

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 904: 904: This Time I'm Really Going to Die... - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 904: 904: This Time I'm Really Going to Die...

Chapter 904: Chapter 904: This Time I'm Really Going to Die...

"Shut up, bitch, there's no bracelet at all. Boss, don't believe her, she's deliberately deceiving you, trying to stir things up."

"He has it."

"I don't have it."

"He really has it."

The boss's gaze darted back and forth between them.

"Just search him, you'll see. It's really in his pocket."

"You're asking for it..." Victor was furious, raising his hand, ready to hit Zoey Sanders.

"See, see, he's losing it, it's really in his pocket, even if I die, it's in his pocket."

"Ah!" Zoey Sanders screamed, her whole body shrinking back to hide.

The punch didn't land; Victor was kicked to the ground by the boss, "Damn it, you two bastards dare to play tricks on me. Strip him and find the bracelet."

The boss ordered a man with dyed blond hair behind him to pin Victor to the ground and search him.

"Boss, I really don't have the bracelet, this woman is very cunning, she's lying to you..." Victor tried to struggle again.

But soon, the blond found a diamond bracelet in Victor's pocket.

"Fuck!"

The boss, holding the bracelet, angrily kicked Victor, "You fucking dared to stash it away, twenty million! You two bastards, I'll kick you to death."

Victor and the other man clearly couldn't take on the boss and the blond, getting pinned down and beaten mercilessly.

"I'm telling you two, not a single penny of this twenty million will go to you." The boss spat on the ground, angrily declaring.

"Why?" Victor protested.

The twenty million was supposed to be theirs, they found it. How could they get nothing from it? Twenty million—they couldn't just let it go.

"Because you two broke the rules, I won't share anything with you, and yet you dared to secretly take something worth twenty million, you two are dead."

"We found it, no matter what, we deserve a share of that money."

"Yeah."

The two clamored at the boss.

"Heh." The boss sneered, "What? Want to defy me? Watch me kill you two."

Human nature is greedy. The boss and the blond also wanted to keep the bracelet for themselves. Victor and the other man naturally wouldn't agree—twenty million, a number that could ensure a lifetime of security, couldn't just be let go.

Soon, the four of them were entangled in a fight.

Seeing this, Zoey Sanders got herself up from the ground, slowly moving backward, then bolted away.

The rustle of the grass caught on her clothes. Soon Blondie noticed her, "Boss, that woman is running away again."

Upon hearing that Zoey Sanders was running away, they stopped. The boss slapped his thigh angrily, belatedly realizing, "We've been played by that woman. She deliberately sowed discord. What are you waiting for? If we don't catch her, we're all screwed."

Hearing they were doomed, the group immediately calmed down. With what they were doing, if caught by the police, there'd be no future for them. No amount of money would help them.

The boss gritted his teeth, "Chase her down..." He made a throat-slitting gesture.

"Yes."

In this situation, they wouldn't risk proceeding with the original plan to sell her. Of course, they couldn't let her leave alive either.

The four exchanged glances, immediately splitting up in pursuit.

They were often engaged in shady dealings in this area, familiar with the terrain. Even in the dark, they knew the easiest paths.

But Zoey Sanders was different. Everything ahead was pitch black, with no light. Blood streaming from her forehead further blurred her vision. She could only run desperately, just run desperately.

She just focused on running, ignoring the path beneath her feet. With a "snap," she tripped over a stone and fell to the ground, immediately feeling warm liquid flowing from her nose—it was a nosebleed.

Zoey Sanders felt as if today was just her string of bad luck.

She wiped with her hand, not caring if it was dirty, stubbornly getting up and running forward aimlessly.

"Bang," a sharp pain hit the back of her head, some hard object suddenly striking her.

The world spun, her nose filled with the metallic scent of her own blood...

Zoey Sanders' vision went black, her body weakly collapsing to the ground.

Her eyes remained slightly open, watching a few unknown birds fly overhead, their sweet calls turning mournful to her ears.

This time, she really was going to die...

Four men surrounded her. Blondie gripped a club, his expression vicious, striking down toward her head without hesitation.

Zoey Sanders closed her eyes, her heart filled with despair.

Mom, Dad, Brother, Zoey will never see you again...

"Bang!"

A gunshot rang out near her ear.

Warm liquid splattered on her face, Zoey Sanders shivered all over, forcing her eyes open and turning her head. The car's headlights aimed at her face as a tall, slender shadow approached, carrying the light.

Chapter 905: Chapter 905: She Wouldn't Even Let Herself Die Happy

The light shone over, dazzling through his silver hair.

Zoey Sanders gently blinked her eyes, and many years later, when Zoey remembered this scene, it still had the power to move her endlessly.

There really can be someone who comes with light, like a hero, rescuing her from the abyss.

Seeing the yellow-haired man whose shoulder was pierced by a bullet and fell straight down, the faces of the others turned pale with fear. Looking at the silver-haired man exuding a murderous aura, they couldn't help but have their legs go weak, retreating continuously.

"What are you waiting for? Run," the big brother shouted, snapping the other two out of it, making them flee desperately.

He had a gun in his hand while they were unarmed; it was impossible for them to win against him. Their only choice to save their lives was to run.

"Chase them," Liam Cloud said calmly, and the subordinates behind him immediately chased after them.

After dealing with those people, Liam Cloud happened to lower his head.

His gaze met Zoey Sanders lying on the ground.

His pupils trembled slightly, his dark eyes fixed on her for a long while, unable to help furrowing his brows.

Soon, the subordinates behind him came forward as well, their faces freezing upon seeing Zoey on the ground.

The girl's face was covered in blood, one side was swollen high, her eyes were red, hair messily stuck to her face, the only clean area on her face looked extremely pale under the light in this desolate suburb at midnight, as if they encountered a ghost.

The blood on her face partly belonged to the yellow-haired man, partly to herself.

Liam Cloud crouched down and briefly examined her injuries, finding most of the wounds on her head, quite serious ones.

Liam Cloud couldn't help but furrow his brows.

Touching her face with his fingers, he could feel her skin burning, she was feverish.

Severely injured, suffering significant blood loss and a fever, she would be lucky to survive with half a life.

The clever subordinate handed Liam Cloud bandaging tools.

These mercenaries often executed missions, getting injured was inevitable, so they always carried bandaging tools with them.

Zoey's tears finally fell in large drops; she didn't cry when the kidnappers held her hostage, knowing crying was useless, but now all she wanted was to cry, as tears were her only outlet for emotions.

Liam Cloud remained indifferent, seemingly unconcerned, offering no comfort, seemingly uninterested in tending to a little girl's emotional problems.

Yet he truly was a bit surprised.

Injured so badly, along with a high fever, she endured this long, managed to escape on her own, and only now allowed herself to cry; for a girl who grew up sheltered, it was truly remarkable.

"Am I going to die?" Zoey asked weakly.

"Yes."

With such serious injuries, even the doctor would issue a critical condition notice upon seeing her.

"But if you save the strength from crying, you might die a little slower."

Liam Cloud indeed wasn't a smooth talker.

If Zoey had the strength, she might have questioned if this person could speak properly.

But she felt her head wasn't her own, energy continuously drained; to keep speaking, she stubbornly held on, having no strength to care about anything anymore.

Joseph Sanders soon arrived with people, bringing along a doctor.

Seeing Zoey nearly dying, Joseph's tall frame trembled slightly, his heart clenched tightly.

"Zoey,"

Zoey laboriously lifted her eyelids, glanced at Joseph disdainfully, then directly closed her eyes.

As it is, since she hadn't gotten away from danger, she didn't want to see this brother; her head already had an entry wound and an exit wound, she didn't want the blood vessels bursting from anger.

The doctor quickly set up a stretcher and moved Zoey onto it; as they were about to leave, Zoey grabbed Liam Cloud's coat.

Being so close to death, there was a question she stubbornly wanted to ask:

Might as well die happily.

"You dislike me, so why did you come to save me? Or do you have a little bit of liking..."

Liam Cloud glanced at her nonchalantly.

Why save her?

Since part of it had to do with him, saving her settled the score, nothing owed.

But Liam didn't want to explain it all.

Before the question finished, Liam Cloud replied, "Lack of money."

Zoey's voice was very faint, "What?"

"Your brother gave me a million."

Zoey insisted weakly, "You saved me... just for a million?"

"Otherwise? Don't forget what I do; as long as the commission is right, I handle anything from murder to arson."

Zoey's eyes dimmed; he saved her only as a million-dollar transaction.

Zoey gave a bitter smile.

She was nearing death, couldn't he at least lie and let her die happily?

Forget it.

This is it.

If she survives, she'll give him a few million more.

A life like Zoey Sanders isn't worth just a million.

Zoey finally exhausted her strength, fainted away.

Joseph gave Liam Cloud a complex glance, but right now, he didn't want to argue with him. Zoey's life mattered more.

Joseph took Zoey away.

Wesley Ruiz stepped up, "Big Boss, those people hid inside the house, and there's gasoline cans inside."

This means if they dared approach, they would ignite the gasoline cans, which would explode on encountering fire, taking everyone down together.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow slightly, stepping towards the house, his men surrounded outside, while those inside offered their final resistance.

Uncertain if these people had any use, Liam's subordinates dared not handle them hastily.

"Don't come in, or we'll all go down together," the man shouted, holding up a lighter above a full barrel of gasoline cans.

Chapter 906: Chapter 906: If Zoey Sanders Wakes Up, Everything Is Over

Liam Cloud's dark eyes swept over calmly, composed and steady, a cold, thin smile crossed his lips as he raised the gun and shot at the gasoline tank. The explosion sounded with a roar, and flames soared into the sky.

The three people still didn't know what was happening; one was immediately killed by the explosion, while the other two were engulfed by the flames, falling to the ground in agony.

Liam Cloud squinted his dark eyes, watching without blinking as he finished everything, letting out a cruel cold laugh before casually tossing the gun to Wesley Ruiz, "Clean it up."

Wesley, "Yes."

Liam Cloud turned around, passing by the rushing policemen, who immediately asked when they saw the raging fire, "What happened?"

Wesley had already put the gun away and laughed, "They didn't want to live anymore, so they set themselves on fire."

Didn't want to live anymore, set themselves on fire? Who would believe that!

Liam Cloud was already ignoring the events here; Wesley would handle it. He got into the car and left, carrying a chill with him amidst the flames.

Zoey Sanders' head was severely injured, and while she was being sent to the hospital's emergency room, Emma Winton was just coming out. She had a mild concussion, a fractured arm, and her face was cut by shattered windshield glass, causing the bloody scene at that time.

Actually, her injuries weren't as serious as they seemed.

The doctor said she wasn't in any danger and would wake up soon.

Owen Winton and Chloe Woods thanked the doctor repeatedly, and Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams also breathed a sigh of relief.

"Make way, make way." Joseph Sanders' voice was urgent and heavy.

Hope Williams was startled when she saw Zoey Sanders lying on the moving hospital bed. Zoey quickly went into the emergency room, and Hope looked at Joseph incredulously.

"Is that Zoey?"

If not for seeing the clear facial contours, Hope almost couldn't recognize her.

Joseph Sanders punched the wall in frustration, gritting his teeth and nodding forcefully.

"We just rescued her from the traffickers; any later and..." Joseph Sanders still felt post-traumatic fear, almost unable to think further.

Hope Williams' eyes widened, traffickers!

Since the car accident, Hope had been dealing with matters here, so she wasn't clear about what happened with Zoey Sanders. How could she have ended up in the hands of traffickers?

She frowned tightly, the more she thought, the more wrong it seemed, feeling as if everything resembled a conspiracy.

And at this moment, no one was paying attention to Chloe Woods at the back with a terrified expression. She covered her mouth, unable to believe Zoey Sanders was actually rescued.

How could it be?

Their plan to send Zoey out was foolproof; how could she be found so quickly?

Chloe Woods was anxious, thinking if Zoey woke up, their entire plan would be exposed.

A voice in her mind told her, it was over.

She could only pray now that Zoey Sanders would never wake up in her life.

Owen Winton noticed Chloe Woods' unusual expression, lightly furrowing his brow, "Chloe?"

"Ah?" A startled Chloe Woods stammered, "Uncle, wha... what's wrong?"

"What's wrong with you?"

Chloe Woods quickly shook her head, "Nothing, Uncle, I'll go take care of Emma."

Chloe Woods hurriedly left, not daring to meet anyone's eyes.

Owen Winton frowned. Emma had already been sent to the ward, so he naturally had no reason to stay here. He headed directly to Emma's room.

Hope Williams noticed Chloe Woods leaving quickly, her eyebrows slightly furrowing.

Chloe Woods went to Emma's room, closed the door, and paced around the room in panic, talking to herself, "What to do, what to do, Zoey was rescued, if she wakes up, we're doomed..."

"What are you saying?" Owen Winton's voice sounded at the door.

Chloe Woods screamed in panic, "Un... Uncle..."

Owen Winton walked in, frowning, closed the door, and asked solemnly, "Does this matter with the Sanders girl have anything to do with you?"

"No... no, how could her kidnapping be related to us."

Chloe Woods' voice trembled, her panicked eyes not daring to meet Owen Winton's serious gaze.

"How do you know she was kidnapped? No one mentioned that just now." Owen Winton realized something, his voice deepening.

Chloe Woods bit her lip, "..."

Owen Winton continued questioning, "Tell me, why did Emma suddenly rush out to save Wyatt Lewis? How could it all be so coincidental?"

He was somewhat suspicious; he knew his daughter best. She wasn't someone who meddled in others' affairs or was kind enough to risk her life to save someone.

Saving Wyatt Lewis, she merely wanted to use the favor of saving his life to demand the marriage arrangement.

But it seemed too coincidental.

"Wasn't it all arranged by you?" Owen Winton's stern eyes squinted.

Chloe Woods bit her lip. With Emma not yet awake, she was genuinely uncertain about what to do, so she could only nod in admission. Owen Winton was Emma's father; he knew, and it wouldn't harm them.

"Yes, yes, it was Emma..."

"Nonsense!" Owen Winton reprimanded harshly.

The Novel will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!