

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 934: It Was Wrong from the Start

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"It's the two of them, the two of them were in the restroom plotting something, and when I overheard them, they took me to a warehouse, and they were going to kill me to silence me!"

Zoey Sanders's voice was still weak, but her emotions were unnaturally agitated as she raised her hand, pointing directly at the two people kneeling beside her bed.

Emma Winton, Chloe Woods, and Owen Winton's faces changed dramatically.

"Later, Emma knocked me out. I felt myself being packed into a box and transported out. At the time, I wanted to call for help, but I didn't have the strength. When I woke up, I was in a cage, guarded by some men. They said a Miss Winton gave them money to sell me, as far away as possible..."

Zoey Sanders stared intensely at the two people kneeling on the ground, her voice light yet clear as she described the entire process of her kidnapping.

Joseph Sanders's clenched fist turned white at the knuckles, and a faint creaking sound could be heard.

Hope Williams and the others also had particularly grim expressions.

"Slap."

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Lucy Parker's eyes exploded with immense hatred as she suddenly lunged at the two, delivering two harsh slaps to their faces.

"You two vicious women, if it weren't for my daughter's good luck, she wouldn't be lying here alive. You were going to kill my daughter, you were going to kill my daughter!"

"Ah... let go of me, it hurts, get off, ah..." Chloe Woods cried out sharply in pain.

Emma Winton, kicked several times by Lucy Parker, fell to the floor. Her face was ashen, yet she said nothing, the light in her eyes gradually dimming, leaving only mockery behind.

At this moment, Lucy Parker wished to tear the two apart with a thousand knives. If Zoey Sanders hadn't spoken up, she wouldn't have known what she'd been through in those few hours.

If she hadn't been rescued in time, Zoey Sanders truly would have died.

How could she not hate?

If she had a knife, Lucy Parker would have wanted to kill these two malicious women immediately.

Upon hearing this, Owen Winton, knowing he was in the wrong, still couldn't watch his daughter being beaten. He immediately went up to protect Emma, "That's enough, stop hitting."

"Enough?"

Adrian Sanders sneered, pointing at Zoey Sanders on the hospital bed, "If it were your daughter being harmed like this by my daughter, would you think it's enough? Would you let it go? Now your daughter has only taken a few slaps, and you feel for her? What are we supposed to do? If your daughter had killed mine, what should we do?"

Owen Winton frowned, pursing his lips tightly.

If Emma were harmed like that by someone else, he certainly wouldn't let it go. Everyone cherishes their daughter dearly; who wouldn't feel for them?

He could understand the feelings of the Lewis Family parents at that moment, but looking at the severely injured Emma Winton in his arms, he was also incredibly heartbroken.

Seeing him remain silent, Adrian Sanders snorted angrily, bending down to pull his wife up, "Let her go first; hitting her hurts your own hand."

Lucy Parker finally stood up.

Emma Winton and Chloe Woods, one cradled in Owen Winton's arms, the other lying on the ground, sobbing softly.

Emma's cheeks were swollen red, her hair disheveled, her body in such pain she couldn't stand, trembling all over.

When Owen Winton helped her up, her expression was somewhat dazed. After a long time, she pushed Owen Winton away, lightly curling her lips, "Dad, I'll handle this myself."

Owen Winton looked at Emma Winton with concern.

Emma Winton took a step towards Zoey Sanders, and someone immediately blocked her path, looking at her apprehensively.

Emma Winton tugged her lips weakly, not moving forward. She looked at everyone, weariness written all over her face as she spoke, "I admit... all of this was arranged by me, including that car accident, all arranged so the Lewis Family would owe me a favor, that's right, everything was for this arranged marriage."

Emma lowered her eyes in a bitter smile.

Maybe she herself found it ridiculous, pushing herself to such a corner for an arranged marriage.

After a brief pause, she lifted her head, and with a deep breath, wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes, "How did things become like this... I regret it so much. If I had been just a little bit more ruthless towards any of the three of you, I wouldn't have ended up like this. Wyatt Lewis, I hate myself, but I hate you even more."

"I really don't understand, what's wrong with me? The more elite the family, the more they value lineage, why does your family not care at all."

Wyatt Lewis looked coldly at Emma Winton's pale face and desperate expression, his voice unusually calm, "I told you, even if I had to become a monk, I wouldn't marry you. I have the one I love, and our family doesn't need an arranged marriage..."