

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

### **Chapter 1016: Chapter 1016: Even If You're Amnesiac, You'd Better Recover for Me**

"Have we found out if that girl's amnesia is real or fake?" Evelyn Sinclair asked coldly.

"Yes, these are some medical records collected from the hospital."

The subordinate handed over the medical records.

Evelyn Sinclair waved her hand, and the doctor beside her immediately stepped forward to take the medical records. The doctor glanced at them and looked at Evelyn Sinclair.

Evelyn Sinclair raised an eyebrow, "How is it?"

"According to what is written here, the young lady showed no signs of amnesia during her recovery. She shouldn't exhibit amnesia after recovering from her injuries..."

Evelyn Sinclair slightly curled her lips, "So, that damned girl is lying to me?"

"It seems so."

Evelyn Sinclair clutched her palm tightly.

Occasional amnesia?

Ha.

She is indeed clever, having guarded against her so early on.

Anger surged through Evelyn Sinclair, and the light in her eyes was dangerously like a snake eyeing its prey.

Evelyn Sinclair strode upstairs.

At this moment, Zoey Sanders was not just sitting in her room waiting passively; she was plotting how she could escape.

Two methods.

One, break the window, but there were people guarding the door, and the noise would immediately alert them, leading to her capture.

So the first method was unfeasible.

Two, slip away in the middle of the night. She didn't believe the people guarding the door would stay awake all night, but the door was locked, and she didn't have a key. Even if luck favored her and she got out, she wouldn't know where she was.

Moreover, she had no money and couldn't make her way back.

So this method was also not viable.

Zoey Sanders irritably ruffled her hair and plunged into the duvet, thinking she'd rather die at sea than suffer like this, crying out to heaven and earth in vain.

Just then, Evelyn Sinclair's voice came from outside the door.

Zoey Sanders' face changed instantly; she immediately took off her slippers, quickly got into bed, pulled the duvet over herself, and closed her eyes to feign sleep.

The room was quiet, and every sound around was exceptionally clear.

Zoey Sanders could clearly feel someone approaching and standing by her bed, watching her.

She said nothing, just watched her quietly, not knowing what she was thinking. Regardless, Zoey Sanders felt a chill run down her spine.

Zoey Sanders tried hard to control herself and not give away any signs.

Evelyn Sinclair lowered her eyes, looking coldly at Zoey Sanders lying in bed.

She knew she was pretending to sleep.

Evelyn Sinclair originally wanted to drag Zoey Sanders up and interrogate her harshly to see if she would speak the truth, but thinking about it, that seemed too boring.

"Zoey."

Evelyn Sinclair softly called out to Zoey Sanders.

Zoey Sanders' eyelids fluttered, and she slowly opened her eyes, appearing as if she had just woken up.

Evelyn Sinclair maintained a gentle and kind expression, making one drop their guard with just a glance.

Zoey Sanders sat up, "Sister Evelyn..."

Evelyn Sinclair apologized, "Zoey, sorry, I've been so busy. I forgot to have them bring up your dinner. Please wait a moment; dinner will be here shortly."

Zoey Sanders thought to herself, she wouldn't dare eat anything from here. What if it poisoned her?

"Thank you, Sister Evelyn, but I'm not very hungry. I usually skip dinner at home to diet."

Evelyn Sinclair smiled and said, "How can that be? Dinner is a must, especially since you're unwell. If you don't eat, where will you get the strength?"

"Really, it's not necessary..."

Evelyn Sinclair saw her repeatedly refuse and her expression turned cold, "What are you afraid of?"

Zoey Sanders' heart trembled, feeling the air grow suffocating.

She awkwardly pulled out a smile, "No, I'm not afraid. I'm just worried about troubling you."

Evelyn Sinclair returned to her gentle demeanor, "As long as you're not afraid, I'm relieved. I was worried you misunderstood something, to the point of not daring to eat our food here."

Zoey Sanders felt close to breaking down inside, but she still had to maintain a smile on her face, "No, Sister Evelyn, you're overthinking it."

"Hmm, it's fine if I'm overthinking it. Just don't overthink yourself."

Evelyn Sinclair reached out and adjusted her duvet, then said, "By the way, about the amnesia you mentioned this morning, I had the doctor check it. The doctor said your injuries couldn't have caused amnesia. Why would you claim to have amnesia? Are you deliberately guarding against me?"

Zoey Sanders watched as Evelyn Sinclair asked this question with a smiling face, leaving her with a chill down her back.

Zoey Sanders racked her brains and finally said, "I do often forget a lot of things. The doctors probably can't see it."

"Is that so? Then my doctors must be ineffective, but memory can be restored too."

Evelyn Sinclair raised her hand and gently patted Zoey Sanders' shoulder.

“Zoey, I want to know about that place you entered by boat. You’d better think it over tonight, as it’s very important to me. If you can’t remember, I’ll help you remember.”

Zoey Sanders blinked, wearing a look of feigned ignorance of the threat.

She wanted to know about Liam Cloud’s place?

Zoey Sanders’ heart tightened.

Evelyn Sinclair smiled and said, “I know you’re a smart person, and I like dealing with smart people. But if you’re not smart, who knows what might happen.”

“Sister Evelyn...”

“Shh~”

Evelyn Sinclair raised an eyebrow, “Don’t say you can’t remember. There’s always a way to remember.”

At this moment, Zoey Sanders only felt a chill all over, her tense heart almost leaping out of her chest.

Just then, the door was pushed open from the outside.

“Mommy...”

A little girl, dressed in cute cartoon pajamas and looking about three or four years old, ran in on her small legs.

Evelyn Sinclair’s expression immediately softened as she bent down to pick up the little girl, “What’s wrong, baby?”

“I miss Mommy...” the little girl’s voice was soft and adorable.

At this moment, Evelyn Sinclair’s face truly showed gentleness, and Zoey Sanders felt the room’s temperature warm a bit.

Evelyn Sinclair held the little girl and glanced at Zoey Sanders, her expression turning cold again, but she said, “Baby, say hi to your sister.”

“Sister...” the little girl called out to Zoey Sanders in a childish voice.

Zoey Sanders responded gently, “Sister Evelyn, your daughter is very cute.”

“Thank you.”

“What’s her name?”

Evelyn Sinclair raised an eyebrow, a barely noticeable coldness flashing in her eyes, “Olivia, Olivia Cloud.”

### **Chapter 1017: Chapter 1017: Don’t Mess with People You Shouldn’t Touch**

Zoey Sanders’ eyelashes trembled slightly, and when the surname was mentioned, Evelyn Sinclair pronounced it heavily, and she noticed it.

This little girl’s surname is Cloud?

Zoey Sanders suddenly felt a bit muddled.

Plus, Evelyn Sinclair was just subtly probing her about Liam Cloud.

A ridiculous possibility inexplicably surfaced in Zoey Sanders’ mind.

Could Evelyn Sinclair have some connection with Liam Cloud, and this little girl is Liam Cloud’s... daughter?

As soon as the thought emerged, Zoey Sanders instinctively took another look at the little girl.

The little girl was about three or four years old, fair and tender, and that nose and eyes really did resemble Liam Cloud’s a bit, what’s going on?

Could she really be Liam Cloud’s daughter?

And this woman?

No, that didn’t make sense.

Three or four years ago was about four years ago, but at that time, Hope Williams was still in Country Y, and the person Liam Cloud liked was Hope Williams. How could he have a daughter this old with another woman?

Additionally, given Liam Cloud’s character, there’s no way he would not take responsibility for having such an old daughter.

She had also heard Wesley Ruiz mention before that Hope Williams was the only person Liam Cloud liked, and the only woman who had stayed by his side over the years.

Evelyn Sinclair observed the subtle expressions on Zoey Sanders’ face and slightly curled her lips, "What are you thinking about?"

Zoey Sanders hesitated a moment, then tentatively asked, "Sister Evelyn, can I ask who Olivia's father is?"

Evelyn Sinclair gently smoothed Olivia's soft hair and gave a bitter smile, "Olivia doesn't have a father."

"No father? Where is Olivia's father?"

"He doesn't want her."

"Doesn't... want her?" Zoey Sanders paused for a moment.

"Yes, he doesn't want her, so Olivia only has me as her mom. Wouldn't you say our Olivia is pitiful?"

Zoey Sanders was startled by the sudden coldness in Evelyn Sinclair's gaze and didn't know what to say for a moment.

Why did she feel a sudden hostility from Evelyn Sinclair when mentioning these things?

Zoey Sanders was at a loss.

"Mommy... Sister..." Little Olivia called out to them in a sweet, childish voice, her chubby little hands waving in the air.

Evelyn Sinclair withdrew her icy gaze and looked at Olivia with the same gentle expression.

Just then, a young man walked in from outside, "Sis, Dad is looking for you."

The man's eyes fell on Zoey Sanders the moment he entered, eyeing her with an unruly gaze, and a wicked smile curled his lips.

"I heard from the servants that my sister brought back a beauty, and indeed, she is a beauty."

With his hands in his pockets and a smile on his lips, the man's straightforward gaze on her body made people feel very uncomfortable.

Zoey Sanders took a step back.

Looking at Zoey Sanders' pure and delicate face, the man felt even more interested, and his gaze became more playful.

Evelyn Sinclair glared at her brother; she knew precisely what kind of person her brother was and directly kicked him.

Caught off guard, the man was kicked by Evelyn Sinclair, stumbling forward and almost falling flat on the ground.

He raised his head to look at Zoey Sanders, feeling humiliated to be almost kicked down by his sister in front of a woman. After stabilizing himself, he turned back and glared at Evelyn Sinclair angrily, "Evelyn Sinclair, you!"

Evelyn Sinclair's cold gaze fixed on him, "What about me?"

"You!" Knowing full well how capable his sister was, he only dared to be angry but not to speak, "I won't argue with you."

Evelyn Sinclair gave a cold snort, warning, "I'm telling you, Jack Sinclair, keep your little thoughts to yourself, don't touch someone you shouldn't."

### **Chapter 1018: Chapter 1018: Can't Even Spot a Person—What Use Are You**

Jack Sinclair laughed dismissively, "It's just a woman, what's the big deal."

"Say that again." Evelyn Sinclair said sharply.

Jack looked at Evelyn's darkening expression and adjusted his posture slightly, "Got it, Dad wants you to come down."

Evelyn took Olivia's hand and shot Jack a warning look before turning to Zoey Sanders.

"Zoey, I hope you listen to what I said. Remember, you only have one night. If I don't hear an answer by tomorrow morning, you might not be as comfortable."

After warning Zoey, Evelyn's gaze shifted to Jack and noticed his lecherous eyes on Zoey. Evelyn immediately slapped him on the head, "Get out."

Evelyn led Olivia out.

Jack chuckled twice.

He didn't take Evelyn's warning seriously at all.

He glanced sideways at Zoey again, then followed Evelyn out.

The door was locked again from the outside.

Zoey immediately went to the door to listen to the voices outside.

Evelyn warned Jack again, "Don't have any ideas about her, understand?"

Jack stood with his hands in his pockets, looking nonchalant, "Got it, I'm not deaf."

"Not deaf? Ha." Evelyn sneered, "Those ears of yours might as well be deaf."

"Yeah, if they were deaf, I wouldn't have to listen to your lectures. Deaf would be just right."

Evelyn was infuriated by Jack. Seeing Evelyn's anger, Olivia quickly hugged her leg, "Mommy, don't be angry, don't scold Uncle..."

Jack looked at Olivia and smiled, "Your daughter is more sensible than you."

"Foolish uncle doesn't deserve..."

Jack, "..."

Evelyn looked down at her daughter, bent down to pick her up, and raised an eyebrow at Jack, "Olivia's right, he doesn't deserve it."

Evelyn called a servant to take Olivia away and then went downstairs alone, her face resuming its usual cold expression.

Zoey crouched by the door listening to their conversation. Only after they left did Zoey straighten up, clutching her pounding chest.

The look in that man's eyes was too blatant. If she didn't understand, she'd have lived in vain.

Zoey suddenly felt surrounded by danger staying here.

Especially since Evelyn had just warned her to talk about the situation regarding Liam Cloud's place.

Zoey frowned deeply. Naturally, she couldn't tell her.

What if this person was Liam Cloud's mortal enemy? If she disclosed anything, wouldn't Liam and the others be in danger?

Zoey shook her head firmly, she couldn't say anything.

If her words put them in jeopardy, she would bear a heavy burden of guilt.

Zoey silently pondered how to deal with Evelyn tomorrow.

At the very least, she needed a plausible excuse to get by.



Otherwise, she'd be in big trouble.

Zoey ruffled her hair in frustration.

Downstairs, Evelyn stood before George Sinclair, "Dad, did you want to see me?"

George heavily placed his teacup on the solid wood table.

Evelyn furrowed his brows and lowered his head slightly, "It's been nearly a whole day, and you haven't gotten anything out of her? Are you being too lenient with that girl?"

"Dad, just a little more time."

"Time? You want time from me? Will Liam Cloud give me time?"

George slammed the table angrily, "In the past, someone like her would have been tortured for answers already, but you insisted on holding back. Now, after a whole day, you still haven't gotten anything out of her, Evelyn. This doesn't reflect your character."

Evelyn remained silent with his head down.

After a while, he said, "Dad, if she doesn't speak tomorrow, we'll proceed as you suggested."

"Tomorrow?" George snorted angrily, "Liam Cloud has already sent word for us to go for questioning. How much longer do you think we can hide this person?"

Evelyn lifted his head sharply, "He's here?"

"Yes, he's already at the Sterling Family residence."

"Please help buy me a little more time, Father. We can surely get something out of her by the end of tomorrow."

George frowned slightly, "That's about all the time we have."

He stood up and began to walk out, "Hide that person well. I fear he may send someone to investigate."

"Understood."

Evelyn watched George leave, a cold gleam flashing in his eyes.

"Come here."

A subordinate immediately approached, "Miss."

"Take Zoey Sanders to the dungeon, and make sure someone keeps a close watch on her. Also, keep an eye on the young master and make sure he doesn't touch her."

"Yes."

Evelyn's gaze grew deeper.

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When George arrived at the Sterling Family hall, he saw that silver-haired man sitting at the head of a long conference table that spanned the entire room.

The other three family heads sat lower down, each looking helpless.

They were waiting for him to complete the quartet.

George furrowed his brow as the man's gaze turned towards him.

Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows, his eyes holding a mix of ferocity and coldness. The look he gave was bone-chilling.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, rhythmically tapping his fingers on the table, "Have a seat."

George walked over, and the others also glanced at him.

George took his seat and exchanged a glance with the other three, silently inquiring if anything had been said.

But the three of them just shook their heads.

Though the families competed both openly and covertly, situations like this unexpectedly brought a sense of unity.

The four of them exchanged meaningful looks.

Liam Cloud coldly laughed, shifting in his chair, "Who wants to go first?"

The others exchanged glances again, seemingly choosing a representative.

Finally, it was the Patriarch Sterling who ended up as the lucky one. He hesitated for a moment and then cautiously asked, "Master Cloud, why did you call us here today?"

"A friend's husband's friend's sister is missing, right in the woods you all love so much. Did any of you see her?" Liam Cloud said slowly.

They all looked bewildered.

Hope Williams stood up from the couch nearby, holding a phone, and placed it in front of them.

They each looked at the photos on the phone.

Hope observed their expressions.

They all shook their heads, "Never seen her."

"None of you have seen her?"

"No, no."

George shook his head along with them.

"Really?" Liam Cloud smiled and nodded, "Every day someone is lurking around my house and can't even see a living person. It seems your eyes below your brows are just for show. How about I get you each a new pair?"

### **Chapter 1019: Chapter 1019: Search Directly**

Several people felt a chill down their spines.

Patriarch Long gritted his teeth, stood up and said, "Master Cloud, don't push us too far. If we didn't see it, we didn't see it. Do you want us to conjure it out of thin air for you?"

Liam Cloud lifted his hand slightly, "Let's start with you."

Two subordinates immediately approached, grabbed Patriarch Long's arms, and slammed his head hard onto the table.

With a loud "Duang" sound, a dagger was stabbed into the solid wood table.

The dagger trembled slightly as it stuck in the table.

Patriarch Long also trembled along with it.

Seeing Liam Cloud getting serious, his demeanor immediately wilted, losing all the earlier bravado.

"Wait, wait."

Liam Cloud said, "Wait for what? Gouge it out."

“Ah—no, no, no, no, no...”

Seeing the sharp dagger coming towards his eye, Patriarch Long’s face turned pale, his entire body trembling.

The other three watched, sweating profusely. Just moments ago, they were giving each other secret glances as brothers, and now they didn’t dare make a peep, all bowing their heads like quails.

The head of the Long family shouted continuously, “Spare me, please spare me! I really didn’t see anything... No, I’ll go back and ask, I’ll immediately go back and ask if any of my subordinates saw anything. If it was a mistake, I’ll ensure your friend’s sister is returned unharmed.”

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, smirking coldly at his near-panicked state, “Is that so?”

“Yes, yes, yes, please spare me. I’ve been honest and upright lately, without causing any trouble. Please let me go...”

Liam Cloud waved his hand, and the two subordinates let him go.

Patriarch Long immediately stood up, collapsing back into his chair, gasping for air.

So close, almost lost an eye.

He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, glancing angrily at the three who hadn’t even attempted to speak for him, and didn’t dare to cause any more trouble.

Liam Cloud’s gaze swept over the other three, “You all, tell me if you’ve seen my friend’s sister.”

They shook their heads and then nodded.

Realizing that nodding was wrong and shaking was wrong, their faces gradually turned pale.

The vast space fell completely silent, and no one dared to speak, making the atmosphere even more suffocating.

“Tch...” Liam Cloud suddenly chuckled softly, with a hint of mockery in his eyes.

With Patriarch Long as a precedent, the other two patriarchs also immediately stated they would go back and ask if their subordinates had mistakenly captured someone they shouldn’t have.

“George Sinclair.”

Suddenly being named, George Sinclair felt a chill down his spine, but being someone long in power, he didn't panic excessively and looked at Liam Cloud with relative composure.

He then said, "I'll also go back and ask my subordinates, but recently I haven't heard of anyone being captured, so it probably wasn't us."

As soon as he said this, the other three patriarchs all looked at him.

They all stated they'd go back and ask, which was just a stalling tactic to at least delay past today and check privately.

But George Sinclair's sudden remark seemed to push all the suspicion onto the other three families, as if he was exempting his own from suspicion.

The other three patriarchs cast unfriendly glances at him.

Liam Cloud glanced over them.

He well knew these men were all cunning old foxes, buying time to discuss internally.

Liam Cloud wasn't afraid of them discussing internally, as long as they handed over the person when the time came.

"One day. I want to see the person by tomorrow."

With that, Liam Cloud stood up and walked out.

Once Liam Cloud left, the suffocating feeling inside began to dissipate.

Everyone exhaled a sigh of relief.

Patriarch Long looked at the others and spoke first, "Whoever captured the person, just step forward. This has nothing to do with us."

Patriarch Jimenez leaned back in his chair and immediately took a stance, "It's none of our business either. You handle it yourselves."

George Sinclair's eyes shifted, and he scoffed, "You're all in such a hurry to distance yourselves, so if it wasn't one of you two, it has to be me or the Sterling Family, right?"

Patriarch Sterling, of course, didn't accept this, "If anyone suspects it was us, they're welcome to search my place."

Everyone insisted it wasn't their family's doing.

Patriarch Long suddenly fixed his gaze on George Sinclair, squinting with menace, "George Sinclair, you spoke the cleanest in front of Liam Cloud, so maybe it's you."

At these words, the other two also looked at George Sinclair, "That's right, we were about to say it. You were the quickest to clear yourself. Everyone knows your daughter is ambitious and hates Liam Cloud the most. You're the ones always watching closely. It's probably you."

Patriarch Sterling nodded in agreement.

George Sinclair's face darkened immediately, vehemently denying, "I didn't do it. If you don't believe me, you're welcome to search my home."

"Hah, search, who knows if you've hidden them already."

George Sinclair furrowed his brows tightly, slapping the table and rising, "Eddie Long, what do you mean?"

Patriarch Long sneered, "Just what I said. Why so agitated?"

"If I put all the suspicion on you, let's see if you stay calm."

Patriarch Long snorted, no longer arguing with him, "Anyway, he's sure to have searched around there already. The person is definitely with one of us, and if we can't produce them, there'll be trouble. You handle it yourselves. See if any of your people can stand against him. Our family is already on the brink, and we don't dare to offend him. So, be truthful."

George Sinclair, upon hearing this, remained outwardly calm, but his back was soaked in sweat from being suspected. He raised an eyebrow and said:

"It's unreasonable to suspect us directly. That forest area's terrain is complex, and fierce animals roam frequently. The person could well have been dragged off and eaten by beasts. Why suspect us? What do you all say?"

Hearing George Sinclair, the others nodded in agreement.

George Sinclair continued, "Guessing here is pointless. If he insists we captured the person, let him search our homes tomorrow, clearing our names."

Patriarch Sterling nodded, "Good idea."

The three families were confident they hadn't hidden anyone, so they weren't afraid of being searched.

The method seemed feasible to all.

“Let’s do that. We have no other way. Without the truth, guessing until morning is useless,” Patriarch Long agreed.

The three all concurred on this method.

George Sinclair smirked secretly, stood, “Then it’s settled. I have matters to attend to, so I’ll take my leave.”

George Sinclair was the first to leave.

Meanwhile, Hope Williams and Liam Cloud got in their car. Hope felt those four were intentionally stalling.

Zoey Sanders might be in significant danger now.

“Are you really giving them a day?”

Liam Cloud turned to Hope, and replied slowly, “Those old guys are all sly foxes. Giving them a day is a waste. Just search tomorrow morning.”

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