

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 381: 400

Chapter 381: It Also Depends on Whether It's Suitable or Not Chapter 381: Chapter 381: It Also Depends on Whether It's Suitable or Not His body kept getting closer, and through the clothes, she could feel the burning heat of his body.

Allowing him to kiss freely, she saw the long-hidden desire in Waylon Lewis' eyes, her heart skipped a beat. Since she became pregnant, he hadn't touched her to protect her and the baby, but now, the atmosphere between them felt like it was on the brink of losing control if either of them went any further.

At this moment, a car slowly stopped outside, and Thomas Hughes quickly got out, intending to enter the villa, but the car next to it suddenly shook.

Thomas Hughes rubbed his eyes. Was he seeing things?

Thomas Hughes unconsciously moved closer to the car, suspiciously staring at it. Just as he thought he was seeing things, the car shook again.

Thomas Hughes scratched the back of his head, instinctively bent down to look towards the car window, though one could not see inside the car from here, but from inside you could see out.

Waylon Lewis was about to deepen the kiss when Hope Williams, eyes wide open, pushed Waylon Lewis away and suddenly screamed.

"Ah..."

"What's wrong?"

"Somebody!"

Hope Williams covered her face; she saw a face suddenly appear on the car window which frightened her to the point her back went stiff in the middle of the night.

Waylon Lewis turned around and saw Thomas Hughes' "utterly despised" face swaying ghost-like at the window.

Waylon Lewis's face instantly darkened, and even Hope Williams saw the muscles on Waylon's handsome face twitch.

Hope Williams quickly came to her senses, pushed Waylon Lewis away, and straightened her clothes, while Waylon Lewis hugged her and positioned her properly in her seat.

Then he reached out to open the car door.

Thomas Hughes still didn't understand why the car would keep moving slightly, and then saw Waylon Lewis exit the car with a face set on destroying everything.

"Boss, why are..." Thomas Hughes instinctively glanced inside the car, then quickly bowed his head.

Mrs!

Wow!

So just now... were they playing inside?

At this moment, two words crazily floated through Thomas Hughes' mind... It's over!

"Sorry Boss, I didn't mean to, you guys continue," Thomas Hughes feeling goosebumps, was terrified and shivered as if on the brink of an abyss...

Waylon Lewis coldly glared at him, his eyes almost piercing through him.

Thomas Hughes didn't know what to do at this moment.

Waylon Lewis stared at him for a few seconds, then turned around and carried Hope Williams out of the car, Hope Williams tugged at her lips, and buried her face deep into Waylon Lewis's chest.

Thomas Hughes wished he could bury himself underground; he couldn't even cry, how was he supposed to know the Boss and Mrs were in the mood, playing in the car.

Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams silently back to the villa, his tightly clenched handsome face showing his mood to kill Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes, head bowed, took a few deep breaths and hurriedly followed, hitting his head "thud" against a pillar at the entrance.

Thomas Hughes held his head, wishing he could shoot up into the sky.

Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams upstairs, and as soon as Hope Williams touched the bed, she rolled up in the covers.

Too awkward...

Waylon Lewis deeply furrowed his brow, his gaze full of fierceness as he went downstairs; today if he can't give him a good reason for rushing here to find him, this assistant can roll as far away as possible.

Facing the prospect of being fired, Thomas Hughes stood downstairs unable to even sweat.

Seeing Waylon Lewis come down filled with a chill, Thomas Hughes nearly turned into a sieve from trembling.

Waylon Lewis sat down on the couch.

But in Thomas Hughes' eyes, Waylon Lewis wasn't sitting on a couch but on a chilling skeletal chair, and the Great Demon King on the skeletal chair's wrath swept over him like a storm.

"What is it?" Each word was like spitting ice.

Thomas Hughes was shivering in place, not daring to move as if he was standing on the last piece of rock above magma.

"Previously... you, you sent me to investigate something... I found it."

Waylon Lewis stared at him, his silence prompting him to continue.

"These... these three people respectively, respectively..."

"When did you start stammering?"

Thomas Hughes swallowed.

"These people are named Mason Williams, Ted Williams, and Harry Williams and are from city A. Mason Williams is madam's maternal grandfather, and the other two are madam's cousins." Thomas Hughes spoke in one breath, not daring to take any punctuation.

Waylon Lewis frowned, glanced upstairs, and his expression slightly eased, "Are you certain?"

"We can be basically certain at the moment; if we want to further confirm, we need to test DNA." Thomas Hughes spoke extremely fast.

Waylon Lewis narrowed his eyes. Hope Williams had mentioned her grandfather to him, but she also said that she left with her mother when she was very young, due to some issues, and twenty years have passed. What does it mean for them to suddenly appear now?

“Have you figured out their intentions?”

“They probably want to recognize madam. In addition, there have often been strange people found outside the villa recently, which can be confirmed to be Mason Williams’ people; it has been dealt with, but they still send people to inquire about madam’s situation.”

Waylon Lewis knit his eyebrows tightly, “After more than twenty years, now they think to find her, huh, this family also does not see whether they deserve it.”

The old man had told him about Hope Williams. Hope Williams’ father died early, and her mother raised her alone; the mother and daughter endured many hardships, depending on each other. Later, Hope Williams’ mother also passed away when she was eighteen. If not for the old man’s help, Hope Williams’ days would have been even harder.

At that time, this family never thought about having such a granddaughter.

How could they not think there was a granddaughter suffering outside? Now that she is living well, they think of recognizing her back; what a dream.

“Boss, do you need to tell madam about this?”

Waylon Lewis lifted his hand, “No, don’t tell her yet, block them if they come looking again.”

Although he didn’t understand the Boss’s intentions, Thomas Hughes immediately complied.

“How is Walker Fuller doing?”

“He still strongly demands legal defense.”

Waylon Lewis’ eyes flashed with a mocking smile, “Then let him find [a lawyer], see how far he can take this.”

This time, he must ensure Walker Fuller gets a severe sentence.

“Has Isaiah Lewis been found yet?” Waylon Lewis’s gaze darkened, a chilly glance swept towards Thomas Hughes, “When did you become so inefficient?”

Since the day he was driven out of the old house by the old man, these people had disappeared.

It was heard they had accrued debt at the casino, and without the Lewis family, they could not repay it. Casino people are ruthless, chopping hands and feet is just the beginning, so these people might be hiding.

So it took Thomas Hughes some effort to find them, but fortunately, he did.

Thomas Hughes immediately said, "We have found them now, it's up to you how to handle them."

"Don't let me see them again."

Thomas Hughes quickly nodded, delaying even a second to reply was disrespectful to his job, "Understood."

"There's no need to tell the old man about this matter; he couldn't bear it."

His own son killing his own grandson would break the old man's heart; what he hated most was the Lewis family killing each other.

"Yes."

Waylon Lewis glanced at him, everything about him was annoying.

"You may go now." Waylon Lewis gritted his teeth, "Don't let me see you for a while."

"Yes, yes, understood." Thomas Hughes promptly answered, bowed, and ran off like the wind.

Waylon Lewis took a few deep breaths, the anger in his chest still difficult to suppress.

Chapter 382: Chapter 382 Waylon Lewis the Old Bull Eats Young Grass Chapter 382: Chapter 382 Waylon Lewis the Old Bull Eats Young Grass Waylon Lewis returned to his room and didn't see Hope Williams. After circling the second floor, he found her in Luke and Willow's room.

Hope was sitting between their two small beds, taking their temperatures. Both were normal, with no fevers, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

Hope stood up and put the thermometer back. Waylon silently walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

Looking up, Hope saw his sorrowful expression and could hardly suppress a chuckle.

Waylon Lewis said, "I didn't get enough kisses, let's continue."

Hope's eyelashes trembled slightly, recalling the awkward scene, the mood from before was gone, "No, I'm going to sleep."

Waylon's face darkened slightly.

Hope smirked wryly, knowing that although he wouldn't dare touch her because she was pregnant, he seemed always to bring trouble upon himself.

"I have something serious to discuss. It's been a long time since we took them out. They are getting restless. I'm planning to take them to the amusement park tomorrow. Do you have time to join us?"

Luke and Willow would sure be thrilled if Waylon could join them.

Waylon frowned, his expression complicated, obviously tied up with company matters.

Hope pursed her lips, "If you're busy, no worries. I'll take them myself. Aria and Wyatt Lewis also said they'd join."

Waylon sighed, "I will finish up and come find you."

Hope nodded, "Okay."

The next day, Luke and Willow woke up early, excited upon hearing that Hope really was taking them to the amusement park.

Hope looked at the two little ones with a tender smile, but to be safe, she took their temperatures again.

The two kiddos touched each other's foreheads, then turned to Hope and shook their little hands, "No fever, no fever."

Ready to go out, fever or not!

Seeing their excited expressions lightened Hope's mood.

As they were going to the amusement park, the two little ones wanted to choose their own outfits.

Usually, Hope chose their clothes, but today they chose for themselves, and she was quite excited to see their choices.

Soon, they hopped out of the room like two little bunnies, one white and one gray.

Their fuzzy appearances were adorably soft; Hope almost forgot about the cartoon bunny suits she once bought while shopping. They were so cute she had to get them, and today they finally came in handy.

“Mommy, is this okay?”

The two little ones hopped and twirled around.

“Absolutely, my two treasures are so adorable,” Hope said with a laugh, rubbing their bunny ears, “Hold on a sec.”

Hope ran back to change into a similarly styled outfit and tied her hair into two low ponytails, looking full of vitality and vigor.

“Let’s go, Mommy will have a blast with you today.”

“Yay!”

As the three descended the stairs, Waylon Lewis who was having breakfast looked up. Stopping with his coffee mid-air, his eyes filled with the sight of the girl approaching him.

“How do I look?” Hope smiled, moving closer to Waylon.

Waylon’s eyes twinkled with amusement, “Beautiful.”

Receiving Waylon’s compliment made Hope’s smile even brighter.

“It seems my outfit is quite a success.”

“You look good in everything,” Waylon couldn’t take his eyes off Hope, his look brimming with affection.

Hope blushed with his praise.

“Daddy, though you can’t come with us because you have to work, we’ll take photos for you,” Willow said thoughtfully.

“Yes, yes, Luke brought a camera, we’ll take photos and send them to you, Daddy.”

“Good,” Waylon nodded, “Make sure to take lots of photos of your mom and send them to me.”

Waylon only wanted to see his wife.

“Let’s eat quickly and I’ll drop you off,” Waylon pulled her to sit next to him.

“No need, you’ll be late for work. Wyatt and Aria Richardson are coming by car; we’ll go with them,” Hope said, sipping her milk.

Waylon Lewis immediately raised his eyebrows, feeling a bit annoyed inside. They both were going together, yet he surprisingly had to work today!

Waylon Lewis felt it was unfair.

While chatting, Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson arrived one after the other; seeing Hope Williams’ outfit, he couldn’t help but blink.

Wyatt Lewis had an expression as if he had discovered a new world while looking at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams’ outfit today was a completely different style from before; the previous Hope Williams was entirely gentle and stunning, today was completely cute.

It must be said that his brother’s taste was really sharp; his sister-in-law was a great beauty who could master any style.

Wyatt Lewis glanced at Waylon Lewis and stroked his chin slowly as he spoke, “Sister-in-law, this outfit of yours, sitting next to my brother...”

Hope Williams blinked, “What about it?”

“It makes my brother look like an old cow eating tender grass,” Wyatt Lewis blurted out without thinking, and instantly regretted it.

“Cough cough...” Aria Richardson silently moved away from Wyatt Lewis; she really didn’t understand why this guy started looking for trouble as soon as he arrived.

Was his skin itching again?

Hope Williams tugged at her lip; this was complimenting her youth... why did the air suddenly become cold.

Wyatt Lewis quickly jumped behind Hope Williams.

Because a cold glance had already swept over him.

“You’re saying I’m old?”

Wyatt Lewis shivered, waving his hands frantically, “No no no no, I absolutely didn’t mean that.”

Wyatt Lewis desperately winked at Hope Williams, his eyes nearly flying out.

Sister-in-law, save me!

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis' stern face and quickly smoothed things over, "How could that be, how could my husband be old, my husband is young and handsome, I love him the most."

Waylon Lewis was only two years older than Hope Williams, definitely not old.

As soon as Hope Williams finished speaking, it was as if winter had turned to spring, spring breeze brushed across and the sun shone brightly.

Aria Richardson tugged her lip, because of a few words from Hope Williams, President Lewis turned unexpectedly docile.

Incredible.

Hope Williams glanced at the time, it was almost 8:30 already, so she urged Waylon Lewis to go to work.

Waylon Lewis left reluctantly, as if he was being forced to go to work.

At 9:30, a few of them arrived at the amusement park. Since it was a weekday, there weren't many people, which was good so they wouldn't have to wait long for a ride.

Luke and Willow got off the car like two birds freed from a cage, quickly hopping towards various amusement facilities.

Hope Williams stood in place and turned around, her eyelids involuntarily twitching; there were many rides here, roller coasters, bumper cars, swinging boat, free fall, spinning tops, pirate ship, haunted house... all were brave games.

"Mommy, let's go on this."

Luke and Willow uniformly pointed towards the huge pirate ship; Hope Williams glanced at it and saw it was quite thrilling, people on it were already sending out bursts of screams.

"Mommy, godmother, second uncle, come quickly."

Hope Williams shook her head, feeling a chill inside, "I don't think this suits me, I'm pregnant."

Having said that, Hope Williams silently looked towards the other two with her delicately arched eyebrows jumping, "It's up to you guys now."

Aria Richardson was quite excited; Wyatt Lewis lightly tugged at his lip, somewhat resistant. Aria Richardson patted Wyatt Lewis on the shoulder, jokingly said, "You're not scared, are you?"

"Who's scared?" Wyatt Lewis puffed out his chest, going forward with a face ready to meet his fate.

Hope Williams with a gentle smile in her eyes and brows, took out her phone to take charge of snapping photos for them.

Then, holding her phone, she took a selfie.

At this moment, in the Lewis Clan meeting room, the atmosphere was serious.

All the senior executives present had their backs stiff, concentrating fully, afraid to be distracted even a bit.

Waylon Lewis sat at the main seat, his handsome face not showing much emotion, a bespoke tailored suit accentuating his dignified and stable demeanor.

Different departments took turns reporting on their work.

Waylon Lewis intermittently twirled the black phone in his hand; occasionally, the phone would ring, and he almost immediately opened it, afraid to miss any important messages.

Chapter 383: Chapter 383 Vivia Fuller Really Became a Fool Chapter 383: Chapter 383 Vivia Fuller Really Became a Fool But clearly, the incoming message wasn't what Waylon Lewis wanted. He tossed his phone onto the wooden table, producing a dull thud, and everyone sitting below simultaneously flinched.

What's with the boss today? What news is so important that he has been checking his phone countless times?

The Director of the marketing department finished his report and looked at Waylon Lewis with trembling eyes.

After waiting a long time without Waylon speaking.

The meeting room suddenly fell into silence, the Director of the marketing department at the front looked pleadingly towards Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes was also puzzled. The boss not only kept checking his phone today but also looked at his watch from time to time, resembling their usual anxious waiting for the workday to end.

And today the big boss seemed distracted; although he was present at the meeting, his mind seemed entirely elsewhere...

It felt like he was being forced to work.

Uh...

The big boss forced to work!

Thinking this, Thomas Hughes stepped forward to remind him, "Boss, Director Bailey has finished his report."

Waylon Lewis glanced down at the documents in front of him, briefly pointed out a few issues and modifications to be made, then asked, "How many more?"

Thomas Hughes's mind raced, "The administrative and human resources departments haven't reported yet."

"Alright," Waylon Lewis glanced at his watch, "Hurry up, I'm pressed for time."

His brief words made the directors of both the administrative and human resources departments feel like they were facing a huge challenge.

The pressure was on the two directors, and other department members looked at them with sympathy.

The two directors hesitated, each hoping the other would go first as Thomas Hughes nearly blinked out his eyes, signaling them to stand up and report.

In the forced silence, the human resources director stood up grudgingly.

Just then, Hope Williams had just finished taking photos and sent them hot off the press to Waylon Lewis.

The phone pinged several times with incoming messages, Waylon Lewis immediately picked it up and his eyes softened instantly upon seeing the photos sent by Hope Williams.

The meeting room also suddenly felt as warm as spring.

His long fingers slid steadily across the phone screen, zooming in to look at Hope Williams's playful and delicate face, Waylon's mouth turned up unconsciously.

His wife was just so beautiful; he could never see enough of her.

What Waylon Lewis was looking at, no one else knew, but Thomas Hughes, standing behind, saw it all too clearly.

His own boss was eyeing his wife's photo with a look that seemed like he desperately wanted to jump into the phone to be with her.

So the reason the boss was so anxious and distracted today was because his wife had taken the young master and the young miss out, along with the second young master and Miss Richardson.

Ah, that explains it. They all went out, leaving the boss alone at work, no wonder he was distracted.

After staring at the photo for a long time, Waylon Lewis replied: You look beautiful.

Thomas Hughes twitched at the corner of his mouth, thinking, You really only compliment your wife.

After sending the message, Waylon Lewis put down his phone, not sure if his thoughts had returned, but certainly, his corners of his mouth hadn't.

Seeing the boss's gaze shooting over, the human resources director who was reporting hastened their speech.

After playing around, Aria Richardson and Wyatt Lewis supported each other, looking pale, while Luke and Willow, the little guys, seemed completely unfazed and even more excited, rushing to another amusement ride.

From pirate ships to bumper cars, from bumper cars to roller coasters, they played wildly all morning, Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson were already slumped over the table, not wanting to move.

Luke and Willow didn't want to let Wyatt go, and dragged him to the next ride.

Wyatt waved his hands repeatedly, "I can't anymore, really, ancestors please let's take a break, I beg you."

He truly experienced what it's like to have the body flying ahead while the soul tries to catch up.

It was terrifyingly exhausting, his poor heart couldn't take it.

Hope Williams hadn't expected the two kids to choose only the thrilling rides, resulting in many she couldn't go on as a pregnant woman.

Hope Williams stepped forward to pull the two youngsters, “No more playing for now, it’s lunchtime. Let’s go have lunch and take a break.”

Luke and Willow obediently nodded their heads, “Okay.”

At the restaurant, Hope Williams handed the menu to Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson, letting the two ‘heroes’ pick first, “You’ve worked hard, choose anything you want, it’s on me.”

The two naturally wouldn’t be polite with Hope Williams.

Hope Williams, supporting her head, buried in sending a message to Waylon Lewis.

The messages still parked at Waylon Lewis’s ‘You look beautiful’.

Hope Williams smiled lightly: Are you done with work? We’re out for lunch, remember to have lunch too.

Waylon Lewis replied instantly: Finished now, I’m coming to find you.

Hope Williams replied okay, and then sent the address to Waylon Lewis.

Just after sending it, she looked up to find four pairs of eyes staring at her.

“What’s Hope looking at that’s making her so happy?” Aria Richardson asked teasingly.

Hope Williams tugged at her lip lightly, “Nothing.”

“Mommy’s face is all red,” the two little treasures giggled as they looked at her.

Hope Williams instinctively touched her own cheek.

Just then, a familiar ring sounded, it was from Alitzel Williams, and Hope Williams immediately answered the call.

“What’s up, Mom?”

“Little Hope, Vivia Fuller is awake,” Alitzel Williams sighed.

Hope Williams raised her brows slightly, somewhat surprised, “How is she?”

“She’s turned into a fool!”

Alitzel’s voice held urgency, and Hope could hear that it was quite noisy on her end.

Hope asked, “Are you in the hospital?”

“At the hospital. Vivia Fuller is making a scene demanding to see Waylon, and if she can’t see him, she’s threatening to jump off the building; we can’t stop her.”

Hope’s eyelid twitched, “Jump off a building?”

Hearing Hope Williams’s surprised voice, several people turned their gaze to her.

“Yes, several doctors are holding her back. Are you with Waylon? If you are, come here together; Vivia Fuller doesn’t know where she’s getting the strength, but she’s making a terrible fuss.”

Hope knitted her brows, “Okay, I understand.”

After hanging up, Hope Williams let out a breath of relief.

“What’s wrong? Who wants to jump off a building?” Wyatt Lewis frowned.

“Vivia Fuller.”

“She’s awake?”

Hope nodded, “Yes, but Mom said she’s now...” Hope tapped her head, indicating, “not so well here.”

“What does ‘not so well here’ mean?” Aria Richardson asked curiously.

“It means she’s turned into a fool.”

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Chapter 384: Chapter 384: Have Someone Collect Her Corpse Chapter 384: Chapter 384: Have Someone Collect Her Corpse “And now she’s causing a scene threatening to jump off a building?” Wyatt Lewis asked.

Hope Williams picked up the cup of water in front of her and slowly took a sip, nodding, “Yeah, she wants to see your brother. If she doesn’t, she’s threatening to jump.”

Hope Williams silently chuckled to herself, thinking how foolish it was to still want to see Waylon Lewis; how persistent she must be.

“Really? Could that woman be pretending to be foolish?” Aria Richardson found it hard to believe. She already doubted the woman’s claim of saving Luke and Willow, and wondered if that woman would really be so kind-hearted.

Hope Williams nodded indifferently, “I also think so, but we don’t have any evidence to prove that she’s pretending.”

So, it’s hard to say whether this kind of thing is true or not; you can’t find concrete evidence proving that she’s pretending.

“Regardless of whether she’s pretending or not, does your family believe her? Hope, if Vivia Fuller is pretending, then you must keep a close eye on President Lewis.”

Aria Richardson was genuinely concerned about this; it would be troublesome if Waylon Lewis believed Vivia Fuller and felt thankful towards her.

“Keep a close eye on Waylon Lewis? Why?”

Aria Richardson looked at her carefree best friend seriously, “Because she definitely won’t give up and will probably go after President Lewis again.”

Hope Williams pondered with furrowed brows for a moment, then smiled lightly, “Don’t worry, it’s alright. Our Mr. Lewis is exceptionally clever. He certainly doesn’t believe Vivia Fuller.”

“But what if? What if Vivia Fuller plays dirty tricks, and President Lewis isn’t firm-willed and gets seduced away?”

“I won’t.”

A deep and magnetic voice sounded, making Aria Richardson feel a chill, her hairs standing on end.

Hope Williams looked up to see the imposing man already standing by her side.

“You’re here.”

Aria Richardson’s hand shook, and her chopsticks clattered onto the table with a snap.

Hope Williams glanced at Aria Richardson, who had lowered her head as if she was silently chanting, “You can’t see me, you can’t see me, you can’t see me.”

Hope Williams looked up again towards Waylon Lewis, who had already pulled up a chair beside her and was giving Aria Richardson a fierce look.

Aria Richardson’s eyes trembled nervously.

“Don’t listen to her, I won’t. I only love you; no matter how others try to seduce me, they won’t succeed.”

Waylon Lewis grasped Hope Williams’s hand, showing a fervent determination to be loyal.

Wyatt Lewis smirked slightly; unsurprisingly like his brother.

Aria Richardson felt even guiltier—damn, it felt like being caught bad-mouthing someone on the spot. And this person was President Lewis, no less.

“Godmother, what’s wrong? Did you drop your chopsticks?” Willow, sitting beside Aria Richardson, kindly reminded her.

Aria Richardson felt like crying but had no tears, wishing she could become invisible—don’t call me out!

“Cough...” Seeing Aria Richardson so guilty, Hope Williams coughed lightly to change the subject, “Alright, I know. Let’s eat. Mom said Vivian Fuller is threatening to jump because she can’t see you, so we might need to go there after we finish eating.”

“Is Mommy leaving?” Luke and Willow were somewhat disappointed; they still had so many games left to play.

Waylon Lewis put a piece of rib in Hope Williams’s bowl and said lightly, “No rush; she’s not going to jump right away.”

“What if she does jump?”

“Have someone collect her body.”

Hope Williams smiled lightly and looked at Luke and Willow, “No, I’m not leaving. I’ll play with you guys.”

Luke and Willow’s eyes immediately lit up, making their meal taste so much better.

Waylon Lewis was in a good mood today; despite being dressed in a suit and looking somewhat out of place with his cold and dignified manner, he indeed spent the afternoon playing with the two kids.

Luke and Willow stopped in front of a row of claw machines, with Willow unable to move on when she saw the cartoon dolls inside.

“I want that, I want that, Daddy, Mommy, grab that one.” Willow pointed at the claw machine, eyes sparkling.

Despite her own home being filled to the brim with them, she still liked wowing Hope Williams, who felt helpless about spoiling her daughter.

Waylon Lewis exchanged for Game Coins for the two little ones, and Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, seeing the two full baskets of Game Coins in his hand—President Lewis was indeed generous.

One basket for Luke, one for Willow; grab to their heart's content.

Unfortunately, both kids had several failed attempts, their expressions growing despondent.

Hope Williams encouraged the kids from the side, "It's alright, keep trying, and you'll definitely get it."

Waylon Lewis scanned the machine and dropped two Game Coins into it.

"Which one do you want?" Waylon Lewis asked.

"That one, that one," Willow pointed to a cute little sheep inside.

Chapter 385: Chapter 385: Mr. Lewis from Our Family Can Do Anything Chapter 385: Chapter 385: Mr. Lewis from Our Family Can Do Anything With Waylon Lewis's maneuvering, the claw inside began to operate, pressing the confirm button and the claw moving downwards, successfully grabbing the stuffed animal.

Luke and Willow held their breath, watching the little sheep intently, praying in their hearts that it wouldn't fall, wouldn't fall.

Hope Williams also couldn't help but get nervous watching this scene.

The next second, the claw released, and the little sheep successfully fell into the chute.

Luke and Willow screamed excitedly.

Waylon Lewis picked up the little sheep and handed it to Willow, who was overjoyed, jumping around on the ground, looking even happier than when they bought it for her before.

Waylon Lewis then turned to Luke, "Which one do you want?"

"Can Daddy catch it if I want it?"

Waylon Lewis nodded affirmatively, "Yes."

Luke looked at a tiger plush toy in the corner, "That one."

"Okay." Waylon Lewis nodded, and soon the claw firmly grabbed the tiger.

Under Luke's expectant gaze, it steadily dropped into the chute.

"Wow! That's amazing." Hope Williams couldn't help but cover her mouth.

Just now, Luke and Willow tried so hard for so long, it seemed quite difficult, yet Waylon Lewis easily caught two.

"Thanks, Daddy, you're so amazing." Luke happily hugged the tiger.

"Daddy is awesome." Willow was even more content.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis with a smile, and Waylon Lewis looked back at Hope Williams, "Do you want one?"

"Me?"

"Mhmm, which one?"

Hope Williams smiled and pointed to a fluffy rabbit, "That one."

"Okay."

The third toy, the rabbit, successfully made it into the chute in one go.

Hope Williams was stunned, totally not expecting Waylon Lewis to be this skilled.

Aria Richardson couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow~ President Lewis, why are you so good at playing claw machines as a big CEO? You really keep your cards close to your chest."

"That's right, our Mr. Lewis can do anything." Hope Williams hugged the rabbit, looking at Waylon Lewis with eyes full of laughter.

Waylon Lewis was pleasingly flattered by Hope William's proud proclamation that 'our Mr. Lewis can do anything'.

His eyes filled with joy, he raised his hand to gently ruffle Hope Williams' hair.

The pink bubbles between them could sweeten anyone to death.

Wyatt Lewis, hands in pockets, stood to the side, glanced at Aria Richardson and asked indifferently, "You want one too?"

“You can do it?”

Wyatt Lewis’s face darkened, a man should never admit he can’t do something.

Aria Richardson didn’t know what Wyatt Lewis was trying to do, only saw him leave swiftly and soon return, exchanging a whole basket of Game Coins into Aria Richardson’s arms, “Take this.”

“What for?” Aria Richardson blinked.

“To let you see what I’m capable of!”

Aria Richardson raised an eyebrow, nodded, “Okay.”

Wyatt Lewis focused on the claw, controlling it, hit the confirm button, and the claw grabbed the toy.

Aria Richardson couldn’t help but look forward to it.

But the next second, the claw loosened and the toy fell back to its original position.

Wyatt Lewis slightly frowned, continued to insert coins, and tried to grab again, the second time, didn’t catch it!

The third time, didn’t catch it!

The fourth time, didn’t catch it...

Wyatt Lewis’s expression turned cold, and the two exchanged a silent glance.

Aria Richardson, “...” She felt she needed to say something.

“Waylon Lewis, it’s fine, these machines are rigged by the vendors, it’s normal not to catch one, don’t worry.” Aria Richardson tried holding back her laughter, comforting Wyatt Lewis.

Waylon just wouldn’t believe it today, and it turned out Goddess Fortuna was not on his side.

“Damn, is there something wrong with this machine?”

Seeing that Wyatt Lewis was almost flustered by anger, Aria Richardson tugged at her lips, “Shall I give it a try?”

Wyatt Lewis, with a grim face, stepped aside.

Aria Richardson inserted two Game Coins, managed the joystick, targeted the toy, and pressed the confirm button.

Wyatt Lewis sighed, his voice a bit deep, "You definitely won't be able to grab it..."

Before he could finish, the toy steadily aimed for the chute and dropped.

"Yes." Aria Richardson crouched down to pick up the toy that had cost Wyatt Lewis countless Game Coins, "Got it, the one you wanted."

Wyatt Lewis's face stiffened, stuffed full with the cute cartoon toy!

"What's wrong?" Aria Richardson saw Wyatt Lewis still had a gloomy face, "I grabbed the one you liked, why are you still not happy?"

Wyatt Lewis's face turned even darker, "When did I ever say I liked it?"

"Why were you trying to grab this one then?"

Aria Richardson saw his persistence with this toy, not trying for others, just this one, if not liking it then what.

"I was..." because you kept staring at this one!

Wyatt Lewis deflated, left without finishing his words, shoved the toy into Aria Richardson's arms, "Keep it yourself."

Aria Richardson, puzzled, looked at Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis, "What's up with him? I got it for him and he's still not happy."

Hope Williams chuckled meaningfully, having seen the interaction between the two just now.

After playing for a day, the two little ones were finally satisfied and willing to go home.

Waylon Lewis took the little ones home, then went to the hospital with Hope Williams, mainly because Alitzel Williams urged so.

Vivia Fuller was causing a commotion all along.

Upon reaching Vivia Fuller's hospital room, Hope Williams grabbed Waylon Lewis who was walking beside her.

"What's wrong?"

"Wait, don't go in yet." Hope Williams lightly hooked her lips, and Waylon Lewis, knowing her intention, cooperated very well and waited outside.

As soon as Hope Williams entered, she saw Vivia Fuller sitting by the window, half of her body already hanging outside. She sat there with a blank stare, muttering Waylon Lewis's name.

Surrounded by a group of doctors who dared not approach, trying to persuade her to come down, each time a doctor approached, Vivia Fuller's body would urgently lean out, scaring each doctor immensely.

"Vivia, come down first..." Alitzel Williams pleaded earnestly, her voice nearly hoarse.

Chapter 386: Chapter 386: If You Dare, Then Jump Chapter 386: Chapter 386: If You Dare, Then Jump "No, no, I want to see Brother Waylon, I need to see Brother Waylon, I must see Brother Waylon." Vivia Fuller muttered indistinctly.

"He will be here soon, come down first." Alitzel Williams looked utterly helpless.

It's a sin. Why is her son so pitiful, this woman has gone mad and still clings to him.

"Vivia, come down first. I've already called Waylon, and he really will arrive soon," Christopher Lewis urged anxiously, fearing that she might fall.

But Vivia Fuller seemed completely oblivious to their words as she swung her legs outside, ignoring whatever they said, refusing to listen.

The wind was not mild today; her slender figure was half outside, as if a gust could blow her down.

Christopher was sweating with anxiety.

Hope Williams had never seen Vivia Fuller like this before, looking genuinely deranged.

Hope Williams slowly approached, and Alitzel Williams saw her as if a savior, "Little Hope, where's Waylon? He came with you, right?"

Hope Williams shook her head, "He didn't come."

Hope Williams's gaze swept toward Vivia Fuller, whose eyes had somehow fixed on her.

Whether she saw her or heard the news of Waylon Lewis's absence, her emotions became instantly agitated.

“Ah... why...”

Vivia Fuller screamed, clutching her head as if in agonizing pain. She stood up unsteadily, looking even more precarious.

“Vivia, don’t move...” Christopher Lewis shouted nervously.

As if she hadn’t heard Christopher’s plea, Vivia fixated on Hope Williams, chanting, “I want Brother Waylon, I want Brother Waylon. You’re a bad woman, you stole my Brother Waylon, didn’t you? Give him back to me...”

“He’s mine.” Hope Williams, with her hands in her coat pockets, stood still and said coldly.

“No... He’s not yours; he’s mine. Give him back to me.” Vivia Fuller held her head, shaking it insistently, “No... he’s mine, mine, grandpa clearly said I was Brother Waylon’s fiancée...”

At this point, as if remembering something joyful, she giggled with a foolish look.

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow slightly.

“I won’t give him to you. If you dare, then jump,” she sneered.

“Hey, this...” Hearing what Hope Williams said, Alitzel Williams, in a panic, wanted to stop Vivia Fuller, who now was like a foolish person, fearing the provocation might drive her to actually jump.

Hope Williams stopped Alitzel Williams with a hand, giving her a look. Alitzel’s brow furrowed with some doubts as she looked toward Vivia Fuller.

“Hope Williams!” Christopher Lewis shouted her name, brimming with warning.

Hope Williams remained calm, looking at Vivia Fuller with a cold smile, “If you’re brave enough, jump. Don’t be a coward, just jump.”

Vivia Fuller kept shaking her head frantically, her eyes darting chaotically, as she stepped unsteadily and let go of the window frame, all the while murmuring, “I want to find Brother Waylon, I want to find Brother Waylon.”

With that, she moved as if to step into the air.

Hope Williams narrowed her eyes.

“Vivia, don’t...” Christopher Lewis yelled out loud.

Just then, a figure dashed out quickly and yanked Vivia Fuller down.

It was Henry Fuller!

“Cousin sister,” Henry Fuller looked at Vivia Fuller anxiously.

Ignoring being pinned down by Henry Fuller, Vivia fought desperately on the ground, “I want to find my Brother Waylon, I want to find my Brother Waylon, let go of me, let go, I need to find my Brother Waylon...”

Henry looked painfully at Hope Williams, “Young Madam Lewis, aren’t you being too harsh? My cousin sister may have done some wrongs, but while still injured, she desperately tried to rescue your two children. To save your children, she has ended up like this, yet you refuse to let her go, driving her towards death? You are really too cruel, this is clearly biting the hand that feeds you.”

Henry loudly accused Hope Williams of her misdeeds.

Hearing this, nearby doctors and nurses couldn’t help but nod in agreement, “Yes, Director Williams, that was somewhat excessive. The patient was already very agitated, and you added fuel to the fire; she might actually jump.”

“If she jumps, that’s a life gone, those words just now were too irresponsible.”

Christopher Lewis glared furiously at Hope Williams, striding towards her and glaring angrily, “You went too far, are you trying to kill her? She became like this trying to save your children, how could you say such things.”

Hope Williams glanced past Christopher, tilted her head, and looked down at Vivia Fuller. She walked over, slowly squatted down, and lifted Vivia’s chin to meet her empty, vacant eyes.

Henry watched Hope Williams warily, “Young Madam Lewis, what are you trying to do?”

Hope Williams grinned, “Vivia Fuller, have you really gone mad?”

Vivia Fuller struggled forcefully, trying to escape Hope’s grip, “Let go of me, let go, I need to find Brother Waylon, I need to find Brother Waylon...”

“Waylon Lewis is my husband, not yours. Since you’ve really gone mad, how about I give you some money and send you abroad for treatment?” Hope Williams asked teasingly.

Chapter 387: Chapter 387: Does She Want Waylon Lewis to Devote Himself to Her?
Chapter 387: Chapter 387: Does She Want Waylon Lewis to Devote Himself to Her?

After hearing Hope Williams's words, as Hope had predicted, Vivia Fuller grew even more agitated, with tears uncontrollably falling from her eyes.

She sobbed miserably, looking bewildered and pitiful.

"You're lying, you're lying, Brother Waylon belongs to me, my grandfather arranged my marriage with Brother Waylon, and I'm going to wear a beautiful wedding dress and marry Brother Waylon... you're deceiving me, you're a bad woman..."

Vivia lunged crazily towards Hope, but Henry Fuller failed to hold her back.

Hope dodged and avoided her, but Vivia swung her hands wildly, continuously scratching at Hope while crying and shouting, causing chaos at the scene.

Facing the completely frenzied Vivia, Hope slightly curled her lips, while Waylon Lewis entered from outside, ignored everyone else, pushed Vivia's hand away, and firmly protected Hope behind him.

Vivia staggered and fell to the ground.

"Are you hurt?" Waylon looked at Hope with a somewhat deep voice.

Hope lifted her hand, revealing a scratch on the back of her hand caused by Vivia's nails, showing signs of swelling and redness.

Waylon's eyes narrowed, his aura instantly dispersed.

"Doctor! Treat the wound," Waylon urgently demanded.

Hope withdrew her hand, "It's nothing."

Seeing Waylon's worried expression, several doctors quickly surrounded them.

Upon examination, "This..." it would have healed on its own if left a little longer.

Was it really necessary to be this anxious?

A doctor couldn't help but curl his lips upon seeing the man's anxious expression, as if Hope would contract rabies just from Vivia's scratch.

Due to the man's sharp gaze like a sword, they didn't dare delay and immediately cleaned and disinfected the wound for Hope.

Waylon stood by as Vivia got up from the ground, ignoring everything, and suddenly rushed forward, directly throwing herself into Waylon's arms, "Brother Waylon, you

finally came to see me, I've missed you so much..."
Hope's eyes turned cold.

Waylon's brows instantly furrowed, and he forcefully pulled Vivia away.

Vivia fell heavily to the ground, landing in a very awkward position, and suddenly large tears rolled down from her eyes, "Brother Waylon, why are you pushing me away, don't you like me anymore?"

"What nonsense are you spouting? When did I ever like you?" Waylon's gaze was filled with extreme disgust.

"You're lying, you're making things up, we used to be so affectionate, grandpa even arranged our engagement, I am your fiancée."

In desperation, Vivia scrambled to her feet and moved towards him, her eyes filled with confusion and helplessness, she knelt down, clutching her head, tears streaming down as she cried loudly.

"Why doesn't Brother Waylon like me anymore, why doesn't Brother Waylon like me..."
Hope's brow furrowed deeply, her bright eyes showing a trace of coldness.

Henry Fuller quickly helped Vivia up, his face filled with pain and complexity as he looked towards Waylon.

"President Lewis, I am sorry for the trouble, but please, considering that she saved Luke and Willow, don't hold this against her too much, especially given her current condition..."

Hope's brows deeply furrowed.

Henry Fuller kept bringing up how Vivia saved Luke and Willow, constantly reminding everyone that Vivia was the Lewis Family's benefactor and that they should be grateful.

And hearing this, the expression on Christopher Lewis's face really changed; he glanced at Waylon and Hope, moved forward, and spoke to Vivia with a mixture of helplessness and sorrow, "Don't worry, Vivia is our benefactor, the Lewis Family will do everything possible to help her recover."

Henry Fuller let out a sigh of relief, "Thank you, Chairman Lewis, for your understanding."

"Given her current condition, the doctors mentioned that she should not be provoked. President Lewis, Young Madam Lewis, if possible, I hope you can show her more patience, and stop making things difficult for her, please."

Making things difficult for her!

Their words sounded as if this couple would spitefully repay kindness with enmity.

Hope was never one to suffer in silence.

His words had an undertone, and Hope laid it all out clearly.

“Mr. Fuller, what do you mean by us making things difficult for her?”

Henry Fuller frowned slightly, but did not speak.

“So just because she’s lost her senses, even if she hugs my husband for no reason, my husband shouldn’t push her away, is that it?”

“That’s not what I meant!”

“Then what do you mean?” Hope’s tone was soft, but her presence was commanding.

“What I meant was, hoping you two would consider that she became this way after saving your children, and ease up on some things, not to provoke her further.”

Hope nodded, “Hmm, ease up on her, I understand. So, you mean the next time she throws herself at my husband, he should not push her away, and I shouldn’t have any objections, right?”

Henry Fuller was taken aback.

Hope chuckled lightly, “I don’t think I’m that magnanimous yet.”

Chapter 388: Chapter 388: Continue to Make Trouble? Chapter 388: Chapter 388: Continue to Make Trouble? “However, Mr. Fuller just mentioned that Miss Fuller saved my child, for which I am very grateful to Miss Fuller.

So for Miss Fuller’s illness, I will find her the best foreign medical team to treat her until she can recover. Additionally, all the expenses abroad, including airfare, will be fully covered by me. Miss Fuller can be sent abroad for treatment as early as tomorrow, is that acceptable?”

Hope Williams’s gaze swept toward Vivia Fuller imperceptibly, quietly observing her.

Vivia Fuller still lay on the bed without any reaction, as if she hadn’t heard.

Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams both supported Hope Williams’s proposal.

Christopher Lewis echoed, "Indeed, the Lewis Family will certainly cure Vivia; all of Vivia's treatment costs, including expenses for food, clothing, and lodging, will be entirely covered by the Lewis Family."

Henry Fuller looked somewhat troubled, lowered his head to look at Vivia Fuller, and said helplessly, "I need to ask her opinion on this."

"There's no need to ask Miss Fuller in her current state; besides, having the best medical team treat her is for her own good. Miss Fuller has no reason to refuse, right?"

Hope Williams's tone was pressing, leaving Henry Fuller not knowing how to decline on the spot.

But to send Vivia Fuller abroad...

Heh!

All of Vivia Fuller's arrangements would be in vain.

Just then, the silent Vivia Fuller finally couldn't hold back and showed a reaction.

Henry Fuller looked at Vivia Fuller and asked, "Cousin, is it okay to send you abroad for treatment?"

"Abroad?"

"Yes, it means taking you to a far-off place for treatment, is that okay?" Henry Fuller patiently explained.

With her head tilted, Vivia Fuller's vacant eyes scanned everyone, finally settling on Waylon Lewis with a smile, "Can Brother Waylon come with me?"

Henry Fuller shook his head, "President Lewis has to work; he can't accompany you."

As soon as he finished speaking, Vivia Fuller instantly became agitated, "I don't want to, I don't want to, I don't want to leave Brother Waylon... Brother Waylon, don't you want me anymore?"

Tears fell from Vivia Fuller's eyes again, she cried with tears and snot all over her face, Henry Fuller's lips twitched, about to wipe her tears, only to find he couldn't bring himself to do it!

It's a bit disgusting!

Vivia Fuller gripped Henry Fuller's hand tightly, as if grasping the last straw, shaking her head incessantly, "I don't want to, I'm not going anywhere, I just want to be with Brother Waylon."

Henry Fuller gave a wry smile, "Young Madam Lewis, as you can see, my cousin doesn't want to go abroad; she only wants to be with President Lewis. If Young Madam Lewis really wants to express gratitude, it's better to find another way."

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows, looking at Henry Fuller, "I understand."

Henry Fuller pursed his lips, as Hope Williams's gaze drifted toward the crying Vivia Fuller and she sneered, "So, you mean to say that you want my husband to pledge himself to thank her?"

"No!"

"No!"

Both Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams almost simultaneously voiced their stark objection.

Christopher Lewis pursed his lips; if it was the old Fuller Family, the previous Vivia Fuller, they might have considered it.

But now... Christopher Lewis looked at Vivia Fuller with mucus hanging from her nose; apart from sympathy, there was nothing but disdain in his eyes.

"Let's discuss another method," said Christopher Lewis as he pushed Waylon Lewis out.

Hope Williams's words sent shivers down his spine, afraid that Waylon Lewis would get entangled with Vivia Fuller, "You take Hope Williams back first, don't cause trouble."

Hope Williams smiled and took Waylon Lewis's hand, scanning over Vivia Fuller, "Then we'll be going back now."

"Go back, be careful on the way," Alitzel Williams specifically instructed, "Don't come to the hospital if it's not necessary."

Vivia Fuller unwillingly lunged towards Waylon Lewis, and Hope Williams crisply shut the door.

From the window in the door, she teased Vivia Fuller, clearly seeing an unusual reaction in Vivia Fuller's pupils.

She cried and shouted, soon being calmed down and taken back by several doctors and Henry Fuller.

Holding hands with Waylon Lewis, Hope Williams was in a good mood, "Let's go home."

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow, "You're still smiling, did you really want to throw me out there?"

"Of course not, you're mine, how could I bear to let you pledge yourself to another woman? It was just a tactic. Did you see your father's expression when I said those words?"

Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh thinking about it.

She intentionally brought it up, as long as Christopher Lewis didn't want to push his son into the fire, he would figure out a way to solve this issue for them, saving them a lot of trouble.

Waylon Lewis smiled helplessly, "Only you would be so mischievous."

"That's cleverness, thank you very much."

Waylon Lewis was charmed by Hope Williams's proud little expression and reached out to scruff her nose, his eyes full of doting, "My wife is the cleverest."

Sitting in the car on the way back, Hope Williams thought for a moment, then took out her phone and dialed a number.

The call was quickly answered at the other end.

A gentle and mellow male voice with a hint of surprise sounded, "Little Hope?"

"Benjamin."

Waylon Lewis raised his eyebrows slightly, glancing at Hope Williams; the car was very quiet, the voice from the phone presumably also clear to him.

"Little Hope, what made you think of calling me?" His voice held a hint of pleasure.

"There's something I would like to trouble you with, do you have a moment?"

"I do, go ahead."

Hope Williams pursed her lips and relayed Vivia Fuller's situation in detail to Benjamin Myers. Benjamin Myers was silent for a moment, seemingly pondering, and soon he replied, "Based on your description, her condition could indeed lead to cognitive decline,

and in addition to external trauma, immense psychological pressure, and extreme stimulation can also cause progressive dementia, stupidification.”

“So we can be sure she’s not faking?”

“That’s hard to say for anyone.”

Alright, Hope thought it made sense and pursed her lips, “Okay, I understand, thank you.”

“If you need, I can take a look at this friend for you.”

“No need, you’re not around here, it would be too much trouble for you.”

“As long as it’s your business, it’s no trouble.”

Hope was about to respond when suddenly a cold glint swept by her side, a wave of sourness spreading. The emotion was unmistakably obvious.

Hope raised an eyebrow, and when her gaze shifted to a certain person, that person had already looked away.

Hope shook her head with a silent chuckle and, holding the phone, said to the person on the line, “It’s no trouble, thank you. By the way, how is Aurora doing now?”

“She’s recovering very well, showing awareness and response to the outside world, which is a very good sign.”

Hope felt a sense of relief, “That’s great, please continue to take good care of Aurora.”

“Of course, now that she’s my patient, I’ll do my utmost.”

“Thank you, Benjamin.”

“You don’t have to be so formal with me, Little Hope.”

Hope smiled gently, “Then I won’t bother you anymore, goodbye.”

“Mm, goodbye.”

After hanging up the call, Hope put the phone back in her pocket, rested her arm on the window sill, propped her head on her hand, and with a smile in her eyes, slowly looked at Waylon Lewis, who appeared to be driving seriously.

Hope curled her lips, “Such a strong scent of jealousy, Waylon Lewis, do you smell it?”

“...I smell it.”

“Why would there be a scent of jealousy?”

“What do you think?”

Hope shook her head, clicking her tongue twice, “I’m not quite sure, why is there a scent of jealousy?”

Waylon Lewis, “...”

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” Hope teased as she looked playfully at Waylon.

Hope stretched out her hand and placed it on Waylon’s shoulder, smiled at him and teased, “You’re jealous!”

Waylon Lewis’s lips were tightly pressed into a line.

“You are jealous, Waylon Lewis, you’re so petty.” Hope couldn’t help but laugh at his small expression.

Waylon Lewis glanced at her side, and faintly uttered two words.

“Wait.”

Wait for what?

Hope raised her eyebrows at him, still confused when suddenly the car came to a stop.

All of a sudden, a strong hand gripped the back of her neck as Waylon leaned over, his cool lips pressed down.

Hope was startled...

“Continue to make trouble?”

Without letting her go, Waylon’s deep, husky voice resonated, the two of them very close to each other.

Hope felt the dangerous undertone in his voice and gently pushed the man away slightly.

“Who’s causing trouble?”

“You!” Waylon bit her lip softly, “Knowing I’m jealous, you still laugh.”

His voice carried a tinge of displeasure, as if saying “I’m jealous, and I’m not amused.”

Hope laughed helplessly.

This petty man...

She raised her hand to cover his misbehaving lips, “So what should I do?”

“Coax me.”

Waylon’s voice was somewhat muffled, coming through the gaps between her fingers.

Hope felt a tingling sensation in her palm.

“Are you a child? You still need to be coaxed?”

“If you want, I am.”

Hope felt Waylon Lewis was really regressing with age, his demanding to be coaxed demeanor inexplicably adorable. Seeing President Lewis, so different in front of her than in front of others...

Hope felt quite proud.

There was a strong sense of achievement.

While Hope was still chuckling to herself, her hand that was restricting his lips was pulled away, and Waylon leaned in to kiss her lips again.

Hope’s lips curled into a slight smile, she closed her eyes, not rejecting his kiss, as he skillfully pried open her lips...

“Beep! Beep!”

Suddenly, two urgent horn blasts rang out from behind.

Startled, Hope quickly pushed Waylon away, came back to her senses, and remembered they were still on a busy road.

“Cough... start driving, the light is green.”

Hope straightened her hair, her face flushed with embarrassment as she hastily reminded him.

Waylon Lewis noticed her blushing face, felt a little better in mood, and started the car.

Chapter 389: Chapter 389: Continuing to Feign Madness and Act Silly Chapter 389: Chapter 389: Continuing to Feign Madness and Act Silly At the same time, after Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis had both left the hospital, only Vivia Fuller and Henry Fuller remained.

Vivia's vacant eyes gradually turned vicious, and she fiercely smashed the cup in her hand onto the ground.

The glass shattered instantly, emitting a piercing noise.

"Bitch! Thinking of sending me abroad, keep dreaming."

Henry stood by, looking at her with a detached expression, his eyes tinged with a hint of mockery.

"Keep it down when you go crazy. If someone hears you, all your efforts will have been in vain," Henry reminded her with a sneer.

"You're just standing there, talking without feeling the pain. Why didn't you help me when Hope Williams was targeting me just now?" Vivia aggressively questioned Henry.

"Not help you? What more could I do for you?" Henry's eyes narrowed venomously, like a sinister and intimidating wolf.

Vivia let out a cold huff, not daring to continue blaming Henry, because she couldn't. The entire Fuller Clan was now in his hands, even she relied on him.

"What's the next step? I've come this far already; I refuse to just sit around and wait for doom." Vivia clenched the sheets tightly, her eyes fierce.

Henry chuckled, leisurely walking over to the window and stared out at the landscape darkly. After a moment, he said, "Keep playing the fool and leave the rest to me. Do what I tell you to do, don't do what I tell you not to do."

"Do whatever you tell me? Am I your dog?" Vivia gnashed her teeth.

Henry laughed coldly, and when he turned his head to face Vivia, his smile was surprisingly gentle and refined, the kind that could easily lower a person's guard.

But Vivia knew this man well; he was only truly frightening when he wore this expression.

He was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

“Cousin Vivia, how could you be a dog? Don’t talk about yourself like that. You are not even as good as a dog right now.”

Henry’s smile was gentle, his voice mild, yet it sounded utterly chilling.

Vivia shrank her neck.

“Cousin Vivia, do you know how a dog can win its master’s favor and live a life even more comfortable than humans do?”

Vivia clenched her molars tight, trembling continuously.

Henry bowed his head to look at her, his smile growing as he said, “By being obedient! Do you understand what I’m saying?”

Vivia shivered at the sight of this man. She knew, when he had the audacity to betray the old master and personally send the old master to prison, that he was no simple man.

Vivia pressed her lips together, nodding humbly.

She had no choice.

“I... understand.”

Henry patted Vivia’s head. “Good girl, just keep playing the fool and cooperate with me. I’ll have my mother take care of you. You must take good care of yourself, cousin.”

A hatred grew in Vivia’s heart, but she dared not avoid Henry’s touch, which was like petting a dog.

“What are you planning to do?”

Henry scoffed, “I don’t want to do anything; I’m just trying to help you.”

Ha, Vivia trusted him about as far as she could throw him.

His ambition was no less than hers or the old master’s.

For now, she could only comply with him, nodding firmly, “I understand.”

Henry smiled with satisfaction and then walked out.

It wasn’t until the door closed that Vivia relaxed, yet her hands clenched the sheets never let go.

The following day, Hope Williams returned to the hospital for work.

Her colleagues in the department were so excited about her return that they specifically stood at her office door to welcome her. The scene was a bit too much for the typically reserved Hope Williams.

“Welcome back, Director Williams.”

“Welcome Director Williams.”

“Director, you don’t know how much we’ve lost our drive without you. Some problems remained unsolved; now that you’re back, it’s fantastic.”

“Director Williams, we heard you took leave because of pregnancy?”

Hope responded with a gentle smile and a nod, “Yes, I had some minor issues in the beginning, with an unstable pregnancy. The doctors recommended I rest more, so I took some time off at home.”

“Are you feeling better now?”

“The baby is now stable, don’t worry.”

“That’s great to hear, congratulations Director Williams.”

“Yes, congratulations Director Williams. You’re not only a superb doctor but also the Young Madam of the Lewis Family, with both a son and daughter and a loving husband. Now you’re pregnant as well, truly a winner in life. We’re all so envious. If I had just one of the things you do, I would be so happy.”

The recent issues with the Lewis Family had been all over the internet. Although misunderstandings had been cleared up, the news had spread in the hospital, making Hope Williams’ situation well known to everyone.

“I feel the same; first and foremost, congratulations, Director Williams.”

Listening to the heartfelt congratulations from everyone, Hope’s smile deepened, “Thank you, everyone.”

Chapter 390: Chapter 390: Confirmed it’s the Mother-in-law, Not the Birth Mother?
Chapter 390: Chapter 390: Confirmed it’s the Mother-in-law, Not the Birth Mother? After some disturbance, everyone returned to their respective work posts, as there was no shortage of tasks to be done.

Hope Williams organized some medical records, then led a group of doctors on their rounds.

With an unchanging expression, Hope Williams moved between the wards, holding neatly organized medical records. She walked while flipping through them, getting acquainted with the patients' conditions, and in the meantime, she was able to crisply answer a few doctors' questions. Just as she entered the elevator, she happened to run into Alitzel Williams who was already there.

Alitzel Williams looked at Hope Williams, dressed in her white coat, with surprise.

"Mom." Hope Williams entered the elevator and gently called out to Alitzel Williams, then introduced her to the several doctors behind her, "This is my mother-in-law, Mrs. Lewis."

"Mrs. Lewis, hello." The doctors greeted Alitzel Williams politely.

"Hello, hello," Alitzel Williams nodded.

Alitzel Williams took Hope Williams' hand and asked, "You've started working again?"

"Yes, but don't worry, I'm stable now and it's fine for me to be working..."

Seeing Hope Williams rush to explain, as if afraid of being stopped by her, Alitzel Williams patted Hope Williams' hand with a loving look in her eyes, "No need to worry, I know you're careful. I won't stop you."

Hope Williams let out a sigh of relief and smiled sweetly, "Thank you, Mom."

"By the way, where are Luke and Willow?"

"They're at home."

"Are they at home by themselves?"

Hope Williams nodded.

Alitzel Williams slightly furrowed her brows, "That won't do. When you and Waylon are both at work, I'm not at ease with just the two of them at home."

"It's okay, there's a bodyguard and a maid. I'm planning to send them to school next term."

"But won't they be bored being at home by themselves?" Alitzel Williams said, looking worried.

Hope Williams had considered this, but there was nothing to be done for now, as the school term was more than halfway through and it wasn't sensible to send them to school at this point.

"How about hiring a tutor for them? With a tutor, it would be better than just having the maid look after them," Alitzel Williams suggested.

"That could work," Hope Williams felt that Alitzel Williams' idea made sense.

Even if the children were familiar with the knowledge of their current age, they could still learn more advanced material instead of being bored at home.

"Leave this matter to me, I'll arrange it. You focus on your work," Alitzel Williams patted Hope Williams' hand, "Also, what do you want for lunch? I can cook something and have it sent to you."

Hope Williams hurriedly waved her hand, "That's not necessary, Mom, the hospital has a cafeteria."

"But the cafeteria food can't compare to home cooking, and right now I'm on my way back, so it's very convenient. You need to eat well, especially since you're pregnant," said Alitzel Williams.

Hope Williams couldn't help but smile and no longer refused, "Whatever you cook is fine, Mom. I'm not picky."

Just then, the elevator reached Hope Williams' floor. The doors opened and she said, "Mom, this is my stop. I should go now."

"Alright then."

Hope Williams exited and continued discussing the issues with the doctors that she was talking about before.

Alitzel Williams watched Hope Williams shining at work, her eyes brimming with pride and contentment.

"Director Williams, are you sure that was your mother-in-law and not your own mother?"

Hope Williams turned her head, "Hmm?" What do you mean?

"People say that mothers-in-law are difficult to deal with, especially those from wealthy families, but Director Williams, your mother-in-law seems really great, just like a real mother."

Hope Williams smiled faintly; indeed, her mother-in-law Alitzel Williams was very nice and sometimes quite adorable, especially when she was telling someone off.

An hour after the rounds, Hope Williams closed the medical records and adeptly placed her pen back into her pocket, chatting with a few doctors, when a person came staggering toward them.

It was Vivia Fuller.

Hope Williams' eyes narrowed suddenly.

Vivia Fuller's ward wasn't on this floor; what a coincidence to bump into her here.

Hope Williams was very busy and had no intention of dealing with her, stepping forward to leave.

But Vivia Fuller saw her and ran towards her directly.

"Don't go, I know you, you took my Brother Waylon away, it was you, you took my Brother Waylon. Give him back to me," Vivia Fuller suddenly pounced over, clutching Hope Williams' wrists tightly.

Hope Williams frowned; Vivia Fuller's grip was strong and painful.

"Let go of me."

"I won't let go. Give me Brother Waylon back, give me my fiance back!" Vivia Fuller shouted persistently, drawing the attention of people around, "You bad woman, Brother Waylon was my fiance. You stole him. Give my fiance back to me..."

Hope Williams' expression grew colder as she stayed silent, listening to her rant.

Without a response from Hope Williams, Vivia Fuller kept on clamoring, tugging at her hand, pulling and dragging, "Give me Brother Waylon back, give me back my fiance, you bad woman who stole my fiance, bad woman!"

The surrounding crowd couldn't help but start murmuring among themselves.

"What's happening? Isn't that Director Williams?"

"I'm not sure; let's just watch for now."

Chapter 391: Chapter 391: Acting Wilfully Under the Pretext of Being Foolish Chapter 391: Chapter 391: Acting Wilfully Under the Pretext of Being Foolish Just then a woman

rushed over, cursing as she grabbed Vivia Fuller, “Hey, how come you ran over here without watching for a moment, hurry back with me.”

Vivia Fuller was relentless, violently shaking off the woman’s hand, “I won’t go, Auntie, hurry and help me catch this bad woman, it was she who stole my Brother Waylon, help me catch her.”

The woman named Delilah Fuller was Henry Fuller’s mother and thus Vivia Fuller’s aunt.

Delilah Fuller tugged at Vivia Fuller, “Vivia, be a good girl, don’t make a fuss, will you come back with me first?”

“No, no, I want to find my Brother Waylon, tell this woman to give Brother Waylon back to me.”

“Your Brother Waylon already belongs to someone else, stop being obsessed, come with me now.”

The voices of the two were not quiet, as if they wanted everyone around to hear and misunderstand something.

And what does it mean that Waylon Lewis already belongs to her—it was originally hers, right!

Her words coupled with Vivia Fuller’s made it seem like she had indeed snatched Vivia Fuller’s fiancé.

Delilah Fuller looked at Hope Williams apologetically and with a helpless smile said, “Miss Williams, I’m sorry, I’ll take her back now, please don’t mind it.”

The two were pulling at each other fiercely, Vivia Fuller refusing to let go, her wrist aching from the tugging.

“Let go of me.”

Hope Williams’s voice turned cold.

Vivia Fuller acted as if she couldn’t hear.

Hope Williams frowned and forcefully lifted her hand trying to shake off Vivia Fuller’s grip. At that moment, Vivia Fuller suddenly let go, and then her body unexpectedly fell backward.

The pose really made it look as if Hope Williams had intentionally knocked her over.

“Ah...” Vivia Fuller screamed, lying on the ground and shouting, her tears coming with the force of a spring rain as she played it up with her eyes.

“Oh no, Vivia, are you okay?” Delilah Fuller hurried to help Vivia Fuller.

Hope Williams’s eyes narrowed slightly; she had been doubting the authenticity of Vivia Fuller turning into a fool.

But now she could be sure and confident that Vivia Fuller was just pretending.

She wasn’t foolish; she was being cunning.

Here comes the back-and-forth.

“Vivia, get up quickly, did it hurt when you fell?” Delilah Fuller rushed to help Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller kept crying.

Hope Williams stood quietly in place, watching her performance.

Anyone seeing this scene would think that it was Hope Williams who had bullied them.

Delilah Fuller looked up at Hope Williams with an angry gaze, “Miss Williams, Vivia is still injured, how could you push her? Don’t forget that Vivia became like this while saving your child. Treating her this way now, how cruel you are.”

“Do you have nothing else to say apart from bringing up that matter?” Hope Williams sneered.

Hope Williams didn’t want to deal with these two and took steps to leave when, just at that moment, a nurse ran over in a panic, “Director Williams, Director Williams.”

“What’s wrong?”

“There’s been a car accident on Creek River Road, many patients have been brought in, one of them is a pregnant woman who had her chest pierced by a steel pipe, the resuscitation room is asking you to take a look immediately.”

“I’m on my way.” Hope Williams didn’t hesitate for a second and along with the doctor behind her, rushed towards the resuscitation room.

But Vivia Fuller had no intention of letting Hope Williams get away just like that.

Vivia Fuller crawled over and grabbed onto Hope Williams’s leg. Hope Williams was running in haste, and for a moment, not checking, staggered violently because of Vivia

Fuller's sudden pounce. Had it not been for a doctor beside her steadying her, Hope Williams would have inevitably fallen.

Hope Williams steadied herself, her face turning somewhat pale, clearly a bit startled.

"Don't you leave, give me my Brother Waylon back first, or I won't let you go..."

"Let go!" Hope Williams yelled in anger.

Vivia Fuller wouldn't let go no matter what, and Delilah Fuller just stood there quietly, showing no intention of stopping her.

Hope Williams's frown deepened, and her eyes spread with a chilling cold.

She shouted, "Vivia Fuller, obstructing the medical staff from resuscitating, causing the patient to miss the best time for rescue, can you bear that responsibility?"

Vivia Fuller simply wouldn't listen, relying on her current portrayal as a fool. Even like this, she was easily forgiven, so she did as she pleased.

From an angle unseen by others, the corner of Vivia Fuller's mouth curled up into a cold smile.

Hope Williams was truly furious and could only kick Vivia Fuller away, this time with considerable force, her own body also wobbling a bit. Fortunately, she steadied herself and, breaking free from the restraint at the first opportunity, Hope Williams dashed toward the resuscitation room.

Vivia Fuller, taken by surprise, fell solidly to the ground.

With a "snap."

Vivia Fuller landed face first, and she heard a "crack" sound, something inside her mouth breaking.

"Vivia?" Delilah Fuller went to help Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller didn't move, her head down, a few drops of blood on the ground. She tremulously lifted her hand, catching a mouthful of blood spit out.

The blood mixed with saliva, and among it were two big teeth—her front teeth.

Vivia Fuller had knocked out her front teeth.

"Vivia, your teeth!" Delilah Fuller looked at Vivia Fuller in horror.

“I...” As soon as Vivian Fuller tried to speak, she found a whistling sound in her speech!

Chapter 392: Chapter 392: Saving People Chapter 392: Chapter 392: Saving People
Vivian Fuller clutched her hands tightly and screamed frantically. Delilah Fuller, fearing she would be recognized, hurried forward to stop her.

Hope Williams rushed to the doorway of the emergency room, where a large crowd had gathered.

Cries for help and wails filled the air, creating an urgent atmosphere.

When Hope Williams arrived, the pregnant woman was still conscious, weakly murmuring, “Save my baby... save my baby.”

Hope Williams furrowed her brows deeply.

The situation clearly looked grim.

Several doctors had made basic diagnoses; the pregnant woman’s water had broken, and she was about to give birth to twins.

When Hope Williams arrived, she learned from the nurses about the accident involving a transport truck. The impact caused the steel bars on the truck to spill and pierce right through the heart of the pregnant woman sitting in the passenger seat, posing a severe problem. Some of the older doctors were unsure about what to do.

Hope Williams narrowed her brows and quickly explained the situation to the family.

The family was already in tears.

“Fortunately, the steel rod wasn’t removed; it temporarily blocked the bleeding. Otherwise, she couldn’t have lasted until reaching the hospital. Director Williams, please make a decision.”

Two surgical options were now on the table: deliver the babies through a cesarean section first, then address the steel rod in the woman’s chest. However, the pregnant woman was visibly weak, and whether it was a cesarean or natural birth, she was at risk of heavy bleeding.

If severe bleeding occurred, her life would be in great danger.

The second option was to save the pregnant woman first, preserve her strength, and control her injuries.

Hope Williams was well aware that both surgical options posed great challenges for the doctors and the pregnant woman.

“Has the obstetrician arrived?”

“They’re waiting.”

Hope Williams carefully explained both options to the family of the pregnant woman, who insisted on saving the baby first.

Hope Williams slightly knitted her brows, exchanged glances with the surrounding doctors, and nodded, “Alright, we will do our best.”

Hope Williams turned to a nearby doctor and said, “Prepare for the surgery.”

“Director Williams, you should perform the surgery, you are more skilled than I am.”

“I...” This was undoubtedly a major surgery. Hope Williams touched her belly, hesitating for a moment.

Hearing the doctor refer to Hope Williams as “Director,” the family, already convinced of her skills, saw her hesitation.

A heavily injured man cried and was about to kneel before Hope Williams, “Are you the director? Please, save my wife and child...”

“No, no, no...” Hope Williams quickly supported him, bit her lip, and after a second, “Rest assured, I will do my utmost.”

“Thank you, thank you.”

Hope Williams nodded slightly and walked into the emergency room.

“Director Williams, you haven’t had lunch yet, can you endure it?” asked a nurse worriedly as they entered the emergency room.

Hope Williams nodded, “I can.”

“Director Williams, wait a minute.” The obstetrician who had previously treated Hope Williams for pregnancy prevention stopped her.

“What is it?”

“Why are you back at work?” The obstetrician looked at Hope Williams concernedly.

“My condition has stabilized now, so...”

“Hey, aren’t you going to listen? You’re a doctor yourself, don’t you know you should heed the doctor’s advice? You’re only how many months pregnant? Just because it looks stable, doesn’t mean you shouldn’t rest more. I told you before, pregnant women like you are like porcelain dolls, should avoid overexertion, why are you still performing surgery?”

The obstetrician was on the verge of scolding Hope Williams out of urgency.

She was genuinely worried; being an obstetrician herself and having been through a troubled pregnancy before which required her to rest constantly from the start.

No exaggeration, the unstable condition meant it was a threatened miscarriage, and what’s strictly forbidden is exerting oneself.

So, to see Hope Williams stepping up for surgery truly alarmed her.

These major surgeries are not only long but also nerve-wracking and exhausting.

She also genuinely admired Hope Williams, who without hesitation accepted and thought solely of the patient’s welfare. She indeed is a good doctor.

Hope Williams knew she meant well, smiled gently, “I understand, thank you.”

“If you understand, why proceed?”

Hope Williams sighed, “I am a doctor, and since I am capable, I want to do my best to help them reunite as a family, so I want to give it a try.”

The obstetrician’s eyes moistened, “Director Williams...”

Hope Williams patted her shoulder, “Let’s work hard together.”

“Yes, but you must not overexert yourself. The lives of the patients matter, and so does the life of your own child.”

Hope Williams gazed at the obstetrician gratefully and nodded, “Okay.”

Several doctors entered the operating room together, and the surgery began shortly after.

It was a crucial race against time.

Waylon Lewis had called Hope Williams more than a dozen times without getting an answer.

Waylon paced anxiously in his office.

“Thomas Hughes.”

Upon hearing the call, Thomas Hughes hurriedly entered from outside the office, “Boss, what can I do for you?”

“Where’s my wife?”

“Ah?” Thomas looked at Waylon surprised, then quickly bowed his head to answer, “The wife is at the hospital working.”

“Where are those assigned to protect her?”

Waylon grabbed his suit jacket and walked out.

Thomas hurriedly followed, “The people following the wife are discreetly protecting her at the hospital.”

“Report the situation.”

Hope Williams not answering numerous calls worried Waylon that something had happened.

Thomas didn’t dare delay and immediately reported to Waylon, “According to the report from two hours ago, the wife is rescuing a patient at the hospital.”

“Rescuing a patient?” Waylon’s eyes narrowed, “She went into surgery?”

Chapter 393: Chapter 393 She is My Wife Chapter 393: Chapter 393 She is My Wife
Thomas Hughes choked, not having asked so clearly.

Wasn’t it said that as long as the wife’s absolute safety is ensured, it should not hinder or affect her?

Waylon Lewis had a bad feeling and yanked at his tie with force, almost sprinting into the elevator.

The passing employees, including Thomas Hughes, were seeing Waylon Lewis this anxious for the first time.

What exactly happened? Wasn’t his wife okay?

What is the president so anxious about?

Stepping out of the elevator, Waylon Lewis didn't waste a second, and almost bumped into Wyatt Lewis who was waiting for the elevator.

"Damn!" Wyatt Lewis dodged quickly, feeling a gust of wind sweep past him.

He squinted his eyes.

Damn! Was that his brother who just passed by?

Why did his brother look like the sky was falling?

Thomas Hughes dashed out of another elevator with rocket-speed, causing Wyatt Lewis to even suspect that the company might be going bankrupt.

Wyatt Lewis quickly stopped Thomas Hughes, "Wait a second, what happened?"

Thomas Hughes had no time to discuss with Wyatt Lewis much, just hurriedly said, "It seems like your sister-in-law had an accident."

After saying this, Thomas Hughes chased out.

Wyatt Lewis was stunned, "Oh, my sister-in-law had an accident, my sister-in-law... had an accident! What? Hey wait for me, I'm coming too."

Waylon Lewis got in the car, Thomas Hughes didn't even touch the car but had to call a bodyguard's car, speeding up to follow, and Wyatt Lewis rushed out from one side, "I'm coming too."

Thomas Hughes stopped and waited for Wyatt Lewis to get into the car.

Arriving at the hospital, Waylon Lewis found a nurse to ask and found out that Hope Williams was in the emergency room.

Waylon Lewis's face instantly darkened.

The nurse being questioned was almost scared out of her wits.

"How long has it been?" Waylon Lewis asked coldly.

The young nurse, terrified by Waylon Lewis's expression, dared not breathe loudly and couldn't figure out what he was asking.

"How long has Director Williams been inside?" Wyatt Lewis, witty, seeing the young nurse seemed frightened to pee by his brother, spoke up to ease the situation.

The young nurse snapped back to reality and quickly glanced at the clock on the wall, "It's been about three hours."

Just as the young nurse finished speaking, the man's face became even colder.

"How much longer?" Waylon Lewis asked through gritted teeth.

The young nurse trembled, already in tears, "I... I can't really say, but the patient is a pregnant woman who needs to give birth first before Director Williams can operate on her, so... it's quite troublesome, might need a few more hours... maybe..."

Waylon Lewis didn't speak, but the chill emanating from him seemed almost swallowing.

"Take me there."

"Huh?"

"To the door of the emergency room."

"Ah okay..." The young nurse hurriedly walked ahead to lead the way.

Wyatt Lewis thought it was some major issue; wasn't his sister-in-law fine? He didn't know why his brother suddenly became so terrifying; his sister-in-law is a doctor, isn't curing people normal?

Why did his brother look like someone was about to die?

It was really terrifying.

Wyatt Lewis shrank, shuddering all over as he followed.

Now, the area in front of the emergency room was crowded.

Some sat on the ground wailing, others stood at the door, their faces grief-stricken, the oppressive atmosphere stifling the air.

The arrival of Waylon Lewis and his entourage broke the sorrowful air for a moment.

The man looked grim, his face showing deep worry, and his whole person exuded an extraordinary aura.

His tall figure stood at the entrance of the emergency room, his handsome face expressionless.

Behind him followed a group of black-clothed men, wearing uniforms with a family crest, also expressionless and looking tough.

Such a group appearing here seemed out of place, making them look more like mafia bosses, causing unease.

In such a pressing situation, even the usually playful Wyatt Lewis quieted down, standing silently aside.

He only knew that his brother was in a very bad mood, so bad that he felt like hurting someone, so he definitely shouldn't get too close.

Slow hours passed.

Waylon Lewis stood at the emergency room door, motionless, his expression growing more anxious.

It might be because he had been standing there for too long that an elderly woman waiting nearby asked, "Young man, who do you have inside?"

After a while, Waylon Lewis, without any change in his expression, replied hoarsely and indifferently, "My wife."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She's pregnant."

"Pregnant?" The old woman furrowed her brows in thought, "Young man, you are at the wrong place. This is the emergency room; pregnant women should be in the maternity ward, not on this floor."

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows, the wrinkles deep, and didn't respond.

The old woman took it that he was in a bad mood, perhaps his wife had a terminal illness and was also being resuscitated inside, "I hope your wife is alright."

Waylon Lewis suppressed the rage in his heart, of course he hoped she was alright.

This woman was driving him crazy.

It really wasn't reassuring to be away from her for a minute.

Every second now was an agony for him.

Despite his wife being inside treating and saving people, he was more anxious than the relatives of the patients.

"What person are you waiting for?" Waylon Lewis asked coldly.

On mentioning this, the old woman couldn't stop her tears from falling, "My daughter-in-law, she had a car accident, her waters broke, and a metal rod even... pierced her heart, she is still being resuscitated... sobs... we still don't know the situation."

Waylon Lewis's brows tightened, "Who is performing the surgery inside?"

"It seems like someone surnamed Williams, a director, the young lady looks quite young, so young to be a director, I don't know if she's really skilled or just has an empty reputation, my daughter-in-law and grandchild's lives are all depending on her, she better not be a quack doctor with just a title..."

The old woman didn't continue, because the coldness around the man seemed to multiply by a hundred times.

"She is very skilled!" Waylon Lewis gritted his teeth.

"...How... how do you know?"

Waylon Lewis closed his eyes briefly, "Because she is my wife!"

The old woman shut her mouth tight, and her crying stopped.

Time passed slowly, nearly unbearable, and no one dared to approach Waylon Lewis at the moment.

Chapter 394: Chapter 394: The Baby Will Be Alright Chapter 394: Chapter 394: The Baby Will Be Alright Finally, amidst this oppressive atmosphere, someone came out of the resuscitation room.

The patient's family members surged forward, but someone was faster than them.

It was Waylon Lewis. He frowned tightly and stared at the doctor coming out, asking in a deep voice, "How is Hope Williams?"

"Director Williams?" The female doctor paused for a moment, looking at the man with suspicion. It should be the patient's condition that was asked first during a rescue, not how the doctor was.

Despite her suspicion, seeing the man's anxious expression, the female doctor immediately replied, "Director Williams is fine, the surgery was successful, both mother and child are safe."

With the female doctor's words, everyone sighed in relief, "That's wonderful, thank you, thank you so much..."

In a wave of joy, Waylon Lewis's frown did not ease.

Hope Williams slowly walked out of the operating room. She walked somewhat slowly, her complexion not looking great, appearing very tired.

The surgery had lasted more than seven hours, and she was the chief surgeon, which could only imagine how hard it must have been.

The obstetrician who had reminded Hope Williams before entering the operating room quickly came over to support her, "Are you alright? Your complexion looks very bad."

Hope Williams touched her slightly bloated lower abdomen, covering her belly, bending slightly in discomfort.

The obstetrician quickly bent down to support her, "Director Williams?"

Thump thump thump...

A series of urgent footsteps approached from afar, the corner pushed the female doctor aside, pulling her to the side, and with strong and forceful arms, pulled Hope Williams and bent down to hold her in his arms.

Suddenly lifted off the ground, Hope Williams was startled, and her gaze fell on Waylon Lewis's grim face.

Seeing it was Waylon Lewis, Hope Williams's face turned even paler, she bit her lower lip, and without him having to say anything, she knew he was angry.

But she was very tired now, and didn't want to talk much, leaning against his chest she just asked, "Why are you here?"

Her voice was somewhat low, sounding weak.

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips without responding, and finally glanced at the obstetrician, "Check her."

The obstetrician was stunned for a moment, immediately realized, and this man was Hope Williams's husband, she dared not delay, and nodded, "Follow me."

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, carrying Hope Williams and quickly followed the obstetrician.

Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams into the examination room, the doctor was to check Hope Williams, asking Waylon Lewis to step out first.

Waylon Lewis pressed his lips together, turned around, and waited outside.

Hope Williams was also very worried at the moment; she had already felt some swelling and pain in her lower abdomen, but at the critical moment of the surgery, she persisted and completed it.

The success of the surgery and the safety of the patient was the biggest comfort to her now.

Hope Williams placed her hand on her abdomen, stroking it and continuously comforting herself that the baby would be fine.

After a thorough examination, the doctor confirmed there was no major problem with Hope Williams, but the swelling and pain in the lower abdomen still needed attention. She prescribed Hope Williams with medication to stabilize the pregnancy and strongly advised her to rest well and avoid exertion.

Waylon Lewis entered and left the room with a cold face, inquired about the situation, and his expression slightly improved upon confirming Hope Williams was not in serious trouble.

He had an extra piece of clothing in his hand that he wrapped around Hope Williams, seeing his expressionless face, Hope Williams obediently did not resist.

Dressed properly, Hope Williams obediently raised her hand, being held in his arms.

Wyatt Lewis leaned against the corridor wall, seeing Waylon Lewis carrying Hope Williams out, he instinctively went up to inquire, "Brother, sister-in-law is alright, right?"

Waylon Lewis didn't speak, he didn't even look at him.

Wyatt Lewis tugged at his own lip, feeling a sudden anxiety, his mind replayed everything that had happened throughout the entire day, but couldn't find where he might have angered his older brother.

Why the cold face towards him then?

Hope Williams sneakily turned her head back, her expression distressed as she glanced at Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis blinked, understanding the situation – his brother was upset with his sister-in-law, and fortunately, it had nothing to do with him. Thank goodness, his life was spared.

Waylon Lewis's expression remained unchanged until they drove home, and he continued to ignore her.

Hope Williams was somewhat unsure of what to do.

She knew he was just angry. He was angry that she had clearly promised him to temporarily stop performing surgeries, yet she still went ahead.

He was angry that she had nearly put herself and their baby in danger.

Hope Williams opened her mouth but indeed didn't know what to say. He laid her on the bed, pulled up the blanket over her, his movements still gentle, but his eyes held a trace more of anger.

He turned to leave.

Hope Williams quickly grabbed him.

Waylon Lewis stopped, his eyes deep as he looked at her.

Hope Williams silently spread her hands.

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows, "What are you doing?"

Chapter 395: Chapter 395: Admitting Mistakes Chapter 395: Chapter 395: Admitting Mistakes Waylon Lewis frowned, "What are you doing?"

Hope Williams spread her hands, looking pitiful as she reached out towards him, her eyes full of softness.

The center of Waylon's brows twitched, but he never let go.

"Waylon Lewis..."

Her voice was low, filled with a strong eagerness to please, incredibly soft.

"Please don't be angry, okay? I'm fine now, aren't I?"

The frown in Waylon's brow deepened, and he turned to leave.

Hope quickly grabbed him, not letting him go. Waylon did not speak and forcibly removed her hand, but she grabbed his hand again.

"I really know I was wrong..." She couldn't bear it when the patient's family members knelt down crying before her, nor could she ignore a patient.

At that moment, all she could think about was the patient.

She knew it was a bit risky, and that Waylon would definitely be angry, but she was a doctor, and in that situation, she couldn't ignore her patients.

"What did you do wrong?"

Waylon asked in a steady voice.

"I promised you and I broke my promise, I put our baby in danger, it was my fault."

"Deliberately breaking rules."

Waylon turned, placing her hand back under the blanket with his tall and lean figure, then turned his head and walked away without any pause.

Alright, he was really angry.

Hope took a deep breath and pursed her lips, but it wasn't because she felt wronged. He was really worried about her.

She knew it.

It wasn't long before Waylon left when the two little ones came running with worried expressions.

"Luke, Willow." Hope reached out her hand to the two young ones.

Luke and Willow clung to Hope, "Mommy, why did you come back so late today?"

"Because Mommy was held up at the hospital for a bit," Hope spoke softly.

"Did you and daddy have a fight?" Willow asked cautiously.

"Why do you ask?"

Luke, "Daddy's face looked darker than the outside sky."

Usually, whenever daddy had that look on his face, it meant he might have argued with Mommy.

But he's helpless against Mommy, so he's probably just holding in his frustration.

Hope gently rubbed their soft chubby faces, sighing, "We didn't fight, it's just that Mommy did something wrong and your daddy is angry, now come on, help Mommy think of ways to cheer up your daddy."

"What did Mommy do wrong?" Luke blinked looking at Hope.

Hope scratched her head awkwardly, "It's sort of like not listening properly."

Luke comforted her by patting Hope, "When Luke and Willow make a mistake, Mommy always talks to us nicely."

Willow nodded in agreement.

Hope's shoulders drooped, but it seemed like Waylon didn't want to talk to her at the moment.

"Mommy seems to have made quite a serious mistake, your daddy is ignoring me," Hope sighed softly.

"Then how about facing the wall and reflecting?" Willow suggested.

Hope tugged at her lips, "Will that work?"

"Whenever we make a big mistake, Mommy makes us face the wall to reflect," Willow smiled sweetly at Hope.

Hope felt like this little girl was getting her own back a bit.

But it was worth a try.

Hope got out of bed, put on her slippers, and obediently stood in the corner.

"Mommy, make your expression look more pitiful, and it would be best to shed a few tears."

The caring little Willow once again stepped up to personally guide how to apologize.

Hope tugged at her lips, trying hard to squeeze out tears, repeating the attempt without success, and she sighed.

"Alright, I can't do it."

Willow pulled on Hope's clothes, hinting for her to squat down a bit.

Hope squatted down, and Willow spat some saliva onto her fingertip.

Hope looked at Willow with a face full of astonishment, "Willow, what are you doing?"

"Mommy, don't move." Willow pressed down on Hope's shoulders, hanging two teardrops on the corners of Hope's eyes.

Hope stared at Willow's actions, stunned as an adult.

“See, the tears are out now, right?” Willow smiled proudly.

“So this is how you’ve been dealing with me before?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Willow nodded without any guard, “Whenever we act pitiful, Mommy can’t bear to punish us.”

No wonder every time these two little ones were looking pitiful one second, and the next they could be laughing happily.

“So every time you look pitiful, it’s all an act?”

“Of course...”

Luke quickly covered Willow’s endlessly chattering mouth, hee-hee smiling at Hope.

Knowing Hope has a soft spot for them, they always use this trick whenever they are punished, and Hope always falls for it, completely deceived by them.

“No, no, that’s not it...” Willow soon realized, shaking her small hands hastily explaining.

Hope was amused, knowing Willow always had many tricks up her sleeve.

“Alright, I don’t blame you.” At most, now that I know, I won’t fall for it next time.

Luke went out to scout, and when he saw Waylon Lewis coming upstairs, he immediately alerted Hope.

“Mommy, daddy is coming upstairs.”

“Go, Mommy,” the two little ones dashed out of the room and hid in the corner to watch secretly.

Hope’s chest inexplicably thumped, her eyes fixed firmly on the wall in front of her, her mind rehearsing what she wanted to say several times.

As expected, Waylon pushed the door open, seeing Hope standing upright by the wall, facing the wall as if reflecting on her mistakes.

Waylon was slightly surprised, curling his lips slightly.

Closing the door, he pursed his lips as he walked inside. The floor was covered with a soft thick carpet, making barely any noise as he walked.

But Hope could still sense Waylon’s actions through the slight sounds.

It seemed like he had put down something he was holding, then there was no more movement.

What was he doing?

Hope was puzzled.

Why is there no movement?

Hope became anxious.

In the silent room, Hope felt those eyes firmly fixed on her.

Hope bit her lip quietly, slightly tilting her head, her pupils quietly sliding to the corner of her eyes, trying to sneak a peek.

But the next second, Waylon's tall frame pressed up powerfully against hers, tightening his grip on her wrist, then with one hand he wrapped his arm around her waist.

Chapter 396: Chapter 396: Will Being Obedient Lead to Death? Chapter 396: Chapter 396: Will Being Obedient Lead to Death? Hope Williams felt a jolt in her heart, and the deep voice rang in her ears, "What sort of mischief are you up to now?"

Hope was a bit nervous and at a loss, stuttering, "I... I'm reflecting on my faults..."

Waylon Lewis turned her body around, still pressing on her, but not using too much strength.

Hope's face still bore the traces of tears.

Willow's words echoed in her ear—she had to act pitiful.

As Hope was stared down by Waylon's deep eyes, she desperately tried to stir emotions within herself.

But today the tears seemed to be against her, stubbornly refusing to come out.

Seeing her struggling to force out some kind of expression but failing, Waylon wanted to scold her but he just couldn't bring himself to say it.

Eventually, Waylon sighed, "Hope Williams, will you die if you behave?"

Waylon picked her up and tucked her back into bed. Hope noticed a bowl of steaming porridge on the bedside table.

It looked delicious.

So he had gone downstairs to prepare food.

Hope took a deep breath, her eyes unexpectedly filling with moisture.

She was deeply moved.

“How did you know I was hungry?”

Waylon sat on the edge of the bed, raised an eyebrow, his face still expressionless, picked up the porridge, and started to drink it himself.

Hope, “...”

Alright then! It wasn't for her.

Hope's head drooped, like an eggplant beaten by frost.

Waylon glanced at her, silently sighed, and handed the porridge to her, “It's hot.”

Hope immediately lifted her head, her eyes sparkling as she took it and blew on the steam.

Hope was indeed starving.

She had missed lunch, and there was no time for dinner.

The appearance of the porridge wasn't very appealing; it had meat and shrimp added to it. Taking a delicate spoonful to taste, there was a hint of burnt flavor.

Clearly, it wasn't made by the usual chef at home.

Looking up at Waylon, it appeared as though he was the one who had made it.

Hope took a deep breath, and suddenly her expression changed dramatically, tears started spinning in her eyes, giving him a wet and pitiful look.

Waylon's fingers twitched, lifted slightly, and then he made himself put them down, his heart ached, yet he maintained a hard expression.

If not, she wouldn't learn her lesson and would continue to be reckless, disregarding her own health.

“Waylon Lewis... the porridge is delicious,” she said as the tears threatened to fall.

Waylon turned his head away, seemingly resolved.

Hope silently lowered her head, like a cat despised by its owner, pitiful and docile to a fault.

She took a few more sips and stealthily looked up at him, catching a glimpse of his gaze before he could turn away.

“Waylon Lewis...”

Waylon firmly stood up, reminding himself not to soften, not to soften, lest she never learns her lesson and there would be a next time.

Hope wouldn't let it go this time; she didn't even put on her slippers before running over and hugging Waylon from behind.

“Stay away from me,” Waylon's voice was stern.

“I won't,” Hope refused to let go, “Can you stop being angry, Waylon Lewis, please don't ignore me, it's unbearable when you do.”

Hope's voice choked up, and tears dropped down with a plop.

Listening to the sound of her crying, Waylon's heart felt as if it had been torn open.

He said nothing, and the next moment the arms around him loosened, as the woman managed to get in front of him, tiptoed, and with slender hands circled around his neck, biting his lips without any warning.

Yes, biting.

Offering no chance of refusal to Waylon, she bit his thin lips, savagely gnawing on them.

Waylon's eyes widened with surprise, but he did not struggle, allowing her to kiss without finesse, his heart already set aflame by her kisses.

Waylon was undone, hands lifting to clasp her waist, bringing her back to bed, pressing her down into the blanket, looming face to face, his breaths hot and erratic.

“So you're taking advantage because I can't resist, is that it?”

“Are you not angry anymore?”

Waylon pursed his lips, his gaze heavy.

“Flirting won't work.”

"If you dare to act tough again, I'll lock you up at home, forbidding you to go out and see what you do then."

Hope looked up at Waylon pitifully, her eyes watery as if she had been bullied severely.

Waylon pulled the blanket over her, straightened up, and glanced at the porridge set aside, "Have you eaten your fill?"

Hope nodded, "I'm full."

Waylon turned around.

Hope Williams panicked, "Where are you going?"

Waylon Lewis sighed, "To take a bath."

Hope Williams thought he was going to leave.

Listening to the continuous sound of water running in the bathroom for almost an hour, Hope Williams peeked in.

The design of this bathroom was really good, with frosted glass doors, enough to see the silhouette inside.

Hope Williams blinked her eyes, understanding something, her cheeks blushed slightly as she buried herself into the bedding. She was extremely tired but wanted to wait for Waylon Lewis.

Gradually the noise in the bathroom stopped and Waylon Lewis walked out wearing a black bathrobe, casually drying his hair with a towel. Seeing the small bundle on the bed moving, he felt a sense of helplessness in his heart.

Wiping his hair carelessly, he threw the towel aside and climbed into the bed.

The next moment, the woman skillfully burrowed into his embrace, her slender arms wrapping around his waist.

Waylon Lewis's heart instantly softened, "Aren't you tired?"

"Tired."

"Then why don't you sleep?"

"I wanted to wait for you." Sniffing the fresh scent on him, Hope Williams slightly curved her lips.

Waylon Lewis's sexy Adam's apple moved up and down, he spoke in a deep voice, "Don't mess with me."

"I'm not messing with you, I just want to sleep holding you."

Hope Williams held Waylon Lewis tight, "Can you stop being mad, please?"

Waylon Lewis did not say anything but hugged her tighter.

Hope Williams perked her ears up for his response, only hearing him sigh.

"I'll let it slide for now."

"What?" Hope Williams lifted her head to look at him.

"If you do it again, I'll add this time's punishment and deal with you harshly."

Hope Williams knew he was making a compromise, smiling as she snuggled into Waylon Lewis's embrace.

Waylon Lewis looked helplessly at the woman in his arms, "Enough, time to sleep. If you keep wiggling, I'm going to sleep in the bathroom tonight."

Hope Williams hugged him cheerfully, lifted her chin, and planted a kiss on the corner of his mouth, then promptly lowered her head, shrinking into his embrace and closing her eyes.

Only when Waylon Lewis was no longer angry, could Hope Williams finally sleep peacefully.

Waylon Lewis's lips curled up slightly, looking at the warm bundle in his arms, and planted a kiss between her brows.

He had actually compromised long ago, he really had no way to deal with this woman.

He couldn't bear to hit her, to scold her, nor to restrain her.

What else could he do but cherish her?

The next morning.

Hope Williams got up earlier than usual because she had set the alarm for 7:30 a.m.

Waylon Lewis typically got up at 7 a.m., and sure enough, when Hope Williams went to freshen up, Waylon Lewis was already dressed in a sharp suit, looking perfectly handsome.

Hope Williams leaned against Waylon Lewis's side, and he naturally put his arm around her.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis cheerfully, "Waylon Lewis, you look so handsome today."

Waylon Lewis glanced at her, taking all of her little intentions into his eyes.

"If you have something to say, just say it."

Hope Williams bit her lip, "Well... Can I go to work today?"

Waylon Lewis frowned slightly.

Seeing his expression, Hope Williams couldn't help but feel nervous.

"I'll just be seeing patients, I promise not to do any surgeries. I've messaged and applied for it with Director Woods."

Because of Hope Williams's special circumstances, she was originally on leave but, if she wanted to see patients at the hospital, Director Woods would naturally be more than happy.

Hope Williams moved closer to Waylon Lewis, stretched out two fingers, and gingerly tugged at his sleeve, "Pretty please?"

Waylon Lewis, "Okay."

"...?"

That easy?

"Really?"

"Could also be not."

"No, no, definitely real!" Hope Williams hugged Waylon Lewis, giving him a big kiss, "Hubby, you're the best, I really love you so much."

Hubby when she wants something, Waylon Lewis when she doesn't, he really had no way with her.

Waylon Lewis hooked up the corner of his lips.

After breakfast, Hope Williams went to work in high spirits.

But in reality, Waylon Lewis would show her with his actions, that she was happy a bit too soon.

At the door.

A Rolls Royce was parked by the door, with Thomas Hughes and four other bodyguards standing by.

Chapter 397: Chapter 397 – Accompanying My Wife to Work Chapter 397: Chapter 397 – Accompanying My Wife to Work Waylon Lewis was holding Hope Williams' hand as they came out, and Hope Williams was stunned for a moment before looking at Waylon Lewis, "What's this about?"

"Hello, Madam." Several bodyguards spoke in unison.

"Madam, my name is Nolan."

"Peak."

"Luca Stone."

Hope Williams' eyelids twitched uncontrollably, "What do you mean?"

"From now on, these four will be responsible for your protection," Waylon Lewis said, his arm wrapped around her waist.

Thomas Hughes stood aside and pursed his lips slightly, thinking that these four were indeed the Imperial Guard from the big boss's side, each possessing extraordinary skills, usually deployed only on dangerous and secretive missions, and otherwise kept out of the public eye.

He never expected that all four would be assigned to protect the Madam at once.

To the four men, protecting the Madam seemed like a petty task, a huge waste of talent.

"Just a woman, Boss is really too nervous about her."

Hope Williams frowned slightly, "This isn't necessary, it's too exaggerated."

Of course, Hope Williams could tell that these four were no ordinary bodyguards, and she could even sense a slight disdain in their eyes towards her.

They were four men with attitude.

“You need it, your safety is the most important,” Waylon Lewis insisted, pulling the car door open for her, “Get in.”

Hope Williams felt that Waylon Lewis had been acting weird lately, as if he was very anxious about her.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis suspiciously as she got into the car.

Nolan and the others also got into the following cars.

In the car, Thomas Hughes was reporting work to Waylon Lewis, while Hope Williams, unable to understand their conversation, busied herself with her phone.

Upon reaching the hospital, Thomas Hughes quickly got out to open the car door for Waylon Lewis, who then walked around to Hope Williams’ side and opened the door for her, taking her hand as she stepped out.

“I’m here now, you should head to work,” said Hope Williams, trying to pull her hand from his, but he only gripped it tighter.

Waylon Lewis continued walking straight ahead with her.

Hope Williams became even more perplexed, “What are you doing?”

“Going to work.”

Hope Williams looked again towards the hospital’s entrance door, questioning, “This is a hospital, aren’t you going to the company to work?”

“I am working; I’m accompanying you to work,” Waylon Lewis said seriously.

Hope Williams became more confused, “Accompanying me to work?”

“Yes, I’m accompanying you,” Waylon Lewis said, gently rubbing her head.

“Are you joking?”

Waylon Lewis, with his arm around her waist, firmly walked into the hospital.

Behind him followed Thomas Hughes and Nolan, while the other few quietly blended into the shadows.

As they moved forward, several people greeted Hope Williams, “Good morning, Director Williams.”

“Good morning.”

“Morning, Director Williams.”

“Mhm, morning.” Hope Williams politely responded, not missing the surprised looks they gave.

With Hope Williams walking into the office, Thomas Hughes found an empty desk and started placing documents on it.

Hope Williams leaned against the desk, her expression somewhat helpless, “Are you serious?”

“Do you think I’m playing around with you?”

Hope Williams shook her head, “Stop joking around, aren’t you busy?”

“Busy, but I can be busy anywhere,” Waylon Lewis skillfully unbuttoned two buttons of his suit, pulled up a chair, and sat down, “You focus on your work, and I’ll focus on mine.”

Hope Williams tugged at her lip. A nurse knocked and entered the office, her attention immediately captured by the imposing man.

Waylon Lewis’ cool gaze swept over her, making the nurse shudder and quickly apologize, “Sorry, wrong room.”

Hope Williams, raising her eyebrows in surprise, straightened up to call the nurse back, but the nurse was already frightened away.

After about half a minute, perhaps realizing her reaction, the nurse gently knocked again and entered, her eyes timid.

Hope Williams waved her over, “Come in.”

With Hope Williams’ permission, the female nurse cautiously walked in, handing over a document to her, “Director, this document requires your signature.”

Hope Williams reached out to take it and said, “Okay.”

The nurse glanced in Waylon Lewis’s direction, moved a bit closer to Hope, and lowered her voice, “Director, who are they?”

“No need to worry about them.”

Hope Williams briefly skimmed through the document and neatly signed her name, “Done.”

“Thank you, Director. I’ll leave now.”

“Alright, go ahead.”

Fortunately, Hope Williams’ office was neither too big nor too small, it wasn’t crowded even with Waylon Lewis and Thomas Hughes there.

Hope actually admired these two men; they seemed completely at ease working in her office.

Waylon Lewis spent the morning reviewing documents and even held a video conference.

However, her office saw a frequent stream of visitors that morning, someone came in every few minutes.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, looking towards Waylon Lewis with mixed feelings.

At this moment, only she and Waylon Lewis were in the office. Sunlight seeped through the window, silently casting perfect shadows across the man’s deep and flawless features, as his slender, fair fingers held an expensive pen, slightly bowed head flipping through the documents in front of him.

Hope Williams secretly watched him, unconsciously curling the corners of her lips.

“Are you done with everything?” Waylon’s brows and eyes remained unmoved, his pen still sweeping across the paper.

Caught spying, Hope Williams felt a bit flustered and looked away, lowering her head.

Waylon Lewis slightly curved his lips, continuing his work.

At that moment, the office door was loudly knocked, as if someone couldn’t wait to flip the door open.

Before Hope could say to come in, the door was forcefully pushed open.

“Hope Williams!” Christopher Lewis entered angrily. Upon seeing Waylon Lewis, his face noticeably froze for a moment, and his expression stiffened.

“Why are you here?”

Waylon frowned, “I’m accompanying my wife to work. Is there a problem?”

“Nonsense.” Christopher scolded sharply, his brows and eyes fiercely twitching, then turned to look at Hope with eyes as if he saw a demoness.

If looks could kill, Hope Williams would have been killed hundreds of times.

But this time, Hope truly didn't understand what she had done to provoke him that much.

Before Hope could speak, Christopher began berating her, "Hope Williams, can't you show a bit of conscience? What has Vivian done to deserve this from you? You made her knock out her teeth."

Oh, so someone had complained, and he came to hold her accountable.

Hope's eyes cooled, "She brought it upon herself."

"She's already like this, can't you show her some leniency? If it wasn't for saving your children, would she have ended up like this?"

"Bang!"

Something heavily slammed onto the table. Waylon Lewis stood up; his tall figure completely shielding Hope.

His usually expressionless handsome face now filled with coldness.

"Is it meaningful to bring this up over and over again?" Waylon said coldly, "Does saving Luke and Willow mean that the Lewis Family owes her a life?"

"What did you say?" Christopher blew his beard and stared angrily at Waylon.

"Am I wrong? If she hadn't provoked Hope, would she have ended up like this?"

"She's now a fool..."

"So what if she's a fool? Does being a fool give her special privileges? Deserving a beating is okay, but getting beaten is not? Ridiculous," Waylon's voice was calm yet full of coldness.

"Utterly unreasonable." Christopher gritted his teeth, threw down those words, and slammed the door as he left.

Anger churned in Waylon's eyes.

Hope's delicate hand slipped into his larger one, "Don't be angry, it's not worth it."

Waylon suppressed his anger, grasping her hand tightly, "I'll have someone send her away."

"It's not that simple; she won't willingly leave now, and your father will definitely try to stop it forcefully."

Hope Williams smiled wryly; she really didn't understand why Christopher Lewis would trust Vivia Fuller so much.

Hope Williams looked towards the door, unconsciously muttering:
"Since it's like this, let her keep up the act. Initially, even if it was insincere, I was thinking of not pursuing the past matters because she saved Luke and Willow, but now it seems impossible." A cunning look crossed Hope Williams' face.

Waylon Lewis naturally reached out to arrange her hair that had fallen on her shoulders, "What do you want to do?"

Chapter 398: Chapter 398 I've Always Been by Her Side Chapter 398: Chapter 398 I've Always Been by Her Side Hope Williams blinked, "Wait and see, she will pay the price."

Waylon Lewis saw the shimmering smile in the girl's eyes and knew she had a plan.

"Go ahead, I'm behind you. If anything happens, I'll take care of everything for you."

Hope Williams's eyes gradually softened, "Don't worry, I won't do anything bad, I will solve the problem rationally."

Waylon Lewis hugged Hope Williams and smiled, "Okay, leave everything to Mrs. Lewis."

Lunch was prepared by Thomas Hughes. After lunch, the two got busy with their respective tasks.

Knocking sounds came, and Thomas Hughes entered, seemingly with something to report.

"Boss..." Thomas Hughes said, glancing at Hope Williams.

It was clear that this matter had to exclude Hope Williams, probably some confidential matters. Hope Williams did not want to know and stood up to leave, but Waylon Lewis stood up before her.

Hope Williams looked up at him, "What's wrong?"

"I'll be outside for a bit, will be back soon."

After speaking, Waylon Lewis patted her shoulder and left with Thomas Hughes.

Hope Williams's expression slightly changed, it seemed it was indeed something she shouldn't hear.

Hope Williams stood up and went to the window, looking at the scenery outside, her brows furrowed in thought.

Half an hour later, Waylon Lewis's car appeared downstairs of a teahouse.

Seated in the car, Waylon Lewis looked up coldly.

Thomas Hughes got out of the car and opened the door, Waylon Lewis stepped out from the car, his aura of authority making people instinctively lower their heads.

In the antique teahouse, sunlight leaked in from outside, the room tranquil and elegant. Sitting by the tea table was an old man in a Sun Yat-sen suit, his hair already graying but his demeanor still stable and strong.

Waylon Lewis glanced briefly at the old man and took a seat opposite him.

Old Master Williams raised his gaze unhurriedly and looked at Waylon Lewis.

"Patriarch Lewis, fortunate to meet you."

"Get to the point."

Old Master Williams chuckled softly, eyes lowering and poured two cups of tea, "Try some."

"I'm not here to drink tea."

"You knew I would find you?"

Waylon Lewis glanced at him, neither confirming nor denying.

"My people were all stopped by you, I think you also know my identity, I am Little Hope's grandfather." Old Master Williams got straight to the point.

"Grandfather? So what?" Waylon Lewis's eyes remained cold, with no trace of surprise.

"Little Hope has suffered too much outside these years, and the Williams Family will not ignore it any longer. I have come here to take her back, I will make it up to her."

"She doesn't need it, nor will she leave with you, and I won't allow you to take her away."

Old Master Williams snorted lightly, "That's not certain, after all, blood is thicker than water, whether she leaves or not will depend on her own will."

Waylon Lewis's eyes grew colder, "If I remember correctly, you had already cut off ties with Hope Williams's mother back then, blood is thicker than water? Ha, the ties that should have been broken were cleanly severed, and when she was suffering, you were nowhere to be seen, now that she's doing well, you come pretending affection?"

"Doing well? How has she been doing well in your Lewis Family? Driven out by your father, is that called doing well? Being repeatedly slandered and misunderstood, is that called doing well?" Old Master Williams sneered coldly, "My granddaughter has suffered so much in your Lewis Family, and yet you dare say she's doing well."

"Patriarch Lewis, if I am not mistaken, you abandoned her five years ago, planning to abort the child she was carrying, right?"

Waylon Lewis frowned, "Are you here to dredge up old grudges today?"

"I just want to tell you, Little Hope is from the Williams Family, I will take her back home." Old Master Williams's eyes had a flicker of anger, but his expression remained calm.

"Then let me tell you too, don't even think about it." Saying this, Waylon Lewis's expression darkened, and he stood up to leave.

Old Master Williams watched Waylon Lewis's figure, a sly and cold smile hooking on his lips.

Seeing Waylon Lewis come out, Thomas Hughes immediately followed.

"Don't tell the lady about today's matter."

Thomas Hughes nodded, "Understood."

The two men left the teahouse.

"So this old man came looking to take Hope Williams back?"

A familiar voice floated lightly from not far away.

Waylon Lewis looked towards the source of the voice and saw Liam Cloud with a cigarette, lazily leaning against the car.

Waylon Lewis frowned but still responded with a "Hmm."

"Did you stop him?"

“Hmm.”

“Why?”

Waylon Lewis coolly glanced at him, “You ask too many questions.”

“So why?”

Liam Cloud narrowed his eyes, asking slowly.

“He doesn’t deserve it.”

Liam Cloud flicked the cigarette ash from his fingers and sneered, “Since you have been with Hope Williams, I’ve noticed your brain has fully developed.”

Cold eyes fixed on him, “If you can’t speak properly, you can shut up.”

“Heh.” Liam Cloud sneered softly, blurting out, “They came looking for Hope Williams three years ago, but I stopped them because they abandoned her and didn’t deserve to acknowledge her. By the way, you were the same, I stopped you too, you didn’t deserve it.”

Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened.

“But now, you are a bit more deserving than they are, at least now you’re human.”

Liam Cloud lowered his head, chuckling quietly, “Take good care of Hope Williams, from what I know, no one in the Williams Family is straightforward, taking her back won’t be that simple.”

Waylon Lewis also felt this.

Liam Cloud got into his car, “Oh, and another thing, if you don’t protect Hope Williams well, I’ll take her back. I’m always around her, omnipresent.”

Waylon Lewis frowned and glanced at him, too tired to argue, and turned to leave.

Liam Cloud’s car window rolled down again, “But, it’s all for Hope Williams. I don’t mind cooperating with you.”

Waylon Lewis twisted his eyebrows, looking at him without speaking.

“What are you looking at?”

“Are you done?”

"I'm done."

"Finish your talk all at once next time, don't stink up the place by farting them out one by one, will it kill you?"

Liam Cloud, "..."

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When Waylon Lewis came back, Hope Williams had already finished work and was waiting for him downstairs.

Waylon Lewis hurried over and held Hope Williams's hand.

Hope Williams glanced up at him, "Where did you go?"

Waylon Lewis paused, "Met with a friend."

"For so long, wasn't it supposed to be just a while?" Hope Williams tilted her head to look at him, her eyes filled with curiosity, her expression a little puffed up.

Hope Williams felt like he was hiding something from her, often avoiding talking to her.

He had never been like this before.

Waylon Lewis comfortingly rubbed her cheek, "I really just met a friend."

Hope Williams slapped his hand away, looking at him seriously.

Waylon Lewis unconsciously stood up straight, ready to obediently listen to his wife's words, "What's wrong?"

"I was thinking," Hope Williams spoke slowly, "Waylon Lewis, did you..."

"Hmm?"

"Have someone else outside?"

Waylon Lewis, "?"

Hope Williams looked at Thomas Hughes, "You tell me."

"Well..." Thomas Hughes stuttered.

Waylon Lewis shot him a glance.

Thomas Hughes felt the Boss's gaze, raised an eyebrow at him.

"Don't look at him." Hope Williams interrupted their eye contact.

"Well, ma'am, the Boss did go to meet a friend, and you know this person too," Thomas Hughes said cleverly.

"Who?"

Waylon Lewis glanced at Thomas Hughes again.

Thomas Hughes quickly replied, "It's Master Cloud..."

"Liam Cloud?"

Thomas Hughes nodded repeatedly, "Yes, Master Cloud invited the Boss for dinner to catch up."

Waylon Lewis catching up with Liam Cloud, huh, she couldn't really believe it.

It was already a miracle if those two didn't fight when they met.

Waylon Lewis withdrew his gaze, wrapping his arm around Hope Williams's waist, "Yes, I was catching up with him, had some matters to discuss."

Hope Williams blinked, squinting her eyes to scrutinize Waylon Lewis.

Being stared at by her made Waylon Lewis's heart pound.

Lying to her about this made Waylon Lewis feel a bit powerless.

However, he did meet Liam Cloud, so it wasn't really a lie.

Luckily, Hope Williams didn't continue questioning.

Of course, Hope Williams wasn't really suspecting Waylon Lewis had someone outside, it was just he had been acting so odd recently, she just wanted to probe him and see if she could learn anything.

He said he met Liam Cloud. Hope Williams was half believing, half doubting.

"Alright, seems like you two have been getting along quite well recently."

Waylon Lewis breathed a slight sigh of relief.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, glanced at her watch, "Let's go home. Mom's waiting for us at home. She said earlier she wanted to find a tutor for Luke and Willow, and she's waiting at home for us to look into it."

"Okay."

Waylon Lewis guided Hope Williams into the car.

When they got home, Alitzel Williams was sitting in the living room with the tutor.

“Mom.”

“Little Hope, Waylon, you’re back.”

Hope Williams glanced over to the sofa and saw a girl nervously stand up from it.

Alitzel Williams called them over, “Waylon, Little Hope, come here.”

Hope Williams walked over with a calm face.

Alitzel Williams pulled the girl over to introduce, “Her name is Grace Gray, she’s the tutor I hired for Luke and Willow.”

“Grace, these two are my son and daughter-in-law.”

The girl named Grace Gray politely bowed to Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis, “Hello, Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis.”

Hope Williams politely responded, “Hello.”

Alitzel Williams continued to introduce Grace Gray with a smile. Grace Gray was a college student from a prestigious university, consistently one of the top students in her class, but her family background wasn’t good, as she lost her parents. The Lewis family had been doing charity work, and Grace Gray was one of the students they sponsored.

Despite the Lewis family’s support, Grace Gray had always been independent, seeking part-time jobs.

As Alitzel Williams spoke, it was clear she was very satisfied with Grace Gray.

Hope Williams’s gaze swept over Grace Gray a few times.

The girl often kept her head down, sported bangs, wore her hair in a simple low ponytail, donned black-rimmed glasses, a simple white dress with a dark jacket, and carried a backpack on her shoulders. She looked timid, yet her eyes were incredibly clear.

She kept her hands neatly on her knees, and when praised by Alitzel Williams, she just smiled slightly.

Hope Williams tugged at her lips, “Miss Gray.”

Grace Gray lowered her head, not responding.

Hope Williams blinked, raising her voice a little, “Miss Gray?”

“Ah?” Grace Gray stood up in a panic as if startled by Hope Williams’s voice, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, what did you say?”

Hope Williams was taken aback by her two apologies, “It’s fine, it’s fine, I just wanted to politely ask your age?”

“Twenty-one.” Grace Gray quickly replied, and after answering, she immediately lowered her head, looking as if she was too scared to look at Hope Williams, like a very well-behaved little rabbit.

Hope Williams, seeing her reaction, felt like she had a fierce face scaring the girl, as if ready to eat her at any moment.

Hope Williams nodded slightly, “Hmm, what year?”

“Junior.”

Hope Williams nodded again and said no more.

Because she felt that if she continued talking, the young girl might be scared to tears.

She was attending Emperor University, the best university in Emperor Capital. Being admitted meant her studies were obviously excellent, more than sufficient to tutor five-year-olds, Luke and Willow.

Alitzel Williams patted Grace Gray’s hand, “Grace is quite introverted but very patient, kind-hearted, and with a good temperament. Waylon, you’ve met Grace before, but it was many years ago, do you remember?”

Waylon Lewis frowned, “I don’t remember.”

Alitzel Williams, “...”

Grace Gray subtly raised her eyebrows to look at Waylon Lewis, then hurriedly lowered them, hiding some thoughts in her eyes.

“Waylon, go call Luke and Willow down.” Hope Williams patted Waylon Lewis’s shoulder.

Waylon Lewis stood up and went upstairs.

Hope Williams smiled and placed her gaze back on Grace Gray, who happened to withdraw her surreptitious glance at the man.

Her eyes met Hope Williams's, and the girl pursed her lips, looking slightly nervous and scared.

Hope Williams couldn't really say she disliked the girl, nor was she very fond of her.

Because she often kept her head down, with watery eyes that seemed as if everyone bullied her, a bit pretentious.

But since Alitzel Williams strongly recommended her, Hope Williams didn't want to embarrass Alitzel Williams.

"Little Hope, chat with Grace. I'll go check the kitchen. I've got them making some tonic soup for you, have more later."

Hope Williams smiled and nodded, "Alright, thank you, Mom."

Once Alitzel Williams left, the living room only had Hope Williams and Grace Gray. Hope Williams saw her stiffness and got up to pour her a cup of tea.

"Miss Gray, have some tea." Hope Williams handed the cup to Grace Gray.

Grace Gray reached out to take it, just about to thank her, but her hand slipped...

"Ah!" Grace Gray screamed, waving her hand.

"

Chapter 400: Chapter 400 Kicked and Sent Flying Chapter 400: Chapter 400 Kicked and Sent Flying The water from the cup passed to her spilled out entirely, and Hope was scalded into a shudder.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it all spilled out, it's all my clumsy fault, Mrs. Lewis, please don't be angry, it's all my fault."

Grace Gray immediately stood up to apologize, with tears crazily spinning in her eyes, biting her lower lip tightly, filled with self-reproach.

"It's okay, as long as you didn't get scalded." Hope tugged at her lips and wiped her hands with a couple of tissues.

Just as Hope finished speaking, Grace weakly raised her hand, showing a red scald on her fair back hand.

"What happened here? What's going on?"

Hearing the commotion, Alitzel Williams came out of the kitchen.

Grace, trying to hide her scald, quickly hid her hand behind her back, "It's nothing, it's nothing, I was just clumsy and accidentally spilled the water."

"Are you okay?" Alitzel approached.

Grace shook her head with red eyes, tears on the brink of falling.

Alitzel took Grace's hand to check it, "It's all red from the scald, how can that be okay? Let's take you to the hospital to get it checked out."

"No need, Auntie..." she said as tears started to fall.

Alitzel felt a wave of heartache at the sight, "How did the water just spill like that?"

Hope tugged at her lips.

Waylon Lewis, who came downstairs quickly, came to Hope's side and noticed Hope's action of wiping her hands and the tea cup on the floor. Waylon's brows furrowed as he pulled Hope's hand to see a patch of red on her back hand, causing his pupils to constrict sharply.

The area of Hope's hand scalded by the hot water was larger than Grace's, with a red patch on her fair back hand.

Waylon took Hope to rinse the burn, and the two little ones immediately followed.

Seeing their anxious expressions, Hope quickly reassured them, "It's no big deal. It wasn't boiling water. It looks scarier than it is—it'll subside after rinsing for a while."

"Don't move," Waylon said in a deep voice, as he carefully rinsed Hope's hand under the water.

Luke and Willow ran upstairs to get burn ointment.

"What happened?"

Hope glanced at Grace outside, a hint of suspicion flickering through her eyes, then returned her gaze to her own hand, "It was an accident, unintentional."

Luke and Willow brought the ointment, and after rinsing, they immediately applied it to Hope's hand.

"Mommy, does it hurt a lot?"

"It doesn't hurt anymore, see? It's already fading."

When everyone came out, Grace was standing outside with her head down, her body stiff, her eyes full of panic and nervousness.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lewis, it's my fault, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry..."

Grace said while lifting her scalded hand to wipe her tears.

Hope, who had no intention of blaming her, saw her tearful, sobbing look, and tightened her eyebrows, "It's okay, you don't need to apologize."

With that, Hope handed her the ointment, "Rinse with water and apply this."

Grace immediately thanked her and quietly went to rinse her hand.

For dinner, Alitzel Williams invited Grace to stay, and Hope introduced Grace to Luke and Willow.

"Luke, Willow, this is Teacher Gray, she will be teaching you later, and you must listen to Teacher Gray."

"Teacher? Mommy, why do we need a teacher?" Luke and Willow looked at Hope.

Hope pinched their little noses, "Isn't it because you two have too much free time on your hands?"

"But we've been taught all the knowledge for grades below third by our previous tutors."

Back in y country, they had hired tutors for the two little ones, but the children were so smart that they basically knew everything after hearing it once; nothing was too difficult for them.

Hope pursed her lips, "Then you'll review, and ask Teacher Gray if there's anything you don't understand."

"Okay."

The two little ones sounded somewhat reluctant.

"You're still unhappy? Thinking only about playing. Even if you know the material, you can't be complacent. There are always people better than you, and other children are working hard. You two also need to put in the effort."

"Okay." Luke and Willow obediently nodded.

“We’ll be relying on Miss Gray to take care of Luke and Willow from now on.”

Grace immediately nodded again, “Of course, you can rest assured, I will definitely do my best.”

After dinner, chauffeur took Alitzel Williams home and brought Grace along for the ride.

The next day, Grace Gray came in the afternoon because Hope Williams wasn’t quite at ease with her lack of understanding of Grace Gray. She still asked the house servants to keep a closer eye on her.

Grace Gray still had that timid look. Luke and Willow noticed her restraint and took her to their room.

Hope Williams had prepared all the teaching materials for them and placed them on the desk.

“Teacher Gray, would you like some water?” Willow asked Grace Gray considerately.

Grace Gray’s gaze couldn’t help but be attracted to the room, and she didn’t hear Willow’s words for a moment.

Willow blinked with suspicion and asked again.

Grace Gray snapped back to reality, “Okay, thank you.”

Grace Gray kept looking around the room, unable to resist curling her lips.

The house of the rich was indeed different, even the kids’ room was bigger than her entire house.

Grace Gray’s eyes fell on a family portrait hanging on the wall.

It was the one where Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis went to take wedding photos, bringing along Luke and Willow.

Grace Gray’s eyes flickered, and her brows involuntarily furrowed.

Luke walked over to Grace Gray, “Teacher Gray, what are you looking at?”

When Grace Gray turned to look at Luke, she still had that soft and weak appearance, her voice tinged with timidity, “Nothing, I just think your Mommy is really pretty.”

“That’s for sure. Mommy is the prettiest.”

“Are your daddy and mommy in a good relationship?”

“Yeah, our daddy and mommy’s relationship is definitely good.”

Luke looked at Grace Gray with suspicion, “Teacher Gray, why are you asking this?”

Grace Gray brushed her hair and smiled gently, “It’s nothing, I’m just asking. Let’s get started.”

“Okay.”

The servant knocked and came in. Grace Gray immediately bent down to discuss the topic with Luke and Willow.

“Miss Gray, I’ve cut some fruit for you, please have some.” The servant put the fruit plate on the table, while observing Grace Gray.

Grace Gray lightly expressed her thanks.

“Then you continue, I won’t disturb you.”

The servant walked out, closed the door, and messaged Hope Williams: Madam, Miss Gray is seriously teaching the young master and young mistress, and they are both very well-behaved.

Hope Williams had just finished a meeting, took out her phone, glanced at the message, and was reassured.

Putting her phone back into her pocket, a voice came from behind her, “Young Madam Lewis.”

Hope Williams turned her head and saw Henry Fuller approaching her, obviously, he was here to see Vivia Fuller.

“Young Madam Lewis, I heard about the incident the day before yesterday, and I want to offer an apology on behalf of my cousin.”

Hope Williams looked at him indifferently, “Mr. Fuller, there’s no need for that, because I won’t accept it.”

Henry Fuller’s expression didn’t change, he chuckled lowly, “Young Madam Lewis doesn’t need to be so petty. My cousin has already fallen to this state, can’t you just forgive her?”

Hope Williams’s expression was cold, “The state she’s in now, you should be very clear how much is real and how much is fake, right?”

“Of course it’s real, the doctors have diagnosed her, what else are you doubting?”

“Doubting that she’s feigning insanity.”

Speaking of the devil, Vivia Fuller, still in that oversized hospital gown, took erratic and hasty steps, wandering aimlessly in the corridor.

She seemed to have seen Hope Williams, pointed at her, and then started heading in her direction.

As she approached, a figure emerged from nowhere and stood in front of Hope Williams.

In an instant, a foot kicked the approaching Vivia Fuller five meters away.

Hope Williams was shocked.

Xiao Shi bowed to Hope Williams, “Madam.”

“What are you doing?” Henry Fuller asked Xiao Shi, frowning at the fallen Vivia Fuller on the ground.

Xiao Shi’s face was expressionless, his gaze coldly sweeping over Henry Fuller.

“This woman is extremely dangerous. I am protecting Madam. Do you have a problem with that?” Xiao Shi clenched his fists.

Henry Fuller looked at his clenched fists and swallowed hard. Could he dare have any objections?