

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 1026: Olivia Is Your Daughter - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 1026: Olivia Is Your Daughter

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Their gazes collided in the air, Hope Williams slightly raised an eyebrow, "Miss Sinclair, long time no see."

Evelyn Sinclair pulled out a smile mixed with a hint of chill, "Yes, it's been a while."

"Your daughter?"

Evelyn gently stroked Olivia's soft hair and nodded, "Yeah."

The two were not familiar with each other, exchanged a few words of courtesy, and Hope said no more.

Hope accompanied Zoey Sanders to tend to her wounds, freshened up, and changed into a clean set of clothes.

Zoey Sanders looked at Hope with red-rimmed eyes, sadly asking, "Aunt Williams, am I too useless?"

Looking at the flush spreading on Zoey's pale face, Hope arranged her hair and said, "For you to stay calm and save yourself in such a situation is already very impressive; how could that be useless?"

Being a woman herself, Hope could imagine Zoey's terror when facing a man many times stronger than her intent on violating her.

For her to calm down, fight back, and find a weapon to protect herself, it was not easy at all.

"But I almost hurt Liam Cloud just now. Will he be mad?"

Zoey was utterly terrified and shocked when she realized the person in front of her was Liam Cloud. She fired five shots in succession, and if those shots had hit Liam, she couldn't bear to imagine the consequences.

"He's not that petty."

"But..."

"But what?"

"But you should indeed be grateful. If it wasn't him who walked over just now, if it were someone else, perhaps you really would have sent them to their death."

For example, Hope herself; she didn't have Liam's reflexes. If she had walked over, she might be lying on the ground now.

"Then I..." Zoey looked up at Hope with eyes full of guilt.

Hope smiled faintly, "I was just joking with you. It's over, don't dwell on it."

After tidying up, they all went downstairs together.

Evelyn glanced at Zoey, hesitated to speak, but eventually led Olivia downstairs with her.

Downstairs, Liam Cloud held a cigarette between his fingers and smoked leisurely. The other four Family Heads stood nearby; he didn't offer them a seat, and no one dared to sit.

Each was drenched in sweat, glaring at George Sinclair with displeased expressions.

He, causing trouble for no reason, involved them all, as if the previous lesson wasn't enough.

Perhaps it was too stuffy inside; George's forehead was covered in cold sweat, his back wet.

Footsteps resonated from upstairs, and as the group descended, they gave the suffocating living room a moment to breathe.

Seeing them come down, Liam stood up straight, glanced at Zoey, "Do you have the strength to speak?"

Zoey looked at him, pursed her lips, and nodded.

"Then recount everything that happened from start to finish."

George's heart tightened, nervously looking at Zoey.

His only relief was not subjecting her to any severe torture.

Evelyn was also afraid Zoey might say something unfavorable, and just as she was about to speak, Liam shot her a cold glance.

Evelyn had no choice but to close her mouth.

Zoey recalled the events after she woke up there and narrated them truthfully, without embellishments Evelyn had feared.

"And you drew a map?" Liam raised an eyebrow.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

Evelyn clenched her fist, watching Liam's calm expression, not knowing what he'd do next.

Evelyn ordered someone to fetch the map.

Liam glanced at it, seemingly satisfied, nodded, "Not bad drawing."

He handed it to his subordinate, "Enlarge it, frame it, hang it in their main hall, see it as much as I want every day."

Evelyn, "..."

"The Sinclair family has truly been too complacent for too long. George, don't you think? I let you off once, and you decide to ride on my back."

George's heart pounded like a drum, wiping his forehead's cold sweat, said, "There must be... a misunderstanding; we saw the young lady fainted, out of kindness brought her home, even asked Evelyn to take good care of her, didn't do anything excessive, right, Miss Sanders? We really didn't..."

"You did save me, yes, but with purpose. You knew I knew Liam Cloud, threw me into the Dark Prison, forced me to draw maps, and even tried to kill me today to silence me. How's that not excessive?"

Zoey had calmed down, clearly rebutting George's words.

George was momentarily speechless.

Their original fault made hoping to deceive Zoey fruitless; she exposed everything, leaving George no room for rebuttal.

"Heh."

Liam sneered.

He knew the intentions of the Sinclair people without Zoey's telling.

Liam stubbed out the cigarette butt, stood up, "Now that everything's clear, you should know the consequences of crossing me."

Wesley's group, who he dealt with a few days ago, already left corpses in the wilderness.

Everyone knew Liam Cloud's methods; George clenched his fists, trying to remain calm, but anxiety overwhelmed him, making it hard to do so, his knees nearly buckling.

Evelyn gripped Olivia's hand, watching the fierce, heartless man. Liam might not kill them all.

But George would certainly suffer.

Evelyn steeled herself, stepped forward, "Liam, what would it take for you to spare us?"

Liam said listlessly, "I gave you a chance yesterday; you overstepped the line. Now, on what grounds do you ask for a reprieve?"

Evelyn's heart raced, forcing a calm facade, "Yes, we were wrong this time, but, if you've done something to wrong me before, could this not offset things?"

Liam sneered, eyes cold, "Enlighten me, what have I done to wrong you?"

Evelyn gritted her teeth, staring intensely at him, "What if I said Olivia is your daughter?"

Liam paused slightly, his previously indifferent eyes turned serious, slowly moving his gaze to the three or four-year-old girl beside Evelyn.

The little girl, just done crying, still had a pink nose.

"This is my daughter?"

"Yes."

Liam nodded, almost laughed, "Why not say you're my daughter?"