

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

- Chapter 416 – 430

Chapter 416 Chapter 416 Hidden Depths

Chapter 416: Chapter 416: Hidden Depths Chapter 416: Chapter 416: Hidden Depths
Jaxon Bailey squinted, repeating the same statement, “No one directed me; I simply couldn’t stand you and wanted you dead myself.”

“Oh.” Hope Williams nodded, a sneering chuckle escaping her crimson lips, then she turned and pulled a gun from the bodyguard’s waistband, firing at Jaxon Bailey’s leg.

“Ah!”

Jaxon Bailey instantly screamed like a slaughtered pig, his face dripping with sweat.

Hope Williams kept the gun aimed at his head, her voice as indifferent as before, “Speak.”

Gasping heavily, Jaxon Bailey panted, “I’ll talk, I’ll talk, just don’t get agitated, I’ll talk.”

“It was... someone directed me, someone paid me three hundred thousand to go to the hospital and find a woman named Hope Williams, told me to smash up your office and make a big scene out of it, preferably one that everyone would know about.”

Jaxon Bailey took a deep breath, gritting his teeth to continue, “But, but... that’s all I know, I really don’t know anything else, I don’t even know who actually sent me the three hundred thousand, the money was all in an account, he said he’d send me away and give me another three hundred thousand once it’s done... I’ve told you everything, take all the money, I don’t want it anymore, please don’t kill me...”

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow and looked at Thomas Hughes, “Take note of that, check the account and IP address that sent him the money.”

Thomas Hughes was still tensed up, not having recovered from the shock of what had just happened.

Madam was way too cool, especially with that quick and fierce gun drawing action earlier.

She’s really more than meets the eye.

And she can actually use a gun.

This thought made Thomas Hughes glance secretly at his boss, whose face was tense, wanting to ask if he knew about this.

Seeing Thomas Hughes dazed, Hope Williams raised her voice slightly, "Assistant Hughes?"

"Ah? Yes, yes! I'll check right away."

"Hmm." Hope Williams satisfiedly put away the recording pen, and handed the handgun back to the bodyguard.

Looking down coldly at the man before her, "Thank you for your cooperation, keep the money for yourself."

Suffering a bit and getting six hundred thousand, he would feel like he made a profit.

So, without being harsh, he wouldn't have spoken up.

Jaxon Bailey trembled as he watched Hope Williams.

This woman is simply a devil, he thought, as if she was after his life, and if he didn't speak, his life would be over.

Hope Williams turned and walked back to Waylon Lewis, her expression transforming back to the gentle and quiet demeanor she had before, as if she wasn't the cold-blooded person just moments ago.

"Let's go."

Waylon Lewis also did not expect Hope Williams to handle the situation in such a straightforward and brutal way; he slightly hooked his lips and walked back to the car with her.

"You can use a gun?" Waylon Lewis was somewhat surprised.

"Mmm, a little bit." Hope Williams casually wiped her hands with some tissue.

"That wasn't 'a little bit.' Did Liam Cloud teach you?"

Hope Williams's eyes drifted towards Waylon Lewis, discreetly observing his expression, and she nodded noncommittally, "Mhm."

Waylon Lewis leaned back slightly, a mist seeming to cloud his eyes, making it hard to read his emotions.

"Are you upset?" Hope Williams blinked at him.

“Why do you think I’m upset?”

“Uh... because you’re not talking.”

Waylon Lewis was silent for a moment, then sighed and pulled Hope Williams into his arms, “I just didn’t expect my wife to be so impressive.”

“So...”

Waylon paused briefly, chuckling lightly, “So I was caught off guard.”

Hope Williams’s expression gradually relaxed.

When the couple returned home, Wyatt and Aria Richardson hadn’t left yet; they were keeping Luke and Willow company.

Seeing them return, they immediately approached, “How did it go? Did you get the confession?”

Hope Williams nodded, “We got it.”

Aria Richardson, “That’s great! Does this mean you can prove that Vivia Fuller was slandering you?”

“It’s not enough yet. This is just a small part, it plays a crucial role, but it’s not enough to clear my name,” Hope Williams gripped the recording pen tightly.

“Ah—what do we do then? The issue is getting more severe online,” Aria Richardson voiced her concern.

Hope Williams patted Aria Richardson’s shoulder, “Don’t worry, I have a plan.”

Thomas Hughes sent the bank account information he had just found to Hope Williams; the account was anonymous, but the IP address was from the Fuller Family.

Seeing the information she had obtained, Hope Williams slightly curled her lips, “This is enough.”

Hope Williams then went upstairs to retrieve her laptop, sending the obtained confession evidence to Vivia Fuller with a simple and clear additional message—20 million before nightfall.

Aria Richardson couldn’t understand Hope Williams’s move, “Did you send this confession to the Fuller family?”

“To be precise, to Vivia Fuller.”

“Why?”

“Just wait and see,” Hope Williams watched the screen, then looked at Luke beside her, “Luke, can you help Mommy with something in a bit?”

“Mommy, what do you need Luke’s help with?”

...

At that moment, Vivia Fuller, previously immersed in the joy of impending victory, suddenly received a message.

Vivia Fuller opened it, her hands gripping her phone tightly, her face drastically changing.

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Chapter 417: Chapter 417: Obtaining the Evidence Chapter 417: Chapter 417: Obtaining the Evidence Vivia Fuller stared at the screen with wide eyes, her mind a tangled mess in an instant.

Who is this? Who is the person?

She received an anonymous email.

Her hand clutching the phone turned pale, and after calming down for a while, she gritted her teeth, her whole body trembling.

Besides Hope Williams, she couldn’t think of anyone else.

Has this bitch gone mad? Thinking she could threaten her with this and demand twenty million.

Vivia Fuller hurriedly dialed Hope Williams’ number.

Hope Williams sat quietly on the sofa, her eyes falling on the ringing phone, and let out a light sneer.

Here it comes.

Hope Williams answered the call and put it on speakerphone.

“Hope Williams, is it you?” Vivia Fuller’s voice roared out.

Her voice trembled slightly, clearly due to her furious impatience.

“What do you mean, is it me?” Hope Williams asked calmly.

“Did you send the email? What does that recording mean? Twenty million, have you lost your mind over money? This is extortion, I could sue you.”

“What twenty million? What extortion? Miss Fuller, why the rush?”

Hope Williams spoke soothingly, without a hint of impatience.

Vivia Fuller snorted coldly on the other end, “Don’t deny it, I’m going to sue you for extortion, just you wait.”

“Miss Fuller, I honestly don’t know what you’re talking about. Calm down and let’s talk properly.”

Hope Williams’ voice, tinged with a trace of amusement, irritated Vivia in her ears.

She lost to Hope Williams too many times before and had developed a certain fear.

She always felt that Hope Williams was plotting against her.

It was an unsettling feeling.

So, when she was already tense and eager for victory, that message from Hope Williams made her explode; relentless fear prevented her from calming down and thinking carefully.

Vivia Fuller continued to rage, “Do you think you can turn defeat into victory just with Jaxon Bailey’s testimony? Dream on. If you’re so capable, then make it public. What does it matter that we hired Jaxon Bailey? Aren’t you usually smart, Hope Williams? How come you’re so foolish now? You’ve already lost, Hope Williams.”

Hope Williams let out a cold laugh, “What extortion? What Jaxon Bailey? Miss Fuller, what are you talking about? I don’t understand and oh, Jaxon Bailey is hired by you guys? I didn’t know that, but thank you for informing me.”

“You’re still pretending? Don’t think I don’t know it’s you.”

“Don’t wrongfully accuse someone, Miss Fuller.” Hope Williams looked at the voice recorder she toyed with in her hand, the corners of her mouth slowly curling up.

“Wait and see, Hope Williams. I’m waiting for you to fall from grace, and the Lewis Family won’t be spared either.”

Vivia Fuller viciously warned her, then hung up the call.

Hope Williams chuckled, turned to Luke, "We're good to go."

Luke's eyes twinkled, and his fingers moved swiftly over the computer, retracting the email sent to Vivia Fuller and erased all traces of it from her side.

Luke, "All set."

"Luke is amazing."

If Vivia Fuller wanted to destroy her, she wouldn't be courteous.

Want to play, want to make a scene, she was ready to the end.

Hope Williams put away the recorder, the corners of her lips subtly lifted, "It's done."

This recording was enough to prove that Vivia Fuller's madness was feigned; she was perfectly lucid.

"So sister-in-law, you went through all this trouble to get this testimony just to trick Vivia Fuller?" Wyatt Lewis had the utmost admiration for this woman's mind.

"Exactly, she wants to beat me so badly, she's like a frightened bird at the slightest rustle. When people are anxious and scared, they're most likely to lose their minds."

So it was, Hope Williams employed some mind games to defeat Vivia Fuller out of sheer panic.

But there was still Henry Fuller by her side.

Things that Vivia Fuller couldn't detect, Henry Fuller could, and the matter wasn't so easily settled.

Meanwhile, at the Fuller Family's place.

Vivia Fuller furiously slammed the teacup from the table to the ground, her chest heaving violently with anger.

With a crash, Henry Fuller, who had just reached the door, saw a glass shatter before him.

Henry narrowed his eyes, took a glance at Vivia Fuller trembling on the ground, and walked in with displeasure in his eyes.

"What are you freaking out about? Other than breaking things, what else can you do? What happened?"

He had come over after hearing Vivia Fuller's tirade in the room.

Vivia, her arms around her knees, looked at Henry with red eyes, "Somebody just sent me a testimony from Jaxon Bailey. They've traced the IP address from the money transfer to Jaxon Bailey back to the Fuller Family, and they're threatening me for twenty million, or they'll expose everything. It must be Hope Williams, I'm sure of it."

Henry's sharp gaze narrowed, "Let me see it."

Vivia Fuller hurriedly searched for the email, but couldn't find any trace of that particular message on her phone no matter how hard she looked.

"What's going on? How can it be gone! That's impossible, absolutely impossible, I saw it." Vivia panicked, swiping the screen frantically, muttering, "Impossible, impossible."

Seeing her certainty, Henry had a bad feeling, "What did you do after you saw this message?"

"I..." Vivia's pupils darted around, "I... I called Hope Williams, I... I told her to give up, she can't beat me..."

"Idiot." Henry, in a rage, threw the phone directly at Vivia's forehead, then grabbed her by the collar.

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Chapter 418: Chapter 418 Let Vivia Fuller Return to Normal Chapter 418: Chapter 418 Let Vivia Fuller Return to Normal "You fool, I told you not to act rashly, I told you not to act rashly, and yet you actually called her. Do you know what this means? Hope Williams might have recorded it, and this call will become her evidence."

"Based solely on Jaxon Bailey's statement, it wouldn't have any effect on the abuse accusation against you; even if she gets it, it won't clear her name. But your call exposed that you are not a fool, and if she recorded it, this would become the most direct evidence, Vivia Fuller you are truly a fool."

Henry Fuller, unable to contain his anger, wished he could strangle Vivia to death.

A guaranteed victory was ruined by this fool.

How could someone be so foolish.

"You deserve to lose to Hope Williams," Henry Fuller gritted his teeth.

In a burst of rage, he threw the panic-stricken Vivia out, and she fell to the ground.

Blood meandered down her forehead along her cheek, and it took her a while to come to her senses.

She was played by Hope Williams again.

It was intentional.

She deliberately entrapped her.

Vivia thought Hope Williams was using Jaxon Bailey's statement to threaten her, but she was wrong; Hope's true intention was to expose her feigned ignorance through this phone call.

Vivia's face was a picture of panic, collapsed on the floor unable to find her bearings, "What do I do? What should I do? What can I do?"

Henry Fuller's face was dark and grim.

Vivia crawled frantically to Henry's feet, "You've got to think of something, quickly think of something. I must beat Hope Williams this time."

Henry Fuller clenched his jaw, fixing his gaze on Vivia for a few seconds before, the next second, he grabbed her and dragged her out.

Vivia in utter panic, "What are you doing? You...ah..."

Before she could resist, Henry Fuller pushed her down the stairs.

"Ah! Henry Fuller what are you doing?" Delilah Fuller, who was going upstairs, saw Vivia rolling down towards her and looked up in horror at her son standing on the stairs.

"Henry Fuller, you're insane!"

"Take her to the hospital, let the hospital issue a recovery certificate once she wakes up, and report to the media that Vivia Fuller regained her intelligence by accident due to a fall down the stairs."

Delilah, not understanding, looked at her son, "Why? She gained sympathy by becoming a 'simpleton,' why let her return to normal, and this..."

Delilah looked down at Vivia, "This reason is far-fetched, recovering overnight is hardly convincing."

"What else can we do? This fool got caught by Hope Williams with evidence that she isn't a simpleton, we're finished if we don't do this, she has to return to normal before Hope publishes the recordings."

Delilah hesitated, still looking somewhat compassionately at the person before her, almost like a lump of mud.

“Quick, take her to the hospital, it won’t be good if she dies,” Henry thundered.

Delilah hurriedly called the servants to carry Vivia to the hospital, and arranged for reporters to interview her once she woke up.

Waylon Lewis had people around the Fuller Family gathering information, they reported back, “Boss, Vivia Fuller has been taken to the hospital.”

Waylon Lewis wasn’t very surprised, it seemed expected.

Neither was Hope Williams surprised, knowing that Vivia was caught by her, Henry would certainly act.

“If I’m not mistaken, Henry will soon announce to the public that Vivia Fuller hit her head and by some fluke recovered,” Hope Williams shook her head scoffingly, “That’s ruthless.”

This move would make the recording Hope has ineffective.

Therefore, obtaining the original three videos remains a top priority.

But this recording is not entirely useless.

“We can announce to the public that we’ll have a press conference in three days,” Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis nodded, “Alright, I’ll arrange it.”

“Not... brother-in-law, we haven’t secured a win yet, why hold a press conference?”

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “The calmer we are, the more they will panic.”

Wyatt and Aria Richardson exchanged a glance, both with a confused look, feeling sympathy for each other.

In this clash of masters, they felt like their brains weren’t functioning.

And with the matter blown out of proportion, these two really aren’t anxious, as if everything is under control.

Hope Williams glanced at the clock on the wall, then looked at Aria, “If I remember correctly, don’t you have a blind date today?”

At this subject, Wyatt's gaze involuntarily drifted towards Aria, his expression darkening slightly.

Aria waved her hand, "After seeing what's happening online, how can I be in the mood for a blind date? I postponed it, let's talk about it tomorrow."

"Your aunt agreed to you not going?"

"I told her I was accompanying you, and my mom agreed without a second word."

Hope Williams gently pursed her lips, "Alright, but I've got nothing else here, don't worry, it can be solved."

"Don't look at those comments online, they clearly don't know anything, each one's more poisonous than the last, it's annoying to see."

Hope Williams gave a gentle smile, "Okay, I know, it's late, you should head back first, send my regards to your aunt, tell her not to worry."

"Okay, I'll head off then, call me if you need anything."

"Alright."

Wyatt didn't linger and followed Aria out one after the other.

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Chapter 419: Chapter 419: Return to Normal Chapter 419: Chapter 419: Return to Normal The next day, Hope Williams went to the hospital for work as usual.

Seeing Hope there, everyone looked stunned, unable to believe that she would come to work at the hospital at such a time.

With all the uproar online and people causing disturbances in the hospital yesterday, shouldn't Hope deal with her issues with Vivia Fuller first? How could she still be in the mood to work?

Hope noticed the stares from around her, and as usual, she proceeded calmly.

She encountered a doctor from the same department who approached her and asked, "Director, why are you still coming to work?"

Hope smiled lightly, "Why not? I don't believe I have been fired yet."

"It's not that, but the issue online is causing quite a stir. Aren't you going to avoid the situation for now?"

"There's nothing to avoid if I am innocent; moreover, it's not worth delaying my patients' conditions over this trivial matter," Hope replied in a relaxed tone, her voice showing no signs of being affected by the situation.

Watching Hope walk away, several people couldn't help but gather together and whisper, "Director Williams really isn't ordinary. If it were me facing this kind of situation, I would be panicked to death, but she seems unaffected."

"As the Director said, 'the innocent need not hide.' This must all be a drama concocted by that woman, the Director doesn't even bother with her."

"It's always the same, isn't it? Whenever there's trouble, it's this Miss Fuller causing trouble again. It must be the same this time."

"But don't say that, something about this time seems different. Director Williams hasn't made any clarifications so far, and it's true that Miss Fuller saved Young Madam Lewis's children. Could there be a possibility it's real?"

"Ah, it's hard to say, but I still want to believe in Director Williams. She's so gentle and kind, and visibly fragile, needing protection. She couldn't possibly do anything cruel."

"Let's hope so, although the Lewis Family has already announced a press conference three days from now. This matter should be resolved then."

"Let's just wait and see."

...

In Vivia Fuller's hospital room.

Vivia Fuller lay on the hospital bed, her head wrapped in thick gauze, her face pale and weak, a visage of sickness. Vivia had suffered numerous injuries these days, yet her resilience in holding up is quite extraordinary.

However, her pale face made her look even more pitiful and frail.

A group of reporters with equipment surrounded her, eager to interview her.

"Miss Fuller, have you recovered normally now?"

Vivia shifted her position slightly and looked fearfully towards Henry Fuller, who was staring at her intently from the back.

Henry's gaze was full of warning.

Vivia averted her gaze fearfully.

“Miss Fuller?”

Vivia pursed her dry, pale lips, “I don’t know what happened to me earlier, but according to my family, I started having issues with my mind after I fell down the stairs trying to save someone. Luckily, by some twist of fate, I accidentally fell down the stairs last night, and when I woke up, I felt quite normal.”

Vivia’s voice was soft and weak. She was forcefully awakened, and now her mind still felt dizzy, her body felt like it was crushed by wheels, and all sore.

The reporters were dubious about what Vivia mentioned, doubting that a fall could correct a mental issue; it seemed too... odd.

But since she claimed so and the doctors confirmed she was normal, it probably wasn’t fraudulent.

Despite having doubts, they couldn’t pinpoint any fault.

The reporters didn’t know what to say.

“So, Miss Fuller, what is your attitude now towards what Young Madam Lewis, Hope Williams, has done to you?”

Tears fell from Vivia’s eyes, “I don’t know what all took place when I wasn’t in my right mind. I desperately saved her children, yet she treated me like this. I’m truly disheartened, so I will not forgive the things she has done to me.”

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Chapter 420: Chapter 420: It Shouldn’t Be Me Who’s Afraid Chapter 420: Chapter 420: It Shouldn’t Be Me Who’s Afraid Vivia Fuller was in tears, making her already pale face look all the more pitiful and frail.

The surrounding reporters couldn’t bear to watch and declared that they would make the facts public and seek justice for Vivia Fuller.

“Miss Fuller, the Lewis Family has announced a press conference in three days. What do you think is their intention at this time?”

Vivia Fuller’s eyes froze for a moment, clearly unaware of this matter. She looked nervously towards Henry Fuller, who was standing behind her.

Could it be that the Lewis Family is holding a press conference at this time because they have obtained some evidence that could turn defeat into victory?

Vivia Fuller's pupils darted restlessly.

"Miss Fuller, what's wrong with you?"

Seeing this, Henry Fuller stepped forward, gave Vivia Fuller a look, and then said to the reporters:

"We don't know what the Lewis Family is intending to do. This is a question you should ask them. But this matter is their fault, and the Lewis Family will certainly have to explain it to us."

Reporter: "If the Lewis Family has Young Madam Lewis publicly apologize to Miss Fuller, would Miss Fuller forgive her?"

Vivia Fuller calmed her mind and continued, "If she apologizes to me sincerely, I will forgive her, but that doesn't make up for the harm she has caused me."

Several reporters nodded in agreement.

To prevent any further complications, Henry Fuller let the reporters continue asking a few questions before interrupting, "I'm sorry, but my cousin is still very weak. We'll have to stop here for today."

Vivia Fuller also weakly nodded, "Yes, I'm not feeling well. That'll be all for today."

Although there were many questions left unanswered, seeing Vivia Fuller's pale face, no one had the heart to keep pressing her. After a few perfunctory words, they cooperatively left.

Henry Fuller sent a discreet signal to Delilah Fuller without changing his expression.

Delilah Fuller picked up her bag and walked forward smiling.

"Thank you all for your concern for Vivia. She has suffered a lot, and we hope that you can help get justice for her. Thank you for your hard work, this is a little something for you."

Delilah Fuller stuffed the prepared money into the hands of the reporters.

The reporters exchanged knowing glances, accepted the money with a gleam in their eyes, and energetically reassured that they would indeed seek justice for Vivia Fuller.

"Right, when I was coming up, I saw Young Madam Lewis. If there's anything you want to know, perhaps you could try interviewing her," Henry Fuller deliberately mentioned.

The reporters looked at each other, understanding the hint, and nodded.

After sending off the reporters, the hospital room quieted down, and Henry Fuller sat down calmly on the sofa under Vivia Fuller's resentful gaze.

Vivia Fuller glared at Henry Fuller.

Henry Fuller smiled coldly, "Why are you glaring at me? If it weren't for me, you would have already been drowned in spit by now."

Vivia Fuller sneered, "Then you should just push me down the stairs. What if I had died from the fall?"

"How could that be? You didn't die, did you?"

Vivia Fuller, still in pain all over, was helpless in her hatred towards Henry Fuller; she didn't even have the strength to glare at him.

"What does it mean for the Lewis Family to hold a press conference at this time? Could they have found some evidence already?"

Vivia Fuller was very worried about this; she didn't dare allow any further slip-ups.

"Don't continue to be foolish, they won't find any evidence," Henry Fuller said unceremoniously.

Vivia Fuller opened her mouth, rolled her eyes, and then shut up.

Henry Fuller glanced at her and walked out of the hospital room.

Hope Williams had just finished her rounds and was preparing to return to her office when she encountered a group of reporters at the corner.

"There's Young Madam Lewis, over there."

"Young Madam Lewis..."

"Hurry, it's Young Madam Lewis."

The reporters who had just come out of Vivia Fuller's room immediately surrounded Hope Williams.

Hope Williams frowned.

The men who had been following Hope Williams discreetly, led by Xiao Shi, immediately appeared and blocked the journalists rushing up with cameras.

Xiao Shi and his men tried their best to stop them, but there were many reporters, each as frenzied as if they'd been injected with adrenaline, preparing to take pictures and chase the story, their eyes blazing.

"Who are you? Stop blocking me."

"Young Madam Lewis, do you have anything to say in your defense regarding this matter?"

"Young Madam Lewis, is the Lewis Family holding a press conference to apologize or clarify?"

"Young Madam Lewis..."

Xiao Shi and his men were pushed back several steps.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Xiao Shi, let them through."

Hearing Hope Williams' words, Xiao Shi and the men hesitated for a moment.

Hope Williams stepped forward, and Xiao Shi and the others backed away, forming a protective barrier around her to prevent the journalists from bumping into her.

Hope Williams maintained a cold composure, "Ask your questions."

If she didn't say something today, these reporters wouldn't let the matter rest.

Hearing Hope Williams say this, the reporters became even more agitated, thrusting their microphones forward towards her.

Reporter: "Young Madam Lewis, do you acknowledge your mistake from the time the incident happened until now, and will you apologize to Miss Fuller at the press conference in three days?"

"I haven't done anything wrong, so I don't recognize any mistakes, and I won't be apologizing to her."

"But the evidence is right in front of us, aren't you afraid of being contradicted by what you're saying?" the reporter asked pointedly.

Hope Williams smiled thinly, "The person who should be afraid isn't me."

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Chapter 421: Chapter 421: Specially Came to See You Be the Laughingstock Chapter 421: Chapter 421: Specially Came to See You Be the Laughingstock “You mean you were falsely accused of this matter? So, you are saying you want to defend yourself, right?”

Hope Williams said indifferently, “I believe that anything I say now will hardly convince people. The press conference in three days will naturally give everyone an answer.”

“Does that mean you have evidence in your hands that proves your innocence?”

Hope Williams nodded calmly, unafraid of being found out, “Of course.”

She stood up straight, looked into the camera, and said with a cool and composed gaze, “I have evidence that proves things are not as they appear on the surface, so I welcome everyone to witness it at the press conference in three days.”

The reporters were live broadcasting, and seeing Hope Williams respond to their questions with such poise made Vivia Fuller panic again in her hospital bed.

The feeling of not knowing what evidence she had and having no clue about it was absolutely maddening.

What evidence did Hope Williams have that made her so composed?

This bitch Hope Williams, what evidence did she have?

Vivia Fuller clutched her head and screamed out of frustration, “Ah! Hope Williams!”

Suddenly, Vivia Fuller glanced at the fruit knife beside her, gripping the handle with murderous intent in her eyes.

She yanked out the IV drip from her hand, seemingly oblivious to pain, and rushed straight for the door.

Henry Fuller just happened to come through the doorway and saw the knife-wielding, fierce-looking Vivia Fuller.

Henry Fuller pushed her back into the room and forcefully shut the door.

“Don’t stop me, I want to kill Hope Williams, she must have gotten the evidence, she definitely got it, I’m going to lose again, I don’t want to lose, I want to kill her.” Vivia Fuller shouted frantically.

“What are you going crazy for? She’s doing this on purpose, she’s deliberately saying this to provoke you, Vivia Fuller, calm down.”

“Calm down? How can I calm down? You don’t know, you have no idea how difficult that woman Hope Williams is... I’ve lost to her too many times before, she wouldn’t dare say such things without evidence, she must have gotten it.”

Vivia Fuller rambled incoherently.

Henry Fuller furrowed his brows tightly, staring at Vivia Fuller, thinking she was out of her mind.

“I want to die with her, I want to go and die with her, my life is already ruined, I want to take her down with me.”

“Fine, go then, if you think you can take on the four bodyguards by her side, go and kill her, I’ll admit you’ve got guts,” Henry Fuller released Vivia Fuller and pointed angrily toward the door.

Vivia Fuller froze for a moment, trembling as she looked at the fruit knife in her hand, “I...”

“Go on then.” Henry Fuller shouted abruptly.

Vivia Fuller startled, the knife fell from her hand, and she stood rigid, daring not to move an inch.

Henry Fuller vented his frustration with a kick to a chair, “Stop causing me trouble, I’ve already destroyed the original video, Hope Williams won’t find any evidence, you’d better just stay in the hospital room and not foolishly jump into whatever pit she digs for you.”

“Do you hear me?”

Vivia Fuller shivered all over and nodded blankly.

Hope Williams returned home and immediately headed to Luke and Willow’s study, where Grace Gray had just finished teaching.

“Madam.” Grace Gray greeted Hope Williams respectfully.

Hope Williams composed herself and nodded, “Teacher Gray, thank you for your hard work.”

Grace Gray looked at Hope Williams, lips pursed into a harmless smile, “It wasn’t hard. If anyone’s had it tough, it’s you, Madam. Is there anything I can help with after such a major incident?”

Hope Williams smiled lightly, "Thanks, but I don't think there's much you could help with."

Grace Gray bit her lip, "If you and President Lewis are busy, I can take care of Luke and Willow for you."

The expression on Hope Williams' face remained unchanged, she said coldly, "Teacher Gray, just do your own job well, better not concern yourself with other matters."

With that, Hope Williams proceeded into the study.

Grace Gray looked back at Hope Williams, her eyes shifting from harmless to ice-cold, swiftly sending out a message on her phone.

Luke and Willow, seeing Hope Williams return, joyfully threw themselves into Hope Williams' embrace, "Mommy."

After encountering a heap of distressing matters these days, Hope Williams quickly held the two adorable kids to purify her mind.

"Mommy, I didn't complete the task you assigned to me," Luke murmured weakly, pushing his laptop towards Hope Williams.

"The videos you asked about, I couldn't find them after hacking into their computer."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "That means..."

"They must have been destroyed," Luke said with some disappointment.

Hope Williams tightened her lips and first comforted Luke's feelings, "It's okay, Luke has done very well already. Mommy will think of another way."

Henry Fuller was a very cautious man; he didn't leave loose ends when he did things.

Now that the original video was gone, it indeed posed a troublesome problem.

"What are you going to do next, Mommy?" Willow looked worriedly at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams touched Willow's little cheek, "It's okay, don't worry, there are always more solutions than difficulties."

Although it was tricky, it wasn't without a solution.

"Madam, there is a Mr. Cloud downstairs looking for you." The servant reported from the doorway with a knock.

Luke and Willow, "Uncle Cloud is here."

Mr. Cloud couldn't be anyone else but Liam Cloud.

Hope Williams walked downstairs, where the man leaned against the sofa, lounging with casual ease.

"Why are you here?"

Liam Cloud straightened up slightly, his brow arching, "Came to see you since you've been dragged through the mud. Just wanted to get a laugh."

Hope Williams took a deep breath and rolled her eyes speechlessly, "Talk properly."

Liam Cloud let out a low chuckle, tossing a USB drive in his hand, "Here's a little something for you, take it."

Hope Williams caught the USB drive thrown by Liam Cloud, puzzled, "What's this?"

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know via our discord so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 422: Chapter 422: Ditch Waylon Lewis and Follow Me Chapter 422: Chapter 422: Ditch Waylon Lewis and Follow Me Hope Williams took the USB drive thrown by Liam Cloud, puzzled, "What's this?"

"The video you were looking for."

A glint of brightness passed over Hope Williams' eyes. She immediately found a computer to plug in the USB drive. There were two videos inside. One showed Vivia Fuller about to jump off a building, and the other showed Vivia Fuller clinging to her in the hallway, and her helplessly pushing Vivia Fuller down. Both videos were unedited.

But these videos had clearly already been destroyed by Henry Fuller.

Hope Williams looked at Liam Cloud with surprise and delight, "How did you get these?"

Hope Williams had still been worrying about these videos, not expecting Liam Cloud to just bring them over.

Truly a godsend.

"Heh, just some videos. Have you forgotten what I do and if there's anything I can't get?"

Hope Williams curved her lips into a smile, clicking her tongue slightly, "Not bad, not bad, impressive."

Liam Cloud chuckled, "How about it, why don't you dump Waylon Lewis and hang out with me?"

"You're dreaming."

A low voice suddenly came from the doorway. The brief four words were enough to display the anger Waylon Lewis felt at the moment.

Liam Cloud's gaze turned toward the door and scoffed coldly, giving Waylon Lewis a provocative smile.

"You're back."

Hope Williams stood up and walked toward Waylon Lewis, naturally reaching out to hook his arm, smiling cheerfully.

But the man who usually only had eyes for her didn't look at her today, following his gaze, she saw the two men intensely staring at each other.

Hope Williams' delicate eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"Waylon Lewis?"

"Liam Cloud?"

They were so lost in each other's gaze...
They completely ignored her!

Their gazes clashed with sparks flying, inseparable!

"Cough cough." Hope Williams coughed lightly twice, slowly moving towards the sofa, only to be pulled back into his arms, his gaze still fixed on Liam Cloud, "Mine!"

Clearly, Waylon Lewis was infuriated by Liam Cloud's earlier comment 'Why don't you dump Waylon Lewis and hang out with me.'

Hope Williams gave an awkward smile, lightly patting the hand resting on Waylon Lewis' chest to soothe him, "Yours, yours, Liam Cloud was just joking."

"Even joking is not okay."

Hope Williams tugged at her lip.

Liam Cloud: "I wasn't joking either."

Hope Williams felt embarrassed.

Waylon Lewis' face darkened further.

Seeing their intense standoff, Hope Williams hurriedly tried to mediate, telling Waylon Lewis, "Liam Cloud is here to help us. He found the videos we couldn't; we should thank him."

Waylon Lewis remained silent.

Hope Williams pinched Waylon Lewis' waist, "Hurry."

Waylon Lewis looked at her faintly, Hope Williams nearly blinking her eyes off, full of pleading, asking him to save face.

Waylon Lewis kept a stern face, his gaze returning to Liam Cloud, for the sake of Hope Williams, he pressed his lips together and muttered coldly, "Thank you."

Hope Williams breathed a sigh of relief.

"Don't thank me; I didn't do it for you."

Good grief.

Hope Williams, "..."

Waylon Lewis' face looked extremely displeased.

"You're asking for a beating."

"Try me."

Hope Williams took a deep breath, these two clowns.

Waylon Lewis, with a dark face, stuffed a USB drive into Hope Williams' hand.

Another USB drive!

Hope Williams blinked her eyes, looking at Waylon Lewis, "What's this?"

"Vivia Fuller has recovered normally in the hospital. It was Henry Fuller who deliberately pushed her down the stairs to cover up the fact that she was never crazy. Here's the video."

Hope Williams' eyes shone, surprised as she took the USB stick to her laptop and plugged it in. The video played showing Henry Fuller arguing with Vivia Fuller and then pushing her down the stairs, including his conversation with Delilah Fuller.

These were enough proof that Vivia Fuller had always been faking being dull-witted.

But the angle was clearly from a hidden camera.

"How do you have this video?"

"If the Fuller Family can plant spies in the Lewis Family, I can do the same," Waylon Lewis said lightly.

Ever since discovering that so many Fuller Family spies had been planted in the Lewis Family, Waylon Lewis had been busy too, using their own tricks against them.

Hope Williams' lips curled up in a beautiful arc, "With this evidence, we're sure to win."

Everything was ready; Hope Williams felt much better.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, "What will you do next?"

"No rush, let them keep up their act; the bigger they make it, the worse the face-slapping will be," Hope Williams said with a smile.

"Thanks to your video, I'm in a good mood today, let's go out for dinner, invite Aria and Wyatt Lewis," Hope Williams suggested.

"Is this your way of thanking me?" Liam Cloud smiled.

"Consider it that way, I can also treat you alone later, you're the hero, this time you pick the place, my husband and I will treat you together."

Waylon Lewis instantly lightened up several times at Hope Williams' words "my husband and I."

He put his arm around Hope Williams with a raised eyebrow as if marking his territory.

Hope Williams had already been racking her brains to keep things balanced, stealthily glancing at Waylon Lewis' expression.

Waylon Lewis now looked very calm, even his slightly raised eyebrows had a bit of smugness.

All was well, the jealous one should spare her for that phrase "my husband and I."

Hope Williams, after being with Waylon Lewis for so long, had mastered the art of managing his moods.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know via our discord so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 423: Chapter 423: Turning Heads to the Max Chapter 423: Chapter 423: Turning Heads to the Max Liam Cloud graciously didn't object, "Choose the place. What do you want to eat?"

Hope Williams suddenly didn't know what she wanted to eat.

Hope Williams blinked her eyes and looked at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis said, "Anything is fine, whatever you like."

Hope Williams paused, "Let me first call Aria and Wyatt Lewis. It's more fun with more people."

She shouldn't have to endure their coldness alone.

Hope Williams called Aria Richardson and Wyatt Lewis separately; they're both very enthusiastic about joining meals and agreed at once.

"Luke, Willow, what do you want to eat?" Hope Williams scrolled through her phone, called Luke and Willow down, and smoothly passed this tough decision to the little treasures.

"Barbeque," said Luke, and Willow nodded repeatedly.

"Barbeque, huh? Great, I haven't had barbeque in a long time."

Hope Williams had no objections and looked towards the two men.

Liam Cloud said, "That works."

Waylon Lewis agreed, "Alright."

After confirming that Aria Richardson and Wyatt Lewis had no objections, Hope Williams chose a barbeque restaurant, sent them the address, and they set off.

As they were a group of seven, Hope Williams reserved a large table.

Luke and Willow joyfully sat inside, Hope Williams put down her purse and sat next to Luke and Willow, and Waylon Lewis sat down in succession.

Liam Cloud naturally sat across from them.

Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson arrived one after the other; Wyatt raised an eyebrow, “Wow, so lively today. Brother, why is your rival here too?”

A chilly gaze lightly landed on Wyatt Lewis.

Hope Williams’s face involuntarily twitched.

The atmosphere suddenly became awkward.

Luke and Willow both shut their mouths and looked at Wyatt Lewis.

A moment of silence...

Aria Richardson tugged her lips without changing her expression and kicked Wyatt Lewis on the shin.

Wyatt’s face suddenly stiffened, almost crying out, he turned his glance to Aria, “Why did you kick me?”

The ‘merciful and kind-hearted’ Aria Richardson smiled ‘warmly’ at him and said through gritted teeth, “If you can’t speak, then shut up.”

Noticing the ambiance around, Wyatt Lewis quickly shut his mouth.

Hope Williams tugged her lip, “We’ve ordered some dishes, see if you want anything else.”

Aria nodded, “I haven’t had barbeque in a long time, I’m craving it. I need to eat a lot.”

Luke said, “Yeah, godmother is too skinny, you should eat more.”

Aria laughed and spoke, “Luke, I love hearing that.”

What girl wouldn’t love hearing they looked thin?

Luke giggled.

This tense atmosphere finally broke, and Hope Williams breathed a sigh of relief.

Soon all the ordered dishes were served, and Hope Williams began placing meat on the grill with tongs.

“Hope, is everything resolved with Vivia Fuller’s issue?” Aria looked towards Hope Williams and asked.

Hope Williams nodded, "Yes, almost. All evidence has been collected. Thanks to Liam Cloud for finding the original video. Wayne Lewis's people captured the evidence involving Henry Fuller and Vivia Fuller from the Fuller Family, and this evidence is enough."

Even the Master of Water makes another online appearance, can't just compliment one person!

"That's great, let's see what Vivia Fuller does this time," Aria laughed.

Hope Williams continued chatting with Aria, both flipping the meat on the grill.

Not expecting these three young masters to grill any meat.

Waylon Lewis reached out to take the tongs from Hope Williams's hands, "Let me do it, you take a rest."

Actually, she had just started grilling the meat, not long ago.

"Do you know how?"

Waylon Lewis, this pampered and privileged young master might not have actually grilled meat by himself before, and Hope was a bit worried.

Moreover, if it wasn't for Luke and Willow, two little treasures wanting to eat barbeque, they might not have thought of coming to a barbeque restaurant. After all, sitting here, these three young masters felt quite out of place.

In the big barbeque restaurant, countless people were coming and going, continuously turning their heads to look at their table, even the waiters made countless extra trips.

The head-turn rate was off the charts.

Since Waylon Lewis wanted to grill, Hope Williams didn't argue with him, and they continued chatting about various topics.

Luke and Willow watched the sizzling, oily meat in the grill, saliva almost dripping.

Hope Williams gently smiled, while they were chatting, suddenly a burnt smell slowly emanated from the grill.

Hope Williams, "..."

Aria Richardson, "..."

Waylon Lewis paused, his brows knitting slightly.

“Pfft...” In the silence, it was unclear who inappropriately chuckled.

Liam Cloud bowed his head, laughing so hard his shoulders were shaking, “It’s burnt to a crisp.”

Looking at the piece of fish that was burnt underneath and still raw on top, Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened even more.

Wyatt Lewis shrank his neck. Being embarrassed in front of his rival and laughed at, even from a distance, he could feel his brother’s urge to flip the table.

Silence for a few seconds.

Hope Williams quietly raised her hand and moved the burnt piece of fish to one side, “He knows I like it burnt, so he grilled it a bit more on purpose.”

“You like eating burnt, smoky stuff? What kind of taste is that?”

Hope Williams pulled her lip lightly and gently kicked Liam Cloud, getting him to finally shut his provocative mouth.

Waylon Lewis, not changing his expression, took another fresh piece of fish and placed it on the grill.

Hope Williams reached out, “Shall I do it?”

“I’ll do it.” Waylon Lewis stubbornly held the tongs, seeming determined to grill a perfect piece of meat today.

Aria tilted her head and looked at Hope Williams questioningly.

Hope Williams gave them a pleading look, asking everyone to please take care of the stubborn pride of their family’s President Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis understood and giggled, “I also like eating burnt food, they smell fragrant.”

Following that, every piece of burnt meat grilled by Waylon Lewis ended up in Wyatt Lewis’s bowl.

Wyatt looked at his emotionless brother across him.

Such a brotherly love, specially grilling burnt pieces for him.

After grilling a few pieces, the subsequent ones grilled by Waylon Lewis were pretty decent, at least they were cooked and not burnt.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know via our discord so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 424: Chapter 424 Lewis Family Press Conference (1) Chapter 424: Chapter 424 Lewis Family Press Conference (1) The dinner went quite well.

Waylon Lewis didn't eat much, he mostly took care of Hope Williams and the two little ones.

Liam Cloud occasionally helped Hope Williams with food, and Waylon Lewis shot a sharp glance over immediately.

But Liam Cloud, always seeming to ask for trouble, just had to oppose Waylon Lewis.

With the hot grill sizzling and waves of heat rolling, sitting next to and facing two icy presences made for a fire and ice experience, under which Hope Williams' skills in smoothing things over were honed to perfection.

After the meal, Waylon Lewis left with Hope Williams and the two little ones.

Liam Cloud hooked his lips, raised his eyebrows, and watched their departing figures.

Although he didn't like to admit it, with his observations over these past few times, Waylon Lewis really took good care of Hope Williams, which put him at ease.

In the car, Hope Williams, smiling and holding her face, looked at Waylon Lewis, "Still not happy?"

"No," Waylon Lewis said indifferently.

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows, "That's good, Liam Cloud is just messing with you, he means nothing else."

She understood Liam Cloud well; his greatest skill was irritating others, but he didn't have bad intentions, it was all in play.

"You do like speaking up for him."

Hope Williams turned her head and smiled, "I'm not speaking for him, just telling the truth. Waylon Lewis, haven't you noticed, you and Liam Cloud are getting along better."

"Me and him?" Waylon Lewis glanced at her, "Which eye of yours sees that we are getting along?"

"As the saying goes, no interaction no friendship. You guys are much better now, at least now you only verbally spar instead of wishing to kill each other like before."

Waylon Lewis faintly smiled, "How can you be sure what you see isn't just for show, maybe deep down we still want to kill each other?"

"It won't be. I'm quite sure of it. Like right now, when I mention Liam Cloud, you can still smile and chat about him."

Waylon Lewis glanced at her, subtly retracting the smile on his face.

Hope Williams nearly laughed out loud, patted Waylon Lewis's shoulder, "Keep it up, I think you two can become friends."

"Friends with a romantic rival? I'm not into that."

Hope Williams, "..."

The car went straight back to the villa.

Games aside and jokes aside, Hope Williams still had to prepare for the press conference in a few days.

Vivia Fuller was still causing quite a stir online, spreading her "tragic" story far and wide.

Most people online were sympathizing with Vivia Fuller, who also posted photos of her injuries and her hospital stay, garnering even more sympathy.

Vivia Fuller was now using this incident to completely overshadow her past issues.

It was thought her courageous act of saving Luke and Willow in the video had earned her much praise.

And as Liam Cloud said, Hope Williams was being heavily criticized online.

But Hope Williams didn't mind. The bigger the commotion, the harder the fall, which she enjoyed seeing.

Hope Williams was lying on the bed, scrolling through comments on this matter online, engrossed.

Having finished his shower, Waylon Lewis came out of the bathroom and noticed from the corner of his eye that Hope Williams was reading comments.

He reached out, pulled Hope Williams into his arms, kissed her cheek, and removed the tablet from her hand.

"What's wrong?" Hope Williams looked up at him, surprised.

“Don’t look at those, look at me.” Waylon Lewis bent down and deeply kissed her lips.

Hope Williams curled her lips into a smile, bright and cheerful, “I find these quite interesting; they won’t affect my mood.”

Hope Williams wasn’t so fragile; in fact, she found some of the comments quite amusing.

She took back the tablet, flipping through it and said, “One person said, ‘What kind of man would dare to marry this woman, turning people into such state; she might has a violent streak and be a domestic tigress at home’ Hahaha.”

Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened, “Dare to call you a tigress, I’ll get their account banned right now.”

Hope Williams didn’t care, her eyes still full of amusement, “Guess what someone else said.”

“What did they say?” Waylon Lewis asked, playing along as he held her.

Hope Williams giggled, “Another person replied to him, ‘You should ask President Lewis if he’s been abused by the tigress at home,’ and someone else said ‘I silently sympathize with President Lewis for ten seconds.’ Hehe... so, President Lewis, has this tigress abused you?”

Waylon Lewis, looking at the playful expression in her eyes, helplessly hooked a smile, “No, my wife is the gentlest woman in the world.”

Hope Williams turned over, straddling Waylon Lewis’s legs, her slender arms around his neck.

Waylon Lewis held her waist to keep her from falling.

Hope Williams, with a twinkle in her eyes, asked, “Did you think the same when you saw me shoot Jaxon Bailey?”

“No.”

“Ah~ So my image in your eyes as a gentle, good wife and lovely mother is ruined, right?” Hope Williams pursed her lips, pretending to be aggrieved as she blinked at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis, supporting her behind, pulled her a bit closer, the two of them almost breath-to-breath.

At such close distance, blending breaths, Hope Williams’s heart fluttered.

"I like my wife no matter what; even if she's not gentle or a good wife and lovely mother, I still like her."

Hope Williams curled her lips into a smile, her smile bright and charming, "Just your sweet talk."

Hope Williams leaned in and kissed Waylon Lewis's thin lips, and the next moment Waylon Lewis grasped the back of her head, deepening the kiss.

Hope Williams held onto his neck, letting him kiss her, reciprocating and matching his rhythm.

Just then, a ringtone went off.

Both of them stiffened; Waylon Lewis let go of Hope Williams, and she coughed lightly, her lips moist. She searched around on the bed and finally found her phone under the blanket.

"Who?" Waylon Lewis's eyes sparked with fury.

Hope Williams took several deep breaths, "Stranger's number."

"Hang up."

"What if it's the hospital with an issue." Hope Williams thought for a bit but still answered and held it to her ear.

The next moment, the smug and triumphant voice of Vivia Fuller came through.

"Hope Williams, stop struggling in vain. Have you seen the comments online? No one believes you."

Hope Williams paused, looked at the phone number again.

Heh, this time she got smart, not using her own cell number.

"Oh, and then what?" Hope Williams asked coldly.

"Bitch, stop plotting something devious," Vivia Fuller warned venomously.

"Please mind your words, Miss Fuller. Aren't you afraid I might record this?"

Once Hope Williams finished, the other side paused for a few seconds, then Vivia Fuller's tone changed slightly, "I advise you to publicly apologize to me, or else I won't let you go."

Hope Williams just found it laughable.

She thinks she's holding the winning cards, already beginning to boast.

Hope Williams scratched her ear, "Alright then, I'm looking forward to seeing how you won't let me go."

Vivia Fuller snorted coldly and angrily hung up.

"Vivia Fuller?" The chill in Waylon Lewis's eyes deepened.

Hope Williams nodded, casually tossing her phone aside, and snuggled back into the warm, broad arms of Waylon Lewis, "Came to boast about her soon-to-be victory."

Waylon Lewis smoothed her soft long hair, "Don't mind her."

"Uh-huh." Hope Williams certainly wouldn't mind such clownish behavior; let her boast if she wants.

"It's late, let's sleep," Waylon Lewis pulled over the quilt to cover her.

"Okay." Hope Williams smiled tenderly, moved in his arms, and found a comfortable position to sleep.

...

The press conference was held in the grand hall of a hotel owned by the Lewis Clan, and not only journalists came that day, but also people there to watch the excitement and support Vivia Fuller.

Hope Williams deliberately didn't stop anyone from coming. The more who came, the more witnesses there would be.

The venue was noisy and very chaotic.

People were discussing:

"What does the Lewis Family mean today? Are they making Hope Williams apologize?"

"Who knows, but this woman has done something so outrageous, I think it's impossible that she won't apologize."

"Didn't you watch Hope Williams' live interview the other day? She clearly said she did nothing wrong and won't apologize."

"I think she's just being stubborn. The video was very clear. I don't know what she's still trying to argue or if she's still trying to clear her name? That's simply impossible."

“The Lewis Family is really unlucky to be stuck with such a woman, a real disaster dragging down the Lewis Family’s reputation. I don’t know why President Lewis still tolerates this woman.”

“This woman is ungratefully evil, absolutely despicable, totally not worthy of Young Master Lewis.”

At this moment, of course Vivia Fuller and Henry Fuller wouldn’t miss it.

But even if they didn’t come, Hope Williams would have others bring them here.

Today wouldn’t work without them.

When Vivia Fuller entered, she was completely exhilarated, her chest heaving dramatically.

So many people were here to condemn Hope Williams on her behalf; enough spit could drown Hope Williams.

“Let’s see how you handle this,” Vivia Fuller smirked triumphantly.

When people saw Vivia Fuller arrive, journalists rushed forward, “Look, it’s Miss Fuller.”

“Miss Fuller, what do you think about today’s press conference?”

Vivia Fuller, feigning weakness, leaned on Henry Fuller and Delilah Fuller, her face pale, “I hope Hope Williams gives me an explanation and apologizes to me. If she apologizes, I can forgive her and not hold grudges.”

“But Hope Williams clearly said she won’t apologize and she also said she has evidence to prove her innocence. What do you think about this?”

Vivia Fuller helplessly shook her head, “I don’t know what evidence she’s talking about, but the facts are clear for everyone to see. I believe everyone’s eyes are sharp and won’t be fooled by her.”

“So, you think she’s just putting on a bold face, she actually has no evidence?”

Vivia Fuller nodded firmly, “Yes, the truth is what everyone saw, she can do nothing to clear her name. So, I still want to tell Young Madam Lewis not to bother with useless actions.”

The crowd nodded in agreement, some even intentionally led a chant, “Justice for Miss Fuller, Hope Williams come out and apologize, Hope Williams come out and apologize.”

...

“Damn, why are there so many people?” Wyatt Lewis couldn’t help but click his tongue, the situation was even worse than imagined.

If the hall wasn’t spacious enough, it might not have been able to hold so many people.

Waylon Lewis held Hope Williams’s hand, “I’ll go up with you.”

Hope Williams shook her head slightly, “No need, I’ll go up myself, don’t worry, the bodyguards around are all arranged by you, they can’t hurt me.”

Aria Richardson also looked worriedly at Hope Williams, these people carried too much malice, and there might even be paid trolls by the Fuller Family among them.

Christopher Lewis stood by, snorted coldly, “Just go up, don’t dawdle, the noise of these people is nearly flipping the roof.”

Hope Williams smiled coldly, looking at Christopher Lewis, “I hope the person you’ve always trusted won’t disappoint you today.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know via our discord so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 425: Chapter 425: Lewis Family Press Conference (2) Chapter 425: Chapter 425: Lewis Family Press Conference (2) Christopher Lewis looked at Hope Williams with deep, uncomprehending eyes, slight squints to his gaze.

Hope Williams walked up to the stage alone, dressed in a black knitted dress with a brown coat over it. Her simple yet stylish attire, highlighted by the bright lights, accentuated her tall and slender figure, giving her a unique and powerful charisma that was both dominant and dazzling.

Step by step, she created a stir as she walked to the center of the stage and stood firm.

“Here she comes, Young Madam Lewis has shown up.”

“Finally, let’s see how she explains herself today.”

“Why is she still so high-profile? That calm and composed demeanor, as if she hasn’t done anything wrong, is truly unbelievable.”

“Although she may not have the best character, one has to admit that her beauty is impeccable.”

With not a trace of emotion on her beautiful face, Hope Williams glanced over the audience with her lovely, indifferent eyes.

Vivia Fuller, hearing there were still compliments being made about Hope Williams, got infuriated to the point of grinding her teeth, glaring hatefully at Hope Williams on the platform.

Today was supposed to be about everyone coming to condemn her, so why was this despicable woman still looking so radiant and arrogant?

Vivia Fuller tried to control her twisted face due to jealousy, looking towards Henry Fuller. Henry slightly raised his eyebrows and glanced through the crowd.

Someone soon got the hint.

Standing next to the lectern, Hope Williams reached for the microphone to speak, but suddenly a fierce clamor arose from the crowd.

“Hope Williams, apologize now, apologize to Miss Fuller immediately.”

“Right, you ingrate, you deserve to die.”

“Kill this vile woman, kill this evil woman...”

As they shouted, they quickly threw the objects in their hands towards Hope Williams.

Hope Williams narrowed her eyes slightly, watching as the rotten eggs flew her way, but she didn't dodge.

Vivia Fuller's lips curved into a cold smile, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. Not only was this despicable woman going to apologize to her today, but Vivia also wanted her to lose face completely and be unable to leave the stage with dignity.

Just as Vivia Fuller was convinced that Hope Williams would end up in a humiliating mess from the eggs, suddenly four individuals appeared on the stage at great speed, intercepting every rotten egg thrown at Hope Williams.

Vivia Fuller was startled.

Unscathed, Waylon Lewis briskly stepped onto the stage, throwing a freezing glance at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes got the hint and with a gesture, the bodyguards arranged around the hall sprang into action. They rushed into the crowd and accurately detained the troublemakers.

“Let go of me, let go! What right do you have to detain me?”

“Release us, damn it...”

Thomas Hughes looked at these people indifferently, "Take away those who are blatantly causing trouble."

"We're not the only ones causing trouble, why are you only seizing us?" The few troublemakers were still defiant.

Thomas Hughes scoffed coldly, "You go in first, and then we'll call them to join you, alright? Take them away!"

Anyone who dared to throw something at his boss's wife was asking for trouble.

Waylon Lewis had anticipated that with so many people in the hall, someone would cause a disturbance, so he had the bodyguards ready early. Anyone who was disorderly, no one would be let off.

These individuals thought that with so many people in such a setting, the Lewis Family wouldn't be able to cope, so they unabashedly took the Fuller Family's money and caused chaos.

But they had been wildly mistaken – the Lewis Family would not let this go.

"Take them to the police station," Waylon Lewis said coldly.

At the sound of Waylon Lewis' voice, the troublemakers panicked, their alarmed eyes darting to Henry Fuller.

Henry Fuller furrowed his brows, subtly giving them a look that told them to calm down, and they reluctantly quieted down, allowing the Lewis Family's bodyguards to lead them away.

"Anyone else? Continue!" Waylon Lewis' eyes full of hostility swept inch by inch over the crowd.

Immediately, the audience shut their mouths, having seen what happened to those before them, even the reporters who had been pushing forward crazily calmed down.

Vivia Fuller was almost biting her teeth to pieces.

Waylon Lewis turned to look back at Hope Williams, who gave a slight smile and then moved a few steps forward with the microphone.

"Grandpa, the press conference over there has already started," Harry Williams said, notebook in hand as he came up to Elder Williams.

Ted Williams handed Elder Williams the reading glasses, and with them on, Elder Williams' deep gaze fell onto the dazzling figure on the computer screen.

“Did you guys get involved this time?” the old master asked calmly.

“There’s someone helping Little Hope; we don’t need to intervene,” Ted Williams spoke indifferently, standing beside Elder Williams.

Elder Williams stayed silent.

Harry Williams raised an eyebrow as he watched the live broadcast, “Grandpa, I think this Waylon Lewis is truly devoted to my cousin. Perhaps we don’t need to interfere at all.”

Elder Williams gave Harry Williams a cold glance, his voice dropping, “What do you know?”

“I...”

Ted Williams’ gaze intensified for a moment, signaling Harry Williams to stop talking.

With his lips pressed together, Harry Williams refrained from continuing that topic, “Alright, then let’s watch the broadcast. My cousin is powerful and majestic, she can surely crush that little schemer.”

Everyone turned their full attention to the computer screen.

...

“Does anyone else want to continue?” Hope Williams asked coldly, looking downwards.

The previously noisy crowd was now silent. Hope Williams nodded, “It seems no one wants to continue, so let me speak.”

Hope Williams’ gaze swept through the crowd, settling on Vivia Fuller’s face, then she slowly said, “Miss Fuller, since you are the person involved and are here, why remain below? Come up here, let’s clear a few things up properly.”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know via our discord so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 426: Chapter 426: Lewis Family Press Conference (3) Chapter 426: Chapter 426: Lewis Family Press Conference (3) Vivia Fuller felt her body tremble involuntarily, her gaze fixed intensely on Hope Williams.

The collision of their stares; Hope was calm and composed, Vivia burning with hatred.

“Don’t panic, she doesn’t have any proof, but be careful, she’s too smart and will try to trick you,” Henry Fuller whispered a warning to Vivia, gently pushing her forward.

Biting her teeth, Vivia nodded, her eyes locked on Hope as she walked forward with her head held high and her chest puffed out.

She kept reminding herself in her heart that she was not the one who was wrong. Hope was the one without any evidence. Hope was just bluffing, and today, she would be the only winner.

As she thought, Vivia walked onto the stage with a fragile and pitiful expression already across her face.

Whether intentional or not, Vivia only wore a white knit dress today. Its body-hugging design further accentuated her slender figure, adding a sense of vulnerability in the winter day.

Her eyes brimming with tears, she looked at Hope, her pale lips quivering weakly, “Hope, what more do you want? Isn’t it enough? I am already in this state, and you still won’t let me go? Do you really have to push me to my death before you’re satisfied?”

Now, everyone’s gaze was focused on the two women on stage, one strong and dominant, the other soft and pitiful—a stark contrast. People often sympathize with the weaker party, and without a doubt, everyone felt sympathy and compassion for Vivia at this moment.

Vivia, with her head bowed silently wiping tears, further incited the protective instincts of many men present.

Hope raised her chin towards Vivia, “Miss Fuller, during your hospital stay, did I physically assault you, encourage you to jump off the building, and also, are the injuries on your hands caused by me? Is that the case?”

Vivia couldn’t understand why Hope was asking this, and she frowned at her.

“Is that so?”

Vivia gritted her teeth, not knowing what Hope was getting at, but still, she nodded firmly, “Yes, you did all these things to me.”

“Are you sure?”

Vivia felt uneasy under Hope’s calm gaze, “I am sure. Why do you ask that? The facts are right in front of us, and you did it yourself. You know very well whether it’s true or false.”

“Of course, I know it’s false. I haven’t done these things—when did they become real? Besides, I also know that you’ve always been normal, you’ve never been insane!”

As Hope finished, not only was Vivia shocked, but the audience also couldn't help but exclaim in surprise.

"How could that be? Is she talking nonsense? Is Miss Fuller faking insanity?"

"Impossible, the hospital has proof. What is this woman talking about? Knowing that she's bound to be charged this time, is she starting to lash out at others?"

"Exactly, to say someone is faking insanity is ridiculous."

"Does she dare make such a statement without any evidence?"

Vivia's face suddenly paled, and her eyes darted about in panic.

"Hope, what nonsense are you spouting? I fell down the stairs trying to save your child, and I was deemed insane by the doctors after I hit my head. I ended up like this trying to save your child, and now you're still framing me; it's truly disheartening," Vivia said with a pained expression.

The audience became even more indignant, demanding that Hope provide evidence or else stop slandering people.

Hope remained as calm as before, "Well then, since you put it that way, let's listen to a recording first."

Vivia's already pale face turned even whiter, and she looked at Henry Fuller for help.

Henry glared at her, and Vivia, in her fluster, braced herself to calm down.

Soon, a clear recording was played for everyone to hear.

First, it was Vivia's screaming voice, "Hope, was it you?"

Hope, "What are you talking about?"

Vivia, "Did you send that email? What does your recording mean? Twenty million, are you crazy about money? That's blackmail, I could sue you."

Hope, "What twenty million? What blackmail? Miss Fuller, why are you so anxious..."

Vivia, "Do you think you can turn defeat into victory just with Jaxon Bailey's testimony? Dream on. If you're so capable, then release it, let everybody know that Jaxon Bailey was hired by us. Isn't Hope usually very smart? How can you be so foolish now, you're definitely going to lose."

Hope, "Blackmail? Jaxon Bailey? Miss Fuller, what are you talking about? I don't understand. Also, Jaxon Bailey was hired by you? I didn't know, but thank you for telling me."

Vivia, "Wait and see, Hope. I'm waiting for you to be ruined, and the Lewis Family won't get away with it either."

The recording ended.

The whole venue was in an uproar.

"What's this situation now?"

"Yeah, that's Miss Fuller's voice in there—so normal-sounding, not the slightest bit insane."

"Indeed, it's completely the tone of a normal person. Wasn't she supposed to be insane? How could this be?"

"She couldn't possibly have been pretending to be insane..."

"It's not like that," Vivia shouted.

At that moment, Henry Fuller stepped forward, took the microphone, and addressed everyone, "Firstly, this recording is real, so I'm very sorry, Young Madam Lewis."

Vivia looked at Henry Fuller in shock, biting her teeth and whispering, "Are you crazy, what are you doing?"

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know via our discord so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 427: Chapter 427: Lewis Family Press Conference (4) Chapter 427: Chapter 427: Lewis Family Press Conference (4) Hope Williams arched her brows as Henry Fuller continued calmly:

"This recording is indeed real. As my cousin said in the recording, she was blackmailed during this period. However, it is indeed my fault first. It was because my cousin had been attacked and persecuted, I lost my temper and sent people to trouble Young Madam Lewis. For my impulsive behavior, I offer my most sincere apology to Young Madam Lewis."

Henry Fuller turned to look at Hope Williams, bowed deeply with an extremely earnest and sincere attitude, "I am very sorry, Young Madam Lewis, for the trouble my impulsion has caused you."

Hope Williams remained silent.

He was quite smart to take all the blame alone.

The crowd below clearly wasn't buying this explanation.

"But the voice in this recording is Vivia Fuller's. Isn't Vivia supposed to be crazy? Yet her voice sounds so normal. How do you explain that?"

"That's right, explain it. It can't really be, as Young Madam Lewis said, a deception, pretending to be foolish, could it?"

Henry Fuller remained unfazed and turned to face everyone, "It's true that my cousin did become insane from a head injury caused by a fall down the stairs, but this phone call was made after she had returned to normal."

"Returned to normal? Then please, Mr. Fuller, describe the details," said Hope Williams lightly.

Henry Fuller was not in the least flustered, "Everyone knows that my cousin was hospitalized again a few days ago because she fell down the stairs. Everyone also knows that my cousin was very lucky, favored by the heavens, and miraculously recovered.

This call took place right after my cousin woke up and returned to normal that day. When she saw the blackmail text message, she mistakenly thought it was done by Young Madam Lewis and was very angry, so she called and confronted Young Madam Lewis. She had just woken up and was very emotional, which is why she said all those things in the recording."

With these words, Henry Fuller shifted the recording to after Vivia Fuller had awakened, making it impossible for Hope Williams to prove that Vivia was still "foolish" when she spoke.

Hope Williams had anticipated this.

"My cousin had already returned to normal, which Young Madam Lewis wasn't aware of, hence the misunderstanding. She recorded it as evidence, but of course, I can understand that," Henry Fuller said intentionally.

His words made Hope Williams seem petty.

"Alright, then may I ask Mr. Fuller what time was Miss Fuller taken to the hospital that day?"

Henry Fuller remained cool and collected, "She was taken to the hospital at four o'clock and woke up at six-thirty."

But their call was at seven, and in fact, Vivia Fuller was taken to the hospital at seven-thirty.

Obviously, Henry Fuller expected Hope Williams to focus on the call log, and he must have made arrangements with the hospital, building an airtight story.

Henry Fuller turned to Hope Williams with a challenging smile, “Does Young Madam Lewis have any more questions?”

“No more,” Hope Williams said with a cold laugh.

Vivia Fuller looked triumphantly at Hope Williams and took the opportunity to cry, saying, “I’m also at fault. I was informed of this matter later on. When the other party demanded twenty million or else threatened to go public, I was really panicking because I didn’t yet have the courage to admit my mistakes. Now, I want to apologize to Miss Williams. I didn’t mean to say those things.”

Hope Williams internally sneered and said no more.

The audience nodded in agreement, feeling that the Fuller siblings were admirable for candidly admitting their mistakes and apologizing.

At least they were brave enough to admit and apologize for their actions. And it was also understandable; their cousin was beaten to such a state, not just as relatives, but even they would be angered — smashing her office would be the least of it.

Moreover, Vivia Fuller had just woken up to be blackmailed for twenty million. Anyone would be in a panic and speak incoherently; this was also understandable.

So, in this segment, everyone actually supported Vivia Fuller and Henry Fuller, feeling that they were not wrong.

Hope Williams hadn’t planned to defeat them with this alone.

Henry Fuller was a smart opponent. If it weren’t for him, Vivia Fuller wouldn’t have lasted until now.

Then Hope Williams would just see how long these two could hold out.

This part was passed over by everyone as a minor episode.

Due to the Fuller siblings’ apology to Hope Williams, the crowd began to call for Hope Williams to be brave too and apologize to Vivia Fuller.

The calls rose again for a moment.

A reporter pushed to the front with a microphone and said, "Young Madam Lewis, Mr. Fuller and Miss Fuller have apologized for their unjustified actions to you, but from beginning to end, you have been the one making the biggest mistake, and you have never once apologized to Miss Fuller. Don't you even have the courage to say sorry?"

"I said I won't apologize if I'm not wrong."

The reporter pressed, "You're just being stubborn. You've taken the evidence, but it simply doesn't hold up."

Hope Williams stared at the reporter, "Has the matter concluded? Has the truth come to light? How do you know it won't hold up?"

The reporter huffed, "Young Madam Lewis, how long are you going to keep this up? The two videos online prove that you assaulted Miss Fuller, and Miss Fuller herself has said that the wounds on her hands were caused by you. What more do you have to argue?"

"How do you know the videos are definitely real? Why do you only believe her when she says the same things I do?" Hope Williams countered coldly, "Did you personally witness me assaulting her? There were other people in the hospital besides me; if I had assaulted her there, would nobody have known?"

"If you really wanted to assault Miss Fuller, of course you would close the door, who would know? Besides, now Miss Fuller has become foolish due to a head injury. If you wanted to assault her, it would be very easy. How else did those wounds on her hands appear? They couldn't have just emerged out of thin air, could they? And you are the chief of that department in the hospital. With just a word from you, those doctors and nurses would surely cover for you. Young Madam Lewis, what more do you have to argue?"

Hope Williams fixed her gaze on that aggressively speaking reporter, stepped forward, walked to the edge of the stage, leaned over, and yanked the press pass from the reporter's neck.

"Cloud River media, Jose Reed, I'll remember you. Wait for my lawyer's letter."

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Chapter 428: Chapter 428: Lewis Family Press Conference (5) Chapter 428: Chapter 428: Lewis Family Press Conference (5) The reporter's face stiffened, and he instinctively turned to look at his colleagues.

But they all shrank back after glancing at the woman on the stage, not daring to keep pestering her.

Hope Williams said, "Not only are you slandering me, but you're also slandering the hospital. Do you have evidence that the injuries on her hand were caused by me? Do you have evidence proving the hospital condoned my alleged violence against her? If you don't, then stop casually pinning crimes on me."

The reporter, unable to save face, grew visibly darker in anger.

"How do you explain the video then? Are you saying it's fake?"

"The video isn't fake, it has been edited. We have had the video technically verified and confirmed that it's been edited. If you don't believe it, go and check."

The reporter persisted, "Even if it's edited, that doesn't explain anything. The things you did and said in the video can't be fake, right?"

Hope Williams's gaze grew colder, "An edited video can't explain anything? Alright then, I'd like everyone to watch the original video."

Vivia Fuller's heart skipped a beat, and even the usually composed Henry Fuller turned exceedingly pale.

"How is that possible." Vivia stammered in disbelief.

Hope Williams's gaze moved to Vivia's face, "What's so impossible? Miss Fuller, you look quite upset. Are you afraid?"

Everyone's gaze shifted to Vivia Fuller, whose complexion was more than just pale; it could be described as panicked.

Suddenly, all the cameras of the reporters were pointed at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia's eyes darted about. Henry stepped forward, "Since Young Madam Lewis says she has the original video, let's see it."

He was the one who personally deleted the video; it couldn't possibly exist. He did not believe Hope could produce the video.

She was just bluffing them.

Henry narrowed his eyes behind his glasses, calmly and steadily staring at Hope Williams.

Seeing Henry's composure, Vivia forced herself to calm down a bit, "Hope, all I want is an apology. Is an apology that difficult for you? Why are you still thinking about slandering and biting back at me? Fine, if you have evidence, present it. I'm ready for anything; the facts are already before us, I believe no one will trust you."

The crowd turned their attention back to Hope.

Hope Williams stood on stage, her cold eyes brimming with calm; she listened silently, without a trace of panic.

“Okay, I hope you can still maintain this confidence later.”

Henry looked at Hope, feeling her excessive calmness and control, and a sense of impending disaster crept over him.

Hope raised her hand, and the large screen behind her began to play.

Everyone’s eyes were glued to the large screen.

Vivia’s hands were clenched tightly, her heart pounding with anxiety.

The video ticked by second by second, stirring up a buzz of discussion among the audience.

“This... This video is the same one that’s been on the internet, right? No difference at all, you’re joking with us.”

“Yeah, what’s going on? This video is the same one we saw on the internet, even the duration is the same. Is this the original video you said? Are you kidding us?”

“Do you not have the original video and are just messing with us? This is really funny.”

Vivia and Henry both breathed a sigh of relief; Vivia’s heart just settled back down.

Sure enough, Hope was just bluffing them.

She sneered, “Hope, are you joking? This video is obviously the one from the internet, is this your so-called evidence?”

Henry took a few steps forward, his gaze haunting as he looked at Hope, “I advise Young Madam Lewis to stop with the pretense, wrap up your lies, and quickly apologize to my cousin so we can close this matter; otherwise, you’re the one who will lose face.”

Christopher Lewis couldn’t stand it anymore, he rushed onto the stage angrily pointing at her and said, “Hope Williams, how much longer are you going to make a scene? Just apologize to Vivia already. The Lewis Family can’t afford to lose any more face.”

Vivia looked pitifully at Christopher, “Uncle Lewis, please persuade her. Frankly, all I need is an apology. If this continues, it’s not just her losing face but the entire Lewis Family. As long as she apologizes, we can consider the matter closed.”

Vivia's seemingly magnanimous words gained nods from the crowd.

Christopher nodded and glared fiercely at Hope, "Do you hear that? She's not holding you accountable anymore, just apologize and the issue can be dropped. Hurry up and apologize."

"The matter isn't over yet. Isn't it too soon to talk about an apology?" Hope looked coldly at Christopher. "You keep saying you don't want the Lewis Family to lose face, but if I apologize now, it's like admitting these acts were done by me. With such a daughter-in-law, wouldn't the Lewis Family still lose face?"

"My family's honor has already been thoroughly lost because of you, if you keep this up, the Lewis Family will have no face left to show," Christopher said angrily.

Below the stage, Wyatt Lewis and others looked anxiously at Hope, "Brother, what is sister-in-law doing? Didn't she get the evidence? Is there a mistake with this video?"

Waylon Lewis stared intensely at the figure on the stage, his mouth curving slightly, "She has her own plan."

"So, sister-in-law arranged all these?" Wyatt scratched his head, confused, "Then what is she going to do next?"

Waylon tilted his chin up slightly, "Watch for yourself."

"Ah, I can't even get a little hint in advance," Wyatt continued to watch the stage with anticipation.

After listening to them, Hope continued, "The clip just now was indeed the edited video everyone saw online. The original video will play next."

After what just happened, Vivia's composure was no longer as easy to shake.

Lifting her chin high and looking triumphant, she said to Hope, "Alright then, since you have the video, go ahead and show it."

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Chapter 429: Chapter 429: Slapping the Face (1) Chapter 429: Chapter 429: Slapping the Face (1) "Yeah, bring it out, or else apologize immediately."

Hope Williams pursed her lips and glanced down at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis nodded, lifted his hand slightly and hooked his fingers, and Thomas Hughes immediately understood and walked towards the backstage.

Vivia Fuller stared at Hope Williams, then sneered, "I really don't know what you're trying to do. Clearly, without any evidence, you still insist on being obstinate. Hope Williams, you can't win against me this time no matter what."

Hope Williams tugged at her lip and said nothing.

The next moment, the big screen switched, and a complete video was displayed before everyone.

It was exactly the part where Vivia Fuller was clamoring to jump off the building, and everyone stared closely at the big screen.

Vivia Fuller's face grew more and more unsightly, as she suddenly turned her head to look at Henry Fuller.

Henry Fuller was also stunned, wide-eyed, "How is this possible?"

This can't be.

The video was deleted by his own hands; how could it still exist?

This...

Henry Fuller lost his composure.

Vivia Fuller took two steps back in panic.

The whole audience was in an uproar.

"What's going on here? There's a complete video! This is Miss Fuller standing on the windowsill to jump off the building on her own!"

"Right, that's her own doing to stand on the windowsill to jump off the building. I always thought she was egged on by Hope Williams. It's unexpected."

Having watched the edited video, everyone was mistaken to believe that Hope Williams egged Vivia Fuller on to stand on the windowsill to jump off the building, but it clearly wasn't the case.

The truth is she stood up there herself, shouting to see Waylon Lewis, saying she would jump off the building if she couldn't see him, using death to pressure him.

Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams were both nearby, trying to persuade her for a long time. After Waylon Lewis arrived, Vivia Fuller still kept charging toward Waylon Lewis. When Waylon Lewis pushed her away, Vivia Fuller still wouldn't stop her pestering.

One must be foolish to still think about someone else's man, it's enough already.

The crowd was buzzing with discussions, and reporters were frantically taking photos with their cameras.

Hope Williams nodded to Waylon Lewis, signaling to continue.

Another video was quickly played, which was Vivia Fuller pestering Hope Williams in the corridor.

The edited video shown to the audience depicted Hope Williams kicking Vivia Fuller down without provocation.

But in reality, it was an emergency situation with a patient's life at stake, Hope Williams was in a hurry to save someone, and she had repeatedly warned Vivia Fuller to let go of her, not to hinder her from saving the person. But Vivia Fuller was like a persistent plaster, refusing to let go, leaving Hope Williams no choice but to kick her away.

"My goodness, Miss Fuller is like a persistent plaster. So, it's not Young Madam Lewis's fault at all; it's clearly Miss Fuller's own fault."

"So the truth is like this; the previous two videos were simply confusing and maliciously edited. If during an emergency someone clings on and you can't even defend yourself, that would be outrageous. Young Madam Lewis did nothing wrong; that kick was well-deserved."

"I support that kick too. If I were in that situation with this kind of plaster, I would have kicked as well, without mercy."

"Who released the previous video anyway? Malicious editing, confusing the situation, it's despicable."

After the video finished playing, the big screen switched again. Hope Williams glanced at the screen and said indifferently, "We investigated the video that was previously released, and the IP address that distributed it was exactly from the Fuller Family. Mr. Fuller, Miss Fuller, you directed and performed quite a drama."

"It's not like that, it's not..." Vivia Fuller's chest heaved with rapid breaths, as she was about to falter.

She couldn't dare to believe that Hope Williams actually got hold of these two videos.

Henry Fuller stepped forward two steps, hurriedly saying, "What about that, Young Madam Lewis? The fact that my cousin saved your child is true, right? But you're still so ungrateful, and besides, all these things were done when my cousin was still in a delusional and foolish state, can't she be forgiven..."

“Whether or not she was delusional and foolish at that time is another matter, but ungrateful? Henry Fuller, are you suggesting that she provoked me time and again, and I shouldn’t fight back? And did I not discuss with you a compensation plan from the Lewis Family while at the hospital?”

Henry Fuller furrowed his brows.

“At the hospital, I already said that our Lewis Family would find the best medical team abroad for her treatment, until she could recover, including all expenses abroad and plane tickets; I would cover everything. Did I not say so?”

Hope Williams’s gaze swept coldly towards Vivia Fuller.

After she finished speaking, she turned her head to look at Christopher Lewis, who was still unresponsive, “You heard this point as well, didn’t you?”

Christopher Lewis’s expression flickered, coming to his senses, meeting Hope Williams’ gaze.

The situation was now clear; if he wasn’t foolish, he would cooperate with Hope Williams, and, indeed, Hope Williams had said so at that time.

Christopher Lewis echoed, “Right, Hope Williams did say that our Lewis Family would definitely cure Vivia, and we would cover all her treatment costs, including expenses for food, clothing, and living, but you refused.”

Hope Williams looked at Vivia Fuller, “Why did you refuse? Because you were pretending to be foolish at the time!”

At this remark, Vivia Fuller nearly stumbled, her face twisted into a fearsome expression, “You’re talking nonsense. I didn’t, what evidence do you have to slander me like this?”

“You want evidence, okay, I’ll give it to you.”

Hope Williams took out that recorder, “Do you remember the recording played at the beginning? Mr. Fuller said this recording was from a phone call after Miss Fuller fell down the stairs and awoke in the hospital, but it’s not. This phone call was before she fell down the stairs, and also at the Fuller residence.”

“You’re making baseless accusations, Hope Williams, don’t slander me.”

Hope Williams scoffed, “How do you know I’m making baseless accusations?”

Evidence! Of course, she has evidence!

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Chapter 430: Chapter 430: Slap in the Face (2) Chapter 430: Chapter 430: Slap in the Face (2) Henry Fuller narrowed his eyes feeling completely dominated by this woman in control of the situation.

He had a very bad premonition—if this woman truly had some evidence.

No, how could that be possible? Where would the evidence come from when he had taken care of everything?

Vivia Fuller quivered as she looked at Henry Fuller, her eyes flooded with emotions—fear, anger, resentment...

Wasn't it said to be foolproof? But with Hope Williams presenting one piece of evidence after another, how could it be foolproof?

They were clearly losing on all fronts!

Henry Fuller clenched his molars, staring at her, his gaze signaling her not to act rashly, asserting Hope Williams had no evidence.

Vivia Fuller took a few deep breaths, fiercely closing her eyes, she could only trust him once more!

But reality slapped their faces again.

The large screen played another video clip in which a woman screamed in terror, "What are you going to do? You... ah..."

Vivia Fuller had no time to resist as Henry Fuller directly pushed her down the stairs.

The audience below couldn't help but cover their mouths in shock.

Vivia Fuller was pushed down the stairs by Henry Fuller, who didn't even blink when he pushed her, and his movements were so quick that Vivia had no chance to react.

Why did he do this?

The audience was stunned and continued watching the large screen.

"Take her to the hospital, after she wakes up, have the hospital issue a recovery certificate, report this incident to the media, state that Vivia Fuller recovered her wits after falling down the stairs by a strange twist of fate."

“Why? She’s only gaining sympathy by pretending to be a ‘simpleton.’ Why make her return to normal, and the reasoning too far-fetched, recovering overnight, it’s hard to convince anyone.”

“So, what do you suggest? This fool got caught by Hope Williams holding proof she isn’t simple, if we don’t do this we are all done for, she can only recover before Hope Williams releases the recording.”

The video froze, provoking a public uproar, and the people below were at a loss for words.

Even Christopher Lewis stood paralyzed, his finger slowly lifting, pointing at Vivia Fuller in disbelief, “So you’ve been pretending to be dumb all this time!”

“No... it’s not...” Vivia Fuller quickly waved her hands, looking at the video, her face turning terribly pale.

“It’s not like that, it’s not like that, it’s all fake, Uncle Lewis, you believe me, you all believe me, I really lost my senses...”

Vivia Fuller still stubbornly denied, but no one believed her.

Whether intentional or not, the video precisely captured the wall clock showing the time as 7:10.

The call between Hope Williams and Vivia Fuller was at 7 o’clock, and the time Vivia Fuller was sent to the hospital was 7:30.

But Henry Fuller claimed Vivia was sent to the hospital at four o’clock, a full three hours earlier, which didn’t add up at all.

This video was enough to prove Henry Fuller and Vivia Fuller were lying through their teeth.

Just as Hope Williams said, Vivia Fuller was always conscious, always feigning simplicity!

Because Hope Williams caught Vivia Fuller not being simple, to cover up, overturning the evidence in Hope Williams’ hands, Henry Fuller pushed her down the stairs and then sent her to the hospital, making a false claim that Vivia Fuller regained consciousness due to the fall, altering the timeline to invalidate Hope Williams’ evidence.

This long-running drama was self-directed and self-played by the Fuller Family, a malicious scheme against Hope Williams.

All truths were laid bare.

Vivia Fuller stood there, her body continuously trembling, unable to even cry.

“My God, it’s outrageous, it overturns everything I believed, this family is demonic, truly terrifying.”

“It’s unbelievable after all this time, everything was orchestrated by them, to slander Young Madam Lewis, treating us like fools, and we were all sympathizing with Vivia Fuller.”

“It’s simply too despicable, absolutely vile.”

Christopher Lewis held his rapidly breathing chest, his fingers trembling as he pointed at Vivia Fuller, “You, you’re simply...”

Vivia Fuller staggered forward two steps in a disoriented manner, “Uncle Lewis I... ah.”

Christopher Lewis raised his hand and slapped Vivia Fuller across the face, causing her to fall to the ground.

“Don’t call me that! You are utterly despicable, I trusted you so much, yet you, you jointly sought to slander Hope Williams, to slander the Lewis Family, I was so wrong about you, you have deeply disappointed me.”

Vivia Fuller covered her face, looking up at Christopher Lewis, unable to utter a single word.

Hope Williams looked down at Vivia Fuller, taking two steps forward, her voice cold.

“Vivia Fuller, when you saved my child, as a mother I considered wiping the slate clean regarding your past actions, as long as you don’t continue making grave errors, you, your Fuller Family could have continued living well, including Waylon Lewis not pressuring the Fuller Clan anymore, but you just wouldn’t appreciate it, repeatedly challenging the Lewis Family boundaries, this is your own doing, no one else to blame.”

Vivia Fuller kept her head down, emitting bouts of cold laughter, almost like madness.

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