

## **SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR**

### **Chapter 787: Chapter 787: Aria Richardson Jumped from the Building, So You Two Can Jump into the Pool**

Very soon, the two of them were reunited.

Natalie Rogers glared angrily at Lily Armstrong, “Pah, serves you right, who told you to leave me and run off on your own.”

Lily Armstrong’s face turned pale, her whole body trembling, too overwhelmed to argue back with Natalie Rogers.

She knew it was over.

As long as they were caught, it was all over.

They would be tortured horribly.

Lily Armstrong wanted to cry and shout, but with a gun pressed against her lower back, surrounded by members of the Lewis Family, even though there were bystanders around, she didn’t dare to call for help.

She didn’t want to die, she really didn’t want to die.

Lily Armstrong’s lips trembled, her knees bent as if to kneel to Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes raised his hand and grabbed her, "Kneeling to me is useless, the person you should kneel to is still lying in the hospital, life or death unknown."

Lily Armstrong had already envisioned her own fate, shaking all over, she cried, "I know I was wrong, I know I was wrong, I beg you to let me go, let me go, I'll find a reporter, I'll apologize, I'll admit everything is my fault, I framed her, she is innocent, please give me a chance to clear things up and apologize..."

Thomas Hughes raised an eyebrow coldly, "Sorry, it's too late."

Natalie Rogers was already sitting paralyzed on the ground, "I don't want to die, I don't want to die..."

Thomas Hughes found it really laughable.

Where did these two women's malicious spirit go? Now they cower like two dogs.

"Don't worry, you won't die. Compared to Miss Richardson, you will only lose limbs."

Lose limbs?

"Ah...no, no..." Natalie Rogers cried out.

Thomas Hughes coldly said, "Cry again, and I'll let you taste what a bullet feels like right now."

Natalie Rogers was so frightened she stopped crying.

Thomas Hughes waved his hand, signaling for them to be taken away.

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Half an hour later, the two were brought to the entrance of a remote villa and taken inside without any resistance.

Wyatt Lewis was already sitting inside, waiting for the two of them.

“Young Master Lewis, the people have been brought,”

Accompanied by Thomas Hughes’ voice, the two were thrown to the feet of Wyatt Lewis.

Lily Armstrong’s eyes flickered wildly.

Upon entering, she noticed a row of silver instruments of torture nearby, emitting a terrifying cold light.

She couldn’t imagine the pain of having those instruments used on her.

Moreover, the room was filled with bodyguards of the Lewis Family, leaving them no chance to escape.

Lily Armstrong felt her heart pound as she looked up into a pair of extremely sinister eyes.

She trembled lips, looking fearfully at Wyatt Lewis, her eyes filled with pitiful pleas.

Wyatt Lewis' eyes were full of malice and hatred, showing not a hint of sympathy as he moved his fingers.

Thomas Hughes stepped forward and pulled out the cloth from their mouths.

The journey here was too noisy, so Thomas Hughes had to gag them.

With the cloth removed from her mouth, Natalie Rogers immediately wailed, and Lily Armstrong desperately pleaded with Wyatt Lewis, "Lewis, Young Master Lewis."

Lily Armstrong crawled over and grabbed Wyatt Lewis' leg, "Young Master Lewis, please let us go. We know we're wrong, we really know we're wrong. Whatever you want, an apology or to clear the truth, we will do it immediately as long as you let us go."

Lily Armstrong pleaded desperately, she was scared, truly scared, she didn't want to die.

Wyatt Lewis narrowed his eyes dangerously, lifting her chin with a hand, "Begging? If I were you, having done so many wicked things, I wouldn't even have the face to beg."

Lily Armstrong's eyes flickered wildly in their sockets, quivering, "But I know I was wrong, I was also deceived by someone and acted impulsively out of a moment's stupidity."

"Who deceived you?"

"Her!" Lily Armstrong pointed directly at the paralyzed Natalie Rogers beside her, "It was her, she kept ranting to me about her hatred for Miss Richardson, saying she didn't like Miss Richardson and hoped I could ruin Miss Richardson's reputation so she could break off the engagement and take back the betrothal gifts; it was everything she said that drove me to do it."

Lily Armstrong wasn't lying; Natalie Rogers truly hated Aria Richardson and was eager to reclaim the betrothal gifts, which she nagged about nearly every day.

Natalie Rogers looked incredulously at Lily Armstrong, "You...bitch, you were the one who wanted to marry my son so you came up with this idea; how dare you put all the blame on me."

Natalie Rogers turned to Wyatt Lewis, "Young Master Lewis, you have to believe me, this woman is the most vicious one, it was all her idea, all her idea. If you must kill, kill her, don't kill me."

"Enough of this nonsense." Wyatt Lewis' handsome face was completely covered in coldness.

Lily Armstrong looked at Wyatt Lewis' expression, not daring to speak again.

The air around them was chilling to the core.

Natalie Rogers continued to beg, “We don’t want to die, we don’t want to die, please let us go.”

“Rest assured, I won’t let you die.”

Hearing these words from Wyatt Lewis, the pair looked up, and Natalie Rogers naively asked, “Really?”

But Wyatt Lewis’ next words sent them both into a frozen abyss, “Death would be too easy for you; if Aria Richardson jumped from a building, you guys might as well jump into water.”

“Wha...what? What do you mean?” Natalie Rogers’ eyes darted frantically, seeing behind her a large open-air swimming pool.

Soon after, they heard Wyatt Lewis’ voice, devoid of any warmth.

“Leave them just a breath, don’t let them die.”

In an instant, both were chilled to the bone.

Lily Armstrong shook all over, “No, no, please let me go...”

Before she could finish pleading, she was picked up and thrown into the pool by two people.

“Ah...glug glug...”

Lily Armstrong opened her mouth to scream, only to swallow several mouthfuls of water, desperately swimming upward. As soon as her head emerged from the water, a large hand pushed her down again fiercely.

In March, the pool water was icy cold, chilling to the bone, and she was held underwater, struggling painfully with the threat of suffocation.

Natalie Rogers watched Lily Armstrong’s plight and shrieked, “No, no, Wyatt Lewis, I’m the lady of the Knox Family, if you dare to touch me, if you dare to touch me, the Knox Family won’t spare you.”

Wyatt Lewis’ eyes grew even colder, scoffing twice, “Then let’s test it.”

In the next second, Natalie Rogers was grabbed and directly tossed into the pool.

“Help, help...ah...uh...”

Wyatt Lewis stood nearby, watching them struggle in agony, feeling unsatisfied in his heart.

Not enough, not nearly enough; compared to Aria Richardson’s suffering, they were only enduring a fraction of it.

Three or four minutes later, the two were yanked out of the water.

They coughed violently, struggling, gasping for air, but just as they took a breath, they were pushed down again mercilessly.

Once given a breath, they were pulled up again, only to be quickly shoved back down, repetitively.

#### Chapter 788: 788: Torment

#### **Chapter 788: Chapter 788: Torment**

Lily Armstrong was gasping for breath, barely clinging to life.

The bodyguard pulled her up and revived her.

Lily clutched her chest and coughed painfully a few times. She thought it was over, but after just two breaths, she was hurled down heavily again. She had no strength to resist and could only struggle desperately.



Wyatt Lewis watched them struggle, suffer, scream, and plead for help, feeling not an ounce of pleasure in his heart.

There had been no news from the hospital for over two hours.

Wyatt gripped his phone tightly, veins bulging, his heart pounding fiercely. The viciousness in his eyes was replaced by endless fear.

Wyatt looked at the two of them, his hatred surging even more.

Thomas Hughes, seeing that this would likely lead to a death, braved himself to step forward and persuaded, "Second Young Master, if this continues, they might not make it."

Thomas didn't pity them but thought that if they really died like this, it would be too easy on them.

Wyatt was unmoved, "They won't die."

They wanted to die, but he wouldn't let them.

Natalie Rogers and Lily Armstrong were pulled back up, both barely breathing.

Wyatt's face was icy, "Revive them. When the rescue at the hospital ends, then they'll stop."

Thomas's brow twitched hard.

If Aria Richardson's rescue took six to seven hours, they would be tormented in the water for six to seven hours...

This punishment was truly torturous.

No visible wounds or blood, but the suffocating danger was enough to drive anyone to despair.

And if Aria truly couldn't be saved...

What would happen to the two of them then?

Thomas couldn't imagine how crazy Wyatt would be then.

Lily Armstrong, revived yet again, was completely exhausted.

Again and again, nearing death, and again and again, pulled back.

An all-encompassing fear and pain engulfed her.

Hearing Wyatt's words, she trembled with fear, still struggling to lift her hand, eyes full of pleading.

"Wyatt... Second Young Master, I really... know I was wrong, I don't dare anymore... please, please..."

Wyatt looked down at her, but just said indifferently, "Continue."

There was not the slightest bit of pity.

Lily Armstrong fell into endless despair.

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Hospital.

Isla Sue woke up crying heart-wrenchingly, kneeling at the door of the emergency room. Miac Richardson, eyes red, walked over to hold her shaking body, “Isla, calm down, Aria will be okay, she will definitely be okay.”

Miac wasn’t sure if he was trying to convince Isla or himself.

Aria Richardson jumped from the twelfth floor, and generally, rescue air cushions are only effective up to the sixth floor. So even with the cushion’s protection, the impact was still potentially lethal. The doctors only said they would try their best to save her.

Miac’s heart ached terribly.

Isla clutched her chest, shaking her head repeatedly, “My daughter, my poor daughter, why did you push her like this, why, what did she do wrong.”

Seeing Isla’s unbearable pain, Old Lady Mrs. Knox pursed her lips, her eyes filled with pain.

She didn’t know what to say or do to give Isla and Miac any comfort.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked at Alexander Knox standing not far away.

Alexander was silent, his eyes filled with endless pain and remorse.

“Alexander, come here,” Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s tone was extremely serious and cold.

Alexander, immersed in his regret and pain, didn’t respond to the old lady’s call.

With a stern voice, the old lady called again, and only then did Alexander slowly raise his eyes, overcast with gloom.

Alexander walked over.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox, with trembling hands, grabbed Alexander's arm, persistently trying to pull him down, "Kneel down and apologize to your uncle and aunt."

Before Alexander could do anything.

Isla, hearing this, immediately lifted her head, her red-rimmed eyes glaring angrily at Old Lady Mrs. Knox, "Apologize?"

"Isla." Miac looked at Isla anxiously, but Isla shoved him aside, staggering to her feet, her gaze fiercely fixed on the two of them.

"Will an apology bring my daughter back?" Isla angrily pointed to the emergency room door, "My daughter is lying in there, her fate unknown, and it's all your fault.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox! I have begged you before, I knelt and begged, but what did you say? You wanted to protect your grandson. Well, your grandson is just fine.

But why, why? Clearly, he started all this. If he had let Aria go, not come with an engagement proposal, Natalie Rogers wouldn't have schemed so viciously against Aria, and none of this would have followed.

He was the one who started all of it, yet continued to hurt Aria, piling pressure on her until she developed depression, and then, after the accident, not a word!

What are you acting so loving for now? So guilty?

Isn't it disgusting?

Get out, both of you get out, I don't want to see anyone from the Knox Family again."

Isla forcefully pushed Alexander and Old Lady Mrs. Knox away, her eyes filled with extreme hatred.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox, her eyes brimming with tears, reached out to grab Isla, but Isla avoided her directly.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox, filled with guilt and remorse, cried, "It's our fault, all our fault, whatever rebuke you want, whatever compensation, just say it, you mention it, we will meet it, Isla..."

Isla took a deep breath, "Rest assured, this won't end just like this. If anything happens to Aria, I, Isla Sue, will stake my life to make you all pay with yours."

Isla genuinely wanted to kill them all right now.

"Isla..."

"Get out!" Isla shouted directly.