

## **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

### **#Chapter 926: 926: Feels Like I'm Losing My Mind - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 926: 926: Feels Like I'm Losing My Mind**

#### **Chapter 926: Chapter 926: Feels Like I'm Losing My Mind**

The cleaner lady's lips twitched, her eyes constantly glancing at the box of money. It was obvious she was tempted, but she seemed to hesitate, gritting her teeth fiercely before shaking her head.

"Giving me money is useless. I really don't know anything. I haven't seen any of these people."

Joseph Sanders' expression turned even colder, and the suppressed rage in his eyes broke free.

Who knew how much patience he had already spent keeping her here.

Since she wouldn't take a polite offer, he no longer needed to be courteous with her.

"Fine, break his leg." Joseph Sanders pointed at the middle-aged man.

His voice had just fallen when the middle-aged man immediately opened his eyes wide in fear, shivering all over, "Wh... why? No, no, she said, she said, she said."

The bodyguards didn't care about any of this and immediately stepped forward to drag him out.

The middle-aged man was held by two bodyguards but still had a chance to speak. He glared at the woman fiercely, "Say what they want you to say, quickly, do you want to see them break my leg?"

The cleaner lady burst into tears, rushing over, "No, don't break my husband's leg, please."

Joseph Sanders laughed lightly, his face full of chilling indifference, "Then tell me what you saw that day."

The cleaner's face turned white as a sheet, and she cried out, "They won't let me say it. They won't let me speak. They threatened me. What if I say it, and they come after me later? I'm just an ordinary person. I'm scared. I'm so afraid."

The cleaner trembled all over, collapsing on the ground in fear.

She was in a dilemma, regretting why she had to show off and bring this disaster upon herself.

Joseph Sanders had no patience to listen to her anymore, "If you tell us, we can keep you safe."

"Really?"

"Yes."

The cleaner was still hesitating, and the middle-aged man was anxious, unable to stop urging her loudly. Their daughter also cried in fear beside them.

Under immense pressure, the cleaner finally stammered, "I'll tell, I'll tell. The women you mentioned, I saw them. In the bathroom, that day, the girl was leaning against the wall outside the bathroom. I saw she didn't look well, so I asked if she was sick.

Then she showed a terrified expression and immediately turned and ran. I thought it odd at the time. Shortly, two women, the ones in your photos, came out of the bathroom, chasing after her. They also looked frightened. I even heard them say, 'It's bad.'

I thought something happened, so I followed them, only to see them drag the girl into the nearby warehouse.

At that moment, I realized something was wrong. I hesitated about whether to call someone, but soon a man came to find me. He was probably their bodyguard. He gave me a bag of money, twenty thousand, and told me not to speak of what happened today. If I spoke, my family and I would suffer too."

The cleaner noticed Joseph Sanders' face growing darker, and her voice grew quieter.

Joseph Sanders closed his eyes deeply, "Continue."

"And... and... I knew that since I saw it, even if I didn't take the money, they wouldn't let me go, so I took it and promised not to speak about it.

The whole thing was like that... I truly only saw it, did nothing else, and under their threats, I didn't dare speak.

I don't want the money now, don't want anything. Please, let us go." The cleaner was too nervous to speak coherently.

After listening to the cleaner's complete account, everyone looked uncomfortable.

What the cleaner said was almost exactly what Hope Williams had suspected.

Joseph Sanders took a deep breath, "Did you hear what those two women said in the bathroom?"

The cleaner shook her head repeatedly, "No, I didn't hear anything."

Joseph Sanders frowned.

"Really, I swear I didn't hear anything."

This time, the cleaner spoke firmly, not like she was lying.

Joseph Sanders didn't speak again, and the cleaner hurried over to hold her daughter and husband, "Please don't hurt us. I've said everything I saw. I don't want any money, just please let us go."

Aria Richardson looked at the cleaner and sighed, "Don't worry, we won't trouble you. We just need you to say these things in front of everyone when the time comes."

"But... that means I'll have to face those who threatened me. If they know I spoke, they won't let me go."

Wyatt Lewis' sharp eyes grew colder, "Don't worry, they can't even protect themselves now, and have no chance to come after you, but if you don't speak up and bring them to justice, that's a different story."

The cleaner quickly nodded, "I'll say it. I'll definitely say everything."

"Okay, then come with us now."

The cleaner nodded heavily.

At the hospital.

Emma Winton sat in the hospital room, a heavy feeling in her chest, a vague sense of unease.

She hadn't slept all night and was trembling all over now, feeling like she was losing her mind.

"Chloe, where is my dad? Where did he go? Why isn't he back yet? I'm a little scared." For more chapters visit [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Zoey Sanders was tightly guarded, out of Emma's reach. With Zoey possibly waking up at any moment, each passing second was torture for Emma.

Chloe Woods paced anxiously, "Emma, I'll call Uncle. Don't worry, don't be anxious."

*Chapter 927: Chapter 927: Identified on the Spot*

Emma nodded, and Chloe immediately called Owen Winton.

Wyatt and the others took the cleaner back to the hospital when Aria Richardson's phone rang. It was Hope Williams.

"Hello, Hope."

"How are things on your end?"

"We've already returned to the hospital. A cleaner saw Emma and Chloe kidnapping Zoey, and the cleaner also has two hundred thousand in cash, which Emma and Chloe gave as hush money," Aria quickly recounted the events to Hope.

"Is that all?"

"Yeah, this should be enough to convict Emma and Chloe, right?"

Hope pondered for a moment, "Not necessarily. It's just a cleaner's word against theirs. They'll find room for rebuttal, and as for the two hundred thousand cash, they wouldn't be so stupid as to withdraw it from their own account... Keep this evidence for now, and don't go to Emma just yet."

"Huh?" Aria seemed troubled, "But Joseph Sanders and Wyatt have already taken the cleaner aunt to Emma's hospital room."

Hope hesitated for a moment, "Then call the police, let them preserve the evidence. I just dropped Luke and Willow home, I'll be over soon."

"Don't worry, we've already notified the police."

"Alright."

...

Owen Winton had already returned to Emma's hospital room, where Emma, with reddened eyes, looked at Owen, "Dad."

Owen didn't have time to cater to her emotions, his expression grave, he asked seriously, "Do you still have other evidence against Zoey Sanders?"

"Other evidence?" Emma thought carefully and shook her head, "No, Dad, why are you asking? Did something happen?"

Owen furrowed his brows, "I sent someone to secretly observe Wyatt and the others. They went to the entertainment venue and brought someone back. They're heading to the hospital now. I think they found a strong witness."

Chloe's heart skipped a beat upon hearing this, nervously grabbing Emma's arm, "Emma, it's that cleaner, it's the cleaner."

"Cleaner?" Emma recalled, and her face changed instantly, freezing like a rock, murmuring continuously, "That cleaner, that cleaner... Didn't I tell you to pay them to keep quiet?"

Chloe quickly spoke, "I gave her money and told her to consider her family's safety before she speaks or acts."

Emma clutched the blanket tightly, "Then why did they still manage to bring her out?"

Chloe shook her head frantically, "I don't know."

Emma's headache grew worse; her failure seemed inevitable now. Emma looked at her father, placing her hopes on him, "Dad... What should I do?"

Before Owen could answer, a commotion was heard at the door. Security blocked the visitors outside, "What are you doing here?"

"We've come to see your lady," Wyatt's icy and sarcastic voice rang out.

Emma's face turned completely pale.

"Dad, they're here, they're here, what should I do?"

"Don't panic; it's just a cleaner's testimony. If they can find one witness, so can we." Owen gave Emma a look, then went out to deal with it.

Emma didn't understand what Owen meant, but since he spoke that way, he should have a plan.

Emma held onto the blanket tightly, knowing she mustn't panic at this moment, yet no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't suppress the fear inside her.

Owen looked at Wyatt, Joseph Sanders, and the middle-aged woman in cleaner's clothes at the door. He remained composed and asked calmly, "Wyatt, Joseph, what are you doing here?"

"Naturally, to have Emma clarify something," Wyatt said with a taut and handsome face, voice cold.

Owen calmly smiled, "What needs such urgency? It's only the third day after Emma's accident; her body is still weak and needs rest. Whatever it is, let's talk about it later."

Owen had no intention of letting them in.

Wyatt, "Is that so? Don't worry; we won't disturb her for long."

Wyatt and the others were determined to enter, and Owen raised his hand to block them, "Wyatt, do you really have to be this relentless?"

Wyatt looked at Owen coldly, "The one being relentless is your daughter, not me."

Owen said in a deep voice, "Emma never intended to harm you. If she had wanted to, you would already be in a grave."

"Is that so? Should I be grateful she spared me?" Wyatt mercilessly pushed past Owen, leading the group inside with large strides.

Owen's expression turned cold. He checked the time on his watch before turning and entering the room.

Emma sat on the hospital bed, having forced herself to calm down.

Knowing she had to face this eventually, she glanced at Owen.

Owen gave her an inaudible nod. Latest content published on [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Emma withdrew her gaze, eyes coldly watching the approaching group, filled with nothing but resentment and unwillingness as she looked at Wyatt.

In hindsight, if she'd had the chance back then, it would've been quicker to just run him over and kill him, rather than give them a chance to come condemn her.

As for Zoey Sanders, she should have been more ruthless and killed her outright instead of letting her go, which would've been cleaner.

Emma looked at Wyatt, speaking in a serene tone, "What are you doing here?"

"Isn't this familiar?"

The bodyguard brought the cleaner aunt forward.

Emma's brow subtly knitted together, despite being mentally prepared, her inner fear was undeniable.

"I don't recognize her." Emma's expression quickly steadied, "Why are you bringing a cleaner into my hospital room?"

Joseph Sanders glanced at the cleaner aunt, "Tell us what you saw."

The cleaner repeated what she had previously told them, word for word.

Joseph Sanders glanced at Emma and Chloe, then turned to the cleaner aunt, "Did you clearly see that it was them?"

The cleaner nodded firmly, "Yes, it was those two. At the time, they dragged a girl into the warehouse. I saw it clearly."

## **Chapter 928: Chapter 928: Tearing Off the Mask**

Emma Winton glanced at the cleaner, "Are you sure it's me?"

Emma's voice carried a hint of threat, and the cleaner instinctively stepped back a bit. Joseph Sanders raised his hand to support the cleaner auntie, "It's okay, don't be afraid of her, just say what you know."

The cleaner auntie pursed her lips and seemed to gain some confidence, "I'm sure, the people I saw were definitely the two of you."

"Now it seems all it takes to slander someone is mere words."

Emma shook her head with a bitter smile, "I didn't do any of the things you just mentioned, and I don't know why you're accusing me. Are you targeting me just because you can't find the real culprit who hurt Zoey Sanders?"

"Wyatt Lewis, you've always liked to suspect me with malice, and you're doing it again now. If you hate me, just say so, why go through all this?"

"If you truly haven't done it, why did they track it back to you?" Aria Richardson walked in with two police officers.

Seeing the police come in, Chloe Woods instinctively stepped back in panic, but Emma quickly glanced at her, and Chloe stood up straight pretending to be calm.

Emma's gaze fell on Aria Richardson, "So you called the police. It's just as well they are here; I also want to know why they traced it back to me if I haven't done it. Is someone trying to frame me because they have a grudge?"

"There's both witness and material evidence, what are you still arguing about?"

Wyatt Lewis, seeing her continue to involve others at this point, thought she was shameless to the extreme.

“Witnesses are just your so-called witnesses, even if that’s useful, okay, then what about material evidence?” Emma looked at them calmly.

The bodyguard immediately brought forward the twenty thousand given to the cleaner.

“This money was given by you as hush money to keep the cleaner silent, and this is the evidence.”

“I gave it to the cleaner?” Emma mentioned this with even more composure, “I’ve never even seen this cleaner, let alone given her money. If you don’t believe me, go check my accounts.”

“It’s good that the police are here; I’m not afraid of being investigated by you. They are falsely accusing me, and I also need to clear my name, or I will be covered with all sorts of accusations later.”

Emma appeared fearless, insisting she hadn’t done anything.

The cleaner auntie recounted what she had just said to the police again, and the police took notes.

Owen Winton stepped forward, “Officers, my daughter has no enmity whatsoever with the victim girl, so she has no reason to harm her.”

“Someone has identified you now; whether you harmed anyone isn’t up to you to decide. After we investigate, there will be a conclusion.” The officer spoke with a serious, bureaucratic tone.

Owen Winton continued, “Shouldn’t we consider more than just their one-sided testimony? I have found someone who was present at that time and can attest for my daughter.”

Owen Winton finished speaking as a bodyguard brought in a plump woman who looked around forty. She was dressed in cleaner’s clothes, just like the cleaner auntie.

“Sister Leah, why are you here too?” the cleaner auntie asked, looking at the woman named Sister Leah.

Owen Winton calmly said, “You are colleagues, quite familiar, aren’t you?”

Wyatt Lewis and the others watched Owen Winton and his daughter, unsure of what trick they were up to now.



Aria Richardson recalled Hope Williams' words, a few traces of concern in her eyes.

Owen Winton, "I ask you, were you cleaning the restroom together at that time?"

The cleaner auntie looked at everyone and replied truthfully, "Yes, we were assigned to clean together."

"That's right then." Owen Winton nodded, then looked at the cleaner named Sister Leah, "You were there too, do you have any impression of the two young ladies?"

The cleaner named Sister Leah glanced at Emma and Chloe Woods, seeming to identify them carefully and then nodded.

"I do have an impression. One of the young ladies seemed to have encountered something that made her cry very sadly, and the other young lady was comforting the crying young lady."

The police focused their gaze on Sister Leah, took notes and asked, "What did they do afterward?"

"Afterward, they talked for a while and then left." Chapters first released on Find1Novel.net

"Just left? Did they do anything else?" the police asked in a stern tone.

"No, they didn't do anything else, they left directly."

The police, seeming to have some doubts, asked again, "How can you be so certain?"

"Because they were inside the restroom for over half an hour, it was hard not to notice them, especially since one was crying so sadly, I paid extra attention."

Sister Leah's words were seamless.

"That's nonsense." The cleaner auntie immediately stepped forward, "It's not like she said at all."

"I was cleaning the men's restroom with her at the time; I left earlier and then noticed the victim girl. After inquiring a bit, it alarmed the two people in the restroom, and they chased after the girl.

I saw the whole process; it's not like what you said at all. Moreover, you hadn't come out of the men's restroom at the time, so how could you see? Officer, she's lying; someone must have told her to say this."

Sister Leah's loud and heavy voice drowned hers out as she loudly refuted, "I didn't lie, I saw it at the time. You accepted someone's money, so you're here to slander."

"I did accept money, I admit it, but that money was given to keep me from talking about it."

Sister Leah straightforwardly said, "You don't need to explain to me. I only know you accepted money; I don't know about any hush money. What I just said is the truth."

"You! Did you accept money? Fine, you're accepting money here to slander." The cleaner auntie pointed at Sister Leah, angrily accusing her vocally.

Sister Leah clapped her hands, looking enraged, "I'm barehanded; what money did I accept? You, who really accepted money, shamelessly suspect me here? I merely don't want good people to be slandered, so I'm speaking out the truth. Officer, what I said is the truth, I'm willing to cooperate with the investigation."

"Lies, lies, she's lying." The cleaner auntie's voice was urgent, eager to defend, trying to make people believe her.

Sister Leah crossed her arms, "Everyone is just speaking with words, why say I'm lying? Why assume the liar isn't you? You accepted the money; I didn't. Compared to lying, you're more likely to be the liar."

"You... You..."

"Alright, stop arguing." The policeman couldn't help but speak.

If they didn't intervene, these two aunties might end up fighting.

The two police officers exchanged a glance, with both parties sticking to their stories. After weighing what both said, it's really unclear who the liar is since they both claimed to have witnessed it and there's no other evidence.

Wyatt Lewis frowned deeply, his gaze dark as he looked at Emma Winton calmly sitting on the hospital bed.

Emma raised her eyebrows with a slight smile, her eyes carrying a few traces of provocation.

Since everyone had torn face, there was nothing to hide anymore.

Wyatt Lewis clenched his fists.

Owen Winton had people watching them early on, and foresaw their actions.

If they could find a witness to prove Emma guilty with mere words, he could find a witness to prove her innocent the same way.

Before the evidence was presented, who could say whose words were the truth?

“Young Master Lewis, Miss Richardson, Young Master Sanders, I know you are devastated by what happened to your sister, but you can’t just come and falsely accuse me.”

Emma Winton gave a bitter smile, looking at the few sincerely, “I understand we have conflicts, so you dislike me, but no matter how much you dislike me, slandering me isn’t right.”

### **Chapter 929: Chapter 929: Who Speaks the Truth, Who Lies**

“Slander? You really have the nerve to say that.” Joseph Sanders was furious, who knows how much effort he used to suppress the rage inside him.

The enemy who hurt his sister was right in front of him, yet he had no way to immediately deliver the punishment she deserved.

Emma Winton lowered her eyes, gently rubbed her temples, looking weak, “Do you have any other questions? I’m not feeling well, the doctor said I need more rest, so if there’s nothing else, I’m going to rest.”

She knew that the more you speak, the more mistakes you make, so Emma Winton didn’t want to say more.

Wyatt Lewis called in the cleaner who came to testify, who was still insisting on proving that what she said was the truth, “Really, I’m not lying to you, I swear everything I just said is the truth.”

Sister Leah sneered coldly, “I’m telling the truth too, or are you saying I’m lying?”

“You! You!” The cleaner was so angry she was at a loss for words.

“Enough, stop arguing.” Wyatt Lewis fixed a cold gaze on Emma Winton.

They were too eager to seek justice for Zoey Sanders and forgot that without sufficient evidence, they couldn’t do anything about Emma Winton.

“She won’t confess without evidence.” Wyatt Lewis said in a deep voice.

Emma Winton lightly pursed her somewhat pale lips, “I still say the same thing, I won’t admit to something I didn’t do...”

“Oh, is that so? Then how do you explain the drop of blood in the warehouse?” Hope Williams’ voice came in clearly from outside.

Hope Williams, in a dark brown trench coat, hands in pockets, walked in briskly. You could tell she rushed over, but her breath was still steady.

Emma Winton’s palms clenched tightly when she saw Hope Williams, a subconscious reaction of nervousness.

Emma Winton glanced at Owen Winton.

They both knew that Hope Williams had a very keen eye, not someone easy to fool.

Hope Williams’ gaze slightly swept over the situation in the room, her eyes fell on the two confrontational women, and she smiled lightly, getting a sense of the situation.

It seemed her guess was correct, without solid evidence, who could say who was telling the truth just from words alone.

Owen Winton naturally understood this principle, so he exploited this loophole.

“Just got here, can anyone explain to me what just happened?” Hope Williams asked.

Aria Richardson clearly recounted the events to Hope Williams. For original chapters go to [FindNOvel.net](http://FindNOvel.net)

Hope Williams nodded, “I see.”

“According to what you said, then how do you explain the drop of blood in the warehouse?”

Emma Winton tugged at her lips, her eyes rolling in their sockets, “What blood?”

“You cleaned the scene very well, but once something is done, traces are left behind. There’s a drop of Zoey’s blood left in the warehouse, indicating that Zoey was indeed dragged into the warehouse, which corresponds with what this lady said. If she hadn’t seen it with her own eyes, how could she describe the situation accurately?” Hope Williams looked at Emma Winton with a calm voice.

The cleaner nodded earnestly, quickly and forcefully.

Sister Leah was a bit flustered at the moment, subconsciously looking at Owen Winton.

Owen Winton gave her a look, and Sister Leah clenched her hands, suppressing the unease in her heart.

Emma Winton pulled at her lips, speaking, "We don't know what you're talking about, nor do we know if it's true or not, we haven't done it, debts must be paid by those who owe them, find whoever did it yourselves."

"Exactly, just because there's a drop of blood in the warehouse, does that prove the two of us did it?" Chloe Woods couldn't help but raise her head to question.

Hope Williams smiled, "Having a drop of blood in the warehouse indeed can't prove that you two did it, but it can prove which one of these two ladies is telling the truth and which one is lying."

Owen Winton's eyes darkened, making it hard to discern what he was thinking.

The room fell into silence.

Sister Leah anxiously tried to explain, "I'm telling the truth, I clearly saw these two ladies leave directly."

Hope Williams' elegant eyebrows raised slightly, a hint of amusement in her eyes, "Is that so? Alright then, let me ask you, you were cleaning the restroom, did you hear any commotion outside?"

"No, I didn't hear anything, I was quite focused on cleaning."

"Oh, if you were so focused, then how could you remember so clearly the exact time when Emma and the others came, when they left, and how long they cried, and be so certain about it?"

"I..." Sister Leah opened her mouth, "because I was deliberately keeping an eye on them."

"One moment you say you were focused on cleaning, the next moment you were deliberately watching them for half an hour, you really are focused," Hope Williams said with a mocking laugh.

Sister Leah's eyes kept dodging.

"Lady, making false statements carries legal consequences, you should think carefully."

The cleaner also quickly said, "Exactly, I advise you to speak the truth, you didn't see anything, the person who really saw it was me, you must have taken their money."

*Chapter 930: Chapter 930: Brought Down by Her Own Hand*

"I didn't." Sister Leah's voice was noticeably weaker, lacking confidence.

Emma Winton clenched her molars tightly, seeing that she was at a disadvantage. Her heart pounded with tension, and her face no longer held its earlier calm demeanor.

Chloe Woods was even more panicked, her hands clenched so tightly that they almost drew blood.

Owen Winton's expression was grim.

He hadn't expected Hope Williams to find even a drop of blood, such strong evidence.

Owen Winton's eyes shifted, and in a lowered voice he said, "Young Madam Lewis, what you said isn't right. If you found out that this cleaning lady was bribed to falsely accuse, who can be sure she's telling the truth?"

Owen Winton implied that the cleaner testifying for them had taken their money.

"Mr. Winton is right," Hope Williams smiled slightly and calmly looked at the chubby Sister Leah, "Who can be certain if someone was bribed or if they're telling the truth?"

Under Hope Williams' gaze, Sister Leah's eyes dodged even more noticeably.

Emma Winton bit her lower lip hard. In this tense atmosphere, her breathing became rapid, and she clutched her chest, weakly asking:

"Haven't you asked enough? I said we didn't do it. I don't understand why we have to be accused of this. I'm not feeling well and don't want to talk anymore. Please leave first, Chloe? Chloe..."

Chloe Woods' body trembled slightly, lost in her panic, failing to hear Emma Winton calling her.

In this state, she easily arouses suspicion, so Emma quickly patted her.

"Huh? Wha... what's wrong?" Chloe Woods anxiously turned her head to look at Emma.

Emma Winton held her chest and lay down weakly, "Help me call the doctor."

"Okay, okay, I'll call right away."

Soon, the doctor came in. After a series of examinations on Emma Winton, he said she needed rest and asked everyone in the ward to leave temporarily, not to agitate her emotions.

Wyatt Lewis gave a cold glance at Emma Winton, "Just keep pretending. The evidence is conclusive. Let's see how long you can keep this up."

They all walked out together, with Aria Richardson walking last, her gaze lightly falling on Emma Winton and Chloe Woods. This update is available on FindNovel.net

Her voice was calm and indifferent, "Actually, the outcome is already clear. When Zoey Sanders wakes up, the truth will be revealed. Instead of continuing to deny, why not confess early and seek forgiveness?"

Aria Richardson looked at Emma Winton, whose eyes were filled with bloodshots. She hadn't had a good time recently, had she? Committing misdeeds and fearing exposure, how could she live well?

Emma Winton scoffed, "Admit to something we didn't do?"

Aria Richardson lowered her eyes and smiled faintly, "I still think you looked better when you were confident and believed yourself above the rest. How did you turn yourself into this?"

Is the status of being the second Young Madam of the Lewis Family really that important to you? Actually, not necessarily. What's more important is not admitting you lost to someone you never even considered."

Emma Winton's eyes flashed with a peculiar expression, her brows furrowed even tighter, and after a long time, she twisted her lips into a cold smile.

"So it's all your and Wyatt Lewis's fault."

If it weren't for them, she wouldn't have ended up like this.

"Blame us? Blame yourself. It's your competitiveness and unbalanced mentality that brought you down."

Aria Richardson sighed, "Take care of yourself. Days spent recuperating so comfortably are numbered."

Aria Richardson didn't linger any longer and left.

"Bang." Emma Winton grabbed a teapot from the table beside her and smashed it hard against the door, shards of glass scattering everywhere.

Emma Winton's eyes were blood-red, her chest heaving heavily.

Blame herself?

It's clearly their fault! Blame Wyatt Lewis, blame the Lewis Family!

Why? Clearly, the more prominent the family, the more they focus on lineage, so why doesn't the Lewis Family care at all?

She didn't understand, she didn't understand.

Emma Winton covered her face, but tears refused to fall.

"Dad, do you have any more ideas?"

They couldn't possibly get through today's ordeal. Those two cleaners would surely be taken back to the police station for thorough questioning.

Truth can't be hidden, and lies can't become truth. The more spoken, the more flaws appear.

Actually, the police probably had a rough idea in mind, but there were still doubts, so they wouldn't rashly conclude.

"Dad, can you go to the police station and handle it?"

Owen Winton pinched his brow, "Can you be more realistic? On the Lewis Family's turf, trying to handle the police, aren't you just delivering evidence against us?"

The messier it gets, the more mistakes are likely.

Owen Winton had been tormented endlessly by this issue lately.

He had used every method, begged every person, and fabricated false evidence, but he had no more options. From here on, he could only leave it to fate.

Owen Winton sighed heavily, opened the door, and left.

Emma Winton hugged herself in agony, "Chloe, what should we do?"

Chloe Woods' mind was never as sharp as Emma's, and now it was completely blank. What could she do?

"I don't know, Emma." Chloe Woods kept shaking her head.

Then, urgent footsteps were heard from outside. Having stayed in the hospital for a few days, Emma was sensitive to such sounds.

"Is something happening outside?" Emma quickly said, "Go out and see what's going on."



Chloe Woods had just opened the door when she saw several doctors and nurses heading towards Zoey Sanders' ward.

"Emma, they're heading to Zoey Sanders' ward."

"What?" Emma's heart dropped.

"Hurry, go and see what happened."

If the doctors were rushing over, either Zoey's condition had turned critical and they were going to resuscitate her, or... she had woken up, and they were going to check on her.

Emma hoped it was the first scenario.

It must be the first scenario.