

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

### Chapter 789: Alexander Knox Admits Everything

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Isla Sue yelled hysterically, her emotions extremely agitated, clutching her chest and taking deep breaths, her body swaying, almost fainting from anger again.

Hope Williams immediately stepped forward to support Isla Sue's arm.

Seeing Isla Sue's emotions so agitated, afraid she might get angry again, Old Lady Mrs. Knox helplessly had Alexander Knox push her away first.

Alexander Knox's dark eyes were full of pain; he realized he'd made an irreversible mistake, a mistake that caused a girl to endure all the pain.

They had just reached the corner when they ran into a bunch of reporters. Those reporters originally hadn't left, wanting to know the follow-up news as soon as possible. But since the family was immersed in pain, they tactfully didn't approach.

However, everything Isla Sue had just said was heard clearly by them.

They realized this matter seemed to have a direct and undeniable connection to Alexander Knox.

Now seeing Old Lady Mrs. Knox and Alexander Knox, how could the reporters let go of this opportunity? So, at this moment, all the reporters surrounded Alexander Knox and Old Lady Mrs. Knox.

"President Knox, are you unavoidably responsible for Miss Richardson's jumping?"

"President Knox, what do you mean when Mrs. Richardson said Miss Richardson was harmed by you? Can you tell us?"

"Is it true what Mrs. Richardson said that Miss Richardson had depression? Did you know about this beforehand?"

"President Knox, please tell us..."

Alexander Knox's gaze was icy, his expression grim and terrifying.

This made the reporters, frantically asking questions, quiet down a bit, looking at each other and the surrounding people.

Anyone could see that Alexander Knox's emotions were very bad at this moment. Just when they thought he wouldn't respond to any questions, Alexander Knox spoke, "It's all true."

The microphone was passed to Alexander Knox, "What do you mean by all of it being true?"

This vague statement left everyone bewildered.

Alexander Knox tightened his lips, looked at everyone, and said frankly, "Everything Hope said in that live broadcast is true."

Everyone was astonished.

"So, before the betrothal gift, Miss Richardson really broke up with you? You forced the betrothal gift, relentlessly pressured for marriage, and threatened and even imprisoned her when you couldn't succeed; is all this true?"

Old Lady Mrs. Knox's hand clenched tightly as she looked back at her grandson, the one she was proud of, eyes full of pain.

She knew what it meant for Alexander Knox to admit it, but she did not stop him.

Because she understood now, this was what they deserved.

Aria Richardson was harmed by them in this way.

They should step forward and clear Aria Richardson's name.

Alexander Knox, "Yes, it's true."

The crowd was incredulous, some unable to help but cover their mouths in surprise.

At that time, they still didn't believe what Hope said, because it was indeed hard to believe, but now Alexander Knox actually admitted it personally.

So Aria Richardson turned out to be the most helpless and tragic victim in this matter.

Forced, framed, imprisoned, this mother and son duo were truly absurd; one used every means possible to marry Aria Richardson, the other schemed to drive her away.

In the end, all the harm was concentrated on Aria Richardson alone, her body and soul destroyed; how could she not despair and jump off a building?

As ordinary passersby, listening to this made them exceedingly angry, and the questions asked of Alexander Knox were tinged with anger.

"So, did you do this to Miss Richardson because you loved her too much?"

Too much love?

Alexander Knox's eyes darkened slightly, "No."

He had no right to claim it was love because he knew himself it wasn't.

"If not love, then why did you do all this? Are you a psychopath?"

Other reporters looked at the questioning female reporter, unable to help but give a thumbs-up secretly, admiring her for asking such a bold and harsh question.

Alexander Knox tugged at his lips, facing the reporters' questions, he didn't answer immediately, nor did he panic. After a long while, in a deep voice, he said, "Because of dissatisfaction."

"Dissatisfaction? Dissatisfaction with what? Can you elaborate?"

Alexander Knox fell silent, his dark gaze glancing far away in the direction of Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis, then turned back to the reporters, not answering the question.

"Did you speak out now because of guilt towards Miss Richardson?"

Alexander Knox did not continue to answer.

Seeing that Alexander Knox had no intention of continuing to answer, the reporter simply stopped asking questions.

Today's major news was already abundant.

A few reporters turned around and left, whispering to each other as they walked.

"Looking like a human but acting like a dog, turns out he's a psychopath. If he doesn't love her, why force her to marry, he's simply sick. If he wants to imprison someone, why not lock himself up?"

"Poor Miss Richardson was forced into depression and suffered so much slander for so long. Now she's driven to jump off a building. He knew it was his fault but only now comes out to clarify; how shameless."

"Exactly, letting a woman bear everything; is he even a man? It completely overturns my understanding."

A few reporters cursed as they left.

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As time ticked away.

The surgery lasted until the afternoon.

Nearly six hours later, the chief surgeon finally came out of the emergency room.

The doctor took off his mask, his face covered in sweat, showing an exceptionally heavy expression.

Seeing the doctor's expression, everyone felt their hearts sink.

Isla Sue clutched the doctor's arm, "Doctor, how is my daughter? She's fine, isn't she? Isn't she?"

Faced with everyone's gaze, the doctor lowered his eyes, choosing his words carefully before speaking, "I'm very sorry, everyone. We've done our best. Though the surgery was successful, she is too severely injured. Her vital signs are not stable yet, and she could leave at any time..."

## **Chapter 790: Chapter 790: The Account Isn't Settled Yet**

Isla Sue listened, her eyes dimmed, and her body instantly went limp.

Aria Richardson was sent to the intensive care unit, and Isla Sue leaned against the large observation window, watching the person inside with tubes all over and surrounded by beeping machines, her tears nearly dried up from crying.

Miac Richardson told her to take a rest, but she insisted on staying with Aria, refusing to listen to anyone's advice.

Hope Williams and Alitzel Williams exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with the same pain.

Hope Williams wiped away the tears from the corner of her eye and went aside to call Wyatt Lewis.

On Wyatt Lewis's side, Lily Armstrong and Natalie Rogers had been rescued who knows how many times, and this time their faces were pale, bodies trembling, without even the strength to speak.

Wyatt Lewis's phone was hot in his hand. When he saw the incoming call from Hope Williams, his body swayed, and he hesitated as he stared at the phone screen, not answering immediately.

For over six hours, he sat there numbly watching these two women being tormented; every minute and every second was torment for him too.

At the moment he received Hope Williams's call, his dark and deep eyes were filled with fear.

He was afraid.

Afraid that this call would tell him that Aria Richardson was gone.

Everyone knew Aria was gravely wounded.

He kept persuading himself that Aria would be fine, she would be fine.

But in reality, his rational mind was constantly denying that sentence.

After the phone rang for a while, Wyatt Lewis finally answered, putting it to his ear, his other hand held tightly.

“Sister-in-law.”

Hope Williams thought Wyatt Lewis wouldn’t pick up, but hearing his voice, she sighed, looking out the window with low spirits.

“Aria was brought back to life, but her vital signs are still unstable and she might leave at any moment.”

After Hope Williams spoke, even though Wyatt Lewis was prepared, his heart still clenched, making him gasp in pain.

“I understand.”

After saying this, he hung up, the veins on his hand holding the phone bulging.

In his heart, he kept persuading himself that as long as there’s life, there’s hope.

Wyatt Lewis stood up.

Looking at the two people lying on the ground in a wretched state, his eyes were filled with overwhelming hatred.

Thomas Hughes watched Wyatt Lewis, fully understanding that look.

Wyatt Lewis was very much like Waylon Lewis in that, despite his usual playful and cynical demeanor, he had a ruthless and cold-blooded core.

Anyone who harmed his loved ones would be dealt with mercilessly.

Seeing Wyatt Lewis's expression after the call, Thomas Hughes knew that Aria's situation was likely dire...

Just when he thought Wyatt Lewis would order the two of them killed.

Wyatt Lewis coldly said, "Send them back to where they came from."

Thomas Hughes thought he misheard and asked, "Send them back to their families?"

Wyatt Lewis nodded, his cold gaze flicking over the two of them, "Yes."

When Wyatt Lewis said this, the two on the ground visibly moved.

Though they were close to being tormented to death, they could still hear.

At this moment, they secretly sighed in relief.

Wyatt Lewis then continued, “The account isn’t settled yet.”

Lily Armstrong’s eyes trembled. Even though she didn’t know what Wyatt Lewis meant by the account isn’t settled, she only knew she was temporarily freed and wouldn’t suffer this torment anymore.

Thomas Hughes nodded, “Alright.”

Wyatt Lewis said nothing further and turned to leave.

Thomas Hughes waved his hand, signaling the bodyguards to take them away, then moved aside to call Waylon Lewis to report the situation.

After finishing the call with Wyatt Lewis, Hope Williams walked back to the entrance of the intensive care unit. Isla Sue was still standing there, her eyes red beyond recognition.

Hope Williams sighed deeply, wanting to comfort Isla, but couldn’t bring herself to say it.

What comforts could she offer?

Tell her not to be sad?

How could that be possible?

Her beloved daughter was lying inside, with the possibility of leaving at any moment, how could anyone not be sad?