

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 771: No One Is More Important Than You - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 771: No One Is More Important Than You

Chapter 771: Chapter 771: No One Is More Important Than You

Aria Richardson was almost stunned for just a few seconds, and there was no escaping.

Her vision was suddenly enveloped by a sea of crimson, the pungent smell of blood invaded her nostrils, and Aria shivered all over.

Someone shoved her hard, and Aria fell backward, banging the back of her head against the car.

Aria felt a dizzy spell sweep over her.

Shao Shi realized something was wrong, immediately got out of the car, but it was already too late.

Seeing the chaotic scene before him, he, along with the other four bodyguards, rushed forward to help Aria up and protect her.

Aria could only hear the din around her. Despite Shao Shi and the others guarding her, rotten eggs and withered cabbages were still crashing onto her relentlessly.

Her face was smeared with blood red, and her clothes were stained with blood. Never having experienced such a scene before, Aria was utterly bewildered, trembling uncontrollably.

The scene was in disarray.

People passing by watched like it was entertainment, pointing and jostling, all taking out their phones to record.

"Isn't that the lady from the Richardson Family? The one caught meeting someone at a hotel before her wedding?"

"That's her, serves her right, cheating before marriage, so shameless."

Hearing the continuous insults, Aria closed her eyes tightly.

"Miss Richardson, you should go home first. I'll handle this here."

Shao Shi grabbed her arm and pushed her inside.

The Richardson family's servants heard the commotion outside and rushed out. Seeing Aria covered in blood, several servants were too shocked to move or speak.

Shao Shi efficiently subdued a few troublemakers while the servants came to their senses and hurriedly pulled Aria back inside.

"Miss, are you alright?"

"Damn it, who could be so heartless? This looks like pig blood."

"Quick, Miss, go upstairs and wash up. Miss... Miss?" A servant asked anxiously, seeing Aria's silence, "Are you okay?"

Aria silently shook her head, stiffly heading upstairs.

The servants noticed that Aria seemed not okay, like she was in shock. Concerned, they followed, "Miss, are you really alright? I'll call Master and Madam back."

"No need." Aria's voice was full of exhaustion, "Don't worry them."

"But you..."

The servants had worked in the Richardson Family for a long time and had never seen Aria in such a state, as if she suffered a big blow.

Aria walked back to her room.

The servants looked at each other, unsure of what to do, "It's best to call a doctor to check on her state."

"Yes, I'll go find one now."

After subduing the troublemakers, Shao Shi glanced at the Richardson house, then called Hope Williams after reporting to the police.

Hope had just arrived at Grandma Taylor's hospital room, and Grandma was recovering well but happened to be asleep when Hope arrived.

Anthony Taylor was slouched on the sofa next to her, resting his head, watching Hope, "Why do you have time to come to the hospital today? Is your health back on track?"

"Still recovering. A friend had some issues back at Emperor Capital, so I'm visiting Grandma Taylor today."

Anthony nodded, sitting up, rummaging through the fruit tray, picking an apple, and began to peel it meticulously.

"Your friend's name is Aria Richardson, right?"

Hope looked at Anthony, "How did you know?"

"Oh, just a guess." Anthony continued to peel the apple, "Your friend's quite a socialite, part of both the Knox and Lewis families."

"She's not; there are a lot of misunderstandings in this matter."

"What misunderstandings? Tell me about them."

Hope glanced at him, "Since when did you become so gossipy?"

"Just making conversation. Otherwise, you'd just sit there staring at my grandma. Aren't you bored? Anyone seeing you might think you've taken a liking to her."

Hope smirked slightly.

Anthony indeed had a way with shocking words.

Anthony waved the peeled apple in front of Hope, "Want some?"

"You have it yourself."

Anthony casually retracted his hand, lazily leaned back on the sofa, eating the apple while asking, "So, tell me, what's the news about her lately? She's become quite a celebrity; I'm curious."

Hope sighed twice, "In short, this matter is complicated, but it certainly isn't like what the internet says, all the talk about pre-wedding affairs is false."

Anthony nodded with a thoughtful expression, "I see, so she's being slandered."

"Yes."

Anthony chuckled, "Cheating before marriage, even if it were true, it's just a common moral issue, could be big or small. But given the past few incidents have been sensationalized, this is probably hard to escape. You should warn your friend."

Hope was well aware of all this.

The situation had escalated significantly, mainly because the original betrothal gift issue was already highly publicized, followed by the hotel scandal staying on trending topics for days, and now this.

Hope was fretting when her phone vibrated in her bag. Seeing it was Shao Shi, she immediately answered.

"How is it? Did you get her home safely?"

Shao Shi, panting heavily, quickly responded, "Miss, there was a bit of trouble. Someone was maliciously causing a scene at the Richardson house entrance."

"Maliciously causing trouble?" Hope stood up suddenly, walking out while asking, "How is everything now? Has anyone been hurt?"

"Miss Richardson was splashed with pig blood, but she shouldn't be injured."

Hope's heart clenched tightly; she should have insisted on having Shao Shi take Aria to the Lewis house earlier.

"Where is she now?"

"Already back at the Richardson house."

"Detain all the troublemakers and send them to the police station."

"Yes."

After giving her instructions, Hope furrowed her brows tightly, turned back to the hospital room, and seeing Grandma Taylor still asleep, she was anxious to check on Aria's situation.

"Do you have an urgent matter?"

Hope nodded, "Yes, something came up."

"Then you should go, I'll tell Grandma you came when she wakes up."

Hope glanced at her watch, "Alright, I'll head out now."

"Yes, just come next time without gifts; if Grandma wakes up, she'll scold me again."

"Just a small gesture, goodbye."

Hope quickly walked out, getting into the car, while making a call to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon's call came in first, and Hope immediately answered. His low, magnetic voice came through, "Still at the hospital?"

"Just left the hospital, there's some trouble with Aria, I want to go check on her."

"No." Waylon immediately disagreed, "You should stay put and wait for me to pick you up. You can't miss your own treatment time."

"But..."

"Hope, there's no 'but' in this matter," Waylon spoke to Hope with rare firmness, "Your health is important; wait for me where you are."

Hope pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Not hearing Hope speak, Waylon realized his tone might have been too harsh, making her unhappy. He sighed and softened his voice, "Hope, remember, no one is more important than yourself, and no one is more important to me than you. We can send someone else to handle her situation."

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Hope Williams blinked lightly, lowered her eyes, and fiddled with the buttons on her clothes, "...Alright, I'll call Aunt Sue and ask her to go back and take care of Aria. I'll wait for you here."

"Okay."

Hope exhaled a breath of impure air, her hand gripping the phone more tightly. After notifying Isla Sue and the others, Waylon Lewis's car arrived shortly.

Waylon opened the car door for Hope and his gaze fell on her worried face. He sighed.

Hope turned her head to glance at Waylon, got out of the car, and he reached out to protect her.

"Let's go." Waylon took Hope into his car.

Hope pursed her lips and asked, "Did they find that waiter?"

"They sent the person abroad before the video was posted. Someone has been dispatched to find them; it will take some time."

"Okay."

Hope rubbed her throbbing temples. She had thought that after their engagement was called off, everything would improve, but it turned out there were still so many issues.

Lily Armstrong's setup was indeed meticulous, handling everything cleanly before the video went out, leaving them with no leads.

"Headache?"

"A bit."

Waylon looked deeply at her, gently rubbed her head, and held her in his arms, "Close your eyes and try not to think."

Hope looked up at him, "I don't want to stay at Old Ortiz's tonight, I want to come back home."

Waylon frowned, "Isn't it tiring to keep flying back and forth?"

"I don't feel tired."

Hope's eyes were filled with pleading light, gazing unblinkingly at him.

Staring at her like that, Waylon couldn't bring himself to refuse. In the end, he could only compromise, "As you wish."

Constantly worrying about the situation here while at Old Ortiz's, she couldn't be at ease; it was better to bring her back to his side.

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The Lewis Family.

After Isla Sue and Miac Richardson hurriedly left, Wyatt Lewis quickly saw a video online of Aria Richardson being harassed and bullied at the Richardson Family's doorstep.

It was filmed by a passerby and posted online.

Wyatt's breathing immediately became heavier, his eyes sharp, standing up, ready to leave.

Old Master Lewis saw his aggressive demeanor and immediately reprimanded him, "Come back."

Wyatt paused his steps.

Old Master Lewis frowned at Wyatt, "If you go to the Richardsons now, are you ready to be filmed and gossiped about again?"

Wyatt's fingers tightened, "I can't just do nothing."

"You can't do nothing, but what about that girl from the Richardsons? Are you disregarding her reputation too?"

Emotions surged in Wyatt's eyes, but after hearing the old master's words, he eventually suppressed them all. He took a deep breath, "I'm going out for a bit, but not to the Richardson's."

"Then where are you going?"

"The police station."

Those people causing trouble at the Richardsons must have something to hide. It's impossible that in such a short time, they found out Aria's address and were ready to pounce on her.

This was definitely orchestrated by someone.

If they dared to do this, someone must be prepared to help them safely out of the police station afterward.

Only by keeping those troublemakers in the station will the people behind them panic.

Isla Sue and Miac Richardson rushed back to the Richardson house. A disturbing pool of frozen blood at the doorstep had yet to be cleaned up, striking fear.

Isla covered her chest in fright, almost losing her composure as she rushed home. Seeing the servant, she quickly asked, "Where's the lady?"

"Madam, the lady is upstairs."

Isla and Miac immediately went upstairs, just as the family doctor came out of Aria's room.

Isla grabbed the doctor anxiously, "How is Aria?"

"Madam, don't worry. The lady has only suffered superficial wounds, nothing serious."

Hearing the doctor say Aria was uninjured, Isla breathed a sigh of relief, "Then what's with all the blood outside?"

The servant helped explain, "It was pig's blood thrown by the troublemakers."

Isla nodded, her face still full of worry, "I want to go in and see her."

"Miss Richardson, Mr. Richardson, hold on." The doctor raised a hand to stop them.

Miac frowned, "Is there something else?"

"It's like this; the young lady's mental state is not good, and her emotions are unstable. My suggestion is to have a psychologist see her."

Isla was stunned for a moment, "Do you mean she has mental health issues now?"

"Consider it as post-traumatic stress disorder."

Isla and Miac were dumbfounded.

Post-traumatic stress disorder! That's a mental illness!

"How...how could this be...she..." Isla's face was stiff, too shocked to speak.

The doctor sighed, "Hurry and get a psychologist to take a look."

Miac supported Isla and instructed someone to find a psychologist.

Half an hour later, Miac anxiously brought a psychologist into Aria's room.

Isla was sitting by Aria's bed blowing her hair dry. Seeing Aria's slightly pale face, she couldn't help but cover her mouth and sob.

Her perfectly fine daughter had been harmed to this extent.

Ever since the two families started discussing marriage, everything seemed to have changed.

Originally a harmonious wedding, it ended up like this.

Isla's heart ached endlessly.

Miac brought in the psychologist and gently patted Isla's shoulder, "Isla, the psychologist is here. Let's go out first."

Isla covered her mouth, nodded, and softly said to Aria, "Aria, mom's going out for a bit. Let the doctor take a look at you, okay?"

Aria cooperatively nodded, not saying anything.

Isla glanced at the psychologist, "Thank you, doctor."

The female psychologist nodded, "You're welcome, madam."

Isla and Miac went out, gently closing the door.

Isla couldn't help but lower her head, covering her mouth and lightly sobbing, "It's all my fault. All my fault. If I hadn't pushed her to go on that date in the first place, her ties with Alexander Knox would have ended long ago, and none of this would have happened. Now she's been driven to this point, it's all my fault."

Miac's eyes deepened as he embraced Isla's shoulders, gently patting her, "Alright, stop blaming yourself. The situation has already happened. It's more important to think about how to resolve it now."

Isla pushed Miac away, "And you, if you hadn't pushed her to marry Alexander Knox, maybe things would be different. This marriage alliance was originally for that billion-dollar funding. Miac Richardson, are you satisfied now?"

Miac was pushed back a few steps by Isla's words, leaving him no room to argue.

The room's door opened, and the psychologist helplessly said, "Could you both keep your voices down?"

Only then did Isla realize they were still by Aria's door, and that she could hear their voices from inside.

Isla wiped her tears, "Alright, alright, we know. You continue."

Isla wiped her tears and went downstairs.

Forty minutes later, the psychologist came out of Aria's room, and they all sat in the living room.

Isla's eyes were full of anxiety, "Doctor, how is my daughter?"

The psychologist glanced at the notes in her hand and said, "The situation is a bit complicated at the moment. It's currently unclear if Miss Richardson has post-traumatic stress disorder, but it's certain that she has moderate depression."

Isla's eyes went dark, and she almost fainted.