them?”

Waylon Lewis’s eyes were cold and deep, “If you like them, keep them for yourself.”

“Heh,” a cruel smile curled on Liam Cloud’s lips.

As the sound fell, tensions flared.

Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis hurriedly walked up upon discovering that Waylon Lewis was not in his ward.

Christopher Lewis walked to Waylon Lewis’s side, casting a cold glance at Hope Williams before settling his gaze on Liam Cloud.

Almost the next second, his eyes widened with a rush of shock.

“It’s you! Liam Cloud!”

The man who had attacked the Lewis Family years ago, and the murderer of his youngest son.

Christopher Lewis clenched his back teeth tightly; he had been searching for him for so many years, and he never expected to encounter him here.

Long-suppressed anger erupted from his heart.

Liam Cloud’s gaze, tinged with coldness, nonchalantly fell on Christopher Lewis. His mouth curved into a bloodthirsty, cold smile.

“And you are? Let me think.” After a pause, Liam Cloud nodded meaningfully, “Ah, it’s you, Mr. Lewis. Long time no see, you’re still alive. Quite unbelievable.”

Christopher Lewis’s forehead veins bulged, his fists clenched tightly.

A hatred for having his son killed left them irreconcilable. He had thought he would never find this man in his lifetime, and yet here he was, delivered right to his doorstep.

He bit down hard, vowing he would not let him off this time.

“Since you’ve come to Emperor Capital, don’t even think about leaving.”

Liam Cloud’s lips curled into a wicked smile, unconcerned, “Sure, I’ve been meaning to do just that.”

Christopher Lewis’s eyes narrowed.

Liam Cloud no longer paid him any mind; he had no interest in him, his gaze returning to Hope Williams’s face.

From the moment Christopher Lewis appeared, Hope Williams’s expression became even more worried.

If Waylon Lewis hated Liam Cloud, Christopher Lewis had even more reason to, and now that Christopher Lewis knew Liam Cloud was in Emperor Capital, things became even more complicated.

Their entanglement was too deep; Hope Williams did not know all that had happened between them, but she knew it involved the life of the third young master of the Lewis Family.

Hope Williams’s gaze deepened with worry. She was truly concerned for Liam Cloud’s predicament.

This ostentatious man should not have returned; she feared that if the Lewis Family took action against Liam Cloud, he really might not be able to leave Emperor Capital.

She also feared that if Liam Cloud acted against the Lewis Family, a bloody storm would ensue.

Sensing the worry in Hope Williams’s eyes, Liam Cloud’s lips curved in pleasure, casting a defiant glance at Waylon Lewis, “See, she’s worried about me.”

Waylon Lewis glared at him. “How self-deceiving.”

Liam Cloud ignored him.

"If it really comes down to a fight, who do you hope wins?" Liam Cloud narrowed his eyes at Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis also turned his head to look at her.

Hope Williams glanced at Waylon Lewis, pursed her lips, and fell silent for a moment, "..."

Hope Williams really hated this question.

Why did they always make her choose between them?

What they referred to as winning and losing was far more than just victory or defeat—it was about two lives.

She didn't want them to fight at all; it was a question without a choice.

She took a deep breath and said, "What does it matter if I choose you, or if I choose him? If either of you gets hurt, do you think I would be happy?"

Hope Williams frowned tightly at the two of them.

"You saved my life, my benefactor, the only person who protected me in a foreign land. I'm very grateful to you and regard you as family."

Hope Williams looked toward Waylon Lewis, "And you're my husband, the one I love most. You guys want me to watch the two of you fight to death, and then desperately pray in my heart that one of you survives. I can't do that."

Hope Williams pressed her lips together.

And what was most frustrating was that what she had just said—they both clearly understood, yet they always forced her to choose.

It was like two children competing for attention; it was really giving her a headache.

A deep pang of distress rose in the depths of Waylon Lewis's eyes as he gripped Hope Williams's hand.

By involving her, they were troubling her as well.

Not a trace of amusement remained on Liam Cloud's face, just endless depth, as he looked at Waylon Lewis and said coldly, "You should be grateful; if it weren't for her, I wouldn't waste my words with you time and time again."

Liam Cloud was known for his moodiness; he disdained verbal engagements and would rather deal with those he disliked with real swords and guns, with no regard for anything else.

Hope Williams was particularly worried precisely because she knew this about him.

Right now, the person he most despised was Waylon Lewis. Once a fight started, once he saw red, no one could stop Liam Cloud.

And Waylon Lewis was not someone to be trifled with either.

Hope Williams silently stepped forward, "Liam Cloud, stop it, go back to your country."

"Are you telling me to leave?"

Liam Cloud's cold eyes suddenly narrowed.

"Can't you understand human language?" Waylon Lewis retorted.

"I was asking her, what are you butting in for?"

"It's too difficult for her to talk to you."

Liam Cloud's entire being was filled with coldness, "Mind your own damn business."

"Her business is my business."

A chilling aura filled Waylon Lewis's stern face.

"The one who drove her away is shameless, isn't it?"

"That's none of your concern."

"I must concern myself with her affairs."

"Mind your own business."

"You're asking for death, aren't you?"

The two men glared at each other, teeth clenched.

Once more, tension filled the air around them. Hope Williams pressed her lips together, her eyes wide with speechless irritation, "How long are you two going to keep this up?"

Liam Cloud, "He started it first."

“Alright, if he’s at fault, then I apologize to you on his behalf, okay?”

“No, unless he personally apologizes to me.”

Waylon Lewis glared at him coldly, “In your dreams.”

Chapter 273: Chapter 273: I Can Agree to the Divorce Chapter 273: Chapter 273: I Can Agree to the Divorce Hope Williams moved her lips slightly, looking at Liam Cloud with some complex emotions.

She was always caught between guilt and gratitude when it came to her feelings for Liam Cloud.

She was grateful for how he had appeared time after time to rescue her without regard for his own safety.

She had said that without Liam, there would be no Hope Williams or Luke and Willow today; if not for Liam, they might have died in that chaotic fire long ago.

During those frightening days abroad, it was Liam who gave her a sense of security.

Even though this man had countless enemies and being hunted was part of his daily life, it’s said that Liam’s Achilles heel was a woman, and there were many who wanted to harm her. Yet, she never once faced danger by his side.

All of this was because Liam was protecting her from behind, and Hope knew it.

But gratitude was gratitude, and feelings were feelings.

Liam was someone she regarded as family, the closest of kin.

She previously didn’t know about his feelings for her; now that she did, she couldn’t respond in kind, and she felt guilty towards Liam.

He was the one protecting her, and also the one she wanted to protect.

So, she was sorry that she had a selfish wish—perhaps Liam truly owed the Lewis Family his life, but she still hoped that Liam could be well.

“Liam...”

Hope called out softly, silently stepping forward and gently hugging Liam.

The sudden embrace made Liam’s body shiver slightly, his dark eyes widened slightly.

“Leave, please,” Hope said softly.

Liam’s brows pinched together, stunned for a moment before lightly wrapping his arms around Hope.

A moment later...

“Okay, if that’s what you wish, I’ll leave.”

“Thank you.”

The whispered exchange between them was inaudible to those around.

The air grew colder, sending shivers through those present.

Nobody dared to look at Waylon Lewis’s expression; even Alitzel Williams subconsciously stepped back, watching as Waylon stared intensely at the embracing couple, his gaze detached yet icy cold.

Hope quickly let go of Liam.

“Will you miss me when I’m gone?”

Hope pursed her lips, “I will.”

Liam smirked with a smile, “Knowing you’re lying to me, you ungrateful wretch, you won’t miss me at all.”

“...”

“But...” he tugged at his lip lightly, “even if you’re lying to me, it makes me happy.”

Willing to be deceived by you.

The more he said, the guiltier Hope felt.

The man behind her already stepped forward, pulling her back into his embrace as she looked up at Waylon Lewis.

Liam waved his hand, and the people behind him immediately started to leave.

Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz gave Hope a gentle wave; they knew that Hope was doing this for the good of their Big Boss.

They were on the Lewis Family’s turf; staying here would bring them no good.

The Lewis Family had deep-seated grievances against them, and although Hope had protected them and allowed them to leave, she was one of the Lewises. Clearly, Hope's days ahead would not be easy.

Despite their concerns, they could not stay and cause more trouble.

Hope smiled slightly, nodding in acknowledgment.

"Time to go," Liam raised his eyebrows looking at Hope, then glanced at Waylon Lewis and turned to leave.

Christopher Lewis stared intently at Liam's disappearing figure, his eyes filled with venomous hatred, thinking that Liam wouldn't be able to escape so easily; they wouldn't get out of Emperor Capital.

His son's life had to be compensated.

Christopher turned his piercing gaze back to Hope and Waylon, furiously ordering, "Both of you, come here."

Back in the hospital room.

Christopher glared at Hope with hostility, "You have a deep connection with Liam Cloud!"

Waylon immediately pulled Hope behind him, protectively, with a blank expression confronting Christopher's glare, "This matter has nothing to do with her."

"Nothing to do with her? Waylon, your own brother died, and yet you allowed the murderer to go free because of this woman," Christopher said, slamming his hand on the table in anger.

"Did you know about her relationship with Liam all along?"

Waylon's lips were a firm line, "Yes."

"Fine, fine! It's like you're all rebelling against the heavens," Christopher said, holding his chest in a fit of anger.

He never expected his son to forgo avenging a great wrong because of a woman.

Because of a woman, his son chose not to pursue revenge.

He couldn't allow this woman to continue bewitching Waylon and to lose his sense, staying by his side.

“This woman defends another man, and you yourself saw what she did with that man in front of you! Waylon, come to your senses, stop being obstinate, get a divorce, she’s not on your side.”

“Impossible,” Waylon’s low voice was a resolute and total rejection.

No hesitation was present.

Christopher’s eyes bulged with anger—seeing Waylon fall deeper only made him more anxious, looking at his son with deep sorrow.

“How can you be so enchanted by a woman? Moreover, this woman is deeply connected with our family’s enemy. Aren’t you afraid she’ll betray you?”

“She won’t,” Waylon said, his voice neither light nor heavy, but it carried a commanding presence.

“How can you be so sure? Just now, she was siding with that man in every way. You need to wake up.”

“I am awake. She would never do that,” Waylon’s grip tightened on Hope’s hand, his gaze solemn.

“She doesn’t love you...”

“Even if she doesn’t love me, it’s enough that I love her.”

Hope’s heart trembled.

“You! You’re hopeless! I won’t agree to you continuing to be with her,” Christopher decided, resolved to separate them.

Previously, he had been somewhat swayed because this woman had borne two children for the Lewis Family.

But now, because of her relationship with Liam, he would never let her stay by Waylon’s side and continue to be a detriment to him.

Waylon replied, “That’s fine.”

Hope’s eyes widened in shock.

He’d said that was fine.

Was he going to divorce her?

Christopher's gaze flickered, "You've come to your senses?"

"I can agree to a divorce," Waylon said darkly.

Hope looked deeply into Waylon's eyes, her tightly grasped hand beginning to sweat.

Utter disbelief filled her eyes.

Sensing the gaze of the woman beside him, Waylon looked down at her.

Christopher let out a heavy sigh of relief; Waylon had always been intelligent. He believed Waylon would come to understand. He wouldn't disappoint him.

"It's good that you've come to terms."

Chapter 274: Chapter 274: So, Does Hope Williams Get a Divorce? Chapter 274: Chapter 274: So, Does Hope Williams Get a Divorce? "It's good that you've come around," Christopher Lewis said, his voice just falling, as Waylon Lewis started to speak, "I can divorce, and after the divorce, I will have nothing."

Christopher's eyes narrowed significantly, "What do you mean?"

"All the assets in my name have been transferred to hers."

So after the divorce, Waylon Lewis would have nothing.

"What did you say?" Christopher cried out in shock, his eyes wide open, his voice even louder.

Waylon did not respond, his expression indifferent, as if this was not a matter worth shocking over, but a matter of course.

Likewise, Hope Williams stared at Waylon with eyes full of shock, "When did this happen?"

He had transferred all the assets under his name to hers, and she knew nothing about it.

"Our first day of remarriage," Waylon responded tenderly to her.

Hope felt a sourness around her eyes, she had no idea about this, nor had he ever brought it up. She would have never imagined he would do something like this.

If they truly came to the point of divorce, what he transferred to her name would become her personal property, and he would indeed be left with nothing.

"You..." Hope's eyes were moist, suddenly at a loss for words.

Waylon looked down at the woman beside him, a gentle smile on his face, his large hand caressing her hair, "If one day you want to divorce me, then I must have done something wrong, and this would be my punishment."

There were many things Waylon had been sure of in his life.

But in this particular matter, he had never been confident.

Any slight issue, he would fear her leaving, he feared she would disappear.

If she didn't want him anymore, it had to be because he did something wrong; losing her was no different from having nothing.

Having her meant he had everything.

Losing her meant he lost everything.

This was the security Waylon Lewis offered Hope Williams.

"I did something wrong, I have upset you, disappointed you, misunderstood you without clarifying the situation, all these are my sins, you can choose to divorce and punish me by leaving me with nothing, and I will have no complaints."

Waylon's dark eyes were filled with Hope, he looked at her with utmost seriousness.

"So, does Hope Williams want a divorce?"

Hope's eyelashes trembled.

He loved her, he had placed all he had on her because she was his everything.

For her, he truly was ready to have nothing.

He was holding back nothing, and had not left himself an escape route.

How many people in the world dared to make such a decision?

But Waylon Lewis did.

Waylon's assets were astronomical, but for him, none compared to her.

Hope clenched her teeth hard, her eyes filled with tears as she looked at him, the complicated emotions in her heart unspeakable.

He was willing to bet his all on the future.

She would not let him down.

“We won’t divorce, Waylon Lewis. We’re not getting a divorce.”

Waylon’s eyes were full of tenderness, “You don’t blame me?”

“I did blame you, I felt wronged, and you don’t know how much I wanted to share my grievances with you. But the moment you came back, you bombarded me with questions, you didn’t believe my explanations, you said I was full of lies, you have no idea how wronged I felt.”

Hope mumbled through her tears, her voice trembling, like a little child in need of comfort having been wronged.

Waylon’s gaze grew deeper, he lifted his hand to wipe her tears, “It’s all my fault.”

When he found out the truth, he had so much he wanted to say to her, he really wanted to hold her tight and comfort her.

For a long time, Christopher couldn’t utter a word; he simply couldn’t believe he could go to such extents for a woman.

How could he dare? Dare!

He was the future Family Head of the Lewis Family! How could he allow himself to be in a position where he could have nothing at any moment?

Christopher’s breath stuck in his chest as he watched Waylon looking at Hope with tender eyes, feeling angry, hateful, and helpless; his trembling fingers moved back and forth between them.

His mouth was agape for a long time, but he could not utter a single word.

Still think about divorce, what a joke!

With this woman’s assets now, they could practically rival half of the Lewis Family’s empire.

She wasn’t born into wealth, but his dear son elevated her to that status by sheer force.

Even if they wanted a divorce, he pressed down and wouldn’t allow it.

When comparing a woman to having nothing at all, Christopher Lewis still knew which weighed more.

So, Waylon Lewis just deliberately used those words to block him, well done, very well done.

“Waylon Lewis, do you have only this woman in your mind?”

“Isn’t that obvious?”

“Fine, very fine.”

Christopher Lewis was really going to be angered to death! Truly about to be angered to death!

His anger was real, but he was truly helpless.

Christopher Lewis took several deep breaths. Moments later, he huffed heavily and stared at Hope Williams, “Don’t think you can do whatever you want now, since you’re part of the Lewis Family, you should always put the Family first. You must tell me everything you know about Liam Cloud.”

Hope Williams looked at Christopher Lewis with apprehension, “What are you going to do?”

“A blood debt must be repaid with blood.” Christopher Lewis’s eyes were ruthless, clearly not considering the possibility of letting Liam Cloud off the hook.

Hope Williams pursed her lips.

“Was there any hidden truth to the incident that year?”

Hope Williams asked Liam Cloud about it before. He told her not to get involved.

But when she asked him, he did not admit to being the perpetrator. Hope Williams knew Liam Cloud too well. Given Liam Cloud’s flamboyant nature, if he had done it, he would want the whole world to know, without bothering to hide it.

Moreover, if the Lewis Family did not have any grievances with Liam Cloud, he would not have attacked the Lewis Family without reason.

Hope Williams felt there was more to the story.

“There’s no hidden truth; it was him who made the move. What? You still want to defend him?” Christopher Lewis had not a hint of a pleasant tone.

Hope Williams's voice was clear, "I'm not defending him; I just want to know the truth, and I think you understand that, given Liam Cloud's power, even if the Lewis Family has a vast enterprise and substantial financial strength, if we were to act against him, it's likely we would both suffer, don't you think?"

"Don't say any more. There's no misunderstanding about this matter; he has to repay what he owes the Lewis Family."

Hope Williams looked at Christopher Lewis earnestly, "I would like to ask you for some time, I will surely give you a satisfactory answer for this matter."

"What are you going to do?"

"I want to know the real situation from back then."

Christopher Lewis narrowed his eyes, "You want to investigate the events of that year?"

"That's right."

"Bang."

As Hope Williams's voice fell, the sound of something heavy falling echoed from the door.

"Who is at the door?" Several people looked toward the doorway in unison.

"Click." The door opened, and Vivia Fuller came in with a thermos in hand, an apologetic expression, "I'm sorry, I was making soup for Brother Waylon, but I clumsily dropped it."

Hope Williams quietly narrowed her eyes, sizing up Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller had a look of helplessness and continued with her apologies, her facial expressions seamless.

"Miss Fuller, have you been at the door all this time?"

Vivia Fuller's eyes flickered as she responded to Hope Williams, "I just arrived. I especially came to apologize. I was a bit too blunt when speaking with Waylon just now; those words were unintentional. I hope Brother Waylon won't take them to heart.

Also Miss Williams, I am sorry about some matters before. If I have offended you in any way, I hope you can forgive me."

Hope Williams didn't speak and just looked at her. Some matters? She hadn't made clear what these matters were, and she thought they could just be left in the past?

Hope Williams sneered.

Vivia Fuller barely pulled a smile, "The soup is spilled. I'll go back and make another one."

"Much appreciated." Christopher Lewis nodded at Vivia Fuller, looking at her as satisfied as ever.

Only, it seemed such a fine girl was fated to not be with their family.

Maybe he should speak for Wyatt Lewis, if marriage could be arranged, it would be a fine thing indeed.

Though Wyatt might be somewhat unruly, he was by no means lacking.

"As I should. Uncle, you are too kind. I will be on my way." Saying this, Vivia Fuller did not linger and quickly walked out, her steps showing a slight urgency.

Hope Williams's refined brows slightly arched.

What was she panicking about?

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth, threw the broken thermos into the trash can, and immediately took out her phone to call Old Master Fuller.

Hope Williams wanted to investigate the death of the Lewis Family's third son!

Chapter 275: Chapter 275: Scolding Oneself Chapter 275: Chapter 275: Scolding Oneself Hope Williams was going to investigate the death of the third young master of the Lewis Family!

"Hello, Grandpa."

"What's the matter, Vivia?"

"Hope Williams wants to reopen the investigation into the death of the third young master of the Lewis Family." Vivia Fuller held the phone close to her ear, her voice trembling slightly due to urgency.

Old Master Fuller gripped his phone, his eyes squinting instantly, "Why would she suddenly bring up this matter?"

"I don't know, I only heard them mention someone, Liam Cloud! Grandpa, back then..."

“Liam Cloud?”

“Grandpa, do you know this person?”

“Yes, this person is not to be trifled with, Vivian, you should stay out of this.”

“But Grandpa, Hope Williams is looking into it! I’m afraid...”

Old Master Fuller let out a heavy grunt.

“It’s been so many years since that incident, I don’t believe she can find anything. Come back now and hang up.”

After hanging up the phone, Old Master Fuller stood by the window, his gaze deeply fixed on the world outside.

“Old Griffiths.”

The Fuller Family’s old butler came forward, “You want to look into someone?”

“Whom do you want to look up, sir?”

“Liam Cloud!”

The butler was taken aback.

“I want all his information, down to the smallest detail.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Also, have someone keep a close eye on Hope Williams, don’t let her keep getting in the way.”

The butler nodded, “Understood.”

—

Hope Williams led Waylon Lewis back to lie down on his hospital bed, carefully pulling up the covers for him. The next moment, her hand was held, “Stay with me for a while.”

Hope blinked, bending carefully to lie beside him, her head resting on his arm, cuddling into his embrace.

A soft fragrance filled his arms, and Waylon’s expression slowly relaxed, his head turning to plant a kiss on her forehead.

“Does the wound still hurt?” Hope placed her hand on his solid chest, looking up at her.

Waylon gently rubbed her hair, "A little."

"Serves you right, just out of surgery, and you're already getting out of bed. If you don't hurt, who will?"

Hope gave him a glare, her small hand playfully poking his chest as a form of punishment.

His large hand grasped her small one, his lips curving into a smile, "Don't torture me just because I'm injured, I might lose control."

"Lose control of what?"

"What do you think?"

Warm breath swirled around her.

The innocence in Hope's eyes dissipated, and she instantly understood, her cheeks flushing, instinctively avoiding his scorching gaze.

Yet, Waylon reached out with his long fingers to bring her chin back to meet his gaze.

Hope tugged at the corner of her mouth, "Even injured, you can't control your desires."

"It's hard to resist a beauty in my arms."

Waylon chuckled softly, his fingers gently brushing her chin.

"I'm quite surprised."

Hope wondered, "Surprised about what?"

"That you would forgive me so quickly. I was prepared to pester you non-stop on the way to see you, but it turned out to be unnecessary..."

"And then you had a car accident, right?"

Waylon's lips pressed into a tight line, his face suddenly darkened, "Yes."

Hope's expression grew solemn, "To find me, you made yourself such a mess, Waylon Lewis, you're really something."

Waylon's frown moved, "It all happened so suddenly, caught off guard."

Looking at Waylon, Hope seemed a bit angry, "If something really happened to you, what would I and the child do? Dress in hemp and mourn for you to be happy?"

Waylon grasped her hand and brought it to his lips for a kiss, "I'm sorry."

"That's useless, Waylon Lewis, I'm not buying it," Hope glared.

"I was just in a hurry to see you..."

Hope sighed softly, "I'm not going anywhere."

"I made such a big mistake, you told me to leave at the time, I feared you didn't want me anymore."

"At that time, I felt both of us were too emotional, too impulsive, unable to listen, and we might say something hurtful, so I thought we both needed to cool down."

I admit, sending you away was a bit of me running away; perhaps I got used to your tenderness, and I couldn't take it when you suddenly turned so cold.

In fact, you were scared, and I was too. I feared a small matter like this would alienate us.

So, I asked you to leave first. Later I thought about it, and I can't blame you entirely for this incident; a greater responsibility lies with me.

I went out with Liam Cloud without telling you; I can understand your jealousy, but it's not what you think, including that hug just now. It was just between relatives."

Waylon looked at Hope, his dark eyes so gentle that not even he realized at that moment how soft the emotions in his eyes were.

"I'm the vile one."

Hope smiled bitterly, somewhat helplessly looking at the man who in front of others was composed and elegant, one look enough to drive people mad, yet in front of her, he truly let go of all his pride, scorning himself to appease her anger now.

Hope felt a slight bitterness in her heart.

He had given her everything he had, always ready for the chance that she might leave, showing how insecure he was in this relationship.

"Waylon Lewis~"

"Uh-huh, I'm here, what is it?"

"Aren't you afraid that I'm greedy for wealth, and one day I'll really run away with your money?"

Waylon chuckled low, "If you were really greedy for money, you should run away with me."

"Uh?"

"The man earning the money is me, bringing me along, I can keep making money for you continuously, won't that be killing two birds with one stone?"

Hope was amused by his words, biting her fingertip as she pondered, her beautiful eyes smiling like crescents, "You make a good point."

Waylon affectionately nuzzled his nose against hers, "Next time you want to run away, remember to take me with you."

Hope smiled, "Since you're aware of this, I'll definitely take you with me."

Waylon also let out a soft laugh.

Hope's smile bloomed beautifully, Waylon lowered his head, effortlessly capturing her lips which had yet to seal.

Their lips collided, catching Hope off guard.

One second, she was laughing, and the next, she froze, not daring to move.

The man's tongue effortlessly pried open her teeth, coiling around her tongue wantonly.

Hope's eyes trembled, slightly taken aback at first, then naturally wrapped her arms around his neck, skillfully reciprocating his kiss.

Their lips and teeth intertwined.

Waylon used strength in his arms to pull her sideways body tightly against his own, ignoring the pain of the wound as he pulled, he turned over, pinning the little woman in his arms beneath him.

The clear breath grew increasingly hot, his fingers roamed upon her delicate skin.

"Waylon Lewis, you're still injured."

"I have strength."

Hope bit her lower lip, not that he didn't have the strength.

Did he have to say it so bluntly?

"I'm afraid you might hurt your wound."

Waylon kissed her forehead with longing, his deep and husky voice resonating gently.

"It's fine, I won't disappoint you."

Waylon's teasing tone made Hope's cheeks flush even redder.

Chapter 276: Chapter 276: Thank You for Your Concern, It's Not Good Chapter 276:
Chapter 276: Thank You for Your Concern, It's Not Good Waylon Lewis's teasing tone made Hope Williams's face turn even redder.

His kisses landed on her delicate neck as Hope tilted her head back, cooperating with him.

"Knock knock."

A very polite and rhythmic knocking sound came from the door.

The passion between the two stiffened, and Hope quickly lifted her head to look at the door.

Waylon's face instantly turned as black as the bottom of a pot.

Hope hurriedly got up, quickly straightened her clothes, pressed down on Waylon's shoulders, and made him lie back properly on the bed, even covering him with the blanket as if to hide something.

After making sure everything was in order, Hope checked everything again.

Seeing Hope act this way, Waylon really felt both frustrated and helpless, "Wife, you make it seem like we are having an affair."

"You are the one having an affair."

After making sure everything was in place, Hope cleared her throat, "Please come in."

The door opened.

"Director Woods?"

Director Woods walked in with a friendly smile, "Little Hope, I came to see how President Lewis is doing. President, are you feeling better?"

Good! He's feeling great!

Absolutely brimming with energy!

Thinking about what they had just been doing, Hope felt a bit guilty and tucked her fallen hair behind her ear, silently turning back.

Waylon's face was expressionless, showing a deep animosity towards Director Woods.

Seeing Waylon not responding, Director Woods felt awkward and looked uneasily at Hope.

Hope made faces and signaled several looks at Waylon.

Waylon looked as if he desperately wanted to throw Director Woods out, completely ignoring Hope's cues.

"Waylon, are you deaf?" Hope persistently raised her eyebrows at him.

Only then did Waylon glance at Director Woods, "Thanks for your concern, I'm feeling terrible."

"That's good, that's good... Ah?"

Director Woods didn't quite catch on at first, wondering why Waylon seemed to bear a grudge against him like sworn enemies.

When had he offended him? Surely not.

Besides because of Hope, he had no interactions with him, so where could the offense have come from?

Seeing this, Hope quickly stepped in to smooth things over, "Director Woods, he's fine, he's really fine. He just loves to joke around. Please sit, I'll go make you a cup of tea."

Director Woods, a bit perplexed but given an out by Hope, didn't dwell on it much.

But internally, he couldn't help criticising, they say that President Lewis has a weird temper, cold and ruthless, indeed just as unpredictable as they said.

Thinking this, Director Woods looked empathetically towards Hope as she went to make tea.

Sigh, even though married into a wealthy family, having such a cold, unpredictable husband, Hope's days must be hard. She probably has to be extremely cautious around Young Master Lewis.

And after that surgery incident, probably Hope's days have become even harder.

Director Woods sat down, sighed twice while hanging his head.

Waylon frowned, looking at him queerly.

Pausing for a second, Director Woods, despite the increasing chill, spoke up, "President Lewis, did you have a quarrel with Little Hope?"

Waylon bit his molar, about to reply, but Director Woods continued.

"About Little Hope refusing to perform your surgery, she really was in a difficult position, you can't blame her. She had already started a surgery on her patient, and as the lead surgeon, if she had left, it could have likely resulted in the patient's death. As a doctor, she must be responsible for her patient, that's her duty, so please don't argue with her."

"But she really cares about you, she ran to you right after surgery, not even catching her breath after several major surgeries, already exhausted, and then she was suddenly disoriented. All her thoughts were with you..."

"Beaten? Who hit her?"

Waylon's black eyes instantly narrowed, a thousandfold chill spreading rapidly.

"You didn't know? She didn't tell you?" Director Woods urgently slapped his thigh. "This child likes to hide everything and digest it by herself."

"Who hit her?" Waylon Lewis asked coldly.

Director Woods, with great difficulty, answered, "It was Chairman Lewis—Chairman Lewis reprimanded Little Hope for not prioritizing your surgery and impulsively raised his hand to her."

Under the low pressure, Director Woods tremulously lowered his head.

Just staying here for this short time, Director Woods felt a continual chill down his back.

Why did President Lewis seem even angrier after speaking only a few words?

The aura around him was terrifying.

He couldn't help but feel even more sympathy for Hope Williams.

Living with a man with such a bad temper, how much suffering must Hope endure, forever at the mercy of his moods?

Ah!

Such a good girl, yet she has to endure such hardship.

Hope Williams handed Director Woods a cup of freshly brewed hot tea. As she approached, she noticed something was off here.

This atmosphere...

Director Woods looked deeply at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams was bewildered by Director Woods's extremely sympathetic gaze.

"Is there something wrong, Director Woods?"

"Nothing." With a sigh, Director Woods stood up and did not linger any longer, as he had already said all he needed to say.

There were some things he needed to discuss privately with Hope, to earnestly advise her to escape from her distress as soon as possible.

"If there's nothing else, I should go now. Little Hope, take care of yourself."

'Take care of yourself?'

Hope Williams's brow twitched as she watched Director Woods's retreating figure, sensing a deeper meaning to his words.

She turned back to look at Waylon Lewis. "What were you just talking about? Why did Director Woods leave in such a hurry?"

Waylon Lewis reached out his hand, and Hope naturally put hers into his, her small hand tightly clasped. Hope sat down beside him, observing Waylon's still somber expression, and gently asked, "What's wrong?"

Waylon Lewis stared at Hope Williams's cheek, his eyes filled with pain. "Does it still hurt?"

Hope pursed her lips, instinctively raising her hand to touch her cheek, and shook her head. "It doesn't hurt anymore, did Director Woods tell you?"

"Mhm, you've been wronged!" Waylon Lewis clenched his teeth. "I won't let you suffer in vain."

No one could harm his people, no matter who they were.

“What are you going to do? He’s your father, and he was worried about you in that moment of urgency. I don’t blame him. I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want you to be caught between him and me, I didn’t want it to be this way, so let it go, it already doesn’t hurt.”

Waylon’s lips pressed into a tight line.

Hope raised her hand gently to smooth Waylon’s furrowed brows. “Don’t be angry anymore, I’m really okay, you’ve already done so much for me. Your dad has now compromised and agreed not to separate us; that’s enough, let’s not hold grudges.”

Waylon was not comforted by her words.

She was excessively sensible, never crying or making a scene when she encountered problems.

A sense of apology and guilt washed over him, making his heart ache.

There were so many things he didn’t know about. She dealt with them secretly and endured silently just not to trouble him.

He reached out to hold Hope in his arms, their foreheads gently touching.

“I’m sorry for all the suffering you’ve had to endure.”

Tenderly, he kissed her brows, her cheeks, and her lips.

He desperately wanted to comfort her.

Hope let him kiss her, her eyes filled with love.

“Hope, next time you feel wronged, please tell me. I can’t bear to touch my girl even slightly, so why should anyone else, even if it’s him?”

Hope lifted her eyes, giving Waylon a slight smile. “Yes, I understand.”

Chapter 277: Chapter 277 Attracting Bees and Butterflies Chapter 277: Chapter 277 Attracting Bees and Butterflies The dinner was arranged by Thomas Hughes, and Hope Williams accompanied Waylon Lewis. As she looked at the exquisite food on the table, Hope picked up her chopsticks.

Waylon’s company had some issues, and he was continuously on his phone, fluently conversing in different languages with the other party. Hope, who didn’t understand, decided to sit down and eat while waiting for him.

He really was busy; it seemed he had accumulated quite a bit of work during the days he was injured; the coffee table was piled with documents Thomas had brought over.

After finishing his call, Waylon sat next to Hope and picked up his chopsticks to serve her some shrimp.

Hope didn't even look and unhesitatingly snatched it with her chopsticks and put it into her mouth.

Seeing her eat in haste, Waylon's eyebrows quirked slightly, "Are you in a hurry?"

Hope glanced at him, "Mm, I've had plenty to deal with these past few days. I won't keep you company later on. You should also look at fewer documents; you still need to rest properly now."

"Mm, I'll listen to you."

As soon as Hope finished speaking, a nurse knocked on the door and came in. She looked around the room and then directly locked her gaze onto Waylon.

As if led by an invisible string, she moved straight toward Waylon without a glance elsewhere, her eyes brimming with allure as she unabashedly stared at him, her voice gentle and shy, "President Lewis, it's time to change your dressings."

Waylon, focused on serving Hope food, responded faintly, "Mm."

The young nurse continued to look at Waylon, with eyes full of bashfulness and adoration.

Hope's graceful eyebrows lifted as she looked up, genuinely curious. She, a living, breathing person, was sitting right there, and yet, how could this young girl so blatantly ignore her and keep making flirtatious eyes at her husband?

Are the young girls these days really this forward!

Hope blinked her eyes; she knew this nurse was rather attractive, having encountered her often in the hospital, a familiar face to her.

Not only attractive but also well proportioned.

The nurse kept making googly eyes at Waylon, and her stare couldn't be any more overt.

Even without looking up, Waylon, with his brow slightly furrowed, was clearly displeased.

Hope took a meatball and put it in her mouth, then raised her head to sweep a glance at the nurse.

Putting down her chopsticks, Hope propped her chin on her hand and looked at her, "If I remember correctly, you weren't the nurse who came for the last dressing change."

Feeling Hope's clear eyes on her, the nurse looked slightly flustered for a moment, then quickly said, "That's right, she had something to do, and I'm filling in for her, so they sent me in her place."

She'd fought hard to seize this opportunity.

She had heard that President Lewis was a man with a heavenly appearance, peerlessly handsome, and supremely dignified.

Looking at this favored son of heaven up close, she was so nervous that her face turned red, and she couldn't help but blush.

He really was very good-looking.

"President Lewis, I'll help you with your dressing. You need to take off your clothes," she said with a delicate voice.

Take off clothes!

Hope's eyebrows lightly picked up.

That was quite direct.

Hope pursed her lips, "Thank you for your trouble, but you can just leave the medicine here; I'll help him with it. You can attend to other duties."

Hearing Hope say this, the nurse made no move to leave, "Director Williams, it's no trouble; it's my job..."

"It's fine; I'll take care of it for him. He doesn't like anyone but me touching him, right?" Hope turned toward Waylon, her smiling eyes containing a warning.

Watching the little woman's jealousy, Waylon's lips curled up, "Mm."

Hope stood up and personally took the medicine from the nurse's hand, "You can go now."

The nurse bit her lower lip, visibly unwilling to leave, saddened that her hard-won opportunity was so easily lost.

If only she could have stayed a little longer.

Seeing the nurse still not leaving, her eyes still fixated on Waylon with adoration, Hope's lips formed a thin line, feeling displeased inside, and the thought 'attracting bees and butterflies' popped into her head.

"Are you not leaving?" Hope's voice grew colder.

The nurse clenched her lips, her eyes filled with reluctance, but ultimately she had to leave, resentfully.

"Hmph," Hope hummed with a hint of petulance.

Waylon was quite enjoying her jealous posture, his eyes twinkling with mirth. He asked knowingly, "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong? It's your face, Waylon Lewis, it attracts too much attention."

These people flocked around Waylon one after another, each more blunt than the last, gazing at his face in obvious fascination.

And then there were the women she'd encountered in the lobby of his company building before.

Hope massaged her forehead.

"Jealous?" Waylon chuckled lightly, raising his hand to grasp her small one.

"Not at all," Hope pulled away from his hand, standing up to grab the cotton swab, avoiding his gaze.

"Lying." Waylon's lips curved into a silent smile.

Hope ignored him, "Take off your clothes, we need to change the dressing."

Waylon spread his hands slightly, lifting them.

Hope squinted her eyes, "What do you mean?"

"Help me."

"You don't have hands?"

"I do, but I just like it when you are the only one touching me."

Hope's eyelids fluttered, her beautiful eyes locking onto him.

This man was actually using her own words against her.

Considering his injuries, Hope still relented, approaching Waylon a few steps closer and moving to undo his shirt.

Waylon slightly lifted the corners of his lips, allowing her to undo his buttons.

He had many injuries on his body, but they were all superficial, mainly scratches from the windshield, with the most serious one being a wound over his chest.

Hope hadn't seen it with her own eyes before, but now, seeing it firsthand, her eyes began to well up with tears.

Her trembling fingers gently touched it, "It must hurt a lot, doesn't it, Waylon?"

"It hurts, but not when you are here."

Hope tugged at her lips, her previous moodiness vanishing, replaced with deep concern as she took the cotton swab, tenderly applying medicine to his wounds.

"Next time you drive, you need to be extra careful, do you hear me? If you get yourself full of these injuries again, I won't let you off the hook," Hope's teary eyes looked at Waylon, her voice not gentle but choked with emotion.

Waylon reached out to stroke her falling hair, to wipe away her falling tears, and leaned in to kiss her lips softly and tenderly.

"I'll remember."

Hope gently pushed him away a bit, "Don't kiss me now; I'm applying medicine."

"Do we kiss after the medicine is applied?"

Hope, unable to help laughing through her tears at his words, replied, "No."

"Don't try to shrug it off; my reading comprehension is perfect, and what you just said implies exactly that," he said with an amused tone, watching her calmly.

Chapter 278: Chapter 278: Let's See How Long You Can Remain Arrogant Chapter 278: Chapter 278: Let's See How Long You Can Remain Arrogant "Don't try to bluff your way through; my reading comprehension is perfect, and what you just said implies exactly that." His tone was light, carrying a hint of pleasure as he watched her calmly.

Hope Williams tugged at the corner of her mouth, helplessly looking at the man before finally letting out a light laugh.

At the Fuller Family home, Vivia Fuller's gaze uneasily settled on the always solemn Old Master Fuller.

The incident from those years ago at the Lewis Family was not that simple—it was the Lewis Family's Achilles' heel. If they found out it was connected to the Fuller Family, Vivia could not imagine the consequences.

"Grandpa, it seems that Miss Hope Williams has a deep relationship with that Liam Cloud. He won't tell her about what happened back then, will he? After all, he was the only witness."

"What's there to fear? Even if the Lewis Family did find out, it wouldn't start with us.

Besides, Vivia, you should know that after so many years, everyone in the Lewis Family is convinced Liam Cloud was responsible. Even if he told Hope Williams, what difference would it make? Who would believe them?"

Old Master Fuller picked up the teacup in front of him and sipped the water, his gaze deep as he looked at Vivia Fuller.

"It will only drive a wedge between the Lewis Family and Hope Williams."

Vivia suddenly became interested. "What do you mean, Grandpa?"

"Hope Williams has a close relationship with the enemies of the Lewis Family and even defends them. What would you do in her position?"

"I'd kick such a double-crosser out of the house," Vivia said with a fierce look in her eyes, instantly understanding Old Master Fuller's intention.

"You shouldn't only not fear, but you should also push them further."

"What do you mean?"

"The old man at the Lewis Family must hate Liam Cloud, right?"

Vivia curved her lips, "I understand, Grandpa."

Old Master Fuller chuckled softly, "Then what are you waiting for?"

"I'm on my way."

Just then, a servant came out with a thermos filled with freshly stewed soup for Vivia Fuller. "Miss, your soup."

"Mm," Vivia accepted the thermos.

Old Master Fuller's smile deepened slowly, "Order it to be so, by any means necessary, keep Liam Cloud in the Emperor Capital. I believe, with the Lewis Family out of the picture, he will be our best ally."

The Fuller Family was second only to the Lewis Family and would become the foremost wealthy clan in the Emperor Capital should the Lewis Family fall!

Since they don't want an alliance through marriage, they can't blame him for being ruthless.

"By the way, go find Isaiah Lewis."

"Yes."

When Vivia Fuller arrived at Old Master Lewis's hospital room, only a caretaker accompanied him.

Vivia entered with a troubled look and softly called out, "Grandpa Lewis."

Old Master Lewis put down the book he was using to relieve his boredom, took off his reading glasses, and looked towards Vivia, "Vivia, what brings you here?"

Vivia paused for a moment, approached Old Master Lewis, and pursed her lips, "Grandpa Lewis, I made this soup myself and brought it especially for you to try."

Old Master Lewis's expression was mild as he nodded, "That's thoughtful of you."

Vivia poured the soup from the thermos into a bowl and handed it to the elderly man, "Grandpa, don't mention it. I made plenty. I'll also bring some to Brother Waylon to try."

Old Master Lewis took the bowl, his gaze pausing, his brow furrowing, "Bring some over?"

The look of distress deepened on Vivia's face, "Yes, Brother Waylon was injured in a car accident and just had surgery. He really needs to strengthen up. Today, someone named Liam Cloud caused a scene at the hospital and really upset Brother Waylon; he's quite weak now."

Old Master Lewis suddenly sat upright, his brows furrowing continually, "Waylon was injured?"

Vivia inwardly sneered, realizing that the Lewis Family had told Old Master Lewis nothing.

Vivia pretended to be surprised, "Grandpa Lewis, you didn't know?"

Old Master Lewis pulled up the blanket, about to get out of bed, while the caretaker and Vivia hurriedly stopped him, "Grandpa Lewis, please don't move; you still have an IV and can't get out of bed."

The old man anxiously asked, "How is Waylon now?"

"Brother Waylon is already out of danger," the doctor said he will recover gradually, so you don't need to worry, Grandpa Lewis. Please lie down, do lie down first," Vivia Fuller said urgently, comforting him repeatedly.

"What could have caused this?" Old Master Lewis, anxiously clutching his chest, coughed a few times, his brow furrowed, "And what about Liam Cloud that you just mentioned?"

Miss Vivia hit right on what Old Master Lewis was asking about, her face full of distress, "I'm not exactly sure of the details myself. I've only heard that he came looking for Miss Williams, and it seems he has a deep relationship with her."

Brows furrowed, Old Master Lewis's expression darkened at the mention of that name, "Are you saying Liam Cloud is in Emperor Capital?"

Vivia Fuller, at a loss, nodded, "Yes, is there a problem, Grandpa Lewis? I heard that Uncle Lewis had a big argument with Brother Waylon and Miss Williams over this man. Miss Williams seems to care a lot about him and is protective of him. Is there something special about him?"

Old Master Lewis, after listening, said nothing, but his tight face was enough to prove his mood at the moment.

Vivia Fuller smiled cunningly; her grandfather's words had been proven correct.

All members of the Lewis Family believed Liam Cloud was the culprit behind past crimes; their grudge against him ran deep.

And Hope Williams's relationship with Liam Cloud undoubtedly touched a raw nerve for the Lewis family.

If Hope Williams kept involving herself, Vivia couldn't believe that even if Waylon Lewis tolerated it, Christopher Lewis and Old Master Lewis, along with Alitzel Williams, would.

Vivia Fuller could already envision how interesting things would become next.

Hope Williams, just you wait, your good days are coming to an end.

She was truly curious about how Old Master Lewis would handle Hope Williams.

She was already looking forward to it.

Leaning against the hospital bed, Old Master Lewis's brows and eyes grew darker and angrier.

Hope Williams, always caught up in problems, didn't stay long in Waylon Lewis's ward. She had just come out when she ran into Vivia Fuller.

As always, in the presence of others, Vivia Fuller maintained her dignified, gentle smile, but beneath it all, she always carried a sense of scorn and superiority.

She also saw Hope Williams, who walked straight past her, with no intention of engaging, and simply left.

"Miss Williams, don't you greet acquaintances?" Vivia Fuller looked at her sideways.

Hope Williams slightly paused her steps.

"Sorry, I'm not familiar with you."

Vivia Fuller, with a tight face, let out a cold laugh, "Continue to act arrogant, Miss Williams. You won't be able to for much longer."

"Do you know what I enjoy seeing the most in you, Vivia Fuller?"

Vivia Fuller frowned, her eyes filled with questioning.

"I love seeing how much you hate me but can't do anything about it. Must be frustrating just venting your frustrations."

"You!" Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth.

"What are you talking about?" Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams approached, on their way to see Old Master Lewis.

Vivia Fuller quickly put on a flawless smile, all previous malice vanishing, "Uncle Lewis, Aunt Lewis, I was just joking with Miss Williams. But somehow, she got angry, perhaps she took it the wrong way."

"Joking?" A chill flashed in Hope Williams's eyes, "Since when were Miss Fuller and I on good enough terms to stand together and joke?"

Hope Williams unhesitatingly exposed her, causing Vivia Fuller's expression to stiffen, looking quite unpleasant.

Christopher Lewis frowned and warned Hope Williams, "Can you speak properly?"

"No worries, Uncle Lewis," Vivia Fuller hurriedly said, "I'm used to this kind of treatment from Miss Williams."

Her words clearly implied that Hope Williams often treated her this way.

Alitzel Williams watched coldly.

"If you don't provoke Hope Williams, I believe that given her nature, she wouldn't specifically show you hostility," said Alitzel Williams, her voice soft, obviously siding with Hope Williams.

But when Hope Williams looked at Alitzel Williams, Alitzel Williams clearly avoided her gaze.

Hope Williams knew that Alitzel Williams was still angry with her for not prioritizing surgery for Waylon Lewis.

Chapter 279: Chapter 279: Done by the Lewis Family Chapter 279: Chapter 279: Done by the Lewis Family "All right, Vivia, go do whatever you need to do. Waylon has Hope here, he doesn't need your concern. Besides, you're not related to the Lewis family, and we can handle our own affairs. We feel embarrassed for troubling you to come here."

Alitzel Williams's point was clear: Mind your own business.

A hint of embarrassment surfaced on Vivia Fuller's face, and she cast a pitiful look, tinged with a touch of grievance, at Christopher Lewis.

Christopher frowned and said to Alitzel, "That was a bit too harsh, Vivia was just being kind."

Alitzel rolled her eyes.

"Am I not being kind when I kindly remind her to not meddle in others' affairs?"

Hope Williams slightly curled her lips without showing any emotion.

"You...", Christopher couldn't quite bring himself to say the words he had wanted to.

Alitzel Williams didn't bother continuing the conversation with him and turned to enter the old man's hospital room, leaving Christopher Lewis quite displeased after receiving her cold treatment.

Hope let out a scornful laugh and turned to leave; she had a myriad of tasks waiting and no time to waste with them here.

Late at night, Hope sat in her office, processing some documents and organizing a few medical records.

After finishing these tasks, Hope looked up at the time displayed on her computer; it was nine o'clock. She stretched her arms and shut down the computer.

As soon as she left her office, her mobile phone rang.

Who would call her this late? Hope picked up her phone, seeing an unknown number. Perhaps a wrong number, she thought, and answered the call with suspicion.

"Hello..."

"Sister Hope."

Hope was stunned for two seconds, "Wesley?"

"It's me, Sister Hope. Big Boss is injured."

"What happened? Is it serious? Where are you now?"

"It's a long story, Sister Hope. Can you please come and treat Big Boss's wound? His injury is quite severe, but he won't let us take him to the hospital."

Hope pursed her lips tightly, without hesitation, "Send me the address, I'll be right over."

Hope grabbed her mobile phone and car keys, picked up her medical kit, and quickly headed to the elevator.

As she entered the elevator, she hesitated for a moment, then turned around and immediately ran back to Waylon Lewis's hospital room.

The man was standing in front of a floor-to-ceiling window, holding a black mobile phone and communicating fluently in French with the person on the other end.

"Waylon, I have to leave the hospital now and won't be able to accompany you any longer; you should rest early after you finish your business."

Upon hearing this, Waylon turned around and saw the slender, tall figure at the door. He then glanced at the time shown on his phone.

"It's nine o'clock. Where are you going with that medical kit?"

"...I," Hope paused for a moment, "It's a bit complicated. Can I explain it to you when I return?"

Waylon's dark eyes narrowed slightly, but he didn't stop her, "Okay, be careful on the road."

"Mhm." With that, Hope hurriedly strode out.

Seeing Hope in a rush, Waylon withdrew his gaze, said a few words to the person on the phone, then hung up and called Thomas Hughes.

Once in the car, Hope started her vehicle and swiftly drove out of the parking lot, through the bustling city center, and following the address, she took the road toward the outskirts. The destination was quite remote with few vehicles passing by, so Hope gradually started to speed up.

An hour's journey was nearly halved by Hope's rapid driving.

The villa was secluded, best described as sparsely populated – a region she had never visited before, nor did she know that such an isolated place housed such a grand villa.

Just as she reached the entrance and pushed the door to go in, a burst of cold wind swept through, and a knife, swift as lightning, was suddenly pressed against her throat, the blade smeared with blood, bristling with murderous intent.

Hope Williams's body tensed up, but she kept her cool and quickly spoke out, "It's me."

"Sister Hope!" The person hurriedly withdrew the knife, waved their hand to signal the hidden ones to retreat.

At that moment, Aaron Ruiz strode out to meet Hope Williams, saw her, and quickly ushered her inside.

Hope Williams's pace was brisk as she anxiously asked, "What happened, didn't you all leave?"

"It was the Lewis Family; we were ready to leave. On the road, we were intercepted by the Lewis Family's people. We weren't on guard, and they outnumbered us ten to one. They were clearly determined to wipe us out."

Aaron Ruiz was also injured, his eyes shone with a cold light, full of fierce killing intent.

“The Lewis Family’s people? Are you sure?”

Hearing her words, Hope Williams’s eyelashes trembled, and she furrowed her brow fiercely.

How could this be? Christopher Lewis had clearly promised her some time; why would he suddenly strike at Liam Cloud?

Aaron Ruiz’s expression was icy cold, filled with pent-up anger, having never been so embarrassingly defeated. He was determined to get even.

“There’s no way I’m mistaken. Each of them had the Lewis Family crest on their clothing, and even the firearms they used were exclusive to the Lewis Family; there’s absolutely no mistaking it,” Aaron Ruiz said with certainty, decisively sure.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, her mind a whirl of thoughts, her brain in chaos.

“Take me to him first.”

“Big Boss is on the second floor.”

“Right,” Hope Williams followed Aaron Ruiz through the door, and the next moment, a thick scent of blood assailed her nostrils.

Hope Williams’s heart tightened as she gripped the medical box in her hand.

Only a dim light was lit in the room. The noise of the door startled the person inside; the man looked up abruptly, his piercing eyes seemingly boring right through her, sending chills down her spine.

Hope Williams was startled.

“It’s me,” Hope Williams spoke, walking toward Liam Cloud.

“Hope Williams!” Liam Cloud narrowed his eyes, eyeing her face with both surprise and anger, “Who has been bad-mouthing me to you?”

“Big Boss...” Wesley Ruiz shivered.

Liam Cloud’s expression was menacingly dark. Suddenly, he rose, grabbed the gun on the table, and pressed it against Wesley’s head, “Did you call her here? You idiot!”

Wesley had seen Liam Cloud’s rage many times before, but it had never been this severe. Wesley immediately knelt on one knee, bowing deeply, “Big Boss, you’re injured, if you won’t go to the hospital, I had no choice but to call Sister Hope over.”

Liam Cloud's anger made the veins on his forehead bulge. Hope Williams and Aaron were taken aback by his reaction; Liam Cloud was someone who couldn't control his temper and was prone to rash actions. Hope Williams quickly moved forward, grabbing Liam's arm, "Liam Cloud, what are you doing? Put the gun down."

Liam stared at Wesley with frantic imperiousness, "Why did you decide this on your own? In this situation, her coming here is like a lamb entering a tiger's den. Are you trying to kill her, huh?"

Wesley kept his head down, his body trembling slightly.

He knew, but he had to betray Hope Williams for his Big Boss.

Hope Williams raised her voice a notch, "Wesley is thinking of your best interest. You're injured, you won't go to the hospital, no one else can treat you, your wound could become infected and give you a high fever. Do you want to wait for death?" she questioned loudly.

Liam furiously closed his bloodshot eyes, his forehead radiating heat. He kicked Wesley fiercely in the chest, "Get out."

He tightly gripped Hope Williams's arm, his eyes dark and brooding as he stared at her, "I'll have someone take you back immediately."

"Why?" Hope Williams couldn't understand what exactly the situation was.

Her mind was in complete disarray.

"There's no why, just go!" Liam's voice was so resolute it brooked no argument.

Chapter 280: Chapter 280: An Accident Chapter 280: Chapter 280: An Accident "No reason, let's go!" Liam Cloud's voice was firm, beyond challenge.

Hope Williams furrowed her brows, looking at him worriedly, "Let's treat your wounds first, then I'll leave. Now that I'm here, I can't escape being involved anymore. It's too late to leave."

Liam Cloud was angry precisely because he knew this. Her coming here meant she couldn't break free from the connection.

In the end, he had dragged her into this.

Liam Cloud clenched his molars fiercely, "You've always been smart. At times like these, you should know you shouldn't have come."

"I'm not that heartless—to know yet merely watch you die from severe injuries." Hope Williams withdrew her hand and set down the medical kit.

"Sit down." Hope Williams's tone carried a hint of command as she gestured for Liam Cloud to sit back on the couch.

Liam Cloud bit his molar tightly, expressionless, but still sat down in the chair. Hope Williams took out disinfectant and cotton from the medical kit.

She furrowed her brows, lifting his blood-stained shirt to reveal a horrid red scene. A cut on his right abdomen had been treated, but poorly, bleeding continuously, a bloody mess.

There were also cuts on his arms, face, and neck.

Hope's clear black-and-white eyes were filled with shock, even worse than she had imagined.

How tragic! Too tragic!

Having known this man for many years, even though he often got injured, she had never seen him in such a wretched state.

Hope Williams's eyes reddened, her lips tight, unable to speak for a long while.

Seeing her frightened, Liam Cloud raised his hand to pull down his shirt, his eyes carrying self-reproach and pity, "It doesn't hurt, stop treating it. I won't die."

It seemed all too familiar to him, his tone as casual as if it were the most ordinary thing.

"Do you realize how serious your injuries are?" Hope Williams lowered her gaze, her voice deep.

It was rare for Liam Cloud to hear such a tone from Hope Williams. He looked up at her, the man who had been furious just moments before was now somewhat calmer. He took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep drag.

Hope Williams raised her hand, snatched the cigarette from his mouth, and crushed it in the ashtray.

Liam Cloud was taken aback.

"Why are you smoking?"

"..."

“Sit properly.”

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, not knowing when the fierce aura on him had faded, now sitting upright unconsciously watching her.

Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz couldn't help but click their tongues.

This obedient demeanor, so different from his usual ferocious attitude towards them, was like night and day.

Indeed, what could tame Liam Cloud had to be Hope Williams.

Ignoring everything else, Hope Williams skillfully started treating him with cotton.

Liam Cloud smiled slightly, watching Hope Williams cooperate as she finished treating his wounds.

Waylon Lewis's hospital room.

“Big Boss, there's been trouble with Liam Cloud.”

Waylon Lewis stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, his cold eyes narrowing slightly, “Who did it?”

“Still investigating. Besides, I've received a report. Madam has gone to find Liam Cloud.” After speaking, Thomas Hughes bowed his head sharply.

A cold wind blew over, and Thomas Hughes lowered his jaw, sensing the premonition of a bloodbath.

Waylon Lewis said nothing and immediately picked up his coat and walked out briskly.

Thomas Hughes did not dare to delay another second.

Hope Williams quickly finished treating him, looking at the pile of blood bandages on the table; she still worried that this guy, after so long, might lose too much blood.

But seeing his normal expression and complexion, Hope Williams breathed a sigh of relief, packed the medicine kit, and turned to him, “I need to ask you something.”

Liam Cloud looked up at her, “Ask.”

“Did you really kill the third young master of the Lewis family?” Hope Williams's clear eyes were earnest as she stared at Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud's gaze darkened, stormy and dangerously swirling in his eyes.

Hope Williams noticed every shift in Liam Cloud's emotions.

"Liam Cloud, I need an answer from you."

Liam Cloud frowned, "If I say it, will you believe me?"

"Yes."

Liam Cloud fell silent for half a second, his eyes and brows unmoved, his thin lips lightly uttered a few words, "No."

His eyes and brows looked indifferent, "I have no grudges against him, why would I kill him for no reason?"

Hope Williams' eyes flashed with understanding; she had always known Liam Cloud was ruthless, but not a bad person.

Others don't provoke him, and he doesn't bother them.

"Mmm, I understand now."

"Do you believe me?"

"Initially, I just guessed it wasn't you, but now I'm sure, it wasn't you."

A hard-to-hide light flickered in Liam Cloud's eyes.

Hope Williams frowned, "But why are the Lewis Family so sure it was you?"

"They have a problem in their head; at that time..."

"Bang!"

A piercing gunshot rang out.

Liam Cloud immediately turned around, a killing intent flashed in his cold eyes, as he pulled Hope Williams behind him, the other hand quickly reached for his handgun, poised for battle.

Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz were also on high alert, drew their guns, and immediately went into combat mode.

Someone quickly entered from the outside, "Big Boss, the Lewis Family's people are coming after us."

Liam Cloud's eyes surged with ferocity, "Seeking death."

He turned back to Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz, his voice cold, "Take the back door, take more people to ensure she gets out safely."

"What about you?" Hope Williams was anxious, these people were coming for him, and he directed his men to protect her as she left; what about him?

What would he do?

"If it's really the Lewis Family's people, they wouldn't dare do anything to me; instead, it's you. You go, I'll hold them off."

Yes, if it were truly the Lewis Family's people, Liam Cloud knew they wouldn't do anything to Hope Williams.

But he was afraid that these people weren't from the Lewis Family at all.

After so many years of dealing with the Lewis Family, the behavior of this group was clearly different from that of the Lewis family.

Although it was just his speculation and still not certain, he was worried about the if's. He wouldn't allow her to face even the slightest possibility of danger.

"Be obedient, leave first; I will come to find you later."

Hope Williams frowned, her lips tightly pursed; she didn't know why, but she had a very bad feeling.

His reassuring words were no use to her.

"Take her away," Liam Cloud pushed Hope Williams to Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz.

"Big boss!" Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz looked at Liam Cloud earnestly, "We will stay and fight with you."

Liam Cloud gave a cold smirk, "Don't act like it's a life-or-death goodbye; I am not going to die. You guys make sure to keep her safe."

After saying that, Liam Cloud glanced at Hope Williams, saying nothing.

But that look, Hope Williams incredibly saw a hint of longing in his eyes.

It was as if it was a longing for a final glance.

Hope Williams felt a sharp pain in her heart, her bad premonition growing stronger.

"Let me go, you block him, don't let him go."

Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz had to obey Liam Cloud's orders to ensure Hope Williams's safety. "Sister Hope, we must take you away now."

The gunfire outside became more piercing and frequent.

Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz both understood, with enemy numbers far exceeding theirs by ten times, even Liam Cloud would find it hard to escape, especially since he was also severely injured.

"You have to help him! Go help him!"

Hope Williams's eyes were red, but the two insisted on pulling her away.

"Waylon Lewis is leading men here!" someone shouted.

Though not very clear, Hope Williams still reacted.

Waylon Lewis had come!

Hope Williams's pupils contracted, she stood frozen, not moving.

Chapter 281: Chapter 281: Desperate Situation Chapter 281: Chapter 281: Desperate Situation At that moment in the Fuller Family, Old Master Fuller held his teacup nonchalantly, sipping his tea leisurely, waiting for the good news to arrive.

Vivia Fuller sat beside him, her face lit with joy, "How's the progress over there now?"

The butler beside her immediately responded, "The latest news is that our people have found Liam Cloud, and Hope Williams is also with him."

Vivia Fuller's eyes lit up instantly, "You mean Hope Williams is now with Liam Cloud?"

"Exactly."

"That's great, Grandpa, this is the perfect opportunity to take out Hope Williams, we must not miss it," Vivia Fuller clenched her hands tightly, overwhelmed with excitement.

Old Master Fuller's eyes, full of foresight and strategic thinking, squinted as he said to the butler, "Order our people to focus on Hope Williams, Liam Cloud's life must be spared."

The butler nodded, "Yes."

"Grandpa, why are we keeping Liam Cloud alive?" Vivia Fuller asked, puzzled.

“He’s useful. This time Liam Cloud’s people were badly beaten by the Lewis Family, he must utterly hate the Lewis Family. He will undoubtedly seek revenge on the Lewis Family after he recovers.”

Vivia Fuller frowned, “Grandpa, are you doing this just to deal with the Lewis Family? Why?”

Old Master Fuller sneered, “If the Lewis Family is unkind, they can’t blame us for being unrighteous.”

“Sister Hope, let’s get you out of here first,” Wesley Ruiz’s eyes were cold and piercing.

“No, no way.” Waylon Lewis was right outside the villa, and given Liam Cloud’s current situation, he couldn’t possibly overcome Waylon Lewis.

She had to stop him.

There was no time to take a step.

“Bang.” A gunshot sounded, a bullet whizzing past her ear, and she instinctively ducked.

Wesley Ruiz’s eyes hardened, he lifted his gun, and instantly shot the shooter, the back door was broken open, and a large group of people surged in.

“There are people at the back too, protect Sister Hope, I’ll handle them,” saying this, Wesley Ruiz charged out.

“Sister Hope, run.”

Hope Williams’s brow tightened instantly.

“No, these aren’t the Lewis Family’s people,” she quickly realized.

If they were from the Lewis Family, with Waylon Lewis still outside, they wouldn’t dare shoot at her.

Thus, Hope Williams concluded these were not the Lewis Family’s people, but someone impersonating the Lewis Family, framing the Lewis Family.

Gunshots erupted, Aaron Ruiz dodging left and right with Hope Williams, as more and more people charged in through the back door, their target clearly being Hope Williams.

“Bang.”

“Bang.”

“Bang.”

“Damn it.” Aaron Ruiz turned and delivered a fierce sidekick, swiftly taking down a man, “You bastard, courting death.”

“Everyone, attack, the boss said that Hope Williams must die.”

Immediately, Aaron Ruiz’s eyes gleamed coldly.

A large group of people surged forward, wielding knives.

Aaron Ruiz’s gun was out of bullets, he picked up a stick beside him, slowly lifting his head, his eyes filled with a murderous craze, and he plunged into the crowd.

With one swing of the stick, the forceful wind whistled, betraying the severe strength of the blow.

The cold wind was biting, the hem of his clothes flying.

The opponents were many and formidable, none of them pushovers.

Aaron Ruiz took the opportunity to pick up a dropped handgun from the ground, threw it to Hope Williams, and shouted, “Sister Hope, run upstairs.”

The back door was definitely not an option anymore, now it was just about delaying as much as possible.

Hope Williams clenched the gun, gritting her teeth; Liam Cloud had taught her how to shoot, but she had never fired at a person before.

The attackers were too many, and since they were unable to overpower Aaron Ruiz, those behind immediately aimed their guns at him.

“Watch out, Aaron Ruiz,” Hope Williams’s pupils shrank, yelling loudly.

“Bang,” a gunshot sounded.

“Uh!” Aaron Ruiz groaned, a bullet striking his leg, intense pain overwhelming him, forcing him to the ground suddenly.

Seeing her fall, the assailant immediately took advantage of the situation. Aaron Ruiz bit down her teeth, trying to stand, but the bullet had gone right through her knee, and the numbing pain made it impossible to rise.

“Bang,” another gunshot sounded, the man in front fell to the ground.

Aaron Ruiz looked back in surprise to see Hope Williams with both hands on the gun, her chest heaving dramatically as she watched the man fall right in front of her, her heart still racing.

But she couldn't dwell on it, Hope Williams charged forward, grabbing Aaron Ruiz's hand and helping her up onto her shoulder, "Get up."

"No, you go, I'll cover you," Aaron Ruiz pushed Hope Williams away.

Hope Williams clenched her teeth, continued to support her, her gaze resolute, "We leave together."

The assailants rushed forward, their blades stabbing straight down, Hope Williams nimbly bent backward, dodging the strike, Aaron Ruiz reacted swiftly raising her hand and struck hard at the man's neck.

Hope Williams's eyes were cold, she lifted her hand, aimed at the men behind, and pulled the trigger; having fired once, the second time was much bolder, her aim was very good, "Bang" a bullet hit the man in the chest, the man maintained his shooting posture, aiming at her, but fell immediately... Hope Williams rapidly fired a few more shots, each shot finding its mark.

"You're not a bad shot."

Aaron Ruiz remembered, previously Liam Cloud had only taught her to shoot a few times, at the time she was unwilling to learn, she had been forced to.

So, the first shot just now was somewhat unexpected for Aaron Ruiz.

Hope Williams was different from those people who were trained as assassins from a young age, fighting and killing. She appeared gentle and weak, and her hands were meant for healing and saving lives. She never expected she would have the courage to fire a gun.

Hope Williams bit her lip, "It seems learning a bit can be useful after all." At least it could save her life at critical moments.

"A bunch of idiots, can't even deal with two women. Keep going, attack!" yelled the leader, furious as he watched many of his brothers fall.

"This isn't working, I'll cover you, you run," Wesley Ruiz said, pushing himself up.

Hope Williams tightened her grip, her cold eyes unwavering, "They're here for me, how could they possibly let me go easily?"

"None of you are leaving."

Squinting slightly, Hope noticed they indeed wore clothes with the Lewis Family crest, but they weren't from the Lewis Family. She was more certain now.

"Who sent you?"

"Want to know? Go ask Lord Blake," the man gestured, "She's out of bullets. Everyone, attack—don't use guns. It's too easy for her to die that way. The boss said to torment her well."

"Yes."

They advanced towards Hope Williams with knives.

Wesley Ruiz's eyes shimmered coldly, "Sister Hope, can you fight?"

Hope clenched her fist, "I know a few moves."

After exchanging glances, Wesley threw Hope a knife, then, despite the intense pain in his leg, charged forward first.

Hope Williams also charged forward without hesitation.

As several men confronted Hope, one swung his blade swiftly, but she sidestepped, and a force swept past, promptly flipping the man onto his back.

Others around didn't pause; when one fell, another surged forward. She grabbed one man's arm, leaned forward, and plunged the knife into his chest with a wet thrust.

Seizing the moment, Hope pulled the gun from his waist and fired backward.

The sound of several "pfft" noises followed, bullets penetrating bodies.

Just then, another person charged from behind, swinging a knife that instantly embedded in Hope's shoulder.

"Ah—" Hope cried out in pain, her body trembling, blood bursting out. In just that second's pause, another slash crossed her arm. Raising her gun, she shot the person behind her dead.

As people swarmed like a devastating flood, the pain intensified over her body, her agility nowhere near what it was initially.

"Sister Hope!" Wesley Ruiz screamed, rushing over to stab the man who was attacking Hope from behind, just as another blade plunged into Wesley's abdomen.

Hope's pupils dilated, her face turned pale, "Wesley!"

Wesley spit out blood, “Damn all these bastards, get lost.”

The men seemed intent on tormenting Hope to death, never giving her a quick end.

Hope’s arms, back, calves, and shoulders bore varying degrees of knife wounds—not fatal, but tortuously challenging to the spirit.

Each time she was knocked down, she struggled forcefully to stand, exhausted, barely managing to wield her knife.

The leader pulled out his phone to record the moment, sent it to his superior, then crossed his arms and hooked a smile, enjoying the desperate struggle.

“Alright, give her a quick end,” he motioned to his subordinates.

One of them nodded, the next second, pulling out a handgun, aiming straight at Hope’s heart.

The moment the man grabbed the gun, Wesley reacted instantly, his eyes widening, his raspy voice struggling, “Sister Hope...”

As his voice trailed off, his body lunged forward.

In that instant Hope raised her head, shielding her shoulder, a warm spray coated her face.

The warmth touched her, shaking her body, forcing her eyes shut tightly.

A thud sounded, the body before her falling heavily.

Blood flowed liberally; as a doctor, Hope knew the heart and head were places where blood loss was substantial—the bullet had pierced Wesley’s heart...

“Wesley!” Hope shrieked, moving faster than her brain could process, she held Wesley, pressing her hand against his chest, frantically trying to stop the bleeding.

“Wesley! Wesley...”

“Sister Hope, don’t...cry,” he gasped as blood continued to pour from his mouth.

“No, no... Wesley, hold on...”

Wesley struggled to raise his hand, holding Hope’s, “Sister Hope, I... have a favor to ask... if you can make it out safely, you must... you must find a way to save... to save Big Boss... promise me, promise...”

They both knew, already surrounded by so many people, Liam Cloud faced even greater numbers. Liam Cloud, skilled as he was, couldn’t escape from such overwhelming odds.

"I promise you, I promise, don't sleep, please, Wesley..." Hope sobbed holding Wesley in her arms.

"Sorry, I..." His voice stopped, the hand holding hers gently falling.

Wesley died in her arms!

"Wesley..."

Intense pain spread across her chest, holding the motionless body in her embrace, Hope was half-sentenced.

Hope remembered Wesley was two years younger than her, but now, he died protecting her...

"Ah!" Hope screamed in agony.

"Continue." The leader joyously reveled in the suffering of others.

The men beside him resumed shooting.

"Bang."

"Bang."

Gunshots fell...

Chapter 282: Chapter 282 She's Pregnant Chapter 282: Chapter 282 She's Pregnant
Several people around dropped to the ground.

"What's going on?"

The leader looked up in panic as the people around him fell one after another, then raised his head to look toward the source of the noise.

A man rushed in, and the leader's face instantly filled with horror.

Waylon Lewis looked down at the people on the ground, a sharp pain suddenly striking his chest, his eyes narrowing as a surge of anger and bloodlust filled them.

She was covered in blood, it wasn't clear whether it was hers or someone else's.

Her clenched fists made a spine-chilling "creak, creak" sound.

He bent down to pick up the person on the ground as Hope Williams watched Waylon Lewis with bitten lips, her crimson eyes misting with emotion.

The man's voice was cold, devoid of any warmth, "Kill."

"It's Waylon Lewis, pull back," the leader ordered in utter disarray.

Too late.

The men behind Waylon Lewis raised their weapons, and a barrage of gunshots rang out.

Amidst the gunfire, Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams away.

"Liam Cloud? Where's Liam Cloud? What did you do to him?" Hope Williams clutched Waylon's clothes tightly, asking in a hoarse voice.

"He's not dead."

Not dead, but captured.

"You..."

"Look after yourself first," said Waylon Lewis, his voice very deep, urgently putting Hope Williams into the car.

Before getting into the car, Hope Williams saw the cold bodies on the ground, many of them she recognized as Liam Cloud's men, brothers.

Just a few days ago, they were still sitting together, laughing and joking, with Luke and Willow still cuddling in their arms calling them brother and uncle...

And now...

The pain in Hope Williams's chest was unbearable.

Why did this happen, why did it happen, they could have left, who instigated this, who was plotting all this behind the scenes?

"Waylon Lewis, can you please bury them well?"

"Mhm."

"Mhm—" Hope Williams moaned deeply, frowning hard, her hands stirring the clothes around her stomach.

"Hope Williams?" Waylon Lewis's voice shook, his arms tightening around her.

"My stomach... it hurts..." Hope Williams's chest heaved violently.

It was a twisting pain, as if something was being ripped apart inside her body.

This pain, on top of an already battered body, brought her to the brink of collapsing, her face turned deathly white, and she could barely catch her breath, her face drenched in cold sweat before she fainted.

“Hope Williams!”

Waylon Lewis’s heart skipped a beat.

...

Outside the emergency room, Wyatt Lewis learned about the night’s events, bringing Luke and Willow to the hospital. Luke and Willow stood expressionless at the door, just like Waylon Lewis, silent.

Their wide eyes fixed in a traumatized stare at the door, unblinking.

Hope Williams had a long, long dream.

She dreamt of being forced by that man in Country Y to practice skills she did not want to learn, like combat and shooting – although surrounded by danger, with Liam Cloud, her days were as casual as any ordinary person’s, carefree and happy.

She dreamt of Wesley Ruiz and Aaron Ruiz, smiling at her.

Many familiar faces passed through her dream, they warmly called out to her, “Sister Hope.”

The dream shifted, gunfire erupted, blood splattered, and those once-clear faces slowly faded from her sight...

In the dream, it was Liam Cloud’s last look, filled with lingering longing as he left...

In her arms, the girl who was critically injured to save her held her hand, urging her to save Liam Cloud...

...

“How is she?”

Walking to the bedside, Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams arrived to see Waylon Lewis seated next to Hope Williams’s bed, head bowed, holding her hand, motionless. Christopher asked him, but he didn’t react at all.

The suffocating silence lasted unknown lengths before Waylon Lewis finally spoke, "She has multiple stab wounds. They've been bandaged. Her life isn't in danger."

Alitzel Williams's tension eased, "That's good, a blessing in disguise..."

"She was pregnant." Waylon Lewis lowered his head and kissed Hope Williams's cold little hand.

Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis froze in shock.

Chapter 283: Chapter 283: Teaching You How to Behave Chapter 283: Chapter 283: Teaching You How to Behave "Really? How is the child?" Alitzel Williams was both excited and frightened, not knowing what kind of expression to wear.

Hope Williams suffered such a serious injury, what about the child? Could it be that the child...

Alitzel Williams looked worried and didn't dare to think further. She turned to Waylon Lewis, and seeing that he didn't speak, she raised her voice and asked, "Come on, say something, you're killing me here."

"The child has been saved for now," Waylon Lewis said somberly, his eyes on Hope revealing a mix of distress and guilt.

"What do you mean by 'for now'?"

Waylon Lewis replied, "There are signs of a miscarriage."

"Did the doctor prescribe medication for saving the pregnancy?"

"Yes," Alitzel answered whatever questions Waylon posed, never averting his gaze.

Waylon Lewis wasn't happy because Hope was pregnant; instead, he was even more worried. Hope was now injured and had suffered from shock and fright. Currently, for the sake of the fetus, the doctors dared not prescribe oral medication to Hope, but if her injuries led to a fever, it would be very troublesome.

Thus Waylon Lewis was very concerned, holding Hope's hand and kissing it repeatedly.

Alitzel Williams opened her mouth, wanting to ask more, but she was also worried about upsetting Waylon Lewis, who was already suffering enough.

With pursed lips, Alitzel looked towards the two little ones, unnaturally quiet at the side, her heart ached unbearably. She crouched down next to them, choosing her words

carefully, and said in a very gentle voice, "Luke, Willow, why don't you go home with grandma first? Let your dad stay here with your mom. Your mom will be fine."

Luke and Willow's eyes were fixed on Hope, visibly anxious to wait for her to wake up.

Alitzel observed the identical expressions on the faces of the father and two children, sighed deeply, and reluctantly let them be.

"Let's go." She tugged at Christopher Lewis, signaling him to leave, to give them some private space.

Christopher gazed deeply at Waylon, seeing the full extent of his concern.

Alitzel took three steps and looked back as she walked out, unable to resist reminding him, "Waylon, you're injured too, you need to take care to rest more, or Hope will be upset when she wakes up."

Waylon Lewis had no response.

Alitzel could only leave helplessly.

Aria Richardson ran up, according to the hospital room number Wyatt Lewis had sent her, and immediately pushed the door open to enter.

"Wait, don't go in yet," Wyatt Lewis, leaning against the wall, hurriedly stepped forward to stop Aria.

"Why not? How is Hope doing? Is her injury severe? Has she woken up? What did the doctor say?" Aria asked anxiously.

A flurry of questions left Wyatt unsure of which to answer first.

"Sister-in-law hasn't woken up yet, she's quite seriously injured. The doctor said she needs to rest quietly, and my brother's here accompanying her."

"How could this have happened?"

"I'm not really..." clear!

Waylon hadn't told him the details, and seeing the look on his brother's face, Wyatt didn't dare to ask.

"Damn it, is it those bitches from the Fuller Family again?" Aria gritted her teeth, her questioning voice full of anger.

Wyatt was startled, taken aback. What's with this woman's wrathful appearance, as if she's ready to tear someone apart?

He hadn't said anything yet...

"It must be those two bitches hurting Hope again! I'm going to slaughter them."

Willow turned her head and strode away with her bag in hand.

Wyatt Lewis was shocked and then shocked again. That woman was fierce! She walked as if her high heels were made for flying.

Hey, wait! Who was she going to find?

Damn.

Wyatt Lewis hurried after her.

The Fuller Family was not someone Willow could afford to provoke, and with the way that woman handled things, it was uncertain whether she would tear those two Fuller sisters apart.

In the Fuller Family residence, Vivia Fuller couldn't believe what she was hearing as she got up from the sofa, "Hope Williams isn't dead? Are you all incompetent? I sent so many of you, and you still couldn't kill her?"

The leader, named Robert Faye, dragged his battered body back to report, "Liam Cloud alone was enough to exhaust most of our men, and then Waylon Lewis came and rescued her."

"How is that possible? How did Brother Waylon find out? Besides, wasn't this operation supposed to be carried out in secret? How did Waylon Lewis find out?"

Vivia Fuller was fuming with anger; her eyes and heart filled with resentment that Hope Williams was still alive.

"We were indeed very cautious during the operation, but I have no idea how Waylon Lewis got the information and stormed in."

Old Master Fuller furrowed his brows and sat on the sofa, "Was your identity exposed?"

"No, absolutely not. All of our disguises, including our weapons, were identical to the Lewis Family's. Even if he found out we weren't from the Lewis Family, he couldn't possibly know our identities." Robert Faye was certain of that.

"What do we do now, grandfather?" Vivia Fuller looked at Old Master Fuller anxiously.

Old Master Fuller took out a cigar, lit it, leaned back, and squinted his eyes, "No harm done, just a woman who got away. What does it matter? What about Liam Cloud?"

"Following your instructions, we only severely injured Liam Cloud, and in the end, he was taken away by Isaiah Lewis's people."

Old Master Fuller's lips curled in a satisfied smirk, "Hmm."

"Grandfather, you...", Mia Fuller had heard all their conversation from the top of the stairs.

"Mia," Old Master Fuller was not surprised and just gave a look to Robert Faye, signaling him to leave.

"Grandfather, what have you done? Who is Liam Cloud? And what about Hope Williams and Brother Waylon? What are you talking about?" Mia Fuller walked over and sat beside Old Master Fuller, dutifully filling his tea cup and curiously looking up at him.

Old Master Fuller took the tea from Mia Fuller and smiled calmly, "This has nothing to do with you; you don't need to ask further."

"I just heard you talking about Hope Williams. How is she? Is she dead?" Mia Fuller dreamt of Hope Williams's death.

"No, she managed to escape," replied Vivia Fuller with a cold tone, visibly annoyed.

Mia Fuller let out a dissatisfied sigh, "That bitch really has nine lives."

"Vivia Fuller, Mia Fuller, get out here," Aria Richardson drove into the Fuller residence and shouted at the doorstep.

"My dear lady, can you let me finish talking, please?" Wyatt Lewis followed beside Aria Richardson with a helpless expression.

Aria Richardson pushed Wyatt Lewis away impatiently, "Stay away from me. Hope must have been harmed by these two bitches; these two together are a scheming pair who have tried to harm Hope so many times. I won't believe anyone else was responsible."

"You two, get out here!" The rampaging Aria Richardson couldn't be stopped by Wyatt Lewis, no matter how much he tried to persuade her.

"Who's causing a commotion outside?" Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller came out, standing on the steps with a look of disgust at Aria Richardson, "Aria Richardson? What are you going crazy about at the doorstep of the Fuller's?"

Aria Richardson's eyes flashed with a cold light. She rolled up her sleeves, yanked off her high heels, handed her bag to Wyatt Lewis, and charged like a crazed lioness.

"You two bitches, get down here!" Aria Richardson rushed up and grabbed each of the women by the hair, "Up to trouble again, huh? Let's see how 'Mommy' teaches you a lesson today."

Chapter 284: Chapter 284: Just Endure It and It Will Pass Chapter 284: Chapter 284: Just Endure It and It Will Pass "You two bitches get down here." Aria Richardson rushed forward, grabbing each by the hair, "Playing dirty again, huh? Let's see how I teach you a lesson today."

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller hadn't expected Aria to charge at them like a madwoman.

With their hair being yanked, they were forcibly bent over, instinctively reaching up to scratch at Aria's hand. "You bitch, what's gotten into you? Let go, ahh..."

Releasing Mia, she grabbed Vivia and slapped her twice, "I've gone mad, I've just gone mad, what about it? Was it you who caused Hope Williams' injury? Was it you?"

"Aah! Aah!" Vivia struggled fiercely, feeling as if her scalp was about to be ripped off, screaming shrilly, her hands flailing wildly.

Wyatt Lewis had been worried about Aria taking on both at once, but now his worries were completely unnecessary.

Her fighting ability could take them both down.

Since Aria was consistently getting the upper hand, Wyatt didn't intervene. After all, it didn't seem right for a man to get between three fighting women, so he simply stayed out of it.

"You psycho." Mia Fuller picked up a rock from the bushes nearby, gripping it with both hands, ready to throw it at Aria.

Wyatt stepped forward and grabbed Mia's hand, a cold look in his eyes, "If we fight, we fight, but playing dirty isn't good."

"You!"

Wyatt's fingers tightened, causing Mia's wrist to hurt immediately, the rock falling from her hand.

"You still thinking of playing dirty?" Aria didn't pamper her, stepping forward to grab Mia, pulling her right up to her face in one swift motion.

Mia raised her hand, aiming to scratch Aria's face, "Bitch, what did I ever do to you?"

"What do you think? Huh?"

"Smack, smack." Two slaps landed unstoppable on Mia's frantic face. "Remember this, stop coveting other people's men, stop thinking about harming others, hear me?"

"Aah... Aah!"

Old Master Fuller came out quickly upon hearing the noises, only to see his granddaughters Vivia and Mia being beaten, their clothes in disarray, their meticulously styled hair turned into a mess, being trampled and beaten on the ground, completely devoid of dignity.

Shoes, jewelry, fabrics were scattered everywhere.

The nearby servants were stunned by the scene.

Old Master Fuller's eyes blazed with fury, "What is this spectacle? What is this spectacle?"

"Everyone stop, stop!" Old Master Fuller shouted, banging his cane.

"You shut the fuck up."

Old Master Fuller, "..."

Wyatt really had to give Aria a thumbs up, did she even know who she was standing up to?

"Ah, Grandpa save me! Bitch, let go!"

"Aah..."

"What are you all staring for? Go and save them!" Old Master Fuller demanded, his chest heaving dramatically with anger.

Several bodyguards intervened, trying to pry Aria's hands off Vivia's clothes, forcefully pulling her hands away.

But Aria held on tight, and as the bodyguards pulled her forward, "Rip." went the sound.

“Aah!” Vivia screamed piercingly, having just come from her room without even putting on a coat, wearing only a pale-colored sundress, which was instantly torn, revealing large patches of skin.

Vivia quickly crouched down, covering herself.

Aria, still not satisfied, kicked her again. Wyatt stepped forward, pulling the furious Aria back, “Enough, you’ll kill her if you continue.”

The two sisters curled up on the ground, their hands tightly covering their faces, crying ceaselessly, looking as miserable as two clumps of mud.

Old Master Fuller, seeing his granddaughters beaten like this, was furious, his temples throbbing violently, his trembling fingers pointed at Aria. “You! This is outrageous. Who do you think you are to run wild in the Fuller Family house? Seize her!”

Old Master Fuller’s robust voice roared, his fury erupting like a roaring lion.

“Old fart, you...”

Wyatt pulled Aria back as she was about to rush at Old Master Fuller, holding her tight in his arms, his gaze piercing Old Master Fuller without a trace of a smile.

“I’m sorry, Old Master Fuller, my girlfriend drank too much, didn’t like how your precious daughters looked, and offended them greatly, but let’s just endure it and let it pass.”

“What did you say?” Old Master Fuller glared at Wyatt.

Wyatt’s lips curled into a faint smile, “Seeing the daughters’ faces beaten like that, they do look rather pitiful. Here’s two million.”

Wyatt pulled out a card, without any explanation, directly putting it into the hands of a nearby bodyguard, “Get your young ladies some cosmetic surgery, two million should cover two operations, and if that’s not enough, I’ll give more.”

“Wyatt Lewis, have you lost your mind, siding with a madwoman against our Fuller Family?” Mia, who was beaten for no reason and saw Wyatt defending this madwoman, was nearly driven insane.

Wyatt glanced coldly at her, scoffing, “Did I though? But if that’s how you want to think, I don’t mind.”

“Wyatt Lewis!” Mia gnashed her teeth.

Vivia’s hands tightly clutched the ground, her perfectly manicured nails shattering.

"Enough." Old Master Fuller's face was dark and grim, Wyatt might look carefree every day, but he was no pushover.

Rupturing relations with the Lewis Family over such a trivial matter seemed completely unnecessary.

"If that's the case, let's have this young lady apologize, and we can put this matter to rest." Old Master Fuller spoke.

"Dream on." Aria flatly refused.

Old Master Fuller's brows didn't move, but his facial muscles trembled, furious to the extreme.

Wyatt looked at Aria, somewhat helpless, then strongly stated, "Since I've paid, I see no need for an apology. If it's not enough, I can keep compensating."

"I give a damn about your few million." Mia forcefully grabbed the card from the bodyguard's hand and threw it back into Wyatt's arms.

Wyatt's lips curled up, catching it smoothly, unfazed, "I offered, you didn't want it."

"Wyatt Lewis, aren't you being excessive!" Mia fumed.

"Excessive? I paid what I owed, do I need to force it on you when you don't want it? I'm not pathetic." Wyatt's voice was low and firm.

His words left several people speechless.

"Nothing else then, we're leaving." Wyatt, holding Aria, walked away calmly under the hostile glares of several.

Chapter 285: Chapter 285 Luke Willow Going to Give You Hugs Chapter 285: Chapter 285 Luke Willow Going to Give You Hugs Aria's mood improved after beating up those two despicable women.

Wyatt Lewis watched her triumphant demeanor and hooked his lips slightly.

"Put your shoes on." Wyatt bent down and placed the shoes he had retrieved in front of her.

"Okay." Aria bent slightly, lowered her head, and lifted her foot.

Just as Wyatt rose, Aria suddenly widened her eyes and quickly moved backward, but she moved so quickly that she unintentionally fell backwards.

“Be careful.” Wyatt’s quick reflexes allowed him to catch Aria by the waist.

In her panic, Aria flailed her arms in mid-air, desperately looking for something to grasp. Seeing Wyatt lean towards her, she instinctively hooked her arms around his neck.

A piercing ray of sunlight fell, and they locked eyes.

Aria’s heart pounded violently.

Waylon was also stunned.

“Ah~” Aria trembled, and her body sprang back as if electrified.

Waylon was startled by her reaction and quickly let go, “Why are you screaming?”

Aria patted her pounding heart, awkwardly pulling at her lip, “...Thank you.”

“You?”

Wyatt’s brow twitched.

Aria quickly walked forward.

Wyatt felt somewhat at a loss.

He looked down at the shoes scattered on the ground...

She seemed even more scatterbrained than him.

“Hey, your shoes.” Wyatt called out to her.

“Oh, right.” Aria hurried back to put them on, then left with a red face.

In the car, Aria sat in the passenger seat while Wyatt drove.

The atmosphere was slightly awkward due to what had just happened.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, glancing at Aria, “What’s the matter?”

“What’s the matter?”

“Just now you were all chatty like fireworks, and now you’re silent.”

“Fireworks?”

Aria looked up at him, annoyed, “You’re the fireworks, your whole family are fireworks.”

“Alright, so my sister-in-law is one too.”

“She’s not.” Aria huffed, not allowing anyone to speak ill of Hope Williams.

Seeing her defend Hope, Wyatt smiled, “You’re really loyal.”

Wyatt hadn’t expected her to be so daring as to barge into the Fuller Family’s place and not take them seriously at all; Old Man Fuller’s face turned green with rage.

“Of course, Hope is my best friend, I would never let her be bullied,” Aria naturally smirked.

“It’s good for my sister-in-law to have you as a best friend.”

“You’re not bad yourself; you usually seem so carefree, but just now, you were quite manly.”

Aria glanced sideways at Wyatt while buckling her seatbelt.

Wyatt’s lips twitched, “I’m not manly usually?”

Aria paused, looking at his serious face and laughed, “Manly, very manly.”

Satisfied, Wyatt started the car, “Where to? The hospital?”

“Probably not.” Aria checked her phone, “I have things to do, so I won’t go to the hospital yet. Hope is probably still asleep, and with the Great Demon King there, they don’t need me. I’ll visit her later.”

Wyatt pulled his lips into a smirk, “Great Demon King?”

“Your brother, doesn’t he always have that grim look on his face? Definitely like a Great Demon King.”

Wyatt felt this deeply.

Just thinking of how Waylon had treated him normally made his skin crawl; definitely, it was like a Great Demon King!

Hope Williams woke up that evening, tried to sit up, but felt weak and collapsed, her body aching and devoid of strength.

“Don’t move.” Waylon rushed over, supporting Hope, and asked with concern, “Are you still feeling unwell anywhere?”

Hope struggled to shake her head, her voice hoarse as she barely uttered, “I’m okay.”

“Mommy~” Luke and Willow ran to Hope’s bedside as soon as they saw her awaken, their long-held back tears immediately starting to fall.

“Don’t... don’t cry...” Hope tried to raise her hand to comfort the two little ones, but she lacked even the strength to lift her hand.

Waylon gave Luke and Willow a look.

Sniffing, they immediately obediently stopped crying, “Mommy, does it still hurt? Luke and Willow will blow it better.”

Hope smiled weakly, “It doesn’t hurt anymore, my darlings...”
Hope turned to look at Waylon, emotions swirling in her eyes.

Waylon gently placed his hand on her head, his thumb tenderly stroking her, “I know what you want to ask. Liam wasn’t captured by me; he was taken by someone else. I was in a rush to find you and couldn’t intervene. I’m on it, and I’ll keep you informed.”

Hope blinked, her heart filled with too many emotions, choked up, and in intense pain.

There was so much she wanted to say, yet when she spoke, it was reduced to just one plea, “The incident back then had nothing to do with him, Waylon, please, save him...”
This request, coming from Hope, who had always viewed Liam as an enemy, was perhaps too much for Waylon, but she had to ask.

To Waylon, it was the first time Hope had asked him for help, the first time she showed reliance on him, and it was for another man.

Especially since just now, in her sleep, she had been calling that man’s name...
Waylon felt a bitter ache in his heart.

Chapter 286: Chapter 286: The Mole Chapter 286: Chapter 286: The Mole Waylon
Lewis felt a hint of bitterness in his heart.

“Rest for now,” Waylon Lewis said softly, comforting her.

Hope Williams’ brow furrowed with worry, looking at Waylon Lewis, “Don’t you believe me?”

“How can we be sure it wasn’t him?” Waylon Lewis sighed deeply, looking at her and asking.

He had investigated that year’s incident; only Liam Cloud and his subordinate, Wesley Ruiz, were at the scene. He had his people search everyone, but only found the gun, the murder weapon, on Liam Cloud.

So, who else could it be but him? He was temperamental and ruthless in his actions, heartlessly killing people—everyone avoided him as a highly dangerous individual.

Moreover, he had shown up uninvited; all the evidence pointed to him. What reason could there be to believe in him?

Seeing that he didn’t believe her, Hope Williams struggled to sit up urgently.

Waylon Lewis quickly supported her shoulders, “Don’t move, be careful with your wound.”

Hope Williams didn’t have much strength right now, and her voice was very weak, but there were some things she had to tell Waylon Lewis, so she continued.

“Liam Cloud may seem bad, but he’s not wicked at heart. He definitely wouldn’t kill someone for no reason. I’ve asked him, and he said he didn’t do it. He also had something to say at that time but was interrupted, so I think he might know something,” Hope Williams said, her brow furrowed with concern and sincere eyes.

Waylon Lewis looked at her with deep and profound eyes.

Hope Williams pressed her lips together, “I know it’s hard to convince anyone just by what I’m saying. Without evidence, let’s not talk about this for now, but please, considering he saved me and Luke and Willow in Country Y, can you save him just this once? Even if it’s just to repay...”

“Mmm,” Waylon Lewis agreed.

Seeing his agreement, Hope Williams finally exhaled in relief.

“Also, the people today weren’t from the Lewis Family. Their targets were not only Liam Cloud, but also me... They clearly wanted me dead.

But they were wearing Lewis Family uniforms, using Lewis Family weapons. How did they get them? This is a problem. I suspect there is an inside traitor in the Lewis Family, which is why those people could get ahold of the uniforms and firearms.”

These were Hope Williams’ analyses.

“An inner traitor?” Waylon Lewis’s cold eyes narrowed slightly.

“Mmm, this traitor is definitely trouble for the Lewis Family, but the main thing is to find this traitor first.”

Waylon Lewis’s eyes were chillingly cold, “I understand. I will handle this matter. You need to rest well and not worry about other things for now. You’re carrying a baby now; you need to take extra care of yourself.”

“What did you say?” Hope Williams’ beautiful eyes brightened with surprise, looking at Waylon Lewis, “I’m pregnant?”

“Mmm, the doctor said about six weeks,” Waylon Lewis said, looking at her with tender eyes.

“What about the baby? Could it be affected? How is the baby?” Hope Williams shuddered at the memory and also remembered the sharp pain in her lower abdomen at that time.

“Don’t worry, the baby is fine in your belly.”

Hope Williams was both shocked and overjoyed. Her eyes blinked, and she slowly lifted her hand to her stomach, gently stroking it.

“That’s good, that’s good,” Hope Williams whispered, her eyes starting to redden uncontrollably.

She was okay, and the baby was okay, but Aaron Ruiz...

The girl who had protected her had left her life behind forever.

Hope Williams closed her eyes tightly as tears slipped from the corners of her eyes.

She truly owed Liam Cloud and the others far too much.

“Mommy, why are you crying? Aren’t you happy about the baby?” Luke blinked, looking at Hope Williams sympathetically, while Willow gave her a tissue to wipe her tears.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?” Waylon Lewis asked in panic, standing up and taking Hope Williams’ hand.

All three of them looked at her with unified concern.

Hope Williams shook her head slightly, her nose still tingling and tears falling uncontrollably, “I’m fine. I want to be alone for a bit. Luke, Willow, can you go back with daddy first, please?”

Luke and Willow looked at Hope Williams then at Waylon Lewis; they wanted to stay and accompany their mommy.

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows too, his heart aching with guilt as he looked at her. He sighed, bent down, and kissed her on the forehead. "Alright, then you have a good sleep, and I'll take the two of them home first."

"Okay," Hope Williams murmured softly and closed her eyes.

Waylon Lewis took a deep look at Hope Williams and, with Luke and Willow in tow, stepped out.

"Daddy, Mommy seems very sad," Luke and Willow were worried about Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis also noticed that Hope Williams's emotions were clearly off; she loved children and should have been happy having the baby, but Waylon didn't see any joy in her eyes.

"She is just tired, she'll be fine after some rest. I'll take you home first, and come back to check on her later," Waylon reassured Luke and Willow.

"Alright then."

...

In the old man's hospital room, Isaiah Lewis was standing before Elder Lewis, seeking recognition for his achievements.

"Dad, I've caught the murderer who killed Jayden all those years ago."

Listening to Isaiah's words, the deep-set eyes of Elder Lewis narrowed, "What happened?"

Isaiah recounted how he had come to know of Liam Cloud's whereabouts, and how he captured Liam Cloud, of course, tailoring the truth, and he certainly couldn't mention the cooperation with the Fuller Family.

"Right now, I have him locked up, but he's stubborn and won't admit to what he did all those years ago, no matter what," Isaiah said, constantly gauging Elder Lewis's facial expressions.

Elder Lewis's face showed no emotion, his pursed lips were a clear indicator of his anger.

The death of Jayden Lewis was undoubtedly a sore point for Elder Lewis.

Having waited so many years to catch the murderer, his eyes were filled with vengeance, and naturally, Elder Lewis would not let Liam Cloud off the hook.

“Dad, what do you think we should do?”

“You decide, but we must avenge Jayden,” Elder Lewis’s intentions were clear.

Isaiah immediately understood, “Understood, Dad.”

Isaiah’s eyes shifted as he leaned forward and said, “Then Dad, can this be considered as my redemptive act? We’ve already been punished for the past mistakes, can we return to the Lewis Family? We truly realize our errors, and we will never repeat them. I have already taught Amelia a lesson; she knows she was wrong too, especially since she was already beaten so badly at that time...”

Elder Lewis glanced at him.

“Alright, it’s good you know you were wrong. If there’s a next time, I won’t be lenient,” Elder Lewis said gravely.

The wily glint in Isaiah’s eyes flickered, and he quickly nodded, bowing repeatedly in agreement, “I understand, Dad, it definitely won’t happen again.”

“Good, you may leave now.”

“Yes, Dad, you take care and rest well.” Isaiah Lewis walked out with a smug smile on his face.

As soon as he left the hospital room, he immediately called Old Master Fuller, “It’s done. I have to thank you for your help; without it, it wouldn’t have gone so smoothly.”

Old Master Fuller laughed heartily, “Don’t mention it, I only played a minor role. The main credit goes to Mr. Lewis himself. First of all, congratulations on you rejoining the Lewis Family.”

“Thanks regardless, and in the future, once I take charge of the Lewis Family, the Fuller Family will be our primary business partner.”

Then Old Master Fuller laughed again, “I’ll be waiting for the day Mr. Lewis takes charge of the family, and then we’ll celebrate properly.”

“Indeed, looking forward to it. Happy cooperation.”

“Happy cooperation.”

Isaiah Lewis hung up the phone, the smugness barely hidden in his eyes. As he walked forward, he paused, spotting Thomas Hughes approaching him with two individuals, their presence exuding intimidation.

A tremor went through Isaiah's heart as he narrowed his eyes at them, not sure if it was guilt or something else, but he turned and walked in the opposite direction.

But then, two strong and imposing bodyguards aggressively surrounded him from behind.

Isaiah immediately recognized them as Waylon's men, his eyes tightened as he turned back to face Thomas Hughes with a stern look, "Thomas Hughes, what is the meaning of this?"

"Isaiah Lewis, our boss wants a word with you. Please come with us," Thomas Hughes's voice was authoritative and full of force, addressing Isaiah Lewis by his full name with no sign of respect.

Chapter 287: Chapter 287 Waylon Lewis Gets Angry Chapter 287: Chapter 287 Waylon Lewis Gets Angry Waylon Lewis's men were naturally just like Waylon Lewis himself: domineering and oppressive. Isaiah Lewis spoke no further. With a wave from Thomas Hughes, the two bodyguards immediately stepped forward, grabbing Isaiah Lewis from both sides.

"Let me go, what does he want with me?"

"Think about the good deeds you've done."

"I won't go, I won't go, let me go, I want to see Elder Lewis." Isaiah Lewis cried out in panic, sensing that something bad was about to happen.

He had witnessed Waylon's methods before. With the current situation, would he even return alive after being taken away?

Isaiah Lewis was terrified to the extreme.

...

"Ah..." A piercing scream resounded within the villa.

"Waylon Lewis, I am your biological uncle, a blood relative. How dare you do this? Aren't you afraid of the news reaching Elder Lewis? Ah..."

The shrill scream was hair-raising.

As Isaiah Lewis howled in agony, Waylon Lewis sat on the sofa, dressed in a suit of deep black, the epitome of aloofness and indifference. He leaned back on the sofa, a cigarette held between his fingertips, smoke curling around his detached handsome face.

Aside from the pervasive smell of blood, the only thing left in the room was an endless chill.

“Continue.” The man’s voice was icy as he spat out two words.

With Waylon’s command, the man in black stood beside him and moved forward, raising the long whip streaked with layers of blood.

With a whoosh, the whip descended, instantly tearing flesh and spilling blood.

“Ah... Waylon Lewis, you beast, you beast! I will tell Elder Lewis, you won’t get away with this, ah...”

Waylon Lewis calmly raised his hand and the man in black ceased.

“Where is Liam Cloud?”

“You! You want to release Liam Cloud. Do you know that Liam Cloud is the killer of your brother? Elder Lewis gave the order... to deal with Liam Cloud... What you’re doing to me now, I... I will definitely tell Elder Lewis, you’re finished...”

Waylon’s face remained devoid of warmth, his cold elevation prompting the man in black’s whip to fall again.

Isaiah Lewis kept uttering terrifying screams from the ground.

Waylon Lewis coldly lifted his eyes, biting the cigarette into his mouth, then stood up from the sofa, walking toward Isaiah Lewis, his detached gaze looking down upon him.

“Who is helping you from behind?” His voice was chillingly cold.

“No one is helping me.” Isaiah Lewis clenched his trembling teeth.

By admitting the Fuller Family’s involvement now, the plan they had devised for so long would fall apart, so he must not divulge that.

He was certain that, no matter how Waylon tortured him, being a blood relative, Waylon wouldn’t dare kill him.

As long as he didn’t speak and held out until the person reporting to Elder Lewis came, for the sake of an enemy causing harm to a blood relative, Elder Lewis would not let

Waylon off the hook. This would be the end for Waylon, and his chance to turn the tables would arise.

Waylon Lewis, just you wait!

“Waylon Lewis, Elder Lewis has already sent people to fetch him. When Elder Lewis arrives, you’re finished. I won’t let you get away with this, I won’t...”

Waylon’s gaze grew colder, and the chill around him dispersed a thousandfold.

Isaiah Lewis looked at Waylon Lewis in terror, his eyes trembling in fear as if seeing a devil.

“What are you going to do...”

Before he could finish, Waylon Lewis grabbed the ashtray from the coffee table, a cold wind sweeping by.

Isaiah Lewis didn’t even see his move.

“Bang!”

The glass ashtray hit his head and shattered on the floor, bloodied shards scattering instantly.

“What are you doing?” A deep and resonant voice rang out.

Elder Lewis, leaning on a cane, came rushing over with the help of others. The Elder was breathing heavily with urgency, his stern eyes glaring at Waylon Lewis, and he appeared shocked by the sight of Isaiah Lewis on the ground.

Isaiah Lewis clung to his last breath and summoned his energy when he saw Elder Lewis, raising his blood-soaked hand, “Dad, save me... save me... Waylon Lewis is trying to kill me, he wants to kill his own uncle... It’s unforgivable.”

Elder Lewis frowned deeply upon seeing Isaiah Lewis in such a battered state, “What are you trying to do, Waylon? What did your uncle do wrong to deserve this?”

“Dad... he, he forced me to reveal Liam Cloud’s whereabouts. He wants to let Liam Cloud go. I didn’t agree... and he’s going to beat me to death...”

Elder Lewis’s brow throbbed as he turned his gaze to the indifferent Waylon standing by, “Is that so, Waylon?”

“Mm.” Waylon Lewis lifted his eyes, his gaze piercingly cold.

“How could you do such a thing, he’s your uncle.” Elder Lewis looked at Waylon with a pained expression, “Would you go so far for an enemy as to kill him?”

“Isn’t he still alive?” Waylon glanced at Isaiah Lewis on the ground.

Isaiah Lewis shrank back in fear.

“Why? Why would you do such a thing?”

“He conspired with outsiders and almost killed Hope Williams. She’s lying in the hospital with seven stab wounds, and the baby in her womb nearly miscarried.”

Waylon’s voice was sinister, “Doesn’t he deserve to die?”

Elder Lewis’s eyes widened in shock, “Little Hope is hurt? And she’s pregnant?”

“Mm.”

“How serious are her injuries, is her life in danger? And the baby, is the baby alright?” Elder Lewis became anxious all at once.

“You can see for yourself if you visit her.” Waylon’s voice was deep.

Elder Lewis turned and glared fiercely at Isaiah Lewis shivering on the floor.

“Dad?” Isaiah Lewis felt an ominous premonition.

“Wait for me, we’ll settle accounts when I return.” Elder Lewis walked out, moving twice as fast as when he arrived.

“Dad? Dad? Don’t leave me behind...” Isaiah Lewis clawed at the ground, crying out in pain, trying to grasp at the lifeline that was his father, but Elder Lewis departed swiftly.

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor - Chapter 288 - Chapter 288 Chapter 288 Accompany Hope Williams Well

Chapter 288: Chapter 288 Accompany Hope Williams Well Chapter 288: Chapter 288 Accompany Hope Williams Well “Dad? Dad? Don’t leave me behind...” Isaiah Lewis clawed at the ground, his cries of pain rang out as he desperately tried to grasp at his grandfather, the last straw that could save him, but Old Master Lewis walked away swiftly.

Waylon Lewis motioned with his hand, and Thomas Hughes immediately stepped forward.

“Send someone to search.”

“Yes.”

At that moment in the hospital, Old Master Lewis who was extremely anxious, arrived at Hope Williams’ hospital room.

“Little Hope.”

Seeing Old Master Lewis approaching, Hope Williams tried to sit up, but Old Master Lewis immediately stopped her, “Don’t move, don’t move, you need to rest properly now. How are you feeling? Is there any discomfort?”

Hope Williams shook her head, “Much better, I worried you.”

Emotions of agony and anger occupied Old Master Lewis’ eyes, “To hurt you like this is simply despicable. Did Waylon mention that this matter is related to Isaiah?”

Hope Williams blinked lightly, it seemed that Waylon had caught the mole.

Hope Williams repeated to Old Master Lewis what she had discussed with Waylon.

Similarly, like Waylon, Old Master Lewis reacted in the same way.

He did not believe her.

As Hope Williams had expected, so many years of accumulated hatred, and the ‘conclusive evidence’ back then meant they would not easily be swayed.

“Are you close with this Liam Cloud?” Old Master Lewis narrowed his eyes scrutinizingly.

“Yes.” Hope Williams answered frankly, without any intention to hide, “Back then overseas, he saved me, as well as Luke and Willow. Grandfather, if it hadn’t been for him, Luke, Willow, and I might have already perished in a fire.”

Old Master Lewis listened carefully to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, then asked, “Grandfather, before the incident happened, did Liam Cloud have any grudge against the Lewis family?”

Old Master Lewis quickly answered, “Not at all, which is what puzzled me. We, the Lewis family, had neither grievances nor enmity with him. I don’t know why he would act

so ruthlessly, but the only explanation is his eccentric personality and his murderous nature.”

Old Master Lewis’s mood became extremely low and furious as he spoke about this matter.

“He...”

“Alright, Little Hope, let’s not talk about this matter anymore. You must take good care of yourself recently, rest more. You are now for two, otherwise your body won’t be able to take it.”

Hope Williams pressed her lips tightly, seeing Old Master Lewis’s gloomy expression, she swallowed back the words she wanted to say.

If she had lost her loved ones, she wouldn’t want to speak of it either.

She gently tugged at her lips and said, “Yes, I will. Don’t worry.”

Old Master Lewis gave a few more instructions to Hope Williams before leaving to let her rest.

Hope Williams lay on the hospital bed, her gaze lifted towards the white ceiling, thoughts swirling in her mind.

If Liam Cloud had neither enmity nor grievances with the Lewis family before the incident, it was even less likely that he would kill without reason.

So, who was the real culprit behind the incident? Hope Williams felt there were too many unknown facts still shrouded in darkness, only the tip of the iceberg was being revealed now.

Hope Williams had a feeling that the incident back then was not simple.

Waylon Lewis returned and happened to meet Old Master Lewis leaving at the doorway.

Old Master Lewis looked at his son’s stern face and sighed softly, “What did you do to him?”

“He’s not dead.”

“Are you sure it was him?”

“Yes.”

Old Master Lewis slightly furrowed his brow, giving Waylon a meaningful look before finally saying,

“Then let him go. Give him a chance to act, only then will his true colors show. If he truly did something unforgivable to the Lewis family, I will pretend I don’t have such a son.”

He knew his son’s capabilities; without someone’s help, he would not only fail to catch someone of Liam’s level, he would probably get played himself.

He also wasn’t kind-hearted enough to help his younger son avenge their enemy.

Thus, Old Master Lewis wanted to see what he would do by colluding with outsiders.

Waylon’s expression didn’t change as he solemnly acknowledged.

Old Master Lewis’s words weren’t unreasonable.

The person behind him was hiding too well, doing everything cleanly without leaving any trace.

To catch the “ghost” behind him was a good strategy.

“I understand.”

“Good to know. Go be with Little Hope, leave your work for a while and hand it over to Wyatt. That rascal Wyatt should also contribute to the company. Spend more time with Little Hope, she’s pregnant and encountering such issues, her mood will definitely be affected.” Old Master Lewis patted Waylon’s shoulder.

“Yes.” Waylon thought the same, he had pushed aside all his work to be with her during this period.

Chapter 289: Chapter 289: Unworthy Chapter 289: Chapter 289: Unworthy “Exceptions cannot be made for Liam Cloud.”

As soon as the old man finished speaking, Thomas Hughes hurried over and whispered something into Waylon Lewis’s ear.

Waylon’s expression was indifferent as he slightly nodded.

The old man’s eyes narrowed slightly and he asked, “What happened?”

“Liam Cloud was rescued by someone.”

...

Hope Williams lay in the hospital bed, recalling some details of the incident, trying to find some clues. When the door opened, she turned her head and saw Waylon Lewis walking in. Hope immediately looked at Waylon, "How is it? Is he..."

"He's already been rescued." Waylon's tone was calm, yet it felt chilling.

Hope sighed in relief but watched Waylon, catching a fleeting moment of disappointment in his eyes.

That look made Hope's heart ache.

She pursed her lips softly, "Waylon, I want to sit up and talk to you."

Waylon gently supported her with his hands, careful not to hurt her wounds. His movements were gentle as he placed two soft pillows behind her back.

After finishing this, he poured her a glass of warm water and handed it to her. His calm face showed no anger, just heartache and depth.

Hope took the glass and also grabbed his hand.

"Waylon, I'm sorry."

Waylon raised his eyebrows and looked at her, "Why are you sorry?"

Hope pursed her lips again, her voice soft, "I made things difficult for you with Liam."

She had asked him to rescue Liam, and Hope had always spoken up for him. It was inevitable that Waylon, the jealous type, would be upset, even though he hadn't shown it. But Hope had noticed every little expression and mood of his.

"Just because of that?"

"Yes, you were upset."

"You knew I would be upset, but you still said it."

Waylon frowned. When he entered, the first thing she asked was about that man. Any more words from her at that moment could have destroyed his sanity.

"I had no other choice." Hope's voice was faint and soft.

She could only turn to him for help, even though she knew he would be upset.

The two fell silent for a moment.

Waylon spoke first, "It's true I felt emotional, but I would still take care of the task you entrusted to me."

Hope blinked her starry eyes at him, her guilt deepening.

Waylon sighed softly, looking at her and couldn't help but speak to comfort her.

"Stop worrying. He has the skills to survive on his own. You should focus on yourself first."

"Okay," Hope muttered.

"Are you hungry? What do you want to eat tonight?"

"Anything is fine. You decide," Hope said, having little appetite.

It was because of her pregnancy. She had been vomiting recently, and since she had a stomach condition, she thought it was just her illness acting up. She hadn't paid much attention with everything else going on.

Waylon arranged for the porridge that Hope liked. She was injured and couldn't eat many things.

It was Wyatt Lewis who brought it over, and Aria Richardson came with him.

"How come you two are together?" Hope's gaze darted between them.

"We met at the entrance," Aria immediately answered, then with teary eyes asked, "Hope... are you all right? I heard you're pregnant, are you feeling terrible?"

Aria held Hope's hand, endlessly asking a string of questions.

"I'm fine now, not feeling bad."

"You're lying. You must be suffering from such a severe injury, and being pregnant mustn't be easy either. You suffered so much during your previous pregnancies with Luke and Willow, and even developed complications..."

"What did you say?" Waylon, who was serving the porridge, paused and looked at Aria with unreadable emotions in his eyes.

Aria, startled by his cold tone, stammered, "Err... Hope suffered a lot during her pregnancies with Luke and Willow. She was alone abroad, and had a difficult delivery..."

Hope tugged at Aria, signaling her to stop. The past was in the past.

Aria paused, then shut her mouth, suddenly finding Waylon rather detestable and huffing indignantly.

Waylon's emotions were complex, his expression solemn, a storm gathering, and he gritted his teeth, "I had someone ask you at that time, why didn't you say anything?"

Back then, Waylon was frantically searching for Hope. Aria, being Hope's best friend, was naturally included in the inquiries.

He remembered clearly, this woman had sworn she didn't know where Hope was or had any way to contact her.

But now it was clear she knew everything about Hope's situation at the time...

"You were already divorced from Hope, why should I tell you..." Aria said boldly, her tone full of force at first but diminishing under Waylon's intense gaze.

Waylon walked over and held Hope's hand, his eyes full of concern and affection, "Tomorrow I'll accompany you for another check-up. If you feel any discomfort at all, you must tell me."

Seeing his worried and anxious expression, Hope gently pursed her lips. Although she resisted more checks, seeing Waylon's concerned face, she didn't have the heart to refuse, "Okay."

Waylon looked at her, his brow furrowed with unmistakable concern, and once again softened his voice, extremely careful as if a louder sound might make her uncomfortable.

"Have some porridge first."

Waylon held the porridge.

"Let me do that." Aria moved to take the bowl from Waylon's hands, concerned about the hot porridge. Men weren't as careful as women; what if it burned Hope?

Waylon looked up, his tone slightly cold.

"Are you trying to compete with me?"

Aria immediately stiffened her back, pressed her lips together, and hurriedly shook her head before his gaze could 'kill' her, "No, no, no."

"Stay back." She had dared to compete with him for the task of caring for his wife.

"...then be careful, it's hot..."

Aria pursed her lips, appearing utterly defeated, and slumped down onto the sofa in the farthest corner of the room.

“Brother~”

“You too.”

“...”

Wyatt moved to sit beside Aria, and they glanced at each other, suddenly feeling quite pitiful.

“Don’t you think so? Your brother is the Great Demon King~” Remembering that gaze from earlier made Aria shiver slightly.

“Exactly,” Wyatt concurred.

“Don’t you think so? With your brother around, I couldn’t even get close to Hope~”

Wyatt, “Ah~”

Aria, “Ah~”

A breeze slipped through a small gap in the window, chilling them both, leaving a sense of desolation.

Waylon pulled up a chair and sat next to Hope. Hope, seeing how deeply hurt the pair in the corner appeared, asked, “Can’t you be gentler with them?”

“No.”

“...”

“All my gentleness is reserved for you, there’s none left.”

Wyatt and Aria exchanged a look, their expressions bleak: evidently, they didn’t qualify.

Chapter 290: Chapter 290: Staying by Her Side Chapter 290: Chapter 290: Staying by Her Side Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson exchanged a look of mutual desolation, “It turns out we’re not worthy.”

Waylon Lewis scooped some porridge with a spoon, carefully blew on it until it was at the right temperature, and then brought it to her lips, “It’s not hot.”

“I can eat by myself.”

“I’ll feed you.” He wouldn’t take no for an answer.

“...” Hope Williams opened her mouth and took a bite.

She really had no appetite today, swallowing with difficulty, but she knew the baby needed nutrients, and she couldn't just not eat.

Hope ate slowly, so Waylon also slowed down, spoon feeding her patiently without showing any sign of impatience until Hope said she really couldn't eat anymore. Only then did Waylon stop, swiftly finishing off the remaining porridge in her bowl with a few quick spoonfuls.

Throughout this, Aria watched as Waylon took meticulous care of Hope, and she finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Wyatt caught her subtle expressions and smiled, “You don't need to worry; my brother values my sister-in-law more than his own life. He'd burn himself before letting her feel any heat.”

Seeing this scene had convinced Aria that with someone to care for Hope so attentively, she could be at ease.

“Waylon Lewis!” Waylon called him.

“Yes!” Being called by name, Wyatt immediately sprang up like a student called by a teacher, moving closer to Waylon, “Brother?”

“Handle the company matters for the next few days.”

“Oh, okay... Handle them for me... What? Handle them for me?” Wyatt looked bewildered, “Brother, you're entrusting the company matters to me... Are you sure?”

Waylon frowned deeply, sweeping him with a glance, indeed feeling somewhat...

“Thomas Hughes will help you.”

“But...” He felt overwhelmed just looking at those files.

“Do you have a problem with that?”

“I do...” Wyatt grimaced, “...no.”

“What about you, brother?” Wyatt asked, trembling.

“Taking care of my wife.”

What a perfect reason! Wyatt found not a single gap to argue.

"If there's a problem, you'll start from the bottom as an intern."

What? Him, a person who falls asleep looking at files... Wyatt inwardly complained bitterly.

"Sister-in-law..." Wyatt looked pleadingly at Hope.

Seeing his dramatic despair, Hope shook her head helplessly, "Wyatt, you really need to start taking some responsibility. The company isn't just your brother's; instead of doing nothing, it's better for you to work properly at the company. He trusts you, and that's why he's entrusting you with the company matters, isn't it? Train yourself well. It's for your own good."

His sister-in-law is on his brother's side; of course, they're husband and wife. Wyatt felt even more bitter inside.

"Any more issues?" Waylon glanced at him coldly.

Wyatt looked deflated, "...no more issues."

"You may go." Waylon glanced at Aria, "You too."

The two "outcasts" were driven out again.

Wyatt complained bitterly, and Aria glanced at him, patting him on the shoulder, "Hang in there, I'm rooting for you."

Encouraged by her words, Wyatt looked at Aria with gratitude, only to see a schadenfreude grin almost stretching to her ears on her face.

"..."

The more Wyatt thought about it, the sadder he felt.

Hope gently shook her head, "Aren't we being too harsh on Wyatt?"

"He's been wild for too long, it's time to reel him in, otherwise, he won't even be able to get a wife."

"That's not necessarily true; Wyatt is so handsome, there must be a lot of girls chasing him."

Thanks to the excellent Lewis Family genes, Wyatt's face was truly flawless.

"He's handsome?" Waylon's brows tightened.

“Uh-huh.”

Waylon’s frown deepened, and he moved his face closer to hers.

Suddenly close, Hope looked at him somewhat sluggishly, “What are you doing?”

“Look at me.”

“Huh?” Seeing his serious expression, Hope didn’t quite understand.

“You praise him, but not me?”

Hope tugged at herself, startled by the reason. She smiled slightly, very graciously saying, “Of course, in my eyes, you are always the most handsome, incomparable.”

Waylon instantly relaxed, his demeanor suddenly becoming much gentler.

Pleased, he leaned down and gently kissed her lips, “Lie down and rest.”

“Okay.” Hope, still feeling weak, obediently lay down.

“Close your eyes; I’ll stay beside you.”

Hope looked at him with a gentle gaze, then slowly closed her eyes.

Perhaps due to the pregnancy, Hope felt rather sleepy. Closing her eyes, she soon fell asleep.

Waylon touched her cheek; his eyes still full of concern.

The next day, Hope didn’t wake up particularly early.

She gently blinked as she opened her eyes and lifted a hand to her eye corner, touching a bit of dampness. Her mood was still somewhat gloomy.

She propped herself up, sitting up with some difficulty, stronger than the day before. Waylon came in to see this scene, sunlight streaming through the window falling on her, her posture against the bed slightly bewildered, not like she just woke up, but tinged with subtle sadness, which made her look especially pitiful.

Waylon approached and gently spoke, “You’re awake.”

“Mhm.”

Waylon gently smoothed Hope’s slightly disheveled hair.

“Are you feeling unwell anywhere?”

Hope shook her head, “No.”

“I’ve scheduled a check-up for noon; is that okay?” Waylon said as he opened the breakfast box.

“It’s fine.” Hope looked at the man before her; his face looked tired, his eyes slightly bloodshot and wearied, “You didn’t rest last night, did you?”

“I did.”

But in reality, he hadn’t closed his eyes for a minute the previous night. Hope had been restless all night with nightmares; he didn’t feel like resting at all, staying beside her constantly.

Chapter 291: Chapter 291: Cooperation with the Fuller Family Chapter 291: Chapter 291: Cooperation with the Fuller Family But in reality, he hadn’t closed his eyes for a minute last night, Hope Williams had been plagued by nightmares all night, unable to sleep peacefully, and he simply had no inclination to rest, staying by her side throughout.

Hope Williams cast her eyes downward, not saying anything. She felt sorry for Waylon Lewis, insisting on feeding herself to allow Waylon Lewis to have a proper breakfast.

Waylon Lewis let her be, and ate with her.

After breakfast, Hope Williams felt much better.

She organized some chaotic thoughts in her mind, glanced at the phone on the table and said, “Waylon Lewis, could you hand me my phone?”

“Rest well.”

“I feel much better today than yesterday, I want to look at my phone for a bit,” Hope Williams insisted, pleadingly looking at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis, seeing her face indeed looked better than yesterday and seeing her insistence, had no choice but to hand her the phone, “Just for a bit.”

“Uh-huh, just for a bit,” Hope Williams nodded obediently.

As soon as Hope Williams turned on her phone, a message popped up from an unknown number, a brief three words: “Still alive!”

It was from Liam Cloud, and such a way of reassuring her could only come from him.

“The people weren’t from the Lewis Family, we are already investigating. Take care and heal,” Hope Williams quickly replied, her expression slightly relaxing.

Meanwhile, Liam Cloud had just bandaged his wounds and was smoking a cigarette, seeing the returned message, the corners of his mouth lifted into a smile tinged with warmth.

Closing the phone and tossing it onto the table, he rested his arms on his knees and hung his head slightly. That trace of a smile vanished, replaced by cold, deadly glare that was nothing but unending malice.

The Fuller Family’s old housekeeper walked in, approaching Liam Cloud, “Mr. Cloud, Old Master Fuller would like to see you.”

His brow quirked, he lifted his gaze, his eyes brimming with hostility, coldly fixing on the old housekeeper.

The old housekeeper shuddered. He had lived a long life, yet he had never seen such a rebellious and malicious gaze. The old housekeeper quickly lowered his head.

Liam Cloud sneered, “Doesn’t he have legs?”

“This...”

The old housekeeper, helpless, had to go and report back to Old Master Fuller.

“Want grandpa to visit him personally? Who does he think he is?” Vivia Fuller said indignantly.

A dark gleam flickered in the depths of Old Master Fuller’s eyes as he slowly got up, supporting himself with a cane.

Vivia Fuller furrowed her brows, looking unexpectedly at Old Master Fuller, she bit her lip and followed.

She really wanted to see who this person was that her grandfather had gone through so much effort to save.

“Mr. Cloud, is your injury taken care of?”

Old Master Fuller sat down on a sofa next to Liam Cloud, with Vivia standing beside him.

Hearing his voice, Liam Cloud lifted his gaze unhurriedly, his eyes narrowing, the chill in them penetrating to the core.

Vivia's heart skipped a beat. Even without making eye contact with this man, she could feel the endless chill and pervading danger.

"Let's hear it. What's the reason you saved me?" Liam Cloud leaned back lazily.

Old Master Fuller smiled and started speaking, "It was merely a gesture of assistance. My men found Mr. Cloud severely injured and rescued you. There were no other intentions."

Liam Cloud gave a cold laugh, "Speak plainly, old man, I never believe anyone is that kindhearted."

Old Master Fuller's brow moved slightly, he picked up the teacup in front of him, took a light sip, and then said, "Mr. Cloud, you were injured like this by the Lewis Family, right?"

Liam Cloud continued looking at him with an indifferent face.

Old Master Fuller continued, "I've heard all about it. The Lewis Family has caused you a heavy loss this time."

A touch of impatience flashed through Liam Cloud's icy eyes. Grabbing the fruit knife from the table, he twirled it nonchalantly on his fingertip and asked softly, "Does it concern you?"

"As the saying goes, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. You have a grudge against the Lewis Family, and so do I. Why don't we join forces to deal with the Lewis Family? Then you can have your revenge as you wish."

Old Master Fuller got straight to the point.

Liam Cloud's cool gaze narrowed, "You've been investigating me!"

Old Master Fuller laughed heartily, "Does Mr. Cloud's reputation need investigating? The affair between you and the Lewis Family wasn't a secret, was it? Think about it, if we join forces, it would be a strong alliance."

Liam Cloud curved his lips coldly, looking at him without saying a word.

Seeing that he was considering, Old Master Fuller took another sip of tea, then continued, "I also know that you fancy Waylon Lewis's woman. If Waylon Lewis is dead, his woman will be yours to do as you please..."

The moment the words left his mouth, he saw the cold smile on Liam Cloud's face vanish, and a tidal wave of malice surged in his eyes.

"Ah!"

Old Master Fuller's body instantly stiffened in tremors, his face turning ghastly pale!

In a flash of movement, Liam Cloud's hand brought down the fruit knife, which pierced straight through Old Master Fuller's palm, harshly pinning it to the table as blood gushed out.

On his handsome face was a cold, bloodthirsty and morbidly insane expression.

"You..." Old Master Fuller inhaled sharply, struggling to regulate his breathing.

"Wash your mouth, old man, is she someone you're qualified to mention? Huh?"

Old Master Fuller's body trembled, in so much pain he couldn't speak.

Vivia Fuller watched the scene in shock, covering her mouth, daring not to breathe.

Chapter 292: Chapter 292: Heartbreaking Chapter 292: Chapter 292: Heartbreaking
Vivia Fuller covered her mouth in terror, not daring to even breathe.

"You can take the money, the power, or even destroy the Lewis Family for all I care, but don't you dare lay a finger on her. Do you understand?"

Old Master Fuller was in so much pain he trembled, and everyone around was petrified with fear, frozen in place as they watched the horrific scene unfold.

Old Master Fuller nodded repeatedly, pale-faced.

"I... I understand... understand..."

Liam Cloud snorted lightly before he "whooshed" the knife out and with a slap dropped it on the table.

"Ah!" Old Master Fuller screamed in agonizing pain.

"Grandpa!" It was only then that Vivia Fuller reacted, quickly supporting the old man and shouting to the servants behind her, "What are you standing around for? Go call a doctor!"

"Yes, yes." The servants hurriedly ran to summon a doctor.

Distraught, Vivia Fuller glared at Liam Cloud, “Mr. Cloud, my grandfather saved you, and now you are hurting him. You’ve gone too far.”

Liam Cloud glanced at her indifferently, picked up the bloody knife, and sent it flying in her direction.

A chilling “whoosh” of cold air passed by.

The large vase behind Vivia Fuller shattered instantaneously.

The facade of composure Vivia Fuller had tried to maintain crumbled along with that vase, and she collapsed to the floor, her teeth chattering in terror.

The knife had missed her face by mere millimeters; she had almost been disfigured...

No, she had almost been killed!

The air fell into a dead silence.

The diseased madness in Liam Cloud’s eyes deepened, “Try me, and next time this knife might end up in your flesh.”

Vivia Fuller’s teeth chattered, her hands clenched tight, unable to utter a single word.

What kind of devil had they provoked?

Old Master Fuller bit down hard, his teeth gritted, “Liam Cloud, you ungrateful wretch...”

A chilling coldness lingered on Liam Cloud’s face, “Work with me? You’re not even fit for that. My feud with the Lewis Family is none of your damn business.”

Liam Cloud stood up somberly, not wasting another glance, and turned to leave.

Don’t think he didn’t know what this old man was plotting, wishing to bestow favors in order to have him go against the Lewis Family. Ha! Ridiculous.

“Grandpa, he’s crossed the line! How can you let him just walk away?”

“Liam Cloud!” Old Master Fuller’s hand trembled as he clenched his fist, furious to death but helpless; Liam Cloud’s power was immeasurable, a foe capable of contending with the Lewis Family. This time they had brought ten times more men than his own in order to capture him.

They had just witnessed firsthand how terrifying he was. To not let him go would mean they were courting death.

He had calculated everything, except he couldn't see through this Liam Cloud, such a vengeful person. Didn't he hate the Lewis Family?

And he hadn't expected that he would regard a woman like Hope Williams so highly.

"Go to the hospital now and check on that woman, Hope Williams," Old Master Fuller instructed, his face ashen.

Vivia Fuller stood there dazed, taking a moment to come to her senses.

"Vivia Fuller!" Old Master Fuller shouted her name furiously.

Vivia Fuller, startled, looked at Old Master Fuller, "Yes, I'll go right now."

Vivia Fuller got up, her legs shaky as she stumbled towards the exit.

Just as she reached the doorway, she collided head-on with Mia Fuller.

"Ah!"

Vivia Fuller, startled, jumped back repeatedly.

Mia Fuller was startled by Vivia Fuller, "What are you doing? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Thinking back to the scene she had just witnessed, Vivia felt terrified. Covering her chest, she took several deep breaths before striding forward. Suddenly, she seemed to remember something and stopped in her tracks, turning back to Mia and saying, "I'm going to the hospital to see Hope Williams. Do you want to come with me?"

Mia's expression turned cold. "Why should I visit that slut?"

"She's injured. Don't you want to see what she looks like now?" Vivia asked, having regained her composure.

Hearing that Hope was injured, a glint of light brightened Mia's otherwise dull eyes, as if her zest for life had been reignited. "Let's go."

Why wouldn't she go? She wanted to see firsthand how miserable that woman looked.

Vivia sneered inwardly.

...

After accompanying Hope Williams through her medical examination, Waylon Lewis heard from the doctor that Hope was now physically weak and needed to rest well to

avoid overexertion. Aside from the signs of a miscarriage a few days earlier, which made the baby's condition unstable, there were no other problems.

The doctor offered his advice, "Director Williams, it is not advisable for you to perform surgeries in your current condition."

Hope's shoulder and arm had varying degrees of knife wounds. A surgeon's most important tools are their hands, and these wounds would take time to heal. Besides, she was pregnant and had nearly miscarried a few days ago; the fetus was still unstable, making it even less suitable for her to be in the operating room.

Hope sat in a wheelchair, as Waylon wouldn't let her walk on her own. He had also put a loose, large-sized white rabbit fur coat on her and covered her legs with a thick blanket, afraid that she might catch a chill.

Hope's gaze darkened as she intertwined her fingers, which rested on the blanket. She pursed her lips and looked at the doctor, "How long will it be, approximately?"

The doctor adjusted his glasses on the bridge of his nose and thoughtfully replied, "At least a year."

Hope's hands would take several months to fully recover, and by then her belly would have grown significantly, starting the process of childbirth. After delivery, she would have to go through the confinement period. Her health was not good, and the complications from her previous labor meant that recovery could take a long time after this childbirth. Altogether, a year was the minimum.

"A year!" Hope was stunned and became even more agitated, "That's too long."

Waylon's brows furrowed deeply as he noticed Hope's worries. He squatted by her side and gently looked at the girl with a pouty mouth full of troubles, his warm hand holding hers.

Hope was in low spirits; not being able to perform surgery for a year was agonizing for her as a doctor.

She had so many patients waiting for her...

A year was indeed far too long.

"Let's focus on getting your body healthy first. Nothing is more important than your health. After the baby is born and you've recovered, you can go back to the operating table, okay?" Waylon consoled her softly.

Hope understood all this but was still worried about her patients.

A temporary change of the primary physician meant the new doctor wouldn't understand the patients' conditions as well as she did, and surgeries would be affected similarly.

Hope lowered her head in dejection and after a long while, she exhaled turbidly and nodded gently.

"Good girl."

Hope softly hummed a response.

Seeing the clear eyes of Hope filled with despair, a sharp pain crossed Waylon's heart.

She had suffered too much; too much that she didn't deserve.

If possible, he truly wished he could take all her pain upon himself.

Then, his girl wouldn't feel so heartbroken.

After leaving the doctor's office, Waylon pushed the wheelchair slowly behind her. "The sun is nice today; I'll take you out to enjoy it. Luke and Willow's mom said they would come to keep you company."

Hope pursed her lips slightly, nodding with a hint of a sob in her voice, "Okay."

Waylon heard the faint sob in her voice and immediately stopped, looking deeply at her, only to see her tears continuously falling.

"What's wrong? Why are you crying? Are you in pain somewhere? I'll call the doctor..."

Hope remained silent, only shaking her head.

Wearing a large, fluffy hat, her head bowed and lips tightly shut, with unstoppable tears, she resembled a porcelain doll on the brink of breaking – truly heart-wrenching.

Chapter 293: Chapter 293: You're Not Welcome Chapter 293: Chapter 293: You're Not Welcome She wore a floppily large and fuzzy hat, hung her head low, pressed her lips tightly together, and her tears fell unrestrained—it was like looking at a porcelain doll on the verge of shattering, truly heart-wrenching.

Waylon Lewis just wanted to hold her tight, to comfort her, and at this moment, regardless of the crowd around them, he bent over and directly pulled the woman into his arms under everyone's gaze.

Hope Williams's sobbing came intermittently.

It might have been because of pregnancy, but her emotions were incredibly sensitive now, exceptionally fragile, so that the emotions near her heart rose tumultuously with hardly a warning, reddening her eyes, her tears falling at a word.

Waylon Lewis gently patted her back to comfort her, she didn't speak, and Waylon Lewis didn't talk either, the two simply held each other, he let her vent her emotions.

After a good while, her weak voice finally came through.

"Waylon Lewis... I feel so useless, I caused Aaron Ruiz's death, and nearly lost the baby to a miscarriage, and now I can't even get on the operating table... I'm really not doing well, not even a little bit.

Today, I had several surgeries scheduled, but I couldn't attend them. I had promised one of my patients that day that I would help her get better, but now I can't even perform surgery. I feel so powerless."

Her voice trembled slightly, helplessness, guilt, conflict, struggle... these complex emotions enveloped her, suffocating her.

Emotions welled up in the depths of Waylon Lewis's eyes. Hope Williams's nature had always been strong; aside from the time Willow had an accident, this was the first time he had seen her lose control of her emotions to such an extent.

His heart hurt so much it felt like it could break.

"Hope Williams, look at me,"

Waylon Lewis gently supported her trembling shoulders.

Hope Williams stepped out of his embrace, pursed her lips, and with her reddened eyes looked at him, so close the two of them were, eyes filled with too many emotions.

"None of this is your fault. You are also a victim. You did everything you could, and you were very brave at the time. I've arranged for the girl you saved to be properly buried. She probably wouldn't want to see you like this."

Waylon Lewis quietly gazed at her, his comforting voice filled with tenderness.

"As for your work, I know you are very concerned about it, but I am also very worried about you, and about our baby. So, I'm sorry Hope, but for the next year, I won't allow you to spend most of your time on work as you used to."

Waylon Lewis said softly, sighing lightly, paused for a moment, saw a faint light in the depths of Hope Williams's eyes, and reached out to wipe away her tears.

"But... once you've healed a bit more in some time, you can continue to consult at the hospital. But surgery won't be possible, you won't be able to handle the long hours. This is the biggest compromise I can make between you and your work. Is that okay?"

Waylon Lewis looked at Hope Williams, compromising with her.

"Really?" Hope Williams's tear-filled red eyes brightened as she stared at Waylon Lewis.

"Mhmm, although it might not be right and goes against the doctor's advice just now, I still want you to be happy."

A faint, helpless light flashed in Waylon Lewis's dark eyes. There was nothing he could do, seeing her so heartbroken was nearly shattering for him.

He leaned over and lightly kissed her lips, his dark eyes filled with affection for her.

"No more crying, you've cried yourself into a little tabby cat. Shall we go back now or out to get some sunshine?"

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Let's go back first, I want to rest."

"As you wish."

Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis were sitting on the couch in Hope Williams's hospital room, with Luke and Willow.

Luke and Willow looked at the door from time to time, eagerly waiting for Hope Williams to return, concern hardly concealed in their big eyes.

"Has Mommy not finished her check-up yet?" Luke asked worriedly, "It's been a long time."

"It should be soon," Alitzel Williams said, sharing the two children's longing looks, she also started to worry.

"Willow, do you want some grapes?" Christopher Lewis had never seen the two little ones talk to him, acting as if they didn't recognize their grandfather, which worried Christopher. He picked up a grape from the fruit plate and offered it to Willow.

Willow looked up at him with a fierce glare, turned her head away, and ignored him.

Christopher was taken aback, holding the grape somewhat awkwardly, then looked at Luke, "Luke?"

Luke just glanced back at him, pouting his little face immediately turned away again.

A face that clearly said, "Don't bother me."

Christopher was even more puzzled, his brow furrowing.

"This..."

Alitzel Williams unexpectedly turned back, casting a disdainful eye on an embarrassed Christopher, rolled her eyes ungraciously, "Serves you right."

"You!" Christopher pressed his lips together, suddenly feeling like an outsider among them.

What had he done wrong to deserve their "disgust"?

Waylon Lewis returned with Hope Williams in tow.

"Mommy, how are you?" Luke and Willow rushed up quickly.

Hope Williams tugged gently at her lips, looking at Luke and Willow, wanting to hug them, but she couldn't at the moment. It would pull at her wound, so she could only gently touch their cheeks and said, "Mommy is fine."

"What did the doctor say?" Alitzel Williams asked anxiously.

"It's nothing serious, just needs good rest." Waylon responded briefly as he carefully lifted Hope back onto the bed.

"That's good, that's good. It's great that the baby in Hope's belly is fine," Alitzel said, clasping her hands together and breathing a sigh of relief.

Waylon and Hope had just come in and hadn't had the chance to close the door when the two people who were just about to enter froze in place.

Hope Williams! Pregnant.

Vivia Fuller's hand tightened around the bouquet she was holding, the rustling of the wrapping paper catching the attention of everyone in the room.

"Vivia, Mia?" Alitzel looked at the two people at the door, her brows instantly furrowing.

"What are you two troublemakers here for?" Luke and Willow blocked the doorway without any courtesy, their brows furrowed fiercely as they glared at them.

The faces of Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller, the two sisters, stiffened; Vivia was quick to react, hastily saying, "Uncle and Aunt Lewis, Brother Waylon heard Miss Williams was hurt, so we came to see her."

With that, Vivia attempted to step inside.

A coldness flashed in Hope's eyes.

Luke stood his ground, blocking Vivia's path with his small stature, "Our Mommy doesn't welcome you here, you can leave."

Willow echoed, "Not welcome."

The two sisters' faces stiffened further, visibly embarrassed.

"Aunt, you see..."

"Get out," Waylon said as he tucked Hope in, his deep voice carrying a chilly undertone.

The sisters couldn't hide the ugliness on their faces any longer.

Seeing this, Christopher Lewis frowned, stood up, gestured with his hand for the two to leave, and then followed them out himself.

Outside the door, the sisters pressed their lips tight, their expressions pitiful.

"Uncle, we really came here sincerely to see Miss Williams..."

"Mm, I know, but you also know Hope is injured and pregnant. Luke, Willow, and Waylon are worried she might get upset seeing you... So forgive us for earlier," Christopher said understandingly.

Vivia bit her lip with a wronged expression.

"You should head back first. I'll accept these flowers on Hope's behalf, thank you," Christopher continued, taking the flowers from them.

Mia and Vivia clenched their jaws tightly, suppressing their anger. With the conversation having reached this point, they had no face left to stay.

They left with dark faces, and Mia murmured resentfully, "What kind of people are they? As if I'm happy to visit her, that wench."

Vivia furrowed her brow, as if something crossed her mind, then hurried back.

"Uncle Lewis," Vivia quickly called after Christopher.

"What is it?" Christopher turned back to look at Vivia.

Vivia spoke up, "I remember Grandpa Lewis's birthday is coming up, right?"

Christopher thought carefully, indeed, with all the busyness, he nearly forgot such an important matter, "Yes, it's next month."

Lips pursed, Vivia continued, "I know the Lewis Family has a lot going on lately, but Grandpa Lewis's birthday is a big event that can't be overlooked. So, if Uncle Lewis trusts me, leave it to me. I just finished a project recently, so I have quite a bit of free time, and I'd like to contribute."

Christopher looked at Vivia in surprise, "It would trouble you, and that would not be good."

"It's no trouble, Uncle. I'm not bothered at all. I was practically raised in your sight, and I've always considered Grandpa Lewis as my own grandpa. As long as you don't mind, I'll make sure it's well done," Vivia said, her eyes full of sincerity.

Christopher frowned, pondering for a moment, "Well..." After all, it was a matter pertaining to his own family...

"If you're worried about troubling me, how about this, consider hiring me to help, and you can pay me for my effort afterward."

Christopher paused for a bit. Hope was pregnant now, with Waylon busy looking after her, the company was in disarray under the management of that young man Wyatt, and Alitzel was busy caring for the old man and looking after Luke and Willow. They couldn't neglect the old man's birthday banquet...

He sighed deeply, "Okay then, I'll trouble you with this, Vivia, but you mustn't be shy about the payment."

"It's no trouble at all, Uncle Lewis."

Chapter 294: Chapter 294 She is My Bottom Line Chapter 294: Chapter 294 She is My Bottom Line "It's no trouble, Uncle Lewis."

Vivia Fuller offered a light smile. "Then, Uncle Lewis, I'll be leaving now."

"Alright."

As Vivia Fuller turned around, the gentle and kind expression on her face instantly vanished, replaced by a grinding hatred.

"What did you say to Uncle Lewis?" Mia Fuller looked at Vivia.

"Nothing."

“Nothing? You are fooling a ghost. And what were you and Grandpa up to at home today?” Mia always felt that these two were hiding something from her, keeping her in the dark.

“What’s it to you? Just mind your own business.” Vivia clacked away in her high heels.

Mia, grinding her teeth, chased after her and grabbed Vivia’s hand. “You like Brother Waylon too, don’t you?”

Vivia glanced back with a cold look and a cold smirk, candidly responding, “Yes, you’re just now catching on.”

Mia had just seen the way Vivia looked at Waylon Lewis and was even more sure of her previous suspicions.

So... this bitch had been using her all along...

“You said before that you were going to help me teach Hope Williams a lesson, but in reality, you wanted me to get rid of her, so you could take her place, is that it?”

Mia trembled all over, staring furiously at Vivia.

Mia was haunted by what had happened at the Knox Family, the result of the ideas Vivia suggested, and she was the one who ended up hurt and humiliated.

She felt dirty because of her terrible plans, because of Hope Williams; they were all bitches who had wronged her.

“The plan was my idea, but before things went south, weren’t you so eager? Now that something has happened, you question me?” Vivia scoffed, the more she looked at Mia, the more pathetic and pitiful she found her.

“It’s all your fault...” Mia clenched her fists.

Vivia moved closer to Mia with a haunting step, her lips curled in disdain, “My dear sister, I was indeed trying to help you, the one who hurt you is Hope Williams, not me. You should blame her, don’t you think?”

Mia’s hands clenched tighter, her chest heaving violently.

“Look at how comfortable she is now, everyone protecting her, and now she’s even pregnant. She’s improved her status in the Lewis Family, she hurt you so badly and yet she lives so comfortably, isn’t that so?”

Vivia looked at Mia’s face, a cold laugh in her heart, and continued to speak, “We are sisters, how could I hurt you? The one who wronged you is Hope Williams.”

A fierce hatred welled up in Mia's eyes.

Indeed, if not for Hope Williams, that incident wouldn't have happened. She was ruined by Hope Williams, so why should she live so blissfully?

And her? Her life was completely destroyed.

In an instant, an unbalanced hatred surged within her heart.

Vivia smiled. "Grandpa Lewis's birthday is coming up. I just asked Uncle Lewis to help organize his birthday banquet. If you're not busy, why not come and help me?"

The light in Mia's eyes flashed venomously.

Christopher Lewis thought it over and still felt uneasy, pulling Alitzel Williams aside.

Alitzel shook off his hand, crossed her arms, turned her body away indifferently, too lazy to even look at him, and coldly said, "Speak up if you have something to say, let it out if you have to fart."

Christopher, seeing how aloof she was towards him, felt even more frustrated. He gritted his molars and said, "What on earth are you doing lately? Always picking fights with me, are you a three-year-old child? What kind of temper is that?"

Alitzel was incensed by his words, "Me picking fights? Me, a three-year-old child? Who started the quarrel first, was it me? Huh?"

Christopher... "What exactly did I do wrong? Tell me."

"What did you do wrong? You don't know what you did wrong? I think your brain's gone rusty from old age. You don't want a good daughter-in-law, obsessed with matching doors, is Vivia Fuller really a heart of gold? You don't want Joy Ward around your son, then Mia Fuller, and now you're bringing in Vivia Fuller, right? And you support her, is that it?"

"I..."

Not giving him a chance to speak, Alitzel interrupted, "You pushed Hope Williams out of the Lewis Family and even tried to take her child away. Do you think if it weren't for Hope stopping Waylon, that he would just let it go given his temperament? If Hope hadn't been generous and kept it quiet, do you think Grandpa wouldn't have found out?"

Alitzel spoke in a fit of anger, "It's not just that Luke and Willow don't want to deal with you now, I don't want to either."

“...” Christopher pursed his lips, the stifling silence lasted a while before he finally spoke, “I admit I’ve gone too far, but I did it for the good of the Lewis Family, for Waylon’s sake. What’s wrong with marrying a wife of equal status, a family alliance is a powerful union, what can Hope Williams even bring to Waylon?”

“How incompetent must I be to rely on a woman to bring me benefits?”

The faint voice that rose was filled with a chilling coldness.

Waylon Lewis had come out at some point and now stood in the doorway, his icy gaze holding a cold intent.

“You...” Christopher pressed his lips together, at a loss with his son.

Waylon’s face was stern, “Stop scheming against her. Apart from her, I won’t want anyone else.”

With that, Waylon left.

“Incurable.” Alitzel rolled her eyes crudely at Christopher and turned to leave.

Christopher immediately grabbed Alitzel.

“What now? You still have something?”

“I don’t need anything from you.” Christopher said gravely, “Vivia just came to me about Grandpa’s birthday banquet. She volunteered to help plan it.”

“What?” Alitzel was taken aback for a moment, “You agreed?”

“She meant well...”

“Has your brain turned to cement, Christopher? What is Vivia Fuller to our Lewis Family, and what right has she to plan Grandpa’s birthday banquet? It’s not her place.”

Alitzel raised her head and slapped her forehead, feeling exasperated.

Christopher also knew it was not appropriate, which is why he had come to Alitzel.

After being scolded by Alitzel repeatedly for being brainless, Christopher was almost out of temper, took a deep breath, and spoke firmly.

“That’s why I came to discuss this with you. You should take some time to plan Dad’s birthday banquet. If Vivia wants to help, let her. After all, she means well, and you can’t exactly kick her out with a frown.”

Chapter 295: Chapter 295: He Keeps His Distance from Her Chapter 295: Chapter 295: He Keeps His Distance from Her Alitzel Williams gasped with exasperation.

“It’s only you who thinks she means well.”

Christopher Lewis’s eyebrows knotted, his mouth opened and closed, but he chose to keep silent and not to fuss over this woman.

“Also, the grandfather will be discharged from the hospital in a few days. There have been a lot of happenings in the Lewis Family recently. When returning to the old house, pay attention to the grandfather’s emotions, and let’s not let certain matters reach him,” Christopher Lewis instructed gravely.

Alitzel Williams replied impatiently, “I have better judgment than you.”

Christopher Lewis, “...”

...

On the day the grandfather was discharged, Hope Williams personally reviewed a series of medical reports of the grandfather, and only after confirming there were no issues did she allow the grandfather to be discharged.

The grandfather had recovered very well, his complexion was much better than before, and he looked much more spirited.

Hope Williams was discharged three days after the grandfather. She did not want to stay in the hospital any longer. Waylon Lewis wanted Hope Williams to rest for a few more days, but she refused.

Her injury had mostly healed, and although she was not fully recovered, she could walk on her own without any issue.

However, Waylon Lewis, using her leg injury as a pretext, forcefully placed her in a wheelchair, covered her with a blanket, and dressed her in a fluffy fur coat, as if afraid she would catch the slightest chill, wrapping her up like a ball.

Hope Williams did not miss the strange gazes directed at her as her wheelchair passed the elevator, the corridors, and various other places.

Discretely lowering her head and pulling down the rim of her hat, she... looked even more like a “ball” that Waylon was pushing.

Seeing her like this, Waylon Lewis smiled with a hooked lip.

Hope Williams had recovered well, and the baby in her womb had also stabilized; Waylon Lewis's mood had also greatly improved these days.

Feeling that she was being lifted into the car, Hope Williams stealthily poked her little head out.

Her slightly messy hair, flushed cheeks, and dazed expression were unspeakably adorable.

"So, covering up makes you less embarrassed?" Waylon Lewis teased as he watched her, reaching out to tidy her hair.

"You're still making fun of me—I've told you I'm almost healed, and yet you've bundled me up like this," Hope Williams murmured resentfully, her mouth pouting.

"Even if you are almost healed, you still need to keep warm."

"I know," Hope Williams replied, tugging at her clothes as if to say, Is this not enough?

"No one is warmer than me."

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, "Good, I'm taking you to a place."

"Where?"

Hope Williams gazed at Waylon Lewis with clear eyes full of curiosity.

"A secret, I won't tell you for now."

"Surprise too?" Hope Williams smiled and asked.

Leaning in, Waylon Lewis reached over to fasten Hope Williams's seatbelt, and gently kissed her lips in response, "Yes, a surprise."

The sudden warm touch on her lips gave Hope Williams a shiver.

Waylon Lewis watched her with his tender gaze as she stared back with her beautiful eyes, looking so soft and affectionate, his heart melted.

The kiss was brief.

By the time Hope Williams gathered herself, Waylon Lewis had already drawn back, watching her with joy, a hint of teasing in his gaze.

"What? Stayed in the hospital too long, and now your reactions are dull?"

Hope Williams pursed her lips, defiantly huffing.

During her hospital stay, she watched as Waylon Lewis “kept a distance” from her.

For instance, at night she slept in the bed, and he slept on the couch.

Her heart ached for him to join her in bed, but the man who usually couldn’t wait to have her close thoroughly refused.

As if afraid that touching her might electrocute him, he kept his distance well.

The closest they got during this time was holding hands.

Even then, Waylon Lewis was extremely cautious.

Their interactions were like those of a couple newly in love, experiencing the initial throes of romance.

He actually kissed her today.

Hope Williams was momentarily taken aback, somewhat slow to react.

After a pause, Hope Williams still asked, “Waylon Lewis, what’s got into you lately?”

“What do you mean?” Waylon Lewis asked with his soft, tender gaze fixed on her.

“Like touching me would electrocute you? You’ve been sleeping on the sofa for like seven or eight days. That’s so not like you,” Hope Williams couldn’t help but ask.

Waylon Lewis arched an eyebrow, his expression a mix of helplessness and complexity.

“You want to know?”

“Tell me.”

“It actually ‘electrocutes’—I can’t control myself around you,” Waylon Lewis stated blandly.

Having a sweet, tender wife in his arms, sleeping in the same bed, which man would be able to control himself?

Thus, Waylon Lewis hadn’t dared to touch Hope Williams these days, Otherwise, it would have been torture for him.

So that was the reason.

Hope Williams got it immediately and coughed awkwardly, realizing she shouldn't have asked, "You're at least conscious of it."

"I have to be," Waylon Lewis sighed softly.

"You... let's drive, isn't there a surprise?" Hope Williams changed the subject, already looking forward to what President Lewis might surprise her with.

Seeing the light in her clear eyes, Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, quickly started the car, and sped towards their destination.

Chapter 296: Chapter 296 Our New Home Chapter 296: Chapter 296 Our New Home
Seeing the light glint in her clear eyes, Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, quickly started the car, and sped toward their destination.

Emperor Perry Court.

Nestled in the busiest part of the Emperor Capital, it was said that each villa there had a sky-high price tag.

And those who could live in Emperor Perry Court were definitely not your average wealthy households.

Furthermore, the villas in this area had varying levels of luxury.

The most luxurious and largest by far was Emperor Perry Palace.

Hope Williams looked somewhat enlightened at Waylon and asked, "Waylon Lewis, what's this about?"

"I'm showing you your property."

"My property?" Hope's eyes widened in surprise.

When did she acquire property in such a valuable location?

"Mhm."

After thinking it over carefully, Hope remembered that Waylon had transferred all his properties to her name.

So Waylon's property, was now hers.

Recalling this, Hope still felt a significant shock.

This man had done so much without a word.

“What are you thinking about?”

“You’ve given me all your assets, Waylon. Does that mean you’re penniless now?” Hope suddenly asked on a whim.

Waylon raised an eyebrow slightly, “Do you wish for me to be penniless?”

Waylon Lewis without a penny!

The kind who discovers he has no money when he goes out to buy a bun, then ends up staring blankly at the bun seller.

The image was far too vivid.

“Ha ha ha ha.” Hope couldn’t help but let out a laugh.

Thinking about Waylon in that pathetic state really amused her.

This was the first time in many days Waylon heard such happy laughter from Hope, and he couldn’t help but be slightly shaken.

Although his face was expressionless, his eyes traversed with a deep sense of pleasure.

“Waylon Lewis, I think you’re too pitiable. Maybe I should just give your property back to you. I don’t really need that much.” Hope, perhaps feeling that her laughter was too obvious, even covered her mouth with her hand.

“What were you just thinking about?”

“About you begging for food,” Hope said, sharing her genuine thoughts without any hesitation.

“ ... ”

So, her joy was because she imagined him begging!

Waylon suddenly found himself laughing at the absurdity.

This woman actually delighted at the thought of him begging.

“Do you want the suggestion I just made?” Hope reeled back her laughter and looked at him.

“Don’t give me money; it’s all for you,” Waylon answered without any hesitation.

“But you...”

“Hope, you have to manage the money well, you can’t give it to me.”

“Hm? Why not?”

“Men become bad when they have money,” Waylon said, his dark eyes fixed on Hope.

Hope’s eyes twinkled with a hint of mirth, “Would you turn bad?”

Waylon offered a playful smile, “Maybe, so you can’t give me any chance.”

Hope smiled, “Very conscious of you. Alright, then I take back my suggestion.”

At that moment, Waylon’s car smoothly stopped at the gate of the villa.

Just as she had guessed.

Waylon had brought her to Emperor Perry Palace.

“Get out and take a look at our new home.”

New home!

Hope’s eyes brightened momentarily.

The word, when spoken in Waylon’s rich, resonant voice, stirred a sizable ripple in Hope’s heart.

An unexpected burst of excitement and anticipation enveloped her.

Waylon got out of the car, walked around to the passenger side, and opened the door to lift Hope out.

She naturally hooked her arms around his shoulders.

He carried her inside.

The sight before her made Hope’s eyes shine. She patted Waylon’s shoulder and wiggled her feet, signaling that she wanted to get down and walk.

Waylon let her down without any fuss, gently placing her on the ground.

What she saw was an expansive array of gorgeous bouquets surrounding the gurgling fountains, with the warm sunlight casting down, making the whole area incredibly lush and vibrant.

“Waylon Lewis, this place is beautiful. Are we going to live here?”

“Mhm, sorry for making you suffer before,” Waylon replied, embracing Hope from behind and resting his hands on her slender waist.

Hope pursed her lips slightly and placed a hand over his.

She knew he was referring to their stay at the Lewis family’s old house.

“You don’t need to apologize; it wasn’t your fault,” Hope said as she turned to face him, her beautiful eyes blinking at Waylon.

Actually, Waylon rarely stayed at the old Lewis family house either, but Luke and Willow had just returned to the Lewis family, and because Alitzel Williams and the old master wanted to see Luke and Willow every day, they had not moved out to live with Hope.

With everything that happened, Waylon naturally would not let Hope return to the old house to endure any discomfort.

“Mommy, Daddy~” Two clear and bright calls. Luke and Willow came running out of the villa toward Hope.

Having not hugged Luke and Willow for so long, Hope immediately crouched down with arms wide open, awaiting their embrace, “Mommy wants a hug.”

Luke and Willow, with their radiant smiles, rushed into Hope’s arms without hesitation.

Waylon instinctively supported Hope, worried that the two little ones might bump into her in their excitement.

“Mommy, Daddy said this will be our new home from now on.”

Children always feel a strong curiosity and excitement towards new environments.

“Yes, that’s right. Luke, Willow, do you like it here?”

“Like it,” Luke and Willow chorused in unison.

“But Mommy, aren’t we going back to live with great-grandpa?” Willow asked Hope.
“Won’t great-grandpa and grandma be sad if they don’t see us?”

"If Willow misses great-grandpa and grandma or if they miss Luke and Willow, Mommy will take you to see great-grandpa."

Willow's eyes lit up, "Okay, good."

Hope gently pinched Willow's soft little cheeks, showing a gentle smile.

Watching this scene, Waylon showed a faint sway of emotion and a tender smile in his eyes.

"Let's go inside and see if you like it, and if there's anything you dislike, we can have it changed."

Chapter 297: Chapter 297: Exclusively Ours Chapter 297: Chapter 297: Exclusively Ours "Go inside and see if you like it, if not, we can have people change it."

"Mommy, hurry up and go in~" Luke's expectant face gazed at Hope Williams, making her slightly suspicious.

She felt that there was something odd about them, but Hope couldn't quite put her finger on what it was.

All three of them seemed to be eagerly anticipating her entry, all secretive and mysterious.

Despite her suspicions, Hope proceeded inside.

The servants standing by the door opened it with smiling faces, and as Hope stepped in, a fragrant aroma hit her.

The lights inside weren't on, and the room was pitch-dark with all the curtains drawn. The only light came from the open double doors.

And it was this beam of light that allowed her to discern the scene within.

Hope looked around in astonishment.

At the same time, her anticipation kept rising.

Waylon Lewis had already approached her, taking her small hand in his as they walked further inside, and the door closed behind them.

The room plunged back into darkness.

“Waylon Lewis, what are you doing?”

Waylon let go of her hand, offering no response.

In the pitch-black room, Hope turned around in bewilderment, and in the next moment, the room’s warm lights turned on.

Blinded by the sudden illumination, Hope gently closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, the entire room came into view.

The pervasive scent came from the multitude of roses of various colors.

Clusters of blossoms, too beautiful for words.

Surprise filled Hope’s lovely eyes. She took in the scene all around her and realized she was at the center of the roses.

Frozen in astonishment, she stared at the man who had left and now returned to her side.

“This...” Hope was at a loss for words, overwhelmed by the intense sense of surprise.

“Do you like it?” Waylon’s voice was deep and magnetic.

Hope’s heart fluttered, “When did you think of arranging all this?”

“I’ve been thinking of how to surprise you.”

Lifting her gaze to Waylon again, her amber eyes were full of emotion.

“I like it, I like it a lot.”

A glimmer reflected in Hope’s eyes, her heart brimming with emotion.

It wasn’t the first time she had received flowers from a man, but it was the first time she had received flowers from Waylon.

She hadn’t expected that Waylon’s surprise would involve not just moving to a new home but also this.

Nor had she expected Waylon to do such a thing.

Like any other woman, receiving a surprise from her beloved, she, too, was so moved she was close to tears.

Her eyes moistened as she looked at the man before her. To her shock, he took her hand and gazed at her tenderly, "I've done many wrong things in the past, but thankfully, heaven has granted me another chance to have you back. From the moment we remarried, I've wanted to give you everything, to make you believe that you've made the right choice.

I know you've endured much at the old Lewis Family home, but from now on, it will be different. No one will make you leave, and no one will dare.

This is our new home, where we start anew. So, Hope Williams, would you be willing to forget the past and become the lady of this house?"

Hope blinked her eyes lightly.

"So your father kicked me out of the Lewis Family home, and this is your way of asking me back?"

The way Christopher Lewis had driven Hope out was the way Waylon was bringing her back.

"Yes, I was responsible for your hardship, and I want to offer you a home again."

She had been cast out of the Lewis Family home, and Waylon was providing her with a new home, theirs alone.

Hope felt a deep tremor in her heart and sniffled, her eyes softening to a complete blur.

Waylon reached out, picking up a velvet box from the cluster of roses and opening it to reveal a pair of delicate matching rings.

Tenderness filled Waylon's black eyes.

Hope, "What's this?"

Chapter 298: Chapter 298: I Like Bears Too Chapter 298: Chapter 298: I Like Bears Too Hope Williams, "What is this?"

Waylon Lewis took out a ring from the velvet box and reached to gently hold Hope Williams's slender and soft hand, sliding the ring onto her ring finger.

The exquisite, sparkling ring on her white, slender fingers made her hands look especially beautiful.

Waylon Lewis bowed his head and kissed her hand.

“The overdue ring. I should have given it to you earlier.”

Looking at the dazzling ring on her hand, Hope Williams’s face was filled with happy smiles.

She had never cared much about these things, but Waylon Lewis had thought of it, and Hope Williams was very happy.

Waylon Lewis, “We’re married now, so it’s a matching ring.”

Hope Williams smiled, looking at Waylon Lewis holding the velvet box with an expectant look in his eyes, and cooperatively took out the men’s ring from the box and personally slipped it onto Waylon Lewis’s finger under his eager gaze.

Hands clasped together.

“So you’re mine for life now,” Hope Williams’s eyes sparkled as she looked at Waylon Lewis.

“Undoubtedly yours.”

Hope Williams glanced at the ring and then around her, unable to help but smile softly.

“In such a beautiful and romantic setting, and I’m dressed like a ball, I should have worn something prettier.”

“Don’t say you look like a ball; even if you looked like a bear, you’d still be beautiful, and I’d still love you.”

Like a bear?

Hope Williams paused, gently pushed Waylon Lewis’s chest, and tugged at her lips. “You’re the one who looks like a bear, can’t you speak properly?”

For him, the little force she used was like a tickle, and Waylon Lewis caught her hand, pulling her into his arms, and chuckled softly.

“I’m the bear, can I be the bear? My wife is the most beautiful!”

Hope Williams huffed playfully, “That’s more like it.”

“After the old master’s birthday feast, we’ll hold our wedding. I’ll make sure it’s the most beautiful.”

Hope Williams nodded slightly and smiled, “Then I look forward to it.”

Waylon Lewis leaned in, wrapping his arm around her slender waist, and leaned down to kiss her lips.

However, at that moment Waylon Lewis noticed that the door, which should have been tightly closed, occasionally let in a sliver of light.

Two sparse voices sounded, "Stinky brother, move aside a bit. You're blocking Willow. Willow can't see!"

"How can you say that?" Luke complained. "Move over a bit, move over..."

"Stinky brother, can't you let Willow have a turn?" Willow picked herself up from the ground, hands on her hips, glaring at Luke.

"How can I let her when Willow's taking up a third of the space?" Luke pouted.

Willow hmped defiantly.

"Not true, it's clearly brother who's taking up two-thirds, Willow couldn't even see Dad and Mom."

"Willow, are you blind? It was clearly you who took up more space just now..."

"Brother said Willow is blind!" Willow suddenly frowned, forcefully opening her eyes wide, and pressed her face close to Luke. "Willow has such big eyes, and brother says Willow is blind...uhm uhm~ Brother is scolding Willow..."

"I..."

Luke stared at Willow as big tears fell from her eyes, dumbfounded.

"Brother said Willow is blind, brother is scolding Willow~" Willow sat down on the ground with a thud, raising her little hands to wipe her tears, crying even louder.

Luke stood there, watching Willow sitting on the ground, stunned and clueless; his wise eyes now full of helplessness and panic.

"Ah... not friends with brother anymore, not friends with brother~"

Luke paused for a while, feeling he was a bit harsh, and timidly raised his hand to gently pat Willow's head, "Willow, don't cry..."

But it was precisely those few gentle pats that made Willow burst into even louder tears.

Luke got a fright, immediately held his hands, and dared not move rashly anymore.

"What are you two doing?"

Noticing the noise at the door, Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams immediately came out.

The moment Waylon Lewis asked the question, Willow cried even harder, overwhelmed with distress.

Waylon Lewis looked at Luke, completely baffled and at a loss, and bent down to pick up Willow.

“The ground is cold, stand up and let’s talk nicely.”

But no sooner had he picked Willow up than the little one sat back down on the ground again, rubbing her eyes, crying into a tearful state.

Waylon Lewis, “...”

Luke sought help by looking at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis looked helplessly back at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams stepped forward to pick up Willow, frowning slightly with concern, “What’s wrong, Willow? Why are you crying, tell Mommy?”

“Uhm~ Brother is bullying Willow.”

“What? That’s not possible, brother loves Willow the most, why would he bully you?”

“Brother said Willow has no eyes.”

Both Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis looked at Luke, who hurriedly waved his little hands explaining, “I didn’t mean it like that, it was clearly sister who took up two-thirds of the space. Luke couldn’t see anything, and sister blamed me...” Luke felt extremely aggrieved too; why are girls so difficult, he didn’t even cry.

Hearing Willow cry like this, Luke felt very wronged, and wanted to cry too, but he couldn’t, as he was a boy, he needed to be strong.

“...”

Waylon Lewis tugged at his lips.

“You two sneaking a peek is one thing, but doing it so openly.”

Hope Williams, “...”

“Willow wasn’t peeking.” Willow, busy crying, paused to explain upon hearing Waylon Lewis’s words.

“Then what was Willow doing just now?” Waylon Lewis looked at his daughter somewhat helplessly.

“Willow just wanted to see Mommy...” Willow mumbled, pouting.

“What’s the difference?”

“How can looking at Mommy be called sneaking a peek?”

Waylon Lewis was defeated by Willow’s twisted logic.

“Wuuu wuuu~”

Having explained herself, Willow continued to cry!

Waylon Lewis, “...”

Hope Williams, “...”

Luke, “...”

“Please stop crying, sister. Would an apology from me suffice?” Luke stuttered out.

Chapter 299: Chapter 299: Peaceful Times Chapter 299: Chapter 299: Peaceful Times
“Stop crying, little sis, will you forgive me if I apologize?” Luke hesitated.

“Really?” Willow put down her small hand, her eyes brightening as she looked at Luke, and immediately stopped crying. “If Brother apologizes, Willow will forgive him.”

Luke thought to himself: One mustn’t argue with little girls, mustn’t argue.

“I’m sorry for what I said about Willow, is that okay now?”

“Yes, yes.” Willow burst into smiles, grabbed Luke’s hand, and said, “Willow was also wrong before, I took up too much space. Next time, I’ll let brother stand in front.”

“Next time?” Waylon Lewis’s face darkened.

What’s going on, they’re already planning next time?

Waylon saw that they’re really about to overdo it.

“No, not at all,” Willow quickly hid behind Hope Williams.

Hope looked at her cunning daughter and then at Waylon, whose face was frowning, and could only smile helplessly in the end.

“Okay, let’s stop staring at each other. What would you like for dinner? I’ll make it for you.”

Waylon came over and took Hope’s hand, “You go upstairs and rest, you don’t have to do anything.”

“But I want to do something. After staying in the hospital for so long, I want to move around.”

“You can go to the garden to water the plants, bask in the sun, and read some books,” Waylon suggested. “I’ll call you when dinner is ready.”

Seeing Waylon’s insistence and thinking of his carefulness, almost wanting to do everything for her as if fearing she’d be tired for even a moment, Hope didn’t insist.

“Alright then, I’ll take Luke and Willow out to play.”

Waylon rubbed her hair softly, his tone gentle, “Okay, be careful, watch your step, don’t lift anything heavy, stay away from the pond, dress warmly, don’t catch a cold...” Hope nodded hurriedly, “Ok, I got it, don’t worry.”

Waylon was not only acting like a monk but almost became her mommy, worried and instructing her about everything.

Seeing Waylon leave, Hope somewhat fretted inwardly, but her face was filled with a blissful smile.

Hope took Luke and Willow to the garden. The sunlight today was just perfect, warm on the skin. Hope lazily rested on a large cradle, watching Luke and Willow playing on the soft lawn.

Hearing Luke and Willow’s joyful laughter, Hope felt doubly happy.

Hope was a bit dazed. She felt that her current happiness was enough to bury all the pain she had experienced in the past.

Hope was very content in this moment.

Her lover, her children were beside her, and the baby inside her. Hope gently placed her hand on her belly, her smile unabatingly tender.

“Luke, Willow, do you want a brother or a sister?” Hope asked them a question many mothers expecting their second child would.

Luke and Willow put down their toys, looking at Hope, seriously considering her question.

Willow said, "A sister."

Luke said, "A brother."

Hope blinked. "Why?"

Willow immediately answered, "Because if I get a sister, she can play with Barbie dolls with Willow!"

Luke didn't like Barbie dolls at all, always playing alone, which felt lonely.

Luke pursed his lips, looked at Willow, remembered what just happened, and suddenly didn't dare to say his thoughts. He feared another sister like Willow who loves to cry; he doubted he'd be able to cope alone. If it was a brother, the two boys could share handling Willow's temperament.

"Actually, we don't really want a brother or sister," Luke said poutingly.

"Oh? Why?" Hope stretched her hands and sat Luke and Willow down on either side, curious.

"Having a baby is so painful, almost like a life-and-death ordeal."

Luke and Willow, compared to having siblings, cared more about not wanting Hope to suffer or be in danger.

Hope blinked, "How do you know that?"

"Grandma and us watch TV, and it said so on TV."

Hope frowned slightly. Well, that figures. Alitzel loved watching TV dramas, often roping Luke and Willow to watch with her.

Hope had seen them three, clutching melon seeds, sitting on the sofa engrossed in palace intrigue dramas.

"Mommy, why doesn't Daddy have the baby?" Luke looked at Hope with a curious baby expression and suddenly asked, "Why isn't daddy the one who's pregnant?"

"Yeah, yeah, why doesn't daddy carry the baby in his tummy?" Willow joined in.

One question after another thrown at her, suddenly leaving Hope somewhat overwhelmed.

How should she explain to them why the baby is in her belly and not in Waylon's?

"Because girls are the ones who get pregnant," Hope tried to organize her words and began explaining.

"Then why don't boys get pregnant?" Willow said nibbling her fingertip, looking at Hope with curiosity.

"Because... because..."

"And Mommy, how did you get pregnant?" Luke asked again.

Question after question made Hope slightly embarrassed.

"Brother, you're so silly. Willow knows this. The TV said it's because mommy and daddy slept together that mommy got pregnant," Willow said.

Hope felt awkward. They really did watch too many TV dramas.

Luke nodded, "So it's like that. Then why is it mommy who's pregnant when mommy and daddy sleep together, not daddy?"

Hope tugged at her lips.

Back to this again.

"What are you talking about?" Waylon came over, "Dinner is ready."

Luke and Willow ran up to Waylon, looking up at him and starting to ask.

"Daddy, why don't you get pregnant?"

Chapter 300: Chapter 300 The Result of My Hard Work Chapter 300: Chapter 300 The Result of My Hard Work "Daddy, why can't you get pregnant?" Willow asked.

Waylon Lewis was taken aback, "What?"

"Why can't you get pregnant?"

Waylon Lewis answered calmly, "Because I'm a man."

"Why does Mommy get pregnant?"

"Because she's a woman."

“How did we get into Mommy’s tummy from Mommy’s tummy?”

“It’s the result of my hard work.”

“...” Hope Williams’s cheeks turned slightly red.

Luke asked, “How did you work hard?”

Waylon Lewis, “...”

Willow asked again, “Daddy, why don’t you speak?”

“Come on, Daddy.”

Two pairs of innocent eyes, like stars, stared at Waylon Lewis, filled with curiosity about knowledge.

“You ask too many questions,” Waylon Lewis muttered and walked over to Hope Williams’s side.

Following closely behind Waylon Lewis, Luke and Willow continued to ask, “Mommy said if there’s a question, we should clear it up, we want to know.”

“You don’t want to.”

“We do.”

“No, you don’t.”

“Humph, I won’t be nice to you anymore, you probably don’t know either, that’s why you don’t say.”

+^+

Waylon Lewis frowned, “Don’t use reverse psychology on me.”

“You just don’t know.”

“If I didn’t know, how would you have come to exist?”

“So why is it?”

“...”

Okay, you win.

Waylon Lewis grimaced and stayed silent, grabbing Hope Williams’s hand, “Let’s go eat.”

Hope Williams was extremely resigned.

"All right, Luke, Willow, let's have dinner," Hope Williams timely halted the awkward question, but couldn't stop the children's curiosity.

"Daddy..."

"Be quiet," Waylon Lewis said with a stern face.

At the dining table, Waylon Lewis first ladled a bowl of soup for Hope Williams and placed it in front of her, cautiously advising, "Be careful, it's hot."

Luke and Willow sat in their chairs, hands supporting their chins, looking miserable because their question remained unanswered, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Hey, brother, sister-in-law, Luke, Willow, I'm here," Wyatt Lewis arrived uninvited, sitting down unceremoniously, and rubbed his hands together, "This looks sumptuous, I'm not holding back."

"Why are you here?" Waylon Lewis looked at him.

Wyatt Lewis, helping himself to a bowl, said while eating, "Sister-in-law wasn't home, Luke and Willow weren't home, you weren't home, and grandpa just wouldn't stop glaring at me, taking it out on me. Grandpa's now healthy and strong..." Wyatt Lewis rubbed his still aching butt, his face full of self-mockery.

Seeing Wyatt Lewis, Luke immediately leaned in, asking, "Uncle, can I ask you a question?"

"Oh—my dear Luke, Baby, of course, what do you want to ask?" Wyatt Lewis pulled Luke into his arms.

"Daddy said Luke and sister here are the result of his hard work, how did he work hard?"

"Uh..." Wyatt Lewis tugged at his lips, thought for a moment, "You should ask your dad that."

"He won't say, do you know?"

"..."

Wyatt Lewis quickly shook his head, "I don't know."

"Why don't you know, do you not have the ability to make babies?"

"Cough..." Hope Williams choked heavily on her food.

"I do, of course I do!" Wyatt Lewis, feeling insulted about his capability, quickly responded.

"But..."

"Luke, Willow," Hope Williams quickly intervened, "if you don't eat now, your food will get cold, eat first."

Hope Williams stopped this unstoppable topic.

"Okay then." Luke and Willow pouted slightly, reluctantly laying down their question, and began eating petulantly.

The three of them sighed in relief.

"How's the company doing?"

Just as Wyatt Lewis relaxed, he was caught off-guard by the question.

"Hmm?" Waylon Lewis raised his eyebrows and glanced at him.

A chilling glance swept over, and Wyatt Lewis hurriedly responded, "Good, very good, brother, don't worry, I definitely won't bankrupt you."

Waylon Lewis narrowed his eyes.

"I'll go to the office tomorrow."

"Oh good, going to the office tomorrow... wait, what? You're going to the office tomorrow?" Wyatt Lewis startled, nearly dropping his bowl.

"Is there a problem?"

Waylon Lewis noticed something amiss and looked coldly at Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis guiltily bowed his head and hurried his eating, "No, no problem."

Waylon Lewis's frosty gaze fixed on him.

Wyatt Lewis, feeling agonized under the immense pressure, quickly stood up, "Brother, I'm full, I just remembered there's work at the office, I won't disturb you, I'm going back to work overtime."

Wyatt Lewis ran off fast as if his tail was on fire, disappearing in an instant.

Hope Williams, seeing Wyatt Lewis so eager, somehow felt it was odd.

“What was that with Wyatt?”

“He’s been slack,” Waylon Lewis said seriously, serving food to Hope Williams, “Don’t worry about him, eat first, I’ll walk with you afterward.”

“Okay then.” Hope Williams didn’t need to worry about these matters, asked just out of curiosity, but didn’t dwell on it.

“Are you going to work tomorrow?”

“Yes, stay home nicely, I’ll come back early to keep you company,” Waylon Lewis calmly watched her, continuously serving her food.

“Alright, it’s time for you to go to the office too.”

Waylon Lewis had always been busy, but recently he had been inseparably by her side. Hope Williams was touched, but she couldn’t always keep him at home. He had his matters to attend to, and there was a pile of things waiting for him.