

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

### **#Chapter 935: 935: This Is Pushing Her to the Brink - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 935: 935: This Is Pushing Her to the Brink**

#### **Chapter 935: Chapter 935: This Is Pushing Her to the Brink**

“There’s no need for your family to agree to the half-month period back then. Since you were so determined, why did you give me hope at all?” Emma Winton interrupted Wyatt Lewis forcefully, demanding sharply.

Wyatt Lewis furrowed his brows but said nothing.

The person who made the promise to her back then was Christopher Lewis, while Wyatt was fully aware he would never marry Emma and held a couldn’t-care-less attitude towards the matter.

Unexpectedly, to Emma, this seemed like a tacit agreement.

“Why can’t you say anything now? So your family had faults in this from the start, didn’t you? If you hadn’t agreed to the half-month period, if you had firmly rejected back then, we would never have come to this point.”

No one responded to her, and Emma closed her eyes, letting out a sigh of relief.

“Now that I’ve said everything, I feel much better. I don’t care what you do to me, but don’t blame Chloe. It was all my doing and had nothing to do with her. I just told her my plan; she wasn’t involved.”

“Emma?” Chloe Woods looked at Emma in disbelief, not expecting Emma would finally be willing to shield her.

Chloe was overwhelmingly moved.

Emma glanced at her, signaling her not to speak, “So if you have any grievances or grudges, direct them towards me alone.”

Joseph Sanders spoke coldly, “You say she wasn’t involved, so she wasn’t? Do you think we’re all fools?”

Emma turned back to Joseph Sanders, “If you don’t believe me, you can investigate yourself, or ask your own sister. She saw it too. Chloe was just beside me; I was the

one who knocked her out, and I was the one who contacted the traffickers. Chloe just listened to me and didn't stop."

Joseph Sanders laughed coldly, "You sure are righteous."

"This matter originally had nothing to do with her, and I don't want to implicate the innocent."

Having said that, Emma sincerely bowed to Zoey Sanders, "I'm very sorry for causing you this unnecessary trouble. I know an apology cannot make up for it, but I still want to say it."

Zoey Sanders didn't look at her.

She almost died, and Emma thinks an apology is enough for forgiveness? Dream on.

"I've said everything I need to say." Emma sighed, "Whether to call the police or make me go to prison, I accept it all."

After she finished speaking, Emma stood calmly in place, as if awaiting the final judgment.

At this time, several uniformed police officers walked in; it was Wyatt Lewis who called the police back.

And with the cleaners, after the police took them back for questioning, new results came out.

Without Owen Winton or Emma around, Sister Leah's words lacked the confidence she had in the hospital room. After repeated questioning, her story fell apart, and the police quickly detected something was amiss.

Under pressure, Sister Leah also confessed everything; someone had found her, promised her many benefits, and that's why she agreed to provide false testimony. She didn't actually see anything, and the words she said were taught to her by their people.

The whole truth came out.

Owen Winton was shocked in his heart.

Emma glanced at Owen, immediately admitting, "That's right, I was the one who found Sister Leah and asked her to provide false testimony for me."

Owen looked at Emma, his eyes full of pity.

Emma took everything upon herself; her words implied it had nothing to do with anyone else, it was all her doing.

She knew she couldn't escape, so she planned to protect Chloe Woods and Owen Winton.

Other things hadn't been clarified yet, but Emma certainly was guilty. The police, holding handcuffs, approached Emma, "It has been verified that Miss Emma Winton is involved in kidnapping, threat, and malicious wounding, among other crimes. Miss Emma Winton, please come with us."

Emma looked grim as the police approached her.

Although she had mentally prepared herself long ago, she still trembled when the cold handcuffs were placed on her wrists.

And just then, she saw several figures with cameras at the door, they were reporters.

Emma immediately panicked, taking a step back in a fluster, her face turning frantic, "Why are there reporters? Why are there reporters? Who called the reporters?"

Emma questioned loudly, looking towards Wyatt and the others, "Was it you? Was it you?"

Emma valued her face and victory more than her life; this matter being exposed was undoubtedly forcing her into a dead end.

Wyatt Lewis frowned, glanced at the door, and walked over to close it.

This matter involved several prominent families and had caused several disturbances in the hospital. As things escalated and more people saw it, the information leaked out, and, naturally, reporters, catching wind, would come to seek the first-hand information.

However, neither the Lewis family nor the Sanders family had sought reporters or had the mind and energy to do so.

Wyatt Lewis remained expressionless, "Not us."

"Not you? Then why did the reporters come directly to the hospital ward? Wyatt Lewis, you're so ruthless. I've admitted my mistakes, let you beat and scold me, and I'm willing to pay the price, yet you still called reporters to expose and ruin me."

Emma trembled with rage, her eyes filled with bloodshot as she stared fiercely at Wyatt Lewis.

"You... you all, you all..."

“Thud.” Before finishing her words, Emma only felt suffocated, and her vision gradually blurred, then her body fell heavily to the ground.

“Emma!” Owen Winton pushed everyone aside, rushing over to hold Emma’s broken body.

“This is too much; you’re simply bullying the weak.” Owen’s voice turned ominous, “You know what Emma cares about most, but you insist on ruining what she cares about the most.”

“While we indeed have a fault in this matter, doesn’t the Lewis family have any faults? With such an excellent daughter like mine, you chose a woman with a low background. Let everyone ask themselves, if our two families were united in marriage, wouldn’t it be a perfect match?”

This matter arose because our two families hadn’t negotiated well, harming an innocent person. My daughter is the biggest offender, and if you want to punish her, you can! She accepts it.

But what about your Lewis family? And Wyatt Lewis? And Christopher Lewis, who originally agreed to the half-month period? Everyone responsible for causing this matter should step up and take responsibility.”

### **Chapter 936: Chapter 936: She Reaps What She Sowed**

Just as Owen Winton finished speaking, Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis pushed the door open and walked in. Seeing the scene in the room and having heard those words just now, their faces instantly turned sour.

Alitzel was the first to be displeased, and retorted, "Owen Winton, I don't like hearing that. From the beginning, my son rejected your daughter. It was your daughter who has been desperately trying to marry my son, and now she's complaining about him? What kind of logic is that?"

Still dragging others into this — Alitzel couldn't bear to listen anymore and felt she needed to argue back. After all, he wasn't the only one who could speak.

Owen's face darkened even more. "And what about this half-month promise? Wasn't it your Lewis family who agreed to it? If you rejected it, why did you agree? Are you fooling us?"

Alitzel glanced at Christopher next to her, raising an eyebrow. "It wasn't my son who agreed to the half-month promise, find whoever agreed to it."

Christopher, suddenly being implicitly named, felt his brow twitch violently.

Owen shifted his gaze to Christopher, seemingly wanting an explanation from him.

Christopher frowned deeply. At that time, they, father and daughter, had already said so much, thinking of the relationships between the families, he couldn't outright reject them, and decided to tacitly consent to save their face.

Besides, Wyatt Lewis was unwilling to marry, so once the half-month was over, they'd probably back off themselves — who could have predicted the situation would escalate like this.

Christopher shook his head helplessly and sighed. Now he was being asked to take responsibility, but how could he?

Was he really supposed to marry Emma Winton?

Christopher's face turned dark, his tone harsh, "I was wrong as well, wrong in wanting to save face for you and your daughter, agreeing to some half-month promise. Now you're blaming me, so tell me, what do you want me to do?"

"Firstly, this can't just be Emma's fault. Everyone is to blame."

"Your point isn't that if she goes to jail, I should pay the same price, right?"  
Christopher's temple throbbed with irritation.

Owen glanced at the police standing nearby; he wasn't implying what Christopher accused him of.

Rather, Owen wanted the Lewis family to step in and protect Emma. As long as they stepped in, saving Emma wouldn't be difficult.

Owen didn't want his daughter's future to be ruined like this.

But clearly, now was not the time for such discussions.

Owen glanced at Emma, who had fainted from emotional turmoil, and took a deep breath, "We'll settle this later. Chloe, quickly call the doctor."

Owen first carried Emma back to the ward; at this moment, the hallway was surrounded by quite a few reporters who quickly approached when they saw them coming out, eagerly handing their microphones to Owen.

"Chairman Winton, we've heard Miss Sanders was kidnapped by Miss Winton, is this true? Was there any prior conflict between Miss Winton and Miss Sanders?"

"Chairman Winton, is the kidnapping incident true? We've heard this matter involves the Lewis family too, can you explain what is going on?"

"There were earlier rumors of a Lewis-Winton marriage alliance, but it seems the families aren't getting along, is there truth to these rumors?"

"Chairman Winton, please answer..."

The reporters, seeing the police follow behind Owen, grew even more curious about the authenticity of the matter.

Already anxious and frustrated, Owen, seeing reporters blocking his way, couldn't hold back his anger anymore and shouted, "Move aside, can't you see someone has fainted? Are your questions more important than my daughter's life?"

Shouted at by Owen, a few reporters grimaced but didn't dare press further.

But with Emma now being watched by the police, the truth of the incident had become apparent.

"The matter is likely as rumored; otherwise, why would the police be here?"

"Yes, judging by the argument heard in the ward, it's almost certain the incident is true. And Mrs. Lewis seemed to mean that Miss Winton persistently clung to Young Master Lewis, eager for the alliance, but Young Master Lewis already has feelings for someone else, so he refused."

"Right, I heard that too, and a few days ago, it was Miss Winton who orchestrated the car accident, then staged a rescue of Young Master Lewis herself, making the Lewis family feel grateful in order to push for the marriage alliance."

"Unbelievable, she dared that much. The driver died in that accident, and she herself was seriously injured — going to such lengths is truly astounding."

"Now it's come back to bite her, serves her right."

The reporters grew angrier as they talked, and spurred by Owen's earlier outburst, felt displeased enough not to hold back when writing their reports.

Aria Richardson watched the scene unfold, shook her head in helplessness.

Wyatt Lewis walked up beside her, saw her grim expression, and asked, "What are you thinking about?"

### **Capítulo 937: Chapter 937: Consequences Far Beyond Expectation**

Aria Richardson lowered her gaze, turned her head to look at Wyatt Lewis, "Emma Winton is both hateful and pitiful."

Wyatt Lewis looked in the direction of Emma's hospital room and sneered, "Pitiful?"

"Yes, to win, for reputation, for family, she would do anything, ultimately suffering the consequences and losing everything, naturally she is pitiful."

Aria sighed, "At the same time, I am also afraid."

The scenes from the day of the car accident still linger in her mind, and recalling it makes her heart race uncontrollably.

Just like Emma said, if she had any bit of malicious intent, she couldn't dare imagine what the situation might be now.

Wyatt looked at the woman's expression, raised his hand to embrace her shoulder, and his icy expression softened slightly. He said in a low voice, "It's all over, don't dwell on it."

Aria looked up and gently nodded, "It's all over, but poor Zoey."

Aria glanced back at Zoey Sanders, who lay on the hospital bed, and couldn't help but feel heartache and guilt.

No matter how you say it, it was because of them that Zoey was kidnapped and harmed by Emma; she was the most innocent one.

Aria knew that these days, Wyatt had been feeling uneasy and blaming himself.

That's why he was eager for Emma to face the consequences, and fortunately, everything was settled now. The perpetrator will ultimately pay the price.

...

When Emma awoke, it was already afternoon, the hospital room was empty, and neither Owen Winton nor Chloe Woods were by her side. Emma realized she was still lying in the hospital bed, feeling momentarily disoriented.

She had just had a nightmare in which she was locked in prison, enduring endless torture, while those around her laughed at her, and Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson lived happily together.

She awakened from this dream with a burst of immense hatred in her eyes.

Emma moved slightly, feeling a cold sensation on her left wrist, and turned her head to find her hand cuffed.

A cold glint flashed in Emma's eyes, and she could only let out a bitter smile.

A female officer was in the room, guarding her. Upon hearing the noise, the officer approached and glanced at Emma, "You're awake."

Emma's voice was hoarse and weak, "How long have I slept?"

"About five hours. I'll call the doctor; once you feel better, we have questions for you."

Emma closed her eyes, "I've already explained everything I have to say; there's nothing more to discuss."

The female officer saw her unwilling expression and didn't insist; anyway, the evidence against her was clear: kidnapping and malicious injury were enough charges to land her in prison for years.

Emma was well aware of this; she appeared calm, but inside she had already collapsed.

Now, she would rather not wake up, so she wouldn't have to face all of this.

A burst of noise from outside startled Emma, who slowly opened her eyes and asked, "What's that noise outside?"

The female officer glanced at her, "Reporters."

This afternoon, the report from several journalists attracted more reporters eager to cover the incident.

Hearing the word reporter, Emma couldn't even maintain her facade of composure. She hurriedly sat up, and her handcuffs clanged against the adjacent pole.

"Make them leave, all leave, make everyone leave, go away."

She didn't want anyone to see her like this; she couldn't bear it.

Seeing her agitation, the officer stepped forward to restrain her, "Someone will hold them off. Lie down, your injuries can't handle emotional upheaval right now."

"My dad, where has my dad gone? Please, help me find him, I beg you."

The officer was unmoved by Emma's pitiful look, sternly watching her, "He is under investigation. If it weren't for your injuries, you would also have to return with us to the precinct."

Emma's eyes trembled, "My dad did nothing; everything was my doing. He didn't know about it; why are you investigating him?"

"He is also a suspect."



Emma's face went pale, twisted and grim.

Sister Leah was invited by Owen Winton to provide false testimony, but Emma wasn't afraid of Owen being implicated in the investigation. He only needed to blame everything on her, and he would be safe.

And she believed her crafty father would do the same. Once he did, he would feel immense guilt towards her.

The same applied to Chloe Woods; she, taking on everything to protect Chloe, would earn Chloe's lifelong gratitude.

Her serving prison time, in exchange for guilt from two people, was worth it for her.

She had foreseen the worst possible outcome, that she would go to prison, but as long as Owen was outside, once matters faded from the memory of the Lewis and Sanders Families, Owen had enough means to get her released in a year or two.

In the eyes of outsiders, she could even find an excuse of going abroad to cover this period, and could still be the Winton Family's young lady.

But now, things had evidently surpassed her expectations.

The reporters made the incident public, turning it into widespread news, and everyone would know Emma Winton as a vicious woman who stops at nothing.

With her tarnished reputation, she'd become an eternal joke in the circle, and by then, even if she was released, her reputation was gone, and nothing could return to the way it was.

Immense fear surged within Emma.

### **Capítulo 938: Chapter 938: Confrontation at the Door**

She clenched her fist, her whole body trembling uncontrollably.

An overwhelming sense of regret surged forth.

The policewoman noticed her erratic emotions, pressed her shoulder, and directly called a doctor. To prevent her from further losing control, the doctor administered a sedative injection.

...

Just as Emma Winton imagined, when Owen Winton emerged from the police station, naturally the matter of asking Sister Leah to commit perjury fell on her head, while Owen only found out afterward.

Although this was a bit unfair to Emma, it was undoubtedly a wise move. Owen couldn't possibly go to prison for Emma and leave his entire corporation unattended.

Over these days, Owen Winton had been thoroughly exhausted because of this matter. When he got in the car and opened his phone, he realized that the situation with Emma had already become a hot topic, with reporters in the hospital having described the entire incident in remarkable detail, almost identical to the actual events.

By now, the comments below were filled with curses.

Owen Winton looked at the comments, his expression turning dark.

"It's unbearable, orchestrating a car accident and then rushing out to save people, oh God, how could she dare do it, it could have really caused fatalities. No, it already did cause fatalities; the driver's life matters too."

"Unbelievable, this Emma is truly unscrupulous. Are you unable to get married so you're clinging to Young Master Lewis?"

"Even if it's a marriage alliance, both parties should agree. Young Master Lewis clearly has a girlfriend, who would marry her?"

"The key thing is to silence witnesses, they also kidnapped another girl. Encountering someone like this is truly unlucky, it's terrifying."

Not only was Emma cursed, but Owen too received criticism, and somehow a vile reporter captured his angry outburst and posted it online.

Owen Winton finished reading, fuming with anger, tossing his phone aside and pinching the bridge of his nose.

The situation had developed beyond his control. If it continued unchecked, the corporation's stocks would also be affected.

Owen Winton was plagued with headaches when his phone rang.

Owen picked it up to glance at it, unsurprised that it was a call from the corporate board.

Owen shut his eyes, ignoring it, unable to think of a good solution to resolve the matter.

But he couldn't believe the Lewis Family had stayed out of it, given how quickly the news had spread.

Someone must have summoned the reporters to the hospital in revenge.

But the Old Master Lewis had promised him the Lewis Family wouldn't interfere—hadn't they indeed interfered?

Owen Winton clenched his fists, furious. He decided to confront Old Master Lewis, questioning if his word could still be trusted.

The Lewis Family.

The doorbell rang, and a servant came out to see Owen Winton with a grim expression. "Mr. Winton, who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for your old master."

The servant replied, "Sorry, Mr. Winton, our old master said he's not seeing guests today, please leave."

"Move aside." Owen Winton directly shoved the servant and was about to rush inside.

Bodyguards on both sides immediately blocked his way.

"Let me go, I want to see Old Master Lewis." Owen Winton, consumed with rage, insisted on confronting Old Master Lewis, questioning if that was the favor he promised by not interfering.

"Sir, please don't make things difficult for us. If you continue forcing your way in, we'll have to throw you out."

Hope Williams was sitting in the living room when she heard a commotion at the door. Turning her head, she looked out through the glass window.

Old Master Lewis came out of the room with a stern face, shouting, "Let him in."

The servant immediately went to do as told.

"Grandfather." Hope supported the old master as he sat down on the sofa.

Old Master Lewis sighed, "I'm truly too kind to them."

Owen Winton stormed in, catching sight of Old Master Lewis seated authoritatively on the sofa. Owen threw his phone angrily onto the coffee table.

He demanded, "Old Master Lewis, is this what you promised, not to take action against the Winton Family, not to act against Emma?"

The old master raised his eyes, looking at Owen Winton with an expression as if the Lewis Family had wronged the Winton Family, and coldly laughed.

"Seeing your accusatory stance, anyone would think our Lewis Family owes your Winton Family."

"You promised, in consideration of past ties, to let us go regarding Wyatt Lewis's matter. Then what's this?"

Owen slapped the table, pointing at the trending topic on the phone.

The old master glanced at it indifferently, "It's unrelated to us."

"Unrelated? Perhaps it's unrelated to you, but it's certainly related to Wyatt Lewis and the others. You speak so nobly, yet still resort to deceit behind the scenes."

He didn't believe no one had fuelled this behind the scenes; the Sanders Family was fully occupied with Zoey Sanders' injury, leaving only the Lewis Family with time to do such things.

"I said it's unrelated, meaning it's unrelated to anyone in our Lewis Family." The old master declared with strength.

"To think there'd come a time where you wouldn't dare admit things." Owen Winton sneered.

"Mr. Winton, please watch your attitude. The fault lies with your Winton Family, don't come blaming our Lewis Family. We don't have the leisure to scheme against you."

### **Chapter 939: Chapter 939: Looks a Bit Older**

Hope Williams gathered the gist from what they were saying.

Owen Winton likely came to plead with the old man, and the old man, considering his past relationship with the Winton Family, promised not to act against Emma Winton in plotting against Wyatt Lewis.

Now that the matter has blown up on hot search, Owen Winton thinks it's the Lewis Family's doing, feeling deceived, and came here for an explanation.

Hope Williams sneered, "I really don't know where he gets the nerve."

"You all talk a good game, but where is Christopher Lewis? His promise of the half-month period led to my daughter's misunderstanding, initiating a series of events afterward. Let him come out."

"Owen Winton, don't you want to keep your old face?" Christopher began striding down the stairs, and his cold gaze fell upon Owen Winton.

Owen Winton's face was tense. "Was anything I said wrong?"

"Your words make it sound like I caused everything; if you want to look at it that way, why not question yourself about how you raised such a daughter?"

"Our family won't haggle with yours, yet you have the nerve to come and accuse us? When the upper beam is crooked, the lower beam sags — better reflect on yourself."

Owen Winton was so angry he nearly lost his breath. "Fine! Fine! Fine! Now you're acting like you're innocent, huh?"

Owen Winton was incredibly furious, his voice trembling.

"I admit I was soft-hearted in agreeing to the half-month period; even if I'm wrong, so what? My mistake was in considering our relationship."

"Admitting it is good, but cut the useless talk; now that things have escalated to this point, you have to find a way to solve it."

"Me, solve it?"

Christopher Lewis saw through it; Owen was trying to apply pressure on him because he couldn't solve it himself.

"How to solve it? Bring your daughter out or clear the hot search to vindicate your family?"

Right now, the hot search is the most crucial matter; the scandal has already jeopardized his company.

Just as Owen Winton was about to speak.

Christopher Lewis said, "None of those are possible."

Owen Winton's face turned black, and he gritted his teeth, "Christopher Lewis."

"Since you insist I'm at fault, I don't mind issuing a statement clarifying the cause, process, and outcome of the entire incident, stating how much fault I bear, and let the public judge for themselves."

Owen Winton glared at Christopher Lewis for a long time, finally spitting out two words in anger, "Shameless."

"Owen Winton, who exactly is shameless here? Our family considered our past relationship and gave you some face, yet you repeatedly come to demand answers as if our kindness is your blessing?"

Owen Winton was speechless, with no choice but to leave in anger.

Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson just happened to come back and ran into each other at the door; Wyatt Lewis's face instantly darkened, "Owen Winton, what are you doing here?"

Owen Winton looked livid and shot a glare at him before leaving.

Wyatt Lewis and Aria quickly went inside; Wyatt Lewis saw the old man's face wasn't looking good either, his brow furrowed even more, "Grandfather, why did Owen Winton come?"

"Don't worry about him, and from now on, don't show any mercy to them; there is no relationship between our two families anymore."

After speaking, the old man signaled for the servant to help him onto his wheelchair and return to the room.

Wyatt and the others originally did not intend to show them any mercy, and since Owen Winton was so shameless, they certainly would not hesitate going forward.

The next day.

Zoey Sanders had been asleep for days, but now she was exceptionally alert, lying flat on the bed, with various expressions flashing through her beautiful eyes, seemingly deep in thought.

Lucy Parker sat beside her, keeping her company, and Joseph Sanders was also glued to her side.

The Sanders Family naturally noticed the online fuss.

Emma Winton is now being criticized all over the internet; she deserves it, but even then, Lucy Parker's hatred remains unresolved.

"Knock Knock." The door was knocked.

Joseph Sanders went over to open the door; the visitor was Wesley Ruiz.

Joseph Sanders said, "Wesley?"

Upon hearing this name, Zoey Sanders almost sat up suddenly.

"Hey, what are you getting excited about, you silly girl?" Lucy Parker immediately raised a hand and pressed Zoey Sanders's shoulder, "Don't move."

"Mom, I'm fine." Zoey Sanders's eyes were full of excitement, although lying down, her eyes seemed ready to fly out.

Lucy Parker seemed to have noticed something and glanced at Wesley Ruiz at the door.

She rarely sees her daughter this excited at hearing the name of a man; the way she's acting, this Wesley... could it be the man she likes?

Thinking this, Lucy Parker immediately walked towards the door, wanting to see what kind of person her daughter fancies.

Wesley Ruiz was holding a bouquet of flowers and some supplements. "Young Master Sanders, I've come to visit Miss Sanders."

Joseph Sanders nodded, "Hmm, where's Liam Cloud?"

Ever since rescuing Zoey Sanders, Liam Cloud had not been seen.

Zoey Sanders never said anything aloud, but since waking, she had been somewhat in a daze; others might not understand her demeanor, but he did. Her heart seemed to follow Liam Cloud.

"Our Big Boss had business and went back to Country Y."

"I see." Joseph Sanders glanced at Zoey Sanders, seeing her full of anticipation, and sighed helplessly.

Of all the people to like, she chose someone impossible.

If Liam Cloud had even a shred of interest in her, it wouldn't be possible for him not to visit her.

Lucy Parker came over and looked Wesley Ruiz up and down.

Hm, he looks quite good.

Bright eyes and white teeth, his sword-shaped brows reached his temples, with a refined and comely appearance. Although his skin was a bit dark, he was full of vitality, with an upright and tall physique, exuding a steady aura.

He certainly matches her daughter's aesthetic.

However, noticing he seemed older than Zoey, would there be a generation gap in their future together?

## **Capítulo 940: Chapter 940: Miss Sanders Receives Her Just Rewards**

Wesley lowered his eyes and saw Lucy Parker watching him intently, leaving him a bit at a loss, “Auntie?”

Joseph Sanders also looked at Lucy Parker, and upon seeing this, reminded her, “Mom? Mom!”

“Huh?” Lucy Parker snapped back to reality, “What is it?”

“Are you alright? Did flowers grow on my face?”

“No, no.” Lucy Parker’s eyes filled with laughter, “You’re here to see Zoey, right? Come, have a seat.”

Lucy Parker led him inside.

Joseph Sanders looked at Lucy Parker, somewhat baffled.

Since when did his mom become so enthusiastic with people?

Zoey Sanders raised her head, looking around, but could only see Wesley, a trace of disappointment flashed in her eyes, but she remained hopeful, “Wesley, your boss...”

Zoey Sanders was just about to ask when she noticed her mother standing nearby, watching intensely.

Seeing Zoey hesitate to speak, Lucy Parker’s eyes showed an understanding, and with a knowing smile, she bent down to adjust Zoey’s blanket, “Alright, alright, I know you have things to talk about. I’ll leave you two to it.”

With that, Lucy Parker dragged Joseph Sanders away, “Come with me, don’t be an eyesore here.”

Joseph Sanders scratched his head, finding Lucy’s words a bit odd.

Once the door was shut, Zoey eagerly asked Wesley, “Where’s your boss?”

Wesley put down the things he was holding and replied, “Boss went back to Y country a few days ago.”

“Went back to Y country a few days ago, then...” Zoey pressed her lips, looking at Wesley with hopeful eyes, “Did he ask you to stay here?”



Wesley thought for a moment, indeed, it was the boss who asked him to stay and keep an eye on things here.

His boss's exact words were: "Let me know if things are alive or dead."

But the boss also instructed him not to say he was told to stay.

Wesley mulled it over, quite troubled, and finally said, "No, I still have tasks here, so I stayed. I heard you woke up, so I came to check in."

"I see." Zoey's expression visibly dimmed.

Wesley suspiciously watched her expression, unsure if he said something wrong, making her unhappy.

"By the way, Miss Sanders, here's your bracelet." Wesley handed over the diamond bracelet he retrieved from the thug's hands.

"Thank you." Zoey took it and placed it on the table beside her.

Wesley couldn't help but comment, seeing Zoey place such a valuable item casually on the table, "Miss Sanders, aren't you afraid of losing such an expensive bracelet?"

"Oh? Not really, it's not worth much."

"Not worth much? Isn't this valued at twenty million?"

The blond guy, who even after being shot by Liam held onto this bracelet tightly, murmuring about twenty million.

Zoey blinked, "I was lying to them."

"So what's the real value of this bracelet?"

"Twenty bucks."

"Twenty bucks?" Wesley was utterly shocked.

Zoey nodded, speaking softly, "Yes, I bought it from a teenage girl who set up a stall at night. I ended up buying all her jewelry. I kept this one on because it looked nice, then forgot to take it off. She even complimented me for being kind."

Wesley's mouth twitched, his eyes about to pop out, "Really?"

So this twenty-dollar diamond bracelet saved her life by causing infighting among the four kidnappers.

“What are you so surprised about? I wouldn’t wear two million accessories to a horse track. If I lost it, it’d be a waste of hard-earned money, it didn’t just fall from the sky.”

Zoey picked up the bracelet, stroking it, “But I didn’t expect this bracelet would really save my life.”

“True.” Wesley, after so many years as an assassin, hadn’t expected this kind of twist.

“Good deeds do bring rewards.”

Zoey smiled lightly, “Thank you.”

...

Lucy Parker dragged Joseph Sanders outside, peering in, and couldn’t help asking, “That Wesley, do you know him well?”

Joseph felt baffled by his mom’s behavior, “Somewhat, why?”

“What’s he like? His conduct, no bad habits?”

“I’m not too familiar, he seems nice, as for bad habits...”

“Why are you asking? Interested in him?”

Lucy Parker glared at him, nearly wanting to smack him, “Are you looking for a beating?”

Joseph smirked.

“It’s your sister who likes him, I have to vet him for her.”

Joseph was startled, his smile fading, “What did you say?”

“Your sister likes him, I have to vet him for her.”

“...” Having heard what Lucy said, Joseph was speechless.

What gave her that impression?

“Aunt Parker, Young Master Sanders, why are you standing outside?” Aria Richardson arrived to visit Zoey, seeing the two standing outside curiously glanced inside.

Lucy pulled Aria closer, “Zoey’s crush is visiting her, they’re chatting inside, best not to interrupt.”

“Zoey has a crush?” Aria looked inside again.

Lucy’s smile deepened, “Yes, a very nice-looking guy, Joseph says he’s a good person.”

Joseph’s parents had always indulged Zoey since she was young, never stopping her from anything she liked.

Now that their precious daughter had a crush, Matriarch Sanders was naturally pleased.

“Mom, that’s not her crush, you misunderstood.”

“Misunderstood what? I clearly saw her almost leap up with excitement upon hearing his name. I’ve never seen her show such excitement and anticipation towards anyone.”

Joseph felt the misunderstanding just got bigger.

Wesley didn’t stay long, saying what he needed before leaving.

As he opened the door and saw the crowd, Wesley was stunned, and those at the door were stunned too.

“Wesley?” Aria’s eyes widened, her expression mirrored Joseph’s.

Wesley didn’t understand why they were looking at him so strangely, he subconsciously touched his face, making sure nothing was there.

Lucy spoke, “Leaving already?”

“Yes, I have things to do, I won’t disturb further.”

“It’s not a disturbance, Zoey likes you visiting her, come more often if you can.”

“Huh?”

What does this mean?

Joseph patted Wesley’s shoulder, sighing helplessly, “Mom, you really misunderstood, I’ll talk to you later, let me escort him out first.”

Wesley was still confused, giving a slight nod to others before leaving with Joseph.

“Sorry, my mom’s misunderstood something, don’t mind it.”

Wesley was still baffled, unclear what was going on, “Young Master Sanders, it’s not a big deal.”

“Will your boss come back to Emperor Capital?” Joseph recalled Zoey’s hopeful eyes, he couldn’t help asking.

“Hard to say, depends on him. Do you have business with him?”

Zoey was just inquiring about his boss.

Now Joseph was asking too.

Joseph remained silent for a few seconds, then sighed, “No, just asking.”

Wesley nodded, as he left the hospital, he called Liam Cloud, “Hey, boss.”

“Yeah.” Came the man’s husky voice on the other end.

“Miss Sanders is fine, she just needs to recover gradually.” Wesley reported.

“Alright.”

“Boss.” Just as Liam was about to hang up, Wesley quickly added, “Are you sure you don’t want to see Miss Sanders? She looked very disappointed when you didn’t show today.”