

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

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Hope Williams sighed, patting Wyatt Lewis on the shoulder, speaking earnestly, "Wyatt, Wyatt, your brother went as far as to become a 'Thief' for you, don't let down the reputation he sacrificed for you."

Wyatt Lewis was so moved, he almost cried in front of his dear brother and sister-in-law.

"You really are my dear brother and sister-in-law..."

Hope Williams had a faint smile on her face, seeing Wyatt Lewis profoundly moved, "Alright, stop being mushy. Since you've decided, don't just stand there. It's now eight in the evening. You have nearly thirteen hours to win over your future father and mother-in-law."

Wyatt Lewis stood up, holding Aria Richardson's hand, "I'm going right now."

"Yeah, go ahead. I'll keep an eye on things here for you."

Hope Williams nodded her chin toward the direction of the emergency room. At the car accident scene, she had checked on Emma Winton, whose injuries were not life-threatening, so she wasn't overly worried.

Hope Williams stood up and walked over. Upon seeing Wyatt Lewis dragging Aria Richardson away, Alitzel Williams frowned slightly.

"Where's that Wyatt Lewis heading now? With Emma Winton hurt like this because of him, leaving now is really out of line."

"Mom, he's got something urgent; let him go."

Seeing Hope Williams say that, Alitzel Williams just furrowed her brows and said nothing more.

Fortunately, most of the Lewis family members were there, including the elder, so even with Wyatt Lewis leaving, it was still manageable dignity-wise.

The matter here was settled, but Zoey was still missing, a matter of significant concern.

Hope Williams tightly gripped her cell phone, hoping Joseph Sanders and his team would quickly find Zoey Sanders.

...

At this moment, inside a small room of about thirty square meters, apart from a giant iron cage, there was nothing else.

Cold luminescence poured down from above the iron cage, the room's only light source.

Zoey Sanders woke up from the pain, a massive ache radiating from her forehead, almost making her faint again.

She opened her moist eyes, looking around in panic, trying to support herself up with her hands but found them tied. Adding to this, she felt she'd lost too much blood, rendering her utterly powerless.

Zoey Sanders trembled, not daring to move. At barely over twenty, she'd only ever encountered kidnapping in TV news, never imagining it would truly befall her.

In the still night, the chill seeping through, fear amplified infinitely.

She huddled inside the iron cage, shivering continuously, unsure if anyone realized she was missing yet, and not knowing whether she'd survive this ordeal.

Thinking of this, her already dirty little face went a shade whiter.

Just as Zoey Sanders felt like crying, she heard the voices of two men outside.

"Heard this woman is the Sanders' eldest daughter. Selling her won't cause us any trouble, will it?"

"What's there to fear? Sell her into the mountains without a trace. Who cares which family's eldest daughter she is?"

"True. Miss Winton did say to sell her as far away as possible. By tomorrow morning, once we're out of the city, who'll be able to find her?"

One of the men cleared his throat, suggesting the people inside could hear them...

In fact, Zoey Sanders had indeed heard them. She deliberately leaned close to the cage, nearing the door, straining to catch their conversation.

The information she overheard felt like a thunderbolt.

These people planned to sell her to the mountains tomorrow to be the bride of an old man unable to find a wife?

No, she didn't want to be sold, didn't want to be a bride to an old man...

Zoey Sanders felt genuine fear. What should she do?

How could she escape?

Just then, the door creaked open, and the men entered. They were burly and wore black masks, and Zoey Sanders, wanting to continue pretending to be unconscious, had no time left.

"Oh, awake, are we?"

The two men, seeing her awake, maliciously banged on the cage with sticks, making Zoey Sanders curl up and shiver.

"A young lady this precious is different indeed, so beautiful and delicate. She should fetch a great price."

Zoey Sanders bit her lip, overwhelmingly scared, but she had to think of a way to save herself.

Otherwise, she'd truly be waiting to be sold.

Zoey Sanders mustered her courage, looking at the two men outside the cage, and asked, "How much will you earn selling me?"

The two men exchanged a glance, laughed, "Hard to say. You're so pretty, easily tens of thousands..."

"Ten times. I'll pay ten times myself. I have money, loads of it. Call my brother. As long as you let me go, never mind tens of thousands; hundreds of thousands, millions, billions—it's all just a word from him."

Chapter 902: Chapter 902: That Woman Escaped

The man smiled, "Do you think we're fools? If we make the money, will we live to spend it?"

Zoey Sanders, "..."

Damn it, aren't kidnappers on TV always greedy and stupid? Why is it different with her?

“But you are indeed valuable. The person who handed you over to us gave us three million. Tsk tsk, you rich people are truly different; each one is more generous than the last.”

The two men laughed heartily.

So they have made enough money, Zoey took a deep breath.

Clearly, this tactic won't work. Now that they have money, they are unwilling to risk being discovered and make another deal.

Zoey gritted her teeth, raised her hand, and a string of glowing objects on her wrist shone brightly in the dim and dark night.

The two men were taken aback.

It was a diamond bracelet embedded with eight blue diamonds, dazzling and eye-catching on Zoey's wrist.

“Can you at least let me go to the bathroom? This bracelet is worth twenty million, just let me go to the bathroom, and it's yours.”

The man greedily stared at the bracelet, “Is this thing really worth twenty million? It isn't fake, is it?”

“You know my identity; I wouldn't wear fake things. I only have this one small request to go to the bathroom.”

Zoey looked at the two men pleadingly. She was beautiful, and her lively eyes were now red, making her look pitifully delicate, moving people's hearts.

The man's hand reached in from outside the cage and grabbed the bracelet from her hand, greedily gripping it.

“This thing is worth twenty million, we are getting a huge profit on this deal.”

“Now can you let me out?”

The two men exchanged a smile, “Idiot, with the bracelet in our hands, what can you do about it? I don't care if you need the bathroom; if you have to go, do it in the cage.”

They were about to leave with the bracelet when Zoey shouted, “Fine, then when the others get back, I'll tell them you two have a twenty million valued bracelet and want to keep it for yourselves.”

Their steps halted.

Seeing their hesitation, Zoey quickly added, "If you let me out to use the bathroom, then I won't tell anyone, and the bracelet will be yours. Sell it, split it between the two of you, each getting ten million. If split among four, the money we get is halved; think it over yourselves."

Zoey didn't know where she got the courage to say these words, but if she didn't rescue herself and waited to be discovered, she would only meet death.

If death is certain, she might as well take a gamble.

The man holding the bracelet narrowed his eyes, "How do you know, there are four of us?"

"Outside." Zoey gestured with her chin.

The two men looked over and understood immediately.

The table where they were drinking hadn't been cleared; there were four cups and a pile of leftovers.

The two men exchanged a smile, "Heh, this girl is quite clever. Fine, for twenty million, five minutes should be enough."

Zoey nodded vigorously, "Enough, enough, thank you, brothers."

Seeing Zoey's frail appearance, they figured she wouldn't be able to escape under their watchful eyes, so they safely opened the cage to let her out and untied her hands.

Zoey moved her wrists, which had been numbed by the ropes, and asked, "Where's the bathroom?"

"Follow me," one of the men led her.

Outside, the wall was lit by a dim light tangled with cobwebs.

All around was pitch dark, and weeds grew thick on the ground. This was obviously the suburbs. Zoey glanced back at the house where she was held.

The house was an abandoned metal container, rusty and desolate, clearly abandoned for a long time.

This kind of place wouldn't have a soul around at night; she might as well cry for heaven or earth for all it'd matter.

They seemed familiar with the area, likely specializing in the trafficking of women.

She was just temporarily held here.

“Hurry up.”

The man leading the way urged impatiently.

Zoey nodded continuously, pretending to be obedient, but her gaze was fixed on the mobile phone in the man's pocket.

“Can't you move any faster?” The man saw Zoey was as slow as a snail, couldn't help but pull her arm hard.

“Ah!”

Zoey took a false step and fell to the ground, gasping from the cold air.

The ground was uneven, full of stones digging into her.

The fall was fake, but the pain was real.

The man cursed under his breath, “What a waste, get up quickly.”

Zoey maneuvered a long time delicately, trying to stand with a charming pout, but eventually fell back. She looked up, eyes red, and said, “Brother, I twisted my ankle, it hurts.”

Zoey's weak voice and red eyes, with her lightly biting lips, were undoubtedly a huge temptation.

The man's eyes immediately showed lechery as he approached Zoey, “Sister, where does it hurt? Let me see.”

Zoey blinked, extending her hand for him to help her up. The man, seeing her being proactive, quickly grabbed her hand, pulled her up, and smoothly wrapped his arm around her waist, feeling her slender waist a few times.

Zoey's whole body stiffened, she was so disgusted she almost vomited. Taking advantage of his distraction, Zoey quickly hid the stolen phone in her sleeve.

She had just noticed this pervert's eyes roving all over her, only intending to sell her for money, so he dared not touch her.

Just then, the man inside urged impatiently, “What's taking so long in the bathroom? Victor, don't get foolish on me, she's to be sold for money. If you touch her, be ready to be dead when the boss returns.”

The man named Victor replied irritably, "Got it, got it, stop reminding me, it's annoying."

Zoey immediately pushed him away, suppressing her revulsion, and rushed into the bathroom.

The so-called bathroom was just a small square room with a cloth hanging at the entrance.

The fabric lets light through, so if she turns on the phone, it will immediately be noticed.

Zoey Sanders gritted her teeth, pulled open the curtain and looked at the person outside, "Hey, can you stand a bit farther away? You're so close, I can't get it out."

The man chuckled lightly, knowing she was a delicate character, and with the smell from the toilet being too strong, he did indeed move a bit farther away, lighting a cigarette to smoke.

Zoey Sanders closed the curtain, the smell inside made her want to vomit, but she couldn't worry about that, immediately turned on her phone, her hands trembling as she dimmed the screen and dialed Joseph Sanders...

Pick up!

Pick up!

Joseph Sanders, pick up!

Pick up!

Ahhh, pick up!

'Sorry, the number you dialed is currently busy. Please try again later.'

He! Hung up!

Zoey Sanders' face went dark, "Joseph Sanders, you better sleep with your eyes open from now on."

"Are you done yet? So slow."

Zoey Sanders' hand shook, almost dropping her phone into the pit, "I'm almost done."

Zoey Sanders peeked through the gap in the curtain, seeing the man still squatting there smoking, but he wasn't looking her way.

Zoey Sanders gritted her teeth. Dead either way, might as well take a chance.

She dialed 110 while crouching low, darted out of the toilet, and ran into the depths of the darkness.

“Damn it, Victor, that woman ran!”

The other man came out of the house, just in time to see Zoey Sanders dart into the darkness, and immediately gave chase.

“Damn it, she dares to run, chase her.”

Zoey Sanders ran desperately, ran desperately, her heart pounding as if it would leap out of her chest. Fortunately, the police quickly picked up the call.

“Stop.”

Zoey Sanders pushed through the bushes, running heedlessly, the footsteps chasing her getting closer, she panted heavily, shouting, “My name is Zoey Sanders, I’ve been kidnapped, they’re a group of human traffickers, they want to sell me, I’m on the outskirts now...”

“Damn girl, you dare run!”

Zoey Sanders’ hair was grabbed, yanking her down hard onto the ground.

The phone fell to the ground as well, with the police’s inquiry still coming through, but it was immediately cut off by the man called Victor.

He spat on the ground angrily, “Damn it, you dared to call the police.”

“Let go of me, let go of me, you kidnappers...”

“Heh, once I’ve had you, let’s see if you have the strength to run.” The man said as he hastily undid his belt.

“Don’t touch me, let go...”

...

On Joseph Sanders’ side, an hour ago.

Liam Cloud hadn’t left, a few of them dragged the entertainment venue’s owner to the surveillance room, Liam Cloud stared at the frozen image on the monitor, his face cold, “Are these two people from your place?”

The owner brought in the person in charge, and several of them claimed they hadn’t seen the two people on the screen before.

The entrance surveillance showed two men in work uniforms pushing a large cardboard box out, looking like they were transporting goods.

Because they do have things restocked here daily, or broken tools boxed and discarded.

The two were in work uniforms, so no one suspected anything.

The image zoomed in, but there were faint traces of blood at the bottom of the box.

Joseph Sanders' eyes narrowed sharply.

It's almost certain that the person in the box is Zoey Sanders, she was taken out, so no matter what they did, they couldn't find her.

The surveillance showed that after they left the venue, they reached a blind spot for the cameras, other surveillance equipment not being within the entertainment venue's range.

It's now certain that Zoey Sanders was kidnapped, and the captors aren't after money.

If it were for money, they'd have called by now to demand some.

Not seeking money is even more troublesome.

Joseph Sanders frowned, "Zoey has no enemies here, they're not after money, so why kidnap her?"

Liam Cloud's dark eyes narrowed slightly, "What if she found out something she wasn't supposed to know, and now someone's trying to silence her?"

"Wasn't supposed to know?!"

Being not after money, and Zoey having no enemies here, it's highly possible she knows something she shouldn't, and they're trying to silence her.

Joseph Sanders clenched his fists, does this mean Zoey is...

He didn't dare to think further!

"Contact the police, retrieve the surveillance from the road at ten, and send me the findings." After saying this, Liam Cloud stood up and headed out.

"Where are you going?"

"To find her! Or do you want to just wait and collect your sister's corpse?"

Joseph Sanders frowned deeply, "You don't even like her, why are you helping to find her?"

Liam Cloud smiled coldly, gave no explanation and simply walked out.

If he hadn't messed with the little girl, she probably wouldn't have been alone, and if she wasn't alone, none of this would have happened.

Since it's partly his fault, he has to help find her.

Chapter 903: Chapter 903: Zoey Sanders's Whereabouts Discovered

Joseph Sanders quickly arrived at the police station, retrieved the road surveillance, and identified the vehicle that took Zoey Sanders.

But midway, they drove into a section of the road with no surveillance, and after ten minutes, the car reappeared in the surveillance footage.

"Young Master Sanders, it's this car. We'll send the car's information to Master Cloud."

Joseph Sanders squinted his eyes tightly and raised his hand, "Wait, something's wrong."

The car drove into the side road and then back out towards the entertainment venue, which clearly didn't make sense.

If their intention was to take Zoey Sanders out of the entertainment venue to silence her or do something, they wouldn't bring her back to the venue.

In those ten surveillance-free minutes, they probably already let her off.

As Joseph Sanders hesitated, a van appeared in the surveillance, speeding swiftly towards the suburbs.

The undeveloped suburb was overgrown with weeds, a desolate place, where generally no one would go; if they really were to do something to Zoey Sanders, that's where they would choose.

Joseph Sanders concluded that Zoey Sanders had already been transferred to this van in those ten minutes.

Joseph Sanders was burning with anxiety; several hours had already passed. Had something happened to Zoey Sanders?

A bad feeling arose in Joseph Sanders' heart, and his face became more somber.

He couldn't think much, pulled out his phone, and called Liam Cloud while walking out.

Just then, an unknown call came in, but Joseph Sanders, not in the mood to take unfamiliar calls, hung up without thinking.

He informed Liam Cloud about the van's direction and immediately wanted to call the Lewis Family for manpower to search that area.

Before he could dial out, a call from the police came in.

Just coming out of the police station, Joseph Sanders tightly gripped his phone and immediately turned back.

"What's going on?"

"Young Master Sanders, is this your sister's voice?"

The police played the recording of the recent call for Joseph Sanders: 'My name is Zoey Sanders, I've been kidnapped, they're human traffickers and want to sell me, I'm in the suburbs now...'

'You little brat, how dare you run!'

The recording abruptly ended.

Joseph Sanders' face changed dramatically after hearing the recording, his slightly trembling fingers clenched into a fist, "Yes, it's my sister. When was this call made?"

The officer replied, "We just received this emergency call. She's currently in the suburbs, and our tech team has locked onto her phone's location. Our people are on their way and will do everything to rescue her."

A just-received emergency call!

This means that Zoey Sanders is still alive and well, and Joseph Sanders' eyes were full of relief, but relief soon turned to panic.

Zoey Sanders' voice clearly indicated she called the police secretly and got discovered by the kidnappers.

The kidnappers, knowing she called the police, definitely wouldn't spare her.

Damn it.

"Please send me the location."

Having said that, Joseph Sanders strode out without delay, got into an off-road vehicle, and took off like an arrow with a sharp turn.

...

Zoey Sanders frantically slapped the man who intended harm against her, "Let go of me, don't touch me... help, help... help... mmm..."

"I'll show you for running, I'll show you for yelling, I'll show you for playing me!"

"Smack! Smack!"

Two slaps landed on Zoey Sanders' struggling face.

Zoey Sanders was instantly disoriented by the blows, her whole body aching, her forehead bleeding profusely, leaving her dizzy and drained.

Just when she thought she would be violated by this beast today, the man on her was suddenly pulled away.

"Damn it! Who dares hit me... bro... bro!" He cursed while pulling up his pants, then immediately cowered.

Zoey Sanders' cheeks were swollen, her hair messy, her torn clothing exposing fair skin with bloody scratches. She curled up tightly, eyes filled with fear, like a broken doll.

The one addressed as "bro" looked at Zoey Sanders like that and kicked Victor, "Do you have a death wish? This woman is meant to be sold for money, if you touch her, I'll chop you up."

Victor shrank his head and quickly said, "Bro, this woman ran away. She even called the police just now. I was just so furious I did it."

The "bro" cast a sharp gaze at Zoey Sanders and kicked Victor again.

"You two useless idiots can't even guard a woman locked in a cage. What's the use of you? How did she get out?"

Zoey Sanders' eyes flashed, and she hurriedly stepped forward to answer before Victor could, "They... they saw a two-million-dollar bracelet on my wrist and tried to snatch it, they wanted to take my bracelet to exchange for money."

"Bro" squinted his eyes sharply, inspecting Victor and another man, "A two-million-dollar bracelet?"

Victor and the other man immediately denied, "No, bro, she's lying, there's no bracelet. She was trying to seduce us, which is why we opened the cage..."

"He has it, believe me, the bracelet is in their pockets. They want to pocket it themselves. I just heard them planning, saying if they split it, each would get a million. If four people are involved, they'd only get five hundred thousand, so they didn't want to tell you."