

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 1012: Chapter 1012: Zoey Sanders Has Lost Her Memory

Evelyn Sinclair curled her lips slightly.

“Are you hungry? You haven’t eaten in a long time, have you? I’ll go prepare something for you and bring it up. You lie down on the bed and rest more.”

“No need, Sister Evelyn...”

“Hmm?”

At this moment, the stomach let out an untimely rumble.

Zoey Sanders scratched her head shyly, “I mean, I can go down and eat with you guys. You’ve rescued and taken care of me, how could I be so inconsiderate to have you bring meals to me personally? I already feel a lot better physically.”

Evelyn Sinclair’s smile paused imperceptibly, then quickly returned to her usual kind smile and said:

“No need, you’re still very weak, better rest here. Besides, I have a younger brother at home, so it might not be appropriate to go downstairs dressed like this.”

Zoey Sanders looked down at herself still in pajamas and replied awkwardly, "Then I'll trouble you, Sister Evelyn."

"No trouble at all."

Evelyn Sinclair walked out, and before closing the door, she reminded Zoey Sanders, "Your body hasn't fully recovered, so you shouldn't be exposed to the wind. Would you please stay in the room and not run around?"

Being in someone else's house, it certainly wouldn't be appropriate to run around, Zoey quickly nodded, "Okay."

Evelyn Sinclair closed the door, and as she turned around, the extremely kind smile on her face instantly disappeared.

"Keep an eye on her," she ordered the guard at the door in a cold voice.

"Yes."

Zoey Sanders walked around the room. It was decorated very cozily, except the painting on the wall looked a bit eerie...

A little girl's neck was twisted at an odd angle, with a faint smile at the corners of her mouth.

The overall style of the painting was very clean and fresh, yet the smile, seemingly gentle, became rather creepy after staring at it for long.

It inexplicably gave the impression that, at the next moment, the little girl in the painting would tear off her angelic mask, revealing a devil's fangs.

Zoey Sanders shivered all over.

Quickly avoiding eye contact, she dared not look again, having been afraid of ghosts and similar things since childhood. Once it felt creepy, she couldn't bear to look.

Zoey Sanders wanted to open the window to let some air in.

But as she pushed hard on the window, she found it wouldn't open. Thinking it was stuck, she continued to push hard, only to find that it wasn't stuck at all; the window was sealed shut.

No wonder the room had the curtains drawn during the day, with the lights on.

Zoey Sanders couldn't understand why the window in the room was sealed. Isn't it stuffy?

At this moment, Evelyn Sinclair was standing respectfully downstairs, where a middle-aged man was sitting on the sofa, smoking.

"Father."

"She's awake?"

“Yes, that girl looks very innocent. We should be able to get her to talk directly.”

The middle-aged man frowned slightly, “Don’t underestimate her. She managed to enter that place, clearly showing she’s not simple. She may seem innocent and harmless, but might just be good at hiding. Don’t let your guard down.”

Someone who could secretly enter that place certainly couldn’t be an ordinary person.

Hence Evelyn Sinclair was very cautious when talking to Zoey Sanders, worried that she might be dealing with a hidden master.

She nodded, “I understand.”

When Evelyn Sinclair brought the servant into the room, Zoey Sanders was examining the window.

Evelyn Sinclair, seeing this, naturally walked over.

“Zoey, come over here to eat dinner.”

Zoey Sanders turned her head to look at Evelyn Sinclair, “Sister Evelyn, why are the windows in your home sealed?”

Evelyn Sinclair paused slightly, her gaze directly falling on Zoey Sanders's eyes.

Zoey Sanders's eyes were clear and clean, just mixed with some confusion.

She didn't appear to have found anything unusual.

Yet Evelyn Sinclair still felt somewhat wary, walking over and pretending to push the window, she said:

"Maybe it's stuck somewhere. After all, no one has stayed in this guest room for a long time. Do you want a room with a window that opens? I can arrange that for you."

Zoey Sanders quickly shook her hands; being a guest, how could she make such demands? She hurriedly said:

"No need, no need, thank you Sister Evelyn; this place is fine as it is, and besides, I'll be leaving later, no need for the trouble."

Hearing Zoey Sanders mention leaving, Evelyn Sinclair's expression turned cooler as she organized the dishes on the table.

"Leaving? But your body is still very weak, it's not suitable to leave at this time."

Evelyn Sinclair handed the chopsticks to Zoey Sanders.

Zoey Sanders reached out to take them, "Thank you, but my family must be very worried about me now, my body is fine, I can go."

Evelyn Sinclair offered a gentle smile without continuing to argue and instead went along with her words, "I'll arrange a car for you to leave then."

Zoey Sanders looked gratefully at Evelyn Sinclair with clear eyes, "Thank you, Sister Evelyn."

Evelyn Sinclair stared into Zoey Sanders's eyes, seemingly wanting to discover something from within.

But her gaze was too pure, with such a sincere expression that it didn't seem faked at all.

Evelyn Sinclair slightly furrowed her brow.

She prided herself on being good at disguise, yet this girl in front of her was even better at it.

It seemed she could not underestimate her at all.

Evelyn Sinclair smiled, "Quick, eat, the servant at home made this, let's see if you like it."

"I'm not picky with food."

Zoey Sanders was already starving, and everything tasted amazing at that moment.

However, her upbringing from a young age didn't allow her to gorge, so she ate very gracefully.

Evelyn Sinclair watched her, serving her soup while casually asking, "Zoey, how did you end up fainting in that place? Did you get separated from your family?"

Zoey Sanders's hand momentarily paused as she was picking up some food.

Evelyn Sinclair took note of this action.

Zoey Sanders swallowed what was in her mouth before saying, "I went traveling with a friend but got separated by accident. All my belongings were with her, and I got lost, so that's what happened."

Zoey Sanders thought it was best not to mention anything about Liam Cloud to outsiders.

So she made up a lie on the spot.

A chill flashed in Evelyn Sinclair's eyes.

They had seen Zoey Sanders being tossed overboard from a ship, claiming she was traveling, clearly trying to hide the truth.

She indeed was not simple.

Evelyn Sinclair was immediately more wary of her.

“Is that so?”

Evelyn Sinclair raised an eyebrow, “But another friend of mine was passing by at the time, and they seemed to see you being thrown off from a ship. Why is that? Did you go somewhere?”

Zoey Sanders’s eyes subtly trembled, and even her chewing slowed down.

She had observed the surroundings at the time, and not a soul was around, let alone passersby, so wasn’t she just lying?

Zoey Sanders blinked, “Um, I got on the wrong boat, so they threw me off.”

“Is that so, how did you get on the wrong boat?”

“Perhaps my head was in a muddle.”

Evelyn Sinclair’s face grew cooler; it was clear Zoey Sanders was full of lies.

“So where were you trying to travel to? Tell me, I also want to travel, but haven’t decided where to go. You can give me some recommendations.”

Evelyn Sinclair chatted with Zoey Sanders as if they were friends.

Zoey Sanders took a few bites and glanced at Evelyn Sinclair.

Evelyn Sinclair saw her silence, “Hmm? What’s wrong? Don’t want to share with me?”

Zoey Sanders shook her head, her face earnest, “No, Sister Evelyn, I really want to share with you, but...”

Evelyn Sinclair’s eyes brightened subtly, asking nonchalantly, “But what?”

“But my brain suffered severe trauma; the doctor said I almost became mentally ill, but luckily the doctor’s skills were exceptional, so I didn’t become mentally ill. However, my brain did have sequelae, where I occasionally lose some memories, and sometimes they get mixed up.”

“Amnesia?”

“Mm-hmm.”