

## **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

Chapter 401: 415

Chapter 401: Making a Move Against the Old Master Chapter 401: Chapter 401: Making a Move Against the Old Master “Madam, are you alright?”

Hope Williams waved her hand and glanced around, “Where did you pop up from?”

“I’ve been following Madam all along, it’s just that you did not notice,” Xiao Shi replied.

Hope Williams blinked, could it be this miraculous? She didn’t detect Xiao Shi’s presence at all. Truly worthy of being Waylon Lewis’s man.

Hope looked at Vivia Fuller, who was wailing in pain, “She won’t be in trouble, right?”

“No, don’t worry, I have my measures. At most, she’ll lie in bed for a few more days so she won’t bother you.”

Xiao Shi merely used a third of his strength; had he exerted his full force, Vivia Fuller wouldn’t even have the chance to wail on the ground now.

Henry Fuller clenched his teeth fiercely, watching Vivia Fuller wail and had the nurses take her back to the ward.

Vivia Fuller’s face twisted with rage; her teeth had just been fixed, and today she was nearly kicked to fracture by a foot, all because of that bitch Hope Williams.

Delilah Fuller frowned as she looked at her, “Vivia, can’t you understand human language? Didn’t Henry tell you to stop provoking Hope Williams recently? You didn’t listen, and now look what happened, you deserved it.”

Vivia Fuller clenched her fists; she couldn’t accept it, watching Hope Williams live so comfortably every day while she had to suffer like this.

Henry Fuller, who had been silent all along, stood up straight and slowly spoke, “Mom, help me prepare some gifts, good ones.”

“What do you need gifts for?”

“To pay a visit to Old Master Lewis.”

“Ever since your grandfather got into trouble, there has always been a standoff between the Fuller and Lewis families. Why would you visit him? Looking for trouble.”

After Walker Fuller's incident, the Lewis Clan suppressed the Fuller Clan from all sides. Although the Fuller Clan hadn't gone bankrupt, they were in debt and certainly didn't have spare money to buy expensive gifts for visiting others.

Henry scoffed coldly, "If I'm not mistaken, Waylon Lewis has not informed Old Master Lewis that Jayden Lewis was killed by Isaiah Lewis."

Vivia Fuller narrowed her eyes, "What are you planning to do?"

Delilah Fuller didn't understand what Henry really meant, "That matter has already ended, hasn't it? Your grandfather is already in prison now, so why bring it up?"

"Disloyalty among brothers is what Old Master Lewis hates the most," Henry's lips curved into an evil grin, "Just do as I said, you'll understand soon. If the Fuller family can't live comfortably, neither will the Lewis Family."

Vivia Fuller's lips curled; she already knew what Henry was going to do.

Although Delilah Fuller couldn't figure it out, she still did as Henry had said.

In the old mansion of the Lewis family, Elder Lewis was sitting comfortably in a chair by the pond, drinking tea and basking in the sun.

The bodyguard came in to report at the entrance, "Elder, Mr. Fuller would like to see you."

"Which Mr. Fuller?"

"Henry Fuller, Mr. Fuller."

Old Master Lewis frowned, "Not seeing him. From now on, no one from the Fuller family is to be seen."

"But Mr. Fuller said he has an important matter to discuss with you and asks you to see him."

Old Master Lewis narrowed his eyes, hesitated for a moment, then said with a heavy voice, "Let him in."

Henry Fuller came alone, carrying bags and boxes of gift boxes. His handsome and refined face showed full of remorse as he saw Elder Lewis.

"Grandpa Lewis."

Old Master Lewis waved his hand, "I'm not close with you; you don't need to address me like that. I can't bear it. If you have something to say, say it."

Henry Fuller hung his head low, sighed and said, "I know I am not worthy to be here, but, Grandpa Lewis, I am here to apologize on behalf of my grandfather."

"If you came here today just for that, then please leave," Elder Lewis rebuked with a vigorous anger.

"Grandpa Lewis, my grandfather was confused for a moment to assist Isaiah Lewis in killing the third young master. But now he truly regrets it, he has already faced the consequences of his wrongdoings..."

Old Master Lewis sat up straight, brow furrowing deeply, "What did you just say?"

"My grandfather has already faced the consequences of his wrongdoings..."

"Not that part."

Henry Fuller paused for a moment, "My grandfather was momentarily confused to help Isaiah Lewis kill the third youngest Lewis..."

Old Master Lewis's complexion tightened instantly, his eyes lost for a moment, filled with disbelief.

"Grandpa Lewis, what's wrong? You don't know about this?" Henry furrowed his brows, "But President Lewis personally investigated this. Didn't he tell you?"

Old Master Lewis took a deep breath, covering his chest and gasping for air, feeling a tightness in his heart, "Do you have evidence for what you're saying?"

Henry struggled for a moment, took out his phone, and handed it to Old Master Lewis. The video playing was the same one previously sent to Waylon Lewis.

Old Master Lewis's fingers trembled as he took the phone, listening to the conversation inside, his vision clouding.

He had always thought that this son of his had the mind of a thief but lacked the guts, never did he imagine that he would even scheme against his own nephew.

How could he have fathered such a traitor, how could he have fathered such a traitor!

Sharp pains in his chest made it difficult for him to take a deep breath, and soon Old Master Lewis's lips turned pale.

Henry's brows furrowed as he watched Old Master Lewis's expression, and he subtly curled his lips, "Grandpa Lewis, are you alright?"

Old Master Lewis's facial muscles twitched, giving Henry a sharp look, "Get out, get out!"

"Don't be angry, it's not good for your health to get angry. I'll leave right away, please don't be upset. Also, these are the supplements I bought for you, remember to eat more, I wish you good health."

Henry smirked maliciously, hands in his pockets as he slowly and leisurely turned to leave.

Old Master Lewis was in poor health, previously suffering from severe heart disease, and this news was hard for him to accept. The pain in his heart made him feel suffocated.

"Elder Lewis, Elder Lewis, what's wrong?" The house staff noticed something was off with Old Master Lewis and immediately came over to support him.

"Get... get my medicine." Old Master Lewis's pain made him break out in a cold sweat.

The staff hurriedly went to get the medicine and fed it to Old Master Lewis.

This was the medicine Old Master Lewis used to take for his heart condition, but ever since Hope Williams treated him, he no longer needed to take it.

Seeing that Old Master Lewis's complexion was poor, worried that his heart disease had relapsed, the staff quickly said, "I'll call the Young Madam."

Old Master Lewis pressed his hand, "No, I'm fine, Little Hope is still pregnant, don't let her worry about this old man."

"But you..."

"I'm fine, help me go back to rest." Old Master Lewis closed his eyes, exhausted.

The staff looked at Old Master Lewis with concern, sighed heavily, and escorted Old Master Lewis back to his room.

Hope Williams came home from work, and Grace Gray hadn't left, seriously giving a lesson in Luke and Willow's room. Hope took a quick glance but didn't go in to disturb them.

Aunt Thompson brought some snacks into the room and couldn't help but praise Grace Gray to Hope after coming out, "Miss Gray is very dedicated to teaching the young master and young miss, I see they both like her very much, madam, you can rest assured."

“Mhm.”

Perhaps because Hope had asked Aunt Thompson to pay extra attention to Grace, Aunt Thompson praised her more, “I think this young lady is truly beautiful and kind-hearted, and very polite. She is a good person.”

Hope smiled faintly and nodded, “That’s good. Later, when their lesson is over, remember to have the driver send Miss Gray home.”

“Okay, madam.”

“Later, my friend is coming over, tell her I’m in my room when she arrives.”

After instructing Aunt Thompson, Hope had arranged to go shopping with Aria Richardson since it was still early and did not refuse the invitation.

After giving instructions, Hope walked toward her room while taking out her phone to call Waylon Lewis.

Waylon’s end picked up quickly, “Miss me?”

Hearing his low and magnetic voice, a smile rose on Hope’s beautiful face.

“Yeah, miss you. I’m home from work, when will you get off?”

“I might be late today, still in a meeting.”

Hope heard that he was in a meeting and lowered her voice a bit, “Am I disturbing you?”

“I like being disturbed by you.”

Chapter 402: Chapter 402 My Wife Told Me to Come Home for Dinner Chapter 402: Chapter 402 My Wife Told Me to Come Home for Dinner Hope Williams coughed lightly, “You’re in a meeting, did all your employees hear what you just said?”

Waylon Lewis has always had an image of being indifferent and ruthless, but now he’s spouting sweet nothings. Won’t it affect his image in front of employees?

Waylon Lewis glanced at the group of people below who were looking at their documents and pretending not to hear, and said slowly, “They didn’t hear it.”

Ah right, we’re all deaf here, please continue.

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “Will you come home for dinner?”

“I might not make it in time, you guys eat first, no need to wait for me.”

“Alright then, I won’t disturb you anymore. I’m going to go shopping with Aria later.”

“Okay, call me when you’re done shopping, and I’ll come pick you up.”

“Continue your meeting first, I’m hanging up.”

After hanging up, Waylon Lewis scanned the crowd, pressed his lips tightly, and said calmly, “My wife asked me to come home for dinner.”

Everyone, “...”

Look at the CEO’s smug face, as if we don’t have wives.

Thomas Hughes coughed softly as a reminder to everyone.

Can’t you understand?

Everyone exchanged glances for a second, then quickly caught on and immediately became more spirited, talking faster than before.

Aria Richardson knocked on the door, and Aunt Thompson hurried to open it, “Miss Richardson is here.”

“Yeah, where’s Hope?”

“The madam is in the room, she said you can go straight up.”

Aria nodded and thanked her, “Why haven’t I seen Luke and Willow?”

“The young master and the young miss are having a lesson upstairs. The madam hired a tutor for them.”

Aria raised her eyebrows slightly, “I see, thank you. I’ll go up and find Hope.”

Aria headed upstairs and Hope Williams, who had just taken a bath and changed clothes, came out of the bathroom. Her room door wasn’t closed, so Aria peeked from the doorway.

Seeing her cautious look, Hope Williams smiled and said, “Waylon Lewis isn’t home.”

Aria then relaxed and walked in, sitting down on the sofa, “It’s good he’s not here. Otherwise, I wouldn’t dare come in, afraid of being killed by his look.”

Hope Williams raised a corner of her lips slightly, “Is it really that exaggerated?”

“Of course it is. By the way, I heard you hired a tutor for Luke and Willow?”

“Yes.”

“Do Luke and Willow really need a tutor? If I remember correctly, they’re already ahead in their studies, aren’t they? And they’re still working so hard, what about the rest of us?”

Hope Williams replied while drying her hair, “Mainly because there’s nothing much to do at home. Waylon and I are both at work, and it’s quite boring for them being at home by themselves. It’s still a long time until the next semester starts; they can’t just play all the time.”

Aria nodded, “That’s true. Are you done? If so, let’s go out. I haven’t been shopping for a long time. If you don’t come with me, I won’t go by myself.”

“Just sit for a bit, I’m going to blow dry my hair. I’ll be quick.”

“Okay,” Aria nodded.

Hope Williams quickly finished readying herself and didn’t delay Aria either. As they left the room, they saw Grace Gray standing at the door, apparently waiting for her.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, looking at the timid girl, with a slight change in her indifferent face, “Miss Gray, are you waiting for me?”

Grace Gray bit her lower lip and nodded, “Yes, Mrs. Lewis, I wanted to ask for a leave tomorrow. There’s something at school, and I might not have time to come over.”

Hope Williams nodded lightly, “Okay, that’s fine.”

She looked down, seemed hesitant for a moment, then continued, “I’m sorry for delaying Luke and Willow’s progress because of my personal affairs. How about this, I’ll stay a little longer today, otherwise I’d feel bad.”

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, “No need, it’s okay, this is normal. You don’t need to feel sorry.”

Grace Gray bit her lip and twisted her fingers nervously in front of her, “Thank you for understanding. Then, I’ll finish today’s lesson.”

Hope Williams nodded, “Fine.”

Aria quietly observed Grace Gray, unable to help tugging the corner of her mouth.

Even after she turned away, Aria still couldn’t help but take another glance.

“What’re you looking at?”

Aria turned her gaze back and continued to walk downstairs holding Hope Williams’s hand, “So this is the tutor?”

“Yes.”

Aria clicked her tongue twice.

Hope Williams saw her meaningful look and couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow and smile, “What?”

Aria spoke in a low voice, “Haven’t you noticed that your family’s little tutor has an innocent look, but she’s not really innocent? It feels like it’s all put on. Don’t you think so?”

Hope Williams looked back in the direction of the staircase, a glint flashing in her eyes, “Indeed, I’ve had the same feeling.”

“I suggest you be careful. She might look like a little white rabbit, but actually be a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

Hope Williams nodded, “I know.”

That’s why she always asked Aunt Thompson to keep an eye on her; there were precautions in place.

Hope Williams and Aria went to the mall and did a round of shopping. Mainly, it was Aria buying, with Hope simply accompanying her. In less than an hour, Aria had loads of big and small bags, quite the bounty.

Seeing her ensemble, Hope Williams couldn’t help her eyelids twitching, “Miss Richardson, are you here for stockpiling?”

Aria playfully raised her eyebrows, “Is it easy for me to go out with Young Madam Lewis? I have to make the most of it and buy more.”

Chapter 403: Chapter 403: Forcing Itself In, Seems Cheap Chapter 403: Chapter 403: Forcing Itself In, Seems Cheap Hope Williams looked at her watch, it was 6:30 PM.

“Is Miss Richardson still shopping?”

Aria Richardson looked at her shopping achievements and was quite satisfied, “No, not anymore, I’m starving. I want to have dinner.”

“Alright, how about coming to my place for dinner?”

“No, I’d better go home. My parents have been hounding me recently, saying I’m not serious about my life because I go to bars too often; they’re afraid I won’t get married and have even started forcing me to go on blind dates.”

Hope Williams slightly raised her delicate eyebrows and chuckled, “Didn’t you used to like Alexander Knox? You were always saying you wanted to pursue him, what happened now?”

Mentioning this made Aria Richardson frown, “Don’t bring him up, whenever you do, I just...”

“Just what?” Hope sensed there was something more to it.

Aria Richardson pursed her lips, “It’s nothing.”

Ever since last time at the bar when Wyatt Lewis fought Alexander Knox for her, Aria Richardson hadn’t initiated contact with Alexander again. First, because it was awkward, and second, because she had given up.

If she didn’t like him, there was no point in forcing it.

If he didn’t like her, she would just give up. Forcing it would only cheapen her.

“He doesn’t like me, so I’ll just find someone else. It’s not like I’m short of men around,” Aria Richardson declared, raising her chin.

Hope Williams chuckled lightly, agreeing, “Miss Richardson is right.”

“Let’s not talk about him anymore. Let’s go.”

“Yeah.” Hope agreed. Then, her phone rang. It was Waylon Lewis.

“Are you done shopping? I’ll come pick you up.”

Hope smiled lightly, “Yes, have you finished your meeting?”

“Yeah.”

Hope didn’t refuse, “Then I’ll send you my location.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll wait for you then, bye.”

Aria Richardson crossed her arms and stared meaningfully at Hope.

Feeling uncomfortable under her gaze, Hope put her phone back in her purse and brushed her hair aside, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Wow, President Lewis himself is coming to pick you up?"

"Yeah."

"Well, then I better leave quickly, to avoid being a third wheel again."

Hope, "..."

Hope helped Aria Richardson carry her bags and they left the mall. It had started raining outside, and the rain was quite heavy, adding a bit of chill.

Aria Richardson frowned, "Why did it start raining? This is just great."

Aria glanced at her numerous bags, "I wish I hadn't bought so much."

The two had been dropped off by a driver, so neither had driven.

"Wait for Waylon Lewis to come, he can drop you off," Hope suggested, checking her watch, "He should be here soon."

"No, I'd rather die than ride with you guys."

"Why?"

"I don't want to be glowing with romance or eating dog food (watching you be affectionate)."

Hope, "..."

Just then, a black Maybach slowly pulled up in front of them.

Aria Richardson raised her eyebrows at Hope, "Is this President Lewis?"

Hope glanced at the car and unsurely shook her head.

A man got out of the car holding an umbrella, his figure tall and poised under the dim rain. His face was hidden by the umbrella.

Bending slightly, Aria peeked under the umbrella, and in the next moment, straightened up in shock.

"What's wrong?" Seeing her sudden excitement, Hope curiously looked at the man.

As soon as the man had exited the car, she had recognized that he wasn't Waylon Lewis but couldn't figure out who he was.

Aria covered her face, "It's Alexander Knox! What bad luck I have today, normally I can't meet him for years, and just today after I mentioned him, here he appears."

"Why the panic?" Hope was curious as he approached.

"Alexander Knox, what are you doing here?" Hope turned to him.

Alexander Knox glanced coolly at Aria, trying to hide herself, and spoke lightly, "Just passing by and saw you here, are you heading back?"

Hope nodded, "Yeah."

"I'll give you a lift back then, I'm headed that way too."

"No need." Aria suddenly spoke loudly, enough for the people taking shelter from the rain to hear.

Both turned to look at her strangely.

Realizing her own overreaction, Aria looked up only to catch Alexander's gaze, causing a flutter in her chest, and she awkwardly turned her head away, "I've already called my family's driver."

Hope was about to speak when Waylon Lewis's car slowly pulled up.

Chapter 404: Chapter 404: Recently Not Feeling Very Energetic Chapter 404: Chapter 404: Recently Not Feeling Very Energetic Hope Williams was about to speak when Waylon Lewis's car slowly came to a stop.

The heavy rain fell on the sleek car, the door opened, and there was Waylon Lewis in a black coat, stepping out from under an umbrella. As he walked towards her, an air of endless nobility followed.

Hope Williams looked at the approaching figure, her lips curved up slightly as she watched him stop in front of her, slightly tilting her head up, "You're here."

The moment Waylon Lewis saw the woman, his eyes were filled with tenderness.

He glanced at Thomas Hughes standing to the side, who, receiving his boss's gaze, immediately pulled out a bag containing a coat.

Next second, a warmth enveloped Hope Williams's slightly cold body.

Waylon Lewis draped the coat over her, personally threading her arms into the sleeves and meticulously buttoning it up for her.

Then he wrapped her in his arms, "It's cold, let's go back."

Hope Williams's eyes glistened slightly as warmth flowed through her chest, "Okay."

Hope Williams glanced at Aria Richardson, then swept her gaze over Alexander Knox and finally returned to Aria, "Are you sure your driver is coming for you?"

Aria Richardson pursed her lips and looked up sadly at the man next to her, nodding pitifully, "Mhm, you guys go ahead, don't worry about me."

Hope Williams was a bit concerned but seeing that Alexander Knox's gaze was fixed on Aria and he didn't seem to plan on leaving, her eyes flickered with understanding and she nodded, "Then I won't worry about you."

"Mhm, you go ahead and don't catch a cold."

Staying here any longer, Demon King Lewis might shred her with his gaze.

Hope Williams looked at the two with a meaningful smile, "Alright then." Turning her head to Waylon Lewis, "Let's go."

Waylon Lewis took the umbrella from Thomas Hughes, opened it, and tightly held Hope Williams as they got into the car and left.

Once in the car, Waylon Lewis glanced at Alexander Knox, asking lightly, "Why is he here?"

Hope Williams looked at the complex and entangled pair outside and shrugged, "Who knows."

She could tell he was there for Aria, but Aria seemed to be avoiding him, something must have happened between them.

Hope Williams sighed profoundly, the car started, and she withdrew her gaze.

"What are you looking at?"

"Looking at them," Hope Williams turned to Waylon Lewis, "What's wrong?"

Waylon Lewis's face darkened slightly, Hope watching his expression chuckle lightly, lifting her hand to lightly poke his handsome face, "Waylon Lewis, you really are a green-eyed monster."

"Good that you know," Waylon Lewis drew her close to his side.

Hope Williams's smile remained, tilting her head up, "Then I won't look at anyone else, just you, is that okay?"

Waylon Lewis was very pleased with this suggestion; his dark eyes gazing at her, both tender and intense.

"I think that's very acceptable."

Hope Williams chuckled.

Amidst the conversation, Hope Williams didn't realize that by tilting her head up, she had given Waylon Lewis the perfect angle to kiss her.

Hope Williams paused, about to lower her head, but the man didn't give her a chance.

His curved fingers hooked her chin, pulling her face back to him.

Hope Williams coughed lightly, her gaze flickering towards Thomas Hughes driving in front, the next second, the car's divider slowly rose.

Right as Hope was about to speak, the man sealed her lips with his.

The embrace in the car was tense, Hope instinctively shrinking back.

But the man didn't give her the chance, holding her close, his cool lips grinding against hers, his tongue skillfully prying open her lips.

Between breaths was the man's clean and pleasant scent, Hope let him kiss her, tentatively responding, the kiss unconsciously deepening, and her cheeks unwittingly flushed a few shades.

Being in the car, Waylon Lewis still showed restraint, slowly letting her go.

Hope Williams clutched tightly at the clothes on his chest, her breathing hurried.

Waylon Lewis kissed her forehead, his voice low and joyful by her ear.

"You're getting weak, even getting out of breath from a kiss."

Hope Williams clenched her fist and playfully punched him in the chest, her cheeks blushing from his teasing, "That's your fault."

Waylon Lewis chuckled lightly, "It's mine, I haven't taken you for exercise lately, your stamina isn't what it used to be, after the baby is born, I'll make it up to you..."

Hope Williams hurriedly covered his mouth, preventing him from saying anything more inappropriate.

Her meaning was clear; he kissed passionately, always waiting until she was out of breath before he was willing to let go; how could she not be?

Waylon Lewis caught Hope Williams's hand, pressing it to his chest, delightfully chuckling twice.

...

Aria Richardson looked up at the sky; the rain showed no signs of stopping, she anxiously glanced at the man standing next to her.

"Why aren't you leaving yet?"

"Has your driver not arrived yet?"

Both spoke simultaneously.

A moment of silence hung in the air, an awkward atmosphere spreading.

Indeed, Aria knew when Waylon Lewis came to pick up Hope Williams, she had called her driver over, but just a minute ago, the driver mentioned a traffic jam, needing about half an hour more.

Aria felt despair, the most frustrating part was the man beside her showed no signs of leaving.

Aria bit her lip, then ventured to ask, "Are you waiting for someone?"

Alexander Knox nodded, "Mhm."

Aria relaxed slightly, also chiding herself for being presumptuous, realizing he was waiting for someone else.

"Don't know how long this person will make me wait."

Alexander Knox spoke in a subdued voice, his gaze lightly resting on Aria.

Aria paused, he seemed to be talking about her.

After a thought, she warned herself not to be presumptuous.

Never mind, better not talk, talking makes it awkward.

This driver, why isn't he coming yet?

"How long till your driver arrives?"

Just as Aria internally screamed, the man beside her spoke slowly again.

Aria blinked her eyes, "Should be...soon, I guess."

"How soon is soon?"

"It should roughly maybe probably... be half an hour."

"Mhm."

Alexander Knox responded.

Aria didn't know what he meant by asking so much, deliberately turning away, choosing not to look at him.

Alexander Knox raised his arm, glanced at the time, sighed lightly, then seeing Aria's myriad of big and small bags, "I'll take you, it's rush hour now, and with the rain, it's unlikely your driver will make it in half an hour."

Chapter 405: Chapter 405: I am Waiting for You Chapter 405: Chapter 405: I am Waiting for You Aria Richardson didn't have time to hesitate, as Alexander Knox handed her the umbrella.

She looked at him with a dazed expression and did not take the umbrella from him.

"Hmm?" Seeing that she didn't take it, Alexander raised his voice slightly, "What's wrong?"

Aria snapped back to her senses, looking at the man in front of her, "You... aren't you waiting for someone?"

"Yeah, I was waiting for you."

Aria, "..."

What is he talking about? Who am I? Where am I? Did I hear wrong?

Aria blinked nervously.

Alexander opened the umbrella and stuffed it into her hands, smiling, "Let's get to the car first, and I'll put these in the trunk for you."

As he spoke, Alexander was already carrying her bags and quickly entered the rain.

"Hey, you..." You'll get wet without the umbrella.

Alexander put the things in the car and came back to her, "What were you trying to say just now?"

Aria pursed her lips, "You... without an umbrella, my things will get wet!"

The air stilled for a second...

Hearing this, Alexander's eyebrows slightly raised, but his expression was calm, making it hard to discern his emotions.

Aria bit her lip, What am I saying?!

"Then hold the umbrella for me," Alexander said calmly, "so your precious belongings don't get... wet!"

Aria felt like he was being sarcastic.

Still, she subconsciously held the umbrella over him, and they both entered the rain together.

It took two trips to get all of Aria's belongings into the trunk, and Aria quickly thanked Alexander twice before getting into the car.

She received a call from her driver as soon as she got in the car, telling her that traffic was too bad and he definitely couldn't make it in half an hour, and he quickly apologized.

Aria unconsciously looked at Alexander, who had started the car, and responded into the phone, "Yes, I'm in a car now, no need to come."

The driver apologized again and then hung up the call.

The car was completely quiet inside, silent along the way, Aria's hands twined together.

Alexander wasn't much of a talker to begin with, and although Aria usually had a lot to say, now she didn't know what to talk about.

"Why aren't you talking? I remember you being quite talkative," Alexander said, his hand on the steering wheel, giving her a brief glance.

Aria tugged at her lips, biting her fingertips, racking her brain for a topic, "...Thank you for taking me home."

"No need to thank me, I'm headed this way anyway."

Really? She clearly remembered that the Richardson and Knox families are in opposite directions.

"That time at the bar, my friend drank too much and accidentally hurt you, sorry about that..."

Alexander turned his head to look at her again, silent for a moment.

Aria almost bit her lip raw, wondering why she brought that up.

Just when she thought Alexander might ignore her, his low, mellow voice slowly asked, "So, what's your relationship with Wyatt Lewis?"

The moment the question was asked, Alexander's fingers gripped the steering wheel a bit tighter.

"Just friends," Aria answered casually.

"Only friends?"

Aria nodded again, "Yeah, why?"

Alexander hooked his lips, "No reason."

Aria didn't continue the conversation, and the car slowly stopped in front of the Richardson family mansion.

Aria thanked Alexander, "I've arrived, thanks for your trouble."

"Then, shall you treat me to a meal?"

Aria paused unbuckling her seat belt, looking up at him, "What?"

"Don't you think you should treat me to a meal as thanks?"

Aria's eyebrows uncontrollably twitched, "Didn't you just say you were going this way anyway?"

She was just being polite.

Alexander Knox forced a smile and clicked his tongue lightly, "I suddenly realized I'm not on the way."

Aria Richardson, "..."

Aria Richardson called a few servants out to help her carry things, glancing at Alexander Knox.

Alexander Knox showed no intention of entering, "I'll visit another day."

Aria Richardson nodded lightly, "Okay, take care on your way back."

"Sure, don't forget to invite me for a meal."

Aria Richardson smiled, "Don't worry, I'll definitely treat this meal invitation as a top priority."

Alexander Knox smiled, got back into his car, when Old Lady Mrs. Knox's call came in.

"Grandma."

"Don't call me 'grandma', I don't acknowledge a grandson like you."

Alexander Knox pinched the bridge of his nose helplessly, "What have I done to upset you this time?"

"Next week's arranged date, if you don't show up, I won't consider you my grandson anymore. I will send the address to your phone, that's all." The old lady hung up abruptly, afraid even a second's delay would give Alexander Knox a chance to refuse.

Alexander Knox sighed, feeling quite helpless.

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams just got home when Hope Williams noticed Grace Gray hadn't left yet; she was sitting in the living room watching cartoons with Luke and Willow.

Luke and Willow obviously had no aversion to Grace Gray, laughing and chatting with her.

Hope Williams frowned slightly when Luke and Willow noticed Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis's return and rushed over, "Daddy, Mommy, you're finally back."

Hope Williams bent down to hug the two little ones, "Did you miss us?"

"Of course we missed you."

Hope Williams patted Luke and Willow's heads, "Quick, tell Mommy whether you were well-behaved in class today?"

"We were very well-behaved, Teacher Gray explains things so clearly, we learned everything quickly, Mommy, praise me."

"My little ones are so great, let Mommy give you a kiss."

Grace Gray walked over, her eyes always brimming with moisture, watching this scene with a smile on her face.

"Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, Luke and Willow were very good and very smart."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, stood up straight, and looked at Grace Gray, with a slight smile at the corner of her mouth, "Thank you for your hard work, Miss Gray."

"It's all part of the job."

Hope Williams spoke lightly, "It's so late, and it's inappropriate to keep Miss Gray here, I'm really sorry for delaying your rest time."

As she spoke, Hope Williams's gaze shifted to Aunt Thompson, "Aunt Thompson, didn't I ask you to arrange for a driver to take Miss Gray back?"

Aunt Thompson looked at Grace Gray with difficulty.

A moment of confusion crossed Grace Gray's face as she bit her lip, "I saw you hadn't returned and thought I'd stay a little longer with Luke and Willow."

Saying this, Grace Gray lowered her head again, appearing bullied, "If you're unhappy with me staying, I'll leave immediately, sorry for the disturbance."

Hope Williams subtly curled her lips, her words ambiguous whether intentional or not, sounding like she was kindly staying, yet Hope Williams was unappreciative to rush her departure.

Hope Williams chuckled lightly, "Miss Gray, you're putting it too strongly, I didn't mean that, I just feel bad for taking up your time, I'll ask our driver to take you home now."

Grace Gray pressed her head, seemingly reluctant.

At that moment, Aunt Thompson, seeing Grace Gray's aggrieved expression, stepped forward with sympathy, "Madam, it's raining heavily outside and it's very late, it's not safe for Miss Gray to go back now."

"Yes, I know it's unsafe, that's why I'm sending a driver to ensure she gets home safely." Saying so, Hope Williams called for the family driver, instructing, "Make sure Miss Gray is safely taken to her doorstep, and sees her safely home."

"Yes, madam, don't worry."

Had she not spoken provocatively, Hope Williams was planning to invite her to stay for dinner, but now she felt somewhat displeased.

Grace Gray's complexion changed, looking not too pleased, she had thought that since it was dinner time, she would definitely be asked to stay.

Hope Williams efficiently handled these matters, then turned to look at Grace Gray.

Grace Gray put her hands in front, biting her lip and nodded, "Okay, thank you, madam."

"Take care."

Grace Gray turned and followed the driver away, still unable to resist looking back, unsure of whom she was watching.

Waylon Lewis stood quietly behind Hope Williams, saying nothing.

As the lady of the house, he supported her silently, without any objections.

Having addressed this, Hope Williams turned and headed upstairs, Waylon Lewis grabbed her hand, "Where are you going? It's time to eat."

Chapter 406: Chapter 406: The Aura of Tea Chapter 406: Chapter 406: The Aura of Tea Hope Williams lightly pursed her lips, "I'll go upstairs to change. You guys go ahead and eat."

After Hope went upstairs, Grace Gray, who had just left, returned, looking at Waylon Lewis timidly, "President Lewis, I forgot to take my bag."

Waylon Lewis glanced at her coolly without saying much.

Yet this glance unsettled Grace's mind. Her gaze involuntarily fixated on Waylon Lewis, her heart pounding erratically, even her steps became clumsy as she walked.

Aunt Thompson fetched Grace's bag and handed it to her with a smile, "Miss Gray, is this the one?"

"Yes, thank you." Grace was about to walk over to receive it, and as she passed by Waylon Lewis, her eyes flickered, her feet seemed to trip on something, and her body suddenly swayed, falling straight toward Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis was sitting on the sofa, holding a cup of coffee, and as he looked up, he saw her crashing straight toward him.

Waylon Lewis's brows instantly knitted together, but it was too late to stand up, and Grace fell onto his lap.

Grace looked at Waylon Lewis with affection in her eyes, and her face turned red instantly, "President Lewis~"

Waylon Lewis's brows scrunched into a furrow, as if he had touched something filthy, and stood up with disgust.

Caught off guard, Grace's body lost its balance, and she fell to the ground, letting out a pain-filled cry, her voice soft and beseeching, stirring pity.

"Miss Gray, are you okay?" Aunt Thompson was taken aback by the scene and hurriedly went to help Grace up.

The coffee that Waylon Lewis was holding spilled out mostly onto him, and the chill in his eyes intensified.

As Grace sensed the coldness emanating from Waylon Lewis, she frantically got up, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, President Lewis, it wasn't intentional."

As she spoke, Grace lowered her head, biting her lip and putting on a pitiful face, then reached for a tissue to wipe the coffee from Waylon Lewis's clothes.

The scene was fully witnessed by Hope who had just come downstairs.

Hope narrowed her eyes and strode forward. By the time she approached, Waylon Lewis had already taken two steps back, distancing himself from Grace, whose hand was left hanging, "President Lewis."

Waylon Lewis's expression was filled with disgust, "Stay away from me."

Hope moved beside Waylon Lewis and noticed his shirt was wet, with even a large portion of his pants soaked, making him look a bit disheveled.

Waylon Lewis was clearly displeased, Grace lowered her head, biting her lip tightly, tears wildly swirling in her eyes.

“Go upstairs and change.” Hope said to Waylon Lewis, “I’ll take care of this.”

Faced with Grace’s return, Hope lost the pleasant demeanor she had earlier. She had seen through the act just now, and her expression grew even colder.

Before Hope could say anything, Grace already started crying, with Aunt Thompson sympathetically comforting her.

“Why did Miss Gray come back?” Hope gracefully sat down on the sofa.

Grace sniffled, “I forgot to take my bag, so I came back to get it.”

“Mrs. Lewis, it was my fault that I accidentally fell on President Lewis, it’s all my fault. Please don’t misunderstand, and don’t blame President Lewis.”

She was afraid that Hope hadn’t noticed and purposely mentioned it.

Hope saw through her intentions and imperceptibly curled her lips, “Why would I misunderstand?”

Grace slightly forced a smile, “I’m glad you didn’t misunderstand.”

Grace continued, “It was my fault I dirtied President Lewis’s clothes. Let me wash it clean for you, it was my mistake.”

As she spoke, Grace cried, her face full of vulnerability.

Hope looked at Grace with utter indifference, “That suit’s fabric can’t be washed with water, it’s dry clean only. But with such a large stain, dry cleaning won’t remove it.”

Grace bit her lip, “Then... I’ll compensate...”

Hope noticed that Grace’s tears were cheap, as they kept falling, making it seem as if she was being maliciously troubled and bullied.

Even Aunt Thompson couldn’t stand it and stepped forward to console Grace, “Miss Gray, it’s alright, the mistress won’t make you... pay the cost.”

“Then pay it.” Hope elegantly took a sip of water from the cup in front of her.

Grace’s face turned pale in an instant.

Aunt Thompson didn’t expect Hope to be so concerned about it either.

A suit meant nothing to Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams; previously, when a servant at their house accidentally broke an expensive vase, Hope didn't say anything and even told the servant to be careful while handling it.

Thus, Aunt Thompson assumed Hope would not care about this incident either.

"I'll have someone list the price for you later." Hope's expression was cold and serious, "Additionally, let me tell you, that suit isn't cheap. I remember it should be around a few million."

Grace bit her lip tightly, panic in her heart, her grip whitening, "Mrs. Lewis, I really didn't do it intentionally. Could you please overlook it? I'm still a student; I really can't afford that much money. For you, a piece of clothing means nothing, but to me, it's more than I could ever earn in a lifetime..."

Oh! Now she's playing the guilt card.

Aunt Thompson couldn't help but intercede for Grace, "Yeah, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Gray didn't mean it, why don't we just let it go? The gentleman also wouldn't care about one suit, and you don't need to make it difficult for her."

Hope slowly glanced at Aunt Thompson, feeling that Grace had a talent for winning hearts. In just a few hours, she had managed to recruit Aunt Thompson to speak up for her repeatedly at her own risk.

"So if it's not intentional, there's no need for compensation? That's the logic? If you don't have money, you don't have to take responsibility?"

Chapter 407: Chapter 407: No Need to Come Anymore Chapter 407: Chapter 407: No Need to Come Anymore Hope Williams slowly stood up, her icy gaze falling onto Grace Gray.

Grace Gray put on an even more fearful facade, her body shaking continuously, "I truly didn't do it on purpose, and I really can't pay this money, ma'am please don't make things difficult for me..."

Her voice was very light, full of grievance.

Hope Williams had dealt with too many girls like her by Waylon Lewis's side, she was used to it.

However, Grace Gray was indeed special, even more skilled in pretense than those two from the Fuller Family, lacking their kind of arrogance that looked down on the world.

Plus, her petite and frail appearance made it even easier for her to act weak and garner sympathy and compassion.

Those tears that could fall at the drop of a hat were her powerful weapon.

If it weren't for the tea incident yesterday, Hope Williams might have been deceived by her, mistaking her for merely a timid and pure little bunny.

Look, even Aunt Thompson now looked at her with a complicated hostility in her eyes.

It really seemed as if Hope Williams was bullying Grace Gray.

Now, Waylon Lewis, who had changed into a new set of clothes, came downstairs and naturally walked over to Hope Williams's side.

Upon seeing Waylon Lewis, Grace Gray seemed to have fully triggered her acting desires, her sobs growing louder, desperately wanting the man to hear it, to stir his pity.

But, Waylon Lewis did not so much as glance at her, let alone pay her any attention; his eyes were fixed straight on Hope Williams. Seeing her with a furrowed brow, he took her hand, carefully looking at her, "Don't be angry, I've taken a shower."

Hope Williams shifted slightly, looking towards Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis froze, his handsome face showing a few traces of innocence and fear that didn't belong to him, as if afraid of having been touched by another woman, that Hope Williams would be angry, disdain him, and not want him.

Seeing Waylon Lewis's cautious demeanor, Hope Williams suddenly felt like laughing.

How could Waylon Lewis be so endearing, with so many women throwing themselves at him, "Tsk." She lightly clicked her tongue, "We'll settle this later."

Waylon Lewis sat up even straighter, becoming extra cautious even approaching Hope Williams.

Hope Williams returned her gaze to Grace Gray's face, sharply catching the flash of jealousy.

But in an instant, her expression turned pitiful again.

Grace Gray felt stiff all over under Hope Williams's gaze, suddenly feeling as if she had been seen through.

“I would advise Miss Gray to redirect your thoughts back to proper channels. I can overlook today’s matter, but I must remind Miss Gray not to covet what doesn’t belong to you, do you understand?”

Grace Gray wiped her tears, biting her lip, her eyes timidly looking up at Hope Williams, “Ma’am, I don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

Hope Williams’s cold eyes stared at her for a moment, and with a cold laugh, “Fine, if you don’t understand, then you don’t. Miss Gray, better focus on your studies, you don’t need to come here anymore.”

“Ma’am... I!” Grace Gray suddenly panicked, “Did I do something wrong? Please don’t dismiss me, I really need this job and I cherish it very much.”

In her rush, her eyes looked towards Waylon Lewis, filled with hope.

Hope Williams curved her lips; she actually still hoped that Waylon Lewis would speak up to keep her.

“Well then, Miss Gray, if you’re willing to compensate for that outfit, you can stay.” Hope Williams said slowly.

Grace Gray’s face imperceptibly stiffened, and she clenched her teeth, bowing her head.

She couldn’t possibly pay that much money, nor had she expected the dress to be so expensive, nor did she expect Hope Williams to hold onto this matter.

That’s enough, she thought, Hope Williams is already so rich, and still insists on compensation for a dress, how stingy.

She looked up at Hope Williams, her eyes barely concealing a hint of resentment.

“Aunt Thompson, please show Miss Gray out,” Hope Williams said with an unchanged expression.

Aunt Thompson felt somewhat helpless, but she knew that in this house, the lady’s word was law and had to encourage Grace Gray to leave first.

Hope Williams did not want to let this matter disturb her mood any longer.

“Let’s eat, I’m starving.” Hope Williams stood up, muttering.

“Wife.”

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams’s hand, his dark eyes filled with complicated light.

Hope Williams's delicate brows raised slightly, "Let's eat, what are you standing around for?"

Hearing Hope Williams's untroubled voice, Waylon Lewis felt somewhat lost.

After dinner, Hope Williams went to Luke and Willow's room; the two little ones were looking a bit gloomy staying there.

Hope Williams entered without them noticing, gently sitting beside them, "Luke, Willow?"

"Mommy," Luke and Willow turned to look at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams easily noticed the children's mood, stroking the tops of their hair, and asked softly, "Are you not happy? Tell mommy what's wrong."

Willow pursed her lips, her voice soft and gentle, "Mommy, why did you send Teacher Gray away?"

Hope Williams was momentarily caught off guard when Willow asked this.

"Do you really like Teacher Gray?"

"Teacher Gray is very gentle, tells great stories, and plays games with us. She is so nice to us, mommy can you please not send Teacher Gray away?" Willow spoke with a downcast emotion.

Hope Williams composed herself, children are simple-minded; Grace Gray's deceit could have fooled her, so it was not surprising Luke and Willow couldn't see through her.

Returning to her room, Hope Williams sat on the sofa in deep thought, her elbow propped on the armrest, hand supporting her cheek, her delicate eyebrows slightly furrowed, pondering something unknown.

Waylon Lewis came in, walking on the soft carpet towards her, and brought the lost-in-thought woman into his embrace.

Surrounded by his familiar scent, Hope Williams came back to her senses, relaxing into his arms.

"What are you thinking about?"

Chapter 408: Chapter 408: Living Like Fighting Monsters Chapter 408: Chapter 408: Living Like Fighting Monsters Hope Williams pursed her lips, at a loss for how to respond.

To be honest, when Willow asked why she wanted to drive Grace Gray away, Hope did feel a bit sour, almost like she was the villain.

She didn't expect Luke and Willow to like Grace Gray this much.

"Hmm?" Seeing her sullen expression, Waylon Lewis tenderly kissed her cheek.

Hope Williams blinked, her eyes starting to feel dry, desperately squeezing out tears, and turned her head to look at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon was startled for a moment, then the next second he panicked, flustered and at a loss.

"What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"..."

"Baby?"

"..."

"Hope?"

"..."

"What's wrong? Did what just happened upset you?"

Hope buried her head in his chest and rubbed against him, lifting her head with the tears in her eyes vanished.

"Was that episode just now particularly easy to trigger men's protective instincts?"

Hope noticed that women always seem to hang onto their tears, effortlessly deceiving everyone and invoking their sympathy.

Waylon Lewis pulled her onto his lap, gently kissed her eyebrows and eyes, "Others crying is useless to me, but if you cry, it hurts my heart."

Hope's slender arms wrapped around his neck, leaning on his shoulder, she sighed softly.

"So, it's the matter with Grace Gray that upset you?"

“A little, especially since she fell into your arms.”

“Jealous?”

Hope pursed her lips, noncommittally, “A bit.”

“Sorry, it happened so suddenly, I couldn’t avoid it.” Waylon Lewis looked at her sad eyes, and kissed her lips appeasingly.

“I’m just jealous, but I don’t blame you, you don’t have to be so cautious, I’m still reasonable.”

Waylon Lewis smiled, “Yes, my wife is the most reasonable.”

Hope pursed her lips, smiled gently, her gaze resting on his face, admiring it, then she suddenly changed the subject, “Waylon Lewis, I think you are incredible.”

“Hmm?”

“Tell me, how much trouble has just this face of yours caused me, your entourage of women, each more difficult than the last, being Mrs. Waylon Lewis every day is like fighting monsters.”

Waylon paused for a moment, “Then I’ll wear a mask when I go out in the future.”

“It’s useless, you are also rich, even if you’re not handsome, you’re still very desirable.”

Waylon chuckled lightly, “Then what shall we do? The company isn’t showing signs of bankruptcy just yet.”

Hope was almost amused by Waylon, “What to do, too many little demons around, what if one of them snatches you away?”

“Don’t worry, no little demon compares to you, and besides, I only have feelings for you.”

Waylon’s hands gently combed through her hair, his eyes shimmering with an ambiguous light.

Hope cleared her throat, awkwardly turned away, she could never win over Waylon Lewis in this topic.

Knowing Hope is usually shy, Waylon let out a low chuckle and changed the subject, “The old man called, he wants us to come to the family house for dinner tomorrow.”

“Sure, I haven’t seen grandfather for a while, let’s go early tomorrow.”

“Okay.” His fingers caressed her fair cheek, his eyes full of affection, “Stop overthinking, let’s sleep.”

Hope nodded, “Yeah.”

The next day, after work Hope took Luke and Willow to the Lewis family’s old house, Waylon Lewis was delayed at his company.

Christopher Lewis was also discharged from the hospital today, and Wyatt Lewis unusually didn’t run around, quietly sitting on the sofa playing games.

Today, the old house was lively, but on the couch, Hope saw yet another figure, Grace Gray.

Grace Gray sat next to Alitzel Williams with a look of grievance, whispering something to Alitzel who gently patted her back to comfort her.

Upon seeing Hope, Grace’s face paled a few shades.

Hope didn’t look at her, but Luke and Willow were quite happy to see her.

“Sister-in-law, you’re here,” Wyatt Lewis, still playing his game, glanced up to call out to Hope.

“Yeah.”

“Little Hope, come here a moment,” Alitzel Williams looked at her with a worried expression.

Hope’s eyebrows subtly raised, she walked over.

Wyatt raised his eyes, noticing the strange atmosphere, and pulled Luke and Willow to his side.

It was rare for their family to gather for a meal, and this woman, also inexplicably here, began to sob as soon as she saw his mother, acting as if she had been gravely wronged.

Now she had been complaining and crying for half an hour.

He could still sit here; he really deserved an award for best restraint.

Chapter 409: Chapter 409: Efficient and Productive Chapter 409: Chapter 409: Efficient and Productive “Mom, what happened?” Hope Williams sat leisurely on the sofa.

“Little Hope, do you have some misunderstanding about Grace? I heard you dismissed her, what was so serious that it led to dismissal?” Alitzel Williams calmly asked without any blame.

But Hope Williams didn't believe that Grace Gray hadn't told her mother what happened last night before her arrival.

Alitzel Williams was asking now, probably wanting to hear her side of the story.

Hope Williams pursed her lips lightly, “I just think that Miss Gray is still young, she should focus more on her studies, being a tutor is distracting her.”

After hearing Hope Williams finish, the tears Grace Gray had just stopped under Alitzel Williams's persuasion fell again in large drops.

“Are you saying my intentions are wrong, ma'am? I know it was my fault for accidentally falling and dirtying President Lewis's clothes, and when you asked me to compensate for the suit, but I really can't come up with that much money right now, and you want me to leave because I can't pay, I really don't know where my intentions are wrong for you to treat me this way.”

She spoke while crying, sobbing heavily in her excitement, and Alitzel Williams quickly gently patted her back.

“Ma'am, you can't look down on me like this, I know I am poor, but I can slowly repay you the money for President Lewis's clothes,” Grace Gray said as she took out a card and a written IOU from her pocket.

“This card contains the money I've saved from working, it's my everyday living expenses, not much, just five thousand yuan, I'll give it to you first, and I will also slowly pay back the rest, but please don't drive me away, I really need this job, and I like Luke and Willow very much.”

Hope Williams stared coldly at her for a moment, not angry but smiling instead, this person really exceeded her expectations.

The way she talked just now, not only did she throw dirty water on her, but also showed how proud she is.

After finishing, Grace Gray sincerely bowed to Alitzel Williams, “Aunt Lewis, thank you for always helping me, I am very grateful, I'll not disturb you anymore, I am leaving first.”

“Ah, Grace, don't go,” Alitzel Williams glanced at Hope Williams, picked up the bank card from the table, and chased after Grace Gray, “Little Hope, she didn't mean to target you, it's just a misunderstanding, don't be sad, this is your living expenses, what will you do without it, take good care of it.”

Grace Gray clenched her fists tightly, looking stubbornly and glanced at the unmoved Hope Williams.

Alitzel Williams followed her gaze to Hope Williams, frowned, "Little Hope, you really misunderstood Grace, it's just a piece of clothing, no need to make such a fuss."

Hope Williams chuckled softly, "This is not just about a piece of clothing."

"Ma'am, do you still think my intentions are wrong?"

"Hmph," Hope Williams swept her a light glance, "Yeah, don't you know where your own intentions lie?"

Grace Gray clenched her teeth, "Aunt Lewis, I must repay this money to the madam, please don't persuade me."

Seeing both sides being stubborn, Alitzel Williams sighed and said, "Okay, if you don't want to take it back, forget it."

Saying this, she took out a card from her bag and stuffed it into Grace Gray's hands.

"Keep this, Grace. You need money for everything while studying in the big city. Use this money to treat yourself to something nice."

Even a casual card from Alitzel Williams wouldn't be less than five hundred thousand.

The two pushed back and forth, Grace Gray stubbornly refused to accept, yelling that she wanted to earn money through her own effort.

Seeing her striving for independence, Alitzel Williams felt even more compassionate.

"Hehe," Wyatt Lewis laughed coldly while lounging on the sofa, couldn't help saying, "Mom, is our family specialized in charity? Is it that whenever someone comes to our house and cries a little, we have to give them money?"

Wyatt Lewis's words contained sarcasm towards Grace Gray.

After hearing this, Grace Gray, feeling greatly wronged and with tears full of her eyes, stubbornly turned around and left.

Alitzel Williams glared angrily at Wyatt Lewis, "Wyatt Lewis what non-sense are you talking about?"

"Am I wrong? Mom, don't forget how she cried with snot and tears in front of you to get on the charity sponsorship list, why do you fall for her act every time?"

“Grace is alone studying in the big city, helpless, she really is in trouble.”

“There are many others struggling, why do they all silently make an effort to be self-sufficient, yet she cries in front of you, exploiting your compassion, asking for money time and time again? I would truly respect her if she were really independent.”

But each time, she claims to be independent and yet accepts the money Alitzel Williams gives her.

Playing both roles, pretending to be something else.

Chapter 410: Chapter 410: Upsetting Chapter 410: Chapter 410: Upsetting The most ridiculous part was that after she took the money, she kept saying she would definitely pay it back.

But the next time Alitzel Williams continued to give her more, she kept accepting it, saying she was filled with the same ambitious spirit.

Wyatt Lewis couldn't help but feel amused.

Alitzel Williams, infuriated, went upstairs without saying much to Wyatt Lewis.

“You're pretty familiar with Grace Gray too?” Hope Williams asked, arching an eyebrow at Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis smiled, “I wouldn't say I'm familiar with her, but her type is hard to forget. Originally, the Lewis Family's charitable donation list didn't include her. Somehow, she had the luck to run into Mom and managed to cry a river about her miserable plight in front of her. Mom's heart softened, and she was added to the list.”

“That's not too bad. The Lewis Family wouldn't miss that bit of money. But later on, when Mom said she would add her to the list, she should have been happy, right? Guess what happened next, sister-in-law?”

Hope Williams was intrigued, “What happened?”

“Heaven knows she had the pride. She insisted on putting on a show of gratitude—coming over to serve my brother and me, saying it was to repay the kindness. She touched Mom's heart so deeply that Mom nearly wanted to adopt her into the Lewis Family. At that point, she was even calling her ‘Mom’.”

“Then what?” If it was as Wyatt Lewis said, Grace Gray should now be Miss Lewis.

“Grandfather strongly opposed it, so the matter was dropped. Still, over the years, Mom has been helping her secretly and openly. Plus, hearing that she was good at her studies and well-behaved, Mom took an even greater liking to her.”

Hope Williams frowned slightly.

It must be said, Grace Gray did have some skills, as she could make Alitzel Williams willingly give her money again and again.

But Alitzel Williams could be naive sometimes, yet she was still capable of judgment. How could she seem so unreasonably blinded in the matter of Grace Gray?

Luke and Willow were sitting on the side, eating fruit, their round eyes turning as they listened to the adults talk.

They might not fully understand, but they could tell that both Mommy and their second uncle disliked their beloved Teacher Gray.

Grace Gray cried all the way out of the Lewis Family’s old residence and happened to run into Waylon Lewis who was driving back.

Waylon Lewis parked the car, stepped out wearing a dark gray coat, his handsome face exuding a natural pride that attracted people’s attention.

Grace Gray allowed the tears on her face to continue falling, timidly approaching Waylon Lewis to greet him.

“President Lewis~” Grace Gray wanted to cry out her grievances.

But Waylon Lewis acted as if he hadn’t seen her at all, not giving her a chance, and walked past her.

Grace Gray felt deeply humiliated, biting her lower lip fiercely, almost to the point of drawing blood.

Hope Williams was about to go upstairs to see the elder, but the elder had already come downstairs.

Hope Williams quickly approached, her face bearing a gentle smile, “Grandfather.”

“Little Hope, you’re here.” The elder’s smile was kindly as he looked at Hope Williams.

Luke and Willow clung to their great-grandfather’s sides, calling him ‘great-grandpa’ affectionately, melting his heart.

Hope Williams saw the slight paleness of the elder’s face.

“Grandfather, you look pale. Are you feeling unwell?” Hope Williams squatted down and asked with concern.

The elder shook his head slightly, still smiling, “No, don’t worry, maybe I just didn’t rest well last night.”

Despite the elder’s reassurances, Hope Williams’s face still showed worry.

Waylon Lewis entered from the porch, his gaze landing on Hope Williams. He walked over to her side and respectfully called out, “Grandfather.”

The elder nodded, “You’re back. Dinner is ready; let’s eat.”

The dinner wasn’t very pleasant. It seemed like everyone had something on their minds. Luke and Willow, sensing the gloomy atmosphere, grew quiet as well.

After dinner, everyone moved to the living room.

“Young Madam.” A servant taking care of the elder approached Hope Williams.

Hope Williams blinked, “What is it?”

“Young Madam, the day before yesterday a Mr. Fuller came, I don’t know what he told the family head, but the family head’s complexion became very unsightly after listening.”

The servant felt that the situation that day was not quite right, and after much thought still decided to inform Hope Williams, as Hope Williams was both capable and resourceful.

Hope Williams felt a pang in her heart upon hearing this, “How long did he stay?”

“Not long, half an hour,” the servant said.

“Did the family head show any unusual behavior afterward?”

The servant paused, the family head’s gaze just happened to come from the direction of the living room, looking at Hope Williams and said, “Little Hope, come here a moment.”

The servant pursed her lips; the family head had said not to tell Hope Williams about his illness, and in the end, the servant chose to say nothing and shook her head, “Nothing, the family head has no abnormalities, everything is pretty good.”

Hope Williams slightly furrowed her brows.

“Young Madam, please go over quickly, the family head is calling you.”

Hope Williams nodded, but still couldn't completely let go of her concerns.

Although she had not much contact with Henry Fuller, she could conclude that he was not as harmless as he appeared on the surface, nor as gentle and elegant.

Besides, he was now the Patriarch of the Fuller Family and had managed to revitalize the Fuller Family in a short time; he must have some tricks up his sleeve.

So, what was he doing looking for the family head, what was he up to?

Hope Williams put away her thoughts and walked towards the family head, sat down next to Waylon Lewis, looking at the main seat where the family head was, "Grandpa, what's wrong?"

"How is the preparation for your wedding? I am just an old timer, I don't know how many days I have left, but I just look forward to seeing your wedding."

Hope Williams's complexion became a bit more somber, "Grandpa, what are you talking about, you will definitely live a long and healthy life."

"Yes, Dad, don't speak of such inauspicious things," Alitzel Williams couldn't bear but to speak out.

"Grandpa, you are healthy now, don't think nonsense," Wyatt Lewis also spoke out to stop the family head.

"Great-grandpa will live a long and healthy life," Luke and Willow also quickly said auspicious words.

Waylon Lewis's eyebrows tightened a bit, looking worriedly at the family head.

The family head lovingly stroked the backs of the two little ones' heads and laughed heartily, "Good good good, great-grandpa will live a long and healthy life."

Hope Williams's gaze slowly met with Waylon Lewis's, she vaguely felt that there was something off about the family head, his eyes were filled with too many emotions.

Sadness, reluctance, and pain, but the family head concealed it very well.

The family head never used to say these words before.

Hope Williams turned back to look at the family head, her brows and eyes sinking once more, "Grandpa, let's go to the hospital for a check-up after a while."

The family head still kept a smile on his face, "No need, no need, I am quite healthy now, no need for a checkup, I don't want to go to the hospital."

“But...” As a doctor’s intuition, what others couldn’t see, she could see that the complexion of the family head was not normal.

Hope Williams hadn’t finished speaking when Waylon Lewis held her hand.

A hint of complexity surfaced in Hope Williams’s eyes.

The family head continued to smile, “Don’t worry, Grandpa is very healthy, Grandpa is still looking forward to seeing your wedding, hoping that all of you are doing well.”

Waylon Lewis nodded and put his arm around Hope Williams’s shoulder, “We will.”

The family head’s gaze swept across everyone in the living room, nodding with satisfaction.

After a lively chat, the family head was old and couldn’t stay up late, so he went back to his room to rest first.

Alitzel Williams was unhappy about the matter with Grace Gray today and returned to her room early.

Hope Williams watched Alitzel Williams with a complex expression and sighed softly.

Chapter 411: Chapter 411 Warning, Threat Chapter 411: Chapter 411 Warning, Threat  
Several people walked out of the old house together.

Hope Williams had a slightly bewildered expression in her eyes.

Waylon Lewis held her small hand tightly by his side and asked in a velvety voice, “Are you worried about Old Master Lewis?”

Hope Williams pursed her lips lightly and nodded, repeating to Waylon Lewis what the servant had told her today.

Hope Williams was worried about what Henry Fuller might have said to Old Master Lewis, and her biggest fear was that the incident involving Third Master Lewis being harmed by Isaiah Lewis, which would undoubtedly be a heavy blow to Old Master Lewis.

But Old Master Lewis said nothing, only he knew how much pain he was in.

The expression on Waylon Lewis’ face turned from indifferent to chillingly cold.

“He’s asking to die.”

“This man is not simple,” analyzed Hope Williams succinctly. “He’s now the head of the Fuller Family, his ambitions are not less than those of Old Master Fuller. We must be cautious.”

Vivia Fuller had been treated so badly by her, given Vivia’s temperament, she would have lost her composure long ago, but she hasn’t made a move yet. The only possibility was that Henry Fuller was helping her from behind.

“It seems the Fuller Family really won’t stop until they are dead,” Wyatt Lewis said somberly upon hearing their conversation. “Brother, you should have dealt with the Fuller Family more severely before, driving them to bankruptcy.”

“It’s still not too late to bankrupt them now,” Waylon Lewis’s eyes flashed with fierce determination.

“No, it’s not the right time yet,” Hope Williams shook her head. “Bankrupting them is easy, but it would also unavoidably bring us a torrent of dirty accusations from the Fuller Family, staining our reputation with ingratitude which wouldn’t be good.”

After all, they were still tightly holding onto the fact that Vivia Fuller helped save Luke and Willow.

“They will pay the price.” Vivia Fuller was being held back by Henry Fuller, but she couldn’t endure for much longer and wouldn’t possibly do nothing.

“Sister-in-law, what do you plan to do?” Excitement flickered in Wyatt Lewis’s eyes as he looked at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams’ capability in combat was something he had witnessed before; any scheming girl trying to approach his brother always failed under her hands.

He was truly excited to see the Fuller Family being convincingly subdued by his sister-in-law.

Hope Williams smiled faintly, “You’ll know when the time comes.”

Waylon Lewis walked to the side of the car, opened the door, and protected Hope Williams as she got into the car. Wyatt Lewis squeezed over with a grin, his face full of flattering smiles as he looked at Waylon, “Brother, give me a ride too.”

Waylon Lewis glanced at him fleetingly, “There’s no place for you.”

“No worries, I can squeeze in the back with Luke and Willow.” Saying that, Wyatt Lewis had already pulled open the door and climbed in by himself.

Waylon Lewis looked at him, and out of the little remaining brotherly affection didn't leave him behind.

Waylon Lewis drove away from the old house steadily.

Hope Williams sat in the passenger seat, looking down at her phone, seemingly chatting with someone, soon a call came in.

Hope Williams lifted the phone to her ear, "Aria, what's wrong?"

"Hope, help! I'm going to die!"

Upon hearing Aria Richardson's anxious voice, Hope Williams straightened up, "What happened? What's going on?"

Someone in the back also couldn't help but perk up his ears.

"Hope, my mom... they are bullying me so much, they're forcing me to go on a blind date, they even scheduled it without telling me, and if I don't go, they'll kick me out of the house, Hope, I'm so miserable..."

After listening, Hope Williams relaxed a bit, "You scared me, I thought something had happened."

"Isn't this miserable enough?" Aria Richardson muttered in despair, and just as she finished speaking, there was a commotion on her side, as if the phone had been snatched away.

Then Aria's mother's voice came through, not wanting to be outdone, "Little Hope, you get along best with this dead girl, please help her understand, she's almost becoming an old maid and it's making me anxious."

"Mom, give me back my phone, Hope is my best friend, she will definitely side with me."

"Little Hope, please help me counsel her..."

Hope Williams tugged at the corner of her mouth, moving the phone slightly away as the two on the other end bickered incessantly, which eventually sounded like it ended with Aria's mother slamming the door and leaving.

"Hope, are you still there?" Aria Richardson's pitiable voice came through once again.

"I'm here." Hope Williams collected her thoughts, "Uh... Aria, I think you can try to listen to Auntie's advice. It's you who's going, whether it succeeds or not, it's up to you, right? What if he turns out to be a handsome guy, your type? It would be such a pity to miss out."

Aria Richardson thought for a moment and felt that what Hope Williams said made perfect sense.

“And besides, it also gives Auntie a sense of closure. If it doesn’t work out, I believe Auntie won’t force you, right?”

Aria instantly felt that Hope made a lot of sense.

“Hope, you are truly my little angel. Alright, the day after tomorrow in the afternoon, I’ll make the trip to stop my mom from worrying all the time.”

After hanging up the phone, Hope Williams took a deep breath.

“Sister-in-law, were you just talking to Aria on the phone?” Wyatt Lewis cautiously asked.

“Yes, Aria’s mom is pushing her to go on a blind date.”

Wyatt Lewis almost exploded, “Blind date? Aria?”

Hope Williams glanced back at him, and even Waylon Lewis, Luke, and Willow all couldn’t help but look at him.

“Why are you so agitated, Uncle? Why are you so excited about godmother going on a blind date?” Luke asked, tilting his small face.

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, equally curious, “Why are you excited? Is it weird for our Aria to go on a blind date?”

Wyatt Lewis’s face darkened a bit, perhaps realizing he had overreacted, and coughed awkwardly, “It’s nothing, just asking.”

Hope Williams stroked her chin, her eyes taking on a somewhat meaningful look.

Arriving at Wyatt Lewis’s own villa, Waylon Lewis swiftly kicked him out. The car became much quieter, and Waylon Lewis didn’t stay a moment longer and left.

Hope Williams, seeing the pitiful expression on Wyatt Lewis after being disliked by his own brother, couldn’t help but laugh.

The next day at noon, Hope Williams personally visited Vivia Fuller’s hospital room.

Vivia Fuller, seeing Hope Williams suddenly entering, couldn’t mask her expression fast enough, showing surprise for a second, then switching to a silly smile looking at Hope.

Delilah Fuller stood up from her chair, her eyes carrying a wary look; Henry Fuller had instructed that if Hope Williams visited these days, not to say anything, everything was to wait for him.

Delilah Fuller's smile was a bit stiff.

"Miss Williams, what brings you here?"

Hope Williams glanced at her indifferently, "Where is Henry Fuller?"

"Henry just stepped out, what do you need him for?"

"There is something." Hope Williams nodded lightly, "When will he be back?"

"Young Madam Lewis, what do you need me for?" Just as Hope's words fell, a gentle voice came from the doorway.

Hope Williams coldly swept her eyes over him.

"Just a chat."

The two walked out of the hospital room.

"Young Madam Lewis, what would you like to discuss?"

Hope Williams's eyes were filled with iciness, "You knew I would come."

Henry Fuller scoffed, unmistakably, "I visited Old Master Lewis the day before yesterday..."

"Just a visit?"

Henry Fuller's smile lingered, his expression seamless, "Yes, just a visit. I wanted to apologize on behalf of my grandfather's actions. Why would Young Madam Lewis come over to interrogate me like this?"

"People have to pay the price for their actions, my grandfather included, and if you plan to do something, you will meet the same fate as him."

Hope Williams's expression was cold; her light statement made Henry Fuller slightly change his face color.

But his expression changed quickly, soon wearing a hypocritically friendly smile, "Then I thank Young Madam Lewis for the reminder. By the way, my cousin will be discharged the day after tomorrow. Since you reminded me, I should also remind you to visit her

more often. After all, she ended up like this while saving your child. Be careful, the Lewis family is now ignoring her, beware of people talking.”

Henry Fuller’s seemingly casual words carried a veiled threat.

Chapter 412: Chapter 412 The Fuller Family Takes Action Chapter 412: Chapter 412 The Fuller Family Takes Action Based on her understanding of Vivia Fuller’s injuries, it wasn’t time for her to be discharged from the hospital yet.

So there must be some reason for her eagerness to be discharged.

He dared to tell her so openly because he must have made thorough preparations.

Hope Williams didn’t take Henry Fuller’s words as a joke; she had witnessed the Fuller Family’s tactics. This family was ruthless and would stop at nothing, each one of them determined not to give up until they achieved their goals.

Hope had to be cautious.

Hope didn’t say much more, casting a cool glance at Henry Fuller as she turned to leave.

Henry Fuller had his hands in his pockets and a smug smile on his face as he casually walked back to Vivia Fuller’s ward.

Vivia Fuller’s dull eyes regained clarity as soon as she saw Henry enter the room. She asked anxiously, “What did that bitch want with you?”

“It’s something trivial, don’t ask. Besides, you’re getting discharged the day after tomorrow, be ready,” Henry uttered in a voice that brooked no argument.

Vivia’s expression stiffened. “The day after tomorrow? Henry Fuller, are you out of your mind? With all these injuries, you’re telling me to be discharged the day after tomorrow?”

“Just do as I say. Don’t you always shout about wanting revenge? I’m giving you a chance, but you’ll have to suffer a bit,” Henry’s gaze swept over Vivia’s body.

Vivia shrank back fearfully, “What are you planning to do?”

...

Hope Williams returned home, somewhat surprised to see Alitzel Williams sitting in the living room.

“Mom, what brings you here?” Hope glanced at Aunt Thompson standing next to Alitzel.

Alitzel pursed her lips. “Little Hope, after much thought, I’ve concluded that Grace Gray is still the best candidate to be Luke and Willow’s private tutor. Aunt Thompson told me that Grace has been very dedicated, she didn’t do anything too wrong the other day, and Luke and Willow quite like Grace, so let Grace continue to be their tutor.”

Hope wasn’t surprised, her expression cooled a bit. “Where is she now?”

“She’s upstairs teaching the young master and the young miss,” Aunt Thompson answered.

Hope sighed softly, preempting Alitzel, “Okay.”

“You agree?” Alitzel grasped Hope’s hand.

Hope felt helpless. What good would it do even if she didn’t agree? Alitzel had already brought the person home.

Moreover, considering Alitzel’s current fondness for Grace Gray, nothing Hope would say could change that; any more objections would only drive a wedge between herself and Alitzel and make Alitzel more sympathetic toward Grace.

Besides, there was no substantial evidence to claim that Grace was seducing or coveting Waylon Lewis; there was no indisputable proof.

She couldn’t just say because Grace accidentally tripped and fell into Waylon’s arms that it was seduction, no one would believe that.

“Little Hope, Mom knows you’re the most understanding...” Alitzel went on and on about how well-behaved and sensible Grace was and how sad and pitiful her life story was.

Hope took it as a joke, occasionally echoing with a few words.

By the time scheduled, today Grace Gray didn’t cause any trouble and left after class was over.

Hope arranged for someone to set up a new study room for Luke and Willow and installed miniature surveillance cameras inside it, directly linking to her own phone.

Only after doing these things did Hope feel a bit more at ease.

When Waylon Lewis returned home that evening, Hope was quietly leaning on the bed reading a book.

Waylon went over to embrace Hope, his chin rubbing gently against the top of her head.

Hope tilted her head slightly. "Has work been busy lately?"

"A bit," Waylon's voice was slightly husky.

"Have you had dinner? I can have someone make you something."

Waylon pulled Hope back into his embrace. "Don't bother, I've had a little something."

As Waylon came closer, Hope smelled a faint scent of alcohol and smoke on him.

Waylon did smoke, but because Hope disliked the smell, he smoked very seldom and stopped completely after she became pregnant.

"Did you drink a lot today?"

Waylon released her slightly, "Did it bother you?"

Hope gently shook her head, "No, I'll go get you some sobering soup."

Waylon slightly curved his lips, kissing her on the lips. "No need, just let me hold you for a while."

Hope smiled tenderly, "Isn't that what we normally do enough?"

"A wife can never be held enough."

Hope Williams curved her lips, "Right, mom sent Grace Gray back today."

"If you don't like her, just fire her. No need to consider mom."

"Forget it, mom likes her a lot right now. If I send her away again, it would seem like I am constantly finding fault with her. Let's keep her for now. She can't do much under our watch."

"You decide."

Hope Williams shifted in Waylon Lewis's arms, "Go take a shower, you've had a long day. Rest early."

"Okay, I will."

Waylon obediently took a shower then returned to bed to hold Hope Williams as they went to sleep.

The next morning at 8 a.m., as usual, Hope Williams arrived at the hospital for work, just when everyone else was also starting their shifts.

But when people saw Hope Williams, their gazes were somewhat evaluating, and they whispered to one another with their phones in hand.

Entering the elevator, Hope Williams suspiciously tilted her head to look around at the people.

A few doctors greeted her with somewhat stiff expressions, "Good morning, Director."

Hope Williams responded to each one, "Morning."

Hope Williams frowned and went to her clinic.

In the waiting area outside, the big screen was calling numbers with an automated voice, and soon a patient came in.

Hope Williams glanced up at the man who came in, only to see him standing still.

Hope Williams, who was in the middle of writing with a pen, paused, "Hello, please take a seat."

The man's gaze was fixed on her, but he made no move.

Hope Williams felt it was weird and spoke again, "Please hand me your medical card."

The man did not react, his gaze still firmly on her, "You are Hope Williams?"

Hope Williams looked at him, "Yes, it's me."

"I'm looking for you."

In the next moment, the man suddenly bent down, picked up the chair in front of him, and hurled it at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams's eyes widened as she swiftly dodged backward.

It happened too quickly; the man, as if he had gone crazy, began throwing anything he could use as a weapon from the table at Hope Williams.

"You ingrateful little wretch."

The banging noises immediately drew the attention of people outside.

Xiao Shi and a few others, who had always been protecting Hope Williams in the shadows, heard the commotion and rushed in.

Seeing people rushing in, the man quickly tried to flee.

But Xiao Shi and his colleagues didn't give him a chance and quickly subdued the man.

"Madam, are you alright?" Xiao Shi looked at Hope Williams with concern.

Hope Williams was holding her chest, still somewhat shaken, but fortunately, Xiao Shi and the others arrived in time, so she was not injured, "It's alright."

She looked at the man being restrained on the floor, "Who are you? I don't know you, and I have no vendetta against you."

"Hope Williams, you ingrate, the Fuller Family's Miss saved your child, yet you abused and beat her, are you even human?"

Hope Williams pursed her lips as her phone immediately rang, with Waylon Lewis's anxious voice coming through, "Let Xiao Shi and others stay by your side, I'm coming to pick you up now."

Hope Williams, "What happened?"

Waylon Lewis, "Why is it so noisy over there?"

Hope Williams frowned at the subdued man, vaguely recalling what Henry Fuller had said, and perhaps they had already started to make a move.

Hope Williams, "I'm fine for now. Let's talk when you get here."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Hope Williams glanced at her phone, looking at the notification bar's latest news alert.

Chapter 413: Chapter 413: Displaying Pity to the Fullest Chapter 413: Chapter 413: Displaying Pity to the Fullest Hope Williams pinched her brow and clicked in.

As expected, they had made their move.

Three videos were leaked online; one was of Vivia Fuller rescuing Luke and Willow.

Another was of Vivia Fuller trying to jump off the building after coming to her senses, with the video taken after Hope Williams arrived.

The last one was in the hospital corridor where, in an emergency, Hope Williams was trying to help someone but was hindered by Vivia Fuller, and the video showed when Hope Williams kicked Vivia Fuller away.

These videos were all edited, each second conveying to the audience that Vivia Fuller, after saving Hope Williams's child, ended up becoming a fool and was then abused by Hope Williams, even being encouraged to jump off the building.

The release of these three videos instantly topped the trending searches.

The incident was extremely vile, with a flood of malice sweeping toward Hope Williams, while the ordeal of Vivia Fuller garnered everyone's pity and sympathy.

Hope Williams then looked at the man cursing loudly at her on the ground, and at the people gathered at the door with differing expressions, whispering and pointing.

If she couldn't understand what had happened now, she might as well not be alive.

This person was probably hired by them, causing trouble in the hospital to escalate the situation.

And this was likely just the beginning.

Vivia Fuller lay on the hospital bed, looking at the curses aimed at Hope Williams online with her phone, feeling an unprecedented sense of relief.

Delilah Fuller stood by, arms folded, looking at Vivia Fuller with a face full of pride, "Vivia, it's our Henry who has the methods, right?"

"Ms. Old Master Fuller, you're absolutely right," Vivia Fuller said with a proud smile, turning to look at Henry Fuller who was casually peeling an apple, "So this is how you planned to use these videos. Now we have concrete video evidence; let's see how Hope Williams can turn the tables. But..."

Having suffered many losses at the hands of Hope Williams, Vivia Fuller was still a bit worried, "Did you make all the arrangements? Don't underestimate that woman Hope Williams; she's not easy to deal with."

"Don't worry, as long as you do as I told you, she won't be able to turn things around."

"That's true, this time the videos are all real; she won't be able to stir up any trouble."

Thinking of this, Vivia Fuller's mood improved even more, continuously scrolling through the comments, her lips involuntarily curling into a smirk, "Remember to arrange for more reporters."

"Everything has been arranged. Get ready; I will arrange your discharge."

"Isn't it supposed to be tomorrow?"

“Today will have a better effect,” Henry Fuller said with a smirk.

Of course, Vivia Fuller was willing, as long as it made Hope Williams’s life difficult, she was willing to do anything, not to mention being discharged.

“Did you remember everything I told you yesterday?”

“Don’t worry, I remembered it all; there won’t be any mistakes.”

Henry Fuller nodded in satisfaction.

Waylon Lewis arrived at the hospital quickly to pick up Hope Williams, his gaze tightly focused on her, “What happened just now?”

“Someone disguised as a patient attacked me. It should be Vivia Fuller’s person, just to cause a big scene in the hospital. But don’t worry, Xiao Shi and the others appeared in time, I’m fine, and the person has been taken away by the police.”

Waylon Lewis breathed a sigh of relief, “I’m glad you’re alright.”

“It’s chaotic now; I’ll take you home first.”

Hope Williams nodded, “Okay.”

Thomas Hughes hurried over, “Boss, there are a lot of reporters camping out at the main entrance, let’s leave through the back door.”

“Okay.”

Waylon Lewis was taking Hope Williams into the elevator.

Vivia Fuller happened to be walking to the entrance. The reporters, who were originally blocked by security, spotted Vivia Fuller and undoubtedly erupted into chaos.

Henry Fuller had Delilah Fuller accompany Vivia Fuller out but did not arrange for a bodyguard, letting the reporters swarm with their equipment.

In front of the cameras, Vivia Fuller naturally feigned ignorance and panic, her pale face filled with terror, her eyes vacant and darting aimlessly around their sockets.

“Could you tell us if what is said online about Miss Fuller is true?”

“What’s the situation with Miss Fuller now?”

“May I ask why Miss Fuller was discharged early? Is it because Young Madam Lewis has been continuously oppressing her?”

Vivia Fuller kept shrinking back when questioned, looking immensely scared.

Delilah Fuller was sobbing softly at the side, "Vivia is in such bad shape now, please stop asking her."

Her words, of course, did nothing to stop the reporters, who kept asking questions frantically, and the cameras captured Vivia Fuller's current state.

Seeing that they couldn't get anything from Vivia Fuller's state, the reporters turned their microphones towards Delilah Fuller.

"Ms. Delilah Fuller, could you tell us what's happening? Is the video online real?"

"The videos online are real."

"So, you're saying that Miss Fuller saved the Lewis family's young master and young miss, only to be oppressed and retaliated against by Young Madam Lewis. Even in one video, it showed Young Madam Lewis coaxing Miss Fuller to jump from a building. Are all these true?"

Delilah nodded, "Yes, they're true."

"My god, that's just despicable. I see Miss Fuller's injuries haven't healed yet. Why was she discharged so hurriedly?"

Delilah Fuller pursed her lips, "We had no choice. We are powerless now. It's effortless for certain people to trouble us, and it really became unbearable to stay."

This "certain people" unmistakably referred to Hope Williams, who worked in this hospital and was the Young Madam Lewis, using the power of the Lewis family and the hospital to easily bully the current Vivia Fuller.

Delilah Fuller continued crying as she supported Vivia Fuller, "Vivia's health really can't withstand much more. Please leave her be..."

With great effort, Delilah Fuller helped Vivia Fuller forward a few steps, when suddenly, as if tripped by something, Vivia Fuller, who was being supported by Delilah, fell to the ground.

Because of the clothes being pulled, a section of Vivia Fuller's forearm was exposed, showing shocking scars.

Delilah Fuller quickly helped Vivia Fuller up. Vivia's face was streaked with tears, and apparently in pain from the fall, she kept rubbing her arm.

People around couldn't help but cover their mouths, "Oh my god, how did this happen?"

“That’s awful. Those clearly look like injuries from a beating.”

“Who could have been so fierce? It’s almost like they wanted to take her life. Ms. Fuller, Miss Fuller, who did this to you?”

Delilah Fuller bit her lower lip, looking at the camera as if under some pressure, hesitated for a moment, and then lowered her head, not daring to say anything.

Her silence gave everyone an opportunity to speculate and make a big story out of it.

“Naturally,” this person fell on Hope Williams’ head.

Delilah Fuller supported Vivia Fuller step by step forward, looking as down and out and pitiful as possible.

The reporters couldn’t stand watching this, and they started indignantly accusing Hope Williams of being heartless and cruel, repaying kindness with ingratitude.

Even more so, some directly said that Vivia Fuller and Hope Williams were like the farmer and the snake.

From an angle that no one else could see, Vivia Fuller slowly curled her lips upward, showing a triumphant smile.

After being surrounded and questioned for a long time, showing the utmost portrayal of pity, Henry Fuller finally ordered someone to drive to pick them up.

Chapter 414: Chapter 414: Screwed Over Completely Chapter 414: Chapter 414: Screwed Over Completely Once in the car, Vivia Fuller completely ripped off her mask, showing no hint of the pitiful demeanor she displayed earlier. Her lips kept curving upwards, radiating triumph.

Hope Williams, let’s see what you can do now.

As soon as Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams returned home, the interview video of Vivia Fuller had gone viral online.

Hope Williams watched the entire video on her tablet and scrolled through the comments underneath. Almost everyone sympathized with Vivia Fuller, while she was branded as the ungrateful villain, the worst kind of person. Every disgusting word was flung at her.

[This is just too much. What kind of grudge could justify this? Miss Fuller turned from a normal person into an imbecile just trying to save her child. And she gets beaten up like

this? This person is not just ungrateful but downright violent.]

[No matter what feud there was before, it should be settled by now, shouldn't it? The Fuller Clan was almost bankrupted by the Lewis Clan, and the main culprit, Old Master Fuller, has already been jailed. Miss Fuller has paid the price, and to beat her like this is just unacceptable.]

[If it wasn't for Miss Fuller, the two Lewis children might not even be alive right now. As their mother, why doesn't Hope Williams show any gratitude towards Miss Fuller, instead biting the hand that fed her? This is beyond excessive, it's monstrously heartless.]

[Can't the Lewis Family control this woman, letting her use their power to do whatever she pleases?]

[The Lewis Family must be a bunch of ungrateful villains themselves; otherwise, they wouldn't condone Hope's behavior. It's such a shame considering the Fullers and the Lewises used to be close.]

The comments online grew increasingly vitriolic. Hope Williams knitted her brows in frustration.

Furthermore, the video of the disruption at the hospital was also uploaded online, where people even praised the actions of the disruptor, claiming it was an act of punishing the wicked and promoting the good.

Hope Williams was part of the Lewis Family, and the keyboard warriors online pinned the incident on the Lewis Family, saying that it couldn't have happened without their tacit consent, allowing her the audacity to mistreat Vivia Fuller with impunity.

Vivia Fuller had risked her life to protect the Lewis children, and yet the Lewis Family was being accused of enabling Hope Williams to abuse Vivia Fuller at will.

The Fuller trio's performance pushed both the Fuller and Lewis families into the eye of a storm of ingratitude.

As for the injuries on Vivia Fuller's arm, they were indeed fresh. To frame her, she had really gone to the extreme against herself.

Waylon Lewis caught a glimpse of the comments on the tablet in her hand, and his brows furrowed tightly.

"Forget about it, you stay home, I'll handle this."

Waylon Lewis took the tablet from her hands.

"Wait."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Can you check what the disruptor at the hospital said after being taken to the police station?"

Waylon Lewis glanced sidelong at Thomas Hughes.

“Yes.” Thomas Hughes immediately began investigating.

Soon they had an update. Thomas Hughes reported, “The man insisted that he acted out of anger after seeing the incident online, that it was a spontaneous outburst, unrelated to anyone else, and had nothing to do with the Fuller Family.”

“The Fuller Family must have paid him off. He won’t say anything while inside. This kind of behavior is generally classified as stirring up trouble, he won’t be detained for long, and he’ll be released as soon as he pays compensation.”

Waylon Lewis remained silent for a while, “...You’re right, since we can’t get anything from him, let’s get him out of the police station.”

Hope Williams’ fingers curled, touching her chin, “Just as I thought, instead of having him stay silent inside, we might as well get him out and find a way to make him talk ourselves. But he’s just an opening.”

The videos posted online were edited to point all blame at Hope Williams, so finding the original footage is crucial.

And then there’s Vivia Fuller, who garnered much sympathy for becoming an “imbecile” after saving Luke and Willow. The only way to win this battle is to let everyone know she’s faking insanity.

Hope Williams leaned back on the sofa while her nearby phone kept buzzing non-stop.

Waylon Lewis’ phone was the same. He picked up his phone, his brows knotted in annoyance, then walked away to answer the call.

Christopher Lewis’ incensed voice came through, “Waylon Lewis, bring that trouble-making woman back here immediately.”

Waylon Lewis held the phone away from his ear, visibly irritated.

His voice was loud enough that, even though Waylon Lewis had intentionally moved away, Hope Williams could barely make out what was being said.

Hope Williams pursed her lips and did not react, instead typing replies on her phone.

Many colleagues were messaging her about the incident, and Hope Williams ran her fingers through her hair as she responded to each one.

Liam Cloud had sent a message an hour earlier: 6! You’ve been smeared with lies again!

This guy...

Hope Williams tugged at her lip corner, then continued scrolling through the messages.

At that moment, Aria Richardson's call came in, and Hope Williams immediately answered, "Hello, Aria..."

Before she could finish speaking, an anxious voice from the other end asked, "Hope, where are you? I went to the hospital to find you, but you weren't there. I saw the video online, are you okay? Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine, don't worry. I'm back home now, you don't need to be concerned."

"Alright, I'll come over to find you."

"No need..." But before she could finish, the call had already been disconnected.

Waylon Lewis hung up the call from Christopher Lewis and tossed his phone onto the table.

Seeing his troubled expression, Hope Williams asked, "Did your dad ask us to go back to the old house to discuss how to deal with this?"

"He wants you to publicly apologize to Vivia Fuller."

It wasn't a discussion, it was an order!

No wonder Waylon Lewis looked upset.

Hope Williams slightly lowered her eyes; apologizing was out of the question, as it would equate to admitting all the accusations.

Waylon Lewis reached out to wrap his arm around Hope Williams' waist, soothingly saying, "Don't listen to him, just act as if he's lost his mind. You haven't done anything wrong, there's no need to apologize."

Chapter 415: Chapter 415: The Fuller Family Must Disappear from Emperor Capital  
Chapter 415: Chapter 415: The Fuller Family Must Disappear from Emperor Capital  
Hope Williams raised her gaze upon hearing this, a slight smile on her lips as she said, "It's nothing, this isn't enough to affect me."

Waylon Lewis patted Hope Williams's head.

Half an hour later, as the two were talking, Wyatt Lewis rushed in from outside, followed by Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel Williams had a pained expression on her face, while Christopher Lewis glared at Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis's face turned dark in an instant, "What are you doing here?"

"If you won't come back, I'll have to come find you myself," Christopher Lewis huffed heavily.

Waylon Lewis glanced at Wyatt Lewis, who lifted his hand with a serious expression, "I ran into them at the door; I didn't bring him."

Waylon Lewis withdrew his gaze and Hope Williams, with an indifferent expression, stood up from the sofa, her eyes fearlessly meeting Christopher Lewis's angry stare.

"What can you do besides causing trouble? Why do you have to target Vivia Fuller?"

"Why do you always have to target me?" Hope Williams retorted coldly, "From the beginning, you've been biased against me, always assuming I'm wrong regardless of the situation, not just this instance. You disapprove of me, and everything I do seems to be a mistake to you."

"Do you think you have reason on your side?"

Hope Williams stood motionless, looking at Christopher Lewis who was fuming with anger.

"Isn't this situation caused by you? If you were a bit more tolerant towards Vivia Fuller and stepped back a bit, how could such an incident have happened?"

"Step back? Do you think stepping back is useful? Stepping back will only make her more aggressive. Retreating is not a word in my dictionary."

Hope Williams's gaze was icy, "If you came here to make me apologize to her, beg for forgiveness, and settle this matter, then please leave, because an apology will not happen."

Christopher Lewis was so angry that he puffed out his cheeks and glared, "Then you tell me, what other way do you have to turn the situation around? You're still stubbornly arguing here, have you not seen the situation online? This is no longer just about you; it involves the entire Lewis Family."

"Bang."

Waylon Lewis kicked the coffee table in front of him.

Silence fell instantly.

“Have you said enough?” Waylon Lewis asked coldly, his gaze freezing Christopher Lewis, “Do you like the Fuller Family that much? Well, let me tell you, the Fuller Family will completely disappear from Emperor Capital this time. Just wait and see.”

“Mommy, Daddy, what are you doing?”

Luke and Willow were standing on the staircase, their eyes filled with panic, looking down at Hope Williams and the others.

They had heard the commotion from upstairs and came down to this scene.

Hope Williams quickly went over to embrace the two little ones, afraid that they would be frightened, and softly comforted them, “It’s nothing. We adults are discussing business. Luke, Willow, can you go upstairs and play for a bit?”

Luke and Willow glanced back and forth between the adults, finally nodding, “Okay, then Mommy, Daddy, Grandpa, Grandma, and Uncle, please don’t argue, okay?”

Hope Williams nodded, “Alright, we won’t argue. Go on up, kids.”

Luke and Willow obediently went back upstairs.

Christopher Lewis, frustrated, stared at Waylon Lewis for a few seconds, opened his mouth as if to speak but then said nothing, huffing heavily and leaving with large strides.

Wyatt Lewis’s face also looked troubled, “Sister-in-law, don’t mind him, don’t listen to him. Ever since this issue came out, his solution has been for you to apologize. He’s even managed to get the old man sick from anger.”

Hope Williams frowned, her first reaction was whether the old master’s heart disease might have recurred, “How is grandpa?”

“He’s fine, sister-in-law, don’t be agitated. There’s a doctor with grandpa, it’s nothing serious.”

Hearing Wyatt Lewis say this, Hope Williams was still worried, “I should go check on grandpa.”

Wyatt Lewis quickly stopped her, “Don’t, sister-in-law. When I was coming here, I saw reporters lurking outside. Although we’ve chased them away, there might still be others. It’s better for you to stay inside for now. Think about resolving this issue first, grandpa is alright.”

Waylon Lewis also calmed down, holding Hope Williams's hand, "Stay calm for now, the priority is to resolve this issue first. The old master will be fine."

Hope Williams calmed down a bit and sat back on the sofa, touching her forehead.

Aria Richardson soon arrived as well, rushing in and fully relieved only when she saw that Hope Williams was alright.

"Hope, what on earth is going on? What crazy stunt is Vivia Fuller pulling this time? She's accusing you of beating and abusing her; does she have delusions of persecution? How did she even come up with this!" Aria Richardson could hardly believe that this woman could be so self-destructive.

Having already caused so much trouble for the Fuller Family, it still wasn't enough for her; she wanted to continue playing a dangerous game.

On the other side, Thomas Hughes had already taken out the person who caused the ruckus at the hospital from the police station and immediately called Waylon Lewis to report, "Boss, the guy has been released. It wasn't good to take action right in front of the police station, but I had someone follow him and managed to find his home address. This guy wanted to run as soon as he got out, but luckily we were prepared. We've already got him under control, yet he insists on denying any manipulation."

Waylon Lewis's brows moved slightly, his voice frigid, "Come up with every possible means to get his confession."

"Yes."

Hope Williams asked, "How is it going?"

"He won't talk."

Hope Williams clenched her teeth, "Take me there."

"You're going?"

"I have a way to make him talk," said Hope Williams calmly.

Waylon Lewis hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

The person who made a scene at the hospital was named Jaxon Bailey, a gambler who had wracked up a significant debt. He lived on the outskirts of the city, and it took some time to get there.

Thomas Hughes and his men had already tied him up.

Waylon Lewis entered the room with Hope Williams, and upon entering, they were met with a strong, pungent odor—a mix of various decaying, moldy, and damp smells.

“I’ve already said all that I should, what else do you want from me? It was just me who couldn’t stand that woman. I acted alone, with no one directing me. Just let me go...”

Jaxon Bailey was tied to a chair, his chin raised arrogantly, and his mouth curled as he defiantly called himself ‘old man’.

Thomas Hughes signaled, and the bodyguards behind him raised a wooden stick and struck Jaxon Bailey’s abdomen fiercely.

Jaxon Bailey grunted a few times, clenching his teeth.

Hope Williams approached, “Stop hitting him.”

Seeing Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams arrive, Thomas Hughes quickly stepped forward, “Boss, ma’am, what brings you here?”

“Assistant Hughes, he’s pretty tough, eh?”

“Yes, but he won’t be able to hold out for long. He’ll talk eventually.”

“It’s too slow; I don’t have time to wait him out,” Hope Williams said as she withdrew her hand from Waylon Lewis’s and stepped in front of Jaxon Bailey.

Jaxon Bailey’s murky eyes glared straight at Hope Williams, coughing violently before curling his lips with disdain, his gaze boldly sweeping over her, “Heh, what do you want to do?”

Hope Williams placed a recorder on the table and asked bluntly, “Was it Vivia Fuller who hired you? Or was it Henry Fuller?”