

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

### **#Chapter 941: 941: Really Want to Stay Single Forever - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 941: 941: Really Want to Stay Single Forever**

#### **Chapter 941: Chapter 941: Really Want to Stay Single Forever**

The man on the other end didn't respond.

Wesley thought for a moment and added, "Miss Sanders looks quite pitiful. I asked the doctor, and he said she's still suffering from acute stress disorder because of the kidnapping incident."

"Mental illness?"

"Probably." Wesley wasn't sure if this counts as a mental illness, "The doctor said she was just frightened."

Upon hearing this, the man frowned.

For someone who was raised delicately like her, it really must have left a psychological shadow.

Tsk.

Such trouble.

"Oh, seeing Miss Sanders like that, it's really pitiful."

After a few seconds of silence...

"Since you find her so pitiful, why don't you stay a few more days." The man said and then hung up the phone.

"Hello? No, Boss, hello? Hello! Damn it!"

What's the deal with him leaving me here?

Does she want to see him?

What a great opportunity, such a good girl, does the boss really want to be single for life?

He just couldn't understand it; he's been with the boss for so many years and never saw him with a woman. If he didn't know the boss had someone in mind, he would have thought the boss was gay.

"Ah." Wesley sighed helplessly and shook his head.

Hope happened to be at the hospital and saw Wesley walking out with a troubled look at the hospital entrance.

"Wesley."

"Sister Hope?" Wesley walked towards Hope.

"Are you here to see Zoey?"

"Yes, I came knowing Miss Sanders has woken up."

Hope glanced around Wesley and didn't see Liam, "Where's Liam?"

"The boss went back to Y Country."

"Went back to Y Country? Alright." Hope did hear Liam mention going back before, "How's he doing after the previous injury? Is he all better?"

"No worries, Sister Hope, with the boss's physique, even if he got a few more cuts, he'd be lively as a dragon the next day."

Hearing Wesley's words, Hope gave a gentle smile, "Wesley, you're cheeky. If he were here and heard you, he'd probably give you two kicks."

Wesley scratched his head, "Well, that's because the boss isn't here."

"Are you planning to go back to Y Country too?"

Wesley gave a bitter smile, "Not going back yet, the boss asked me to stay a few more days."

Since Liam had his own reasons for wanting him to stay here, Hope didn't ask further questions.

"Alright, I'm going to see Zoey, I'll talk to you later."

"Okay."

Wesley watched Hope's back, thought about it, and called her again, "Sister Hope."

“Hmm?” Hope turned back to look at Wesley, “Anything else?”

Wesley initially intended to have Hope convince the boss, thinking he shouldn't be alone forever. Only Hope could talk sense into him.

But when Wesley was about to speak, he wasn't sure how to frame it without giving Hope a hard time.

Having Hope persuade him didn't seem right either.

“Wesley?” Hope looked at him puzzled when he remained quiet.

“Nothing, Sister Hope, you go ahead.”

Hope noticed something odd about Wesley, but since he wasn't speaking up, she moved on.

Wesley stood behind, scratching his head.

Who knew he'd worry himself sick about his boss's remaining life.

Inside Zoey's hospital room, she clutched the blanket tightly and pulled it over her head.

Lucy rushed over and pulled the blanket off her head, “What's going on, silly girl? Just woke up and trying to suffocate yourself?”

As soon as she said that, Lucy's eyes fell on the tears in Zoey's eyes.

Lucy's expression softened immediately, “What's wrong with you? Why are you crying?”

“Nothing, it's too hot, and my eyes are sweating.” Zoey sniffed, “Mom, don't worry about me. I just need to cool down.”

“No, really, what's wrong with you?” Lucy didn't believe her for a second.

“I'm really fine.” Zoey blinked twice, bringing her emotions back to normal.

So what if she might never see him again, it's nothing, it's nothing.

Zoey comforted herself internally.

“Nothing's wrong, huh? Did you have a fight with that little Wes?”

Zoey paused, looked at her mom, then at Aria, “Can someone explain who this little Wes is?”

Aria couldn't help but smile, "It's Wesley."

Zoey twitched the corner of her mouth, "No, mom, why would I fight with him?"

"Oh, come on, don't hide it from me. Isn't Wesley the person you like? He's brought so many things to see you. How far have you two gotten?"

"Cough cough cough..." Zoey choked on her own saliva, "Who ever said I liked him, cough cough cough..."

Lucy pressed Zoey, who was about to sit up, back down in bed out of concern, "Still trying to hide it from me?"

"No, mom, you..." Zoey closed her eyes and raised a hand to her head.

If it weren't for the bandages, she would think her blood was going to shoot out from all the holes in her head.

"You misunderstood, mom. I don't like him, really, and we haven't progressed anywhere. We're not even that familiar."

They had only met a few times, definitely not familiar.

Lucy's face showed disbelief.

"You're my daughter; your little thoughts can't escape me. Seeing how you got all excited hearing his name earlier, I could tell. Although there's a bit of an age gap, mom can see he's a decent guy, I won't stop you, so no need to hide it from me."

## **Chapter 942: Chapter 942: She Couldn't Bear to Slit Her Wrists Anymore**

Zoey Sanders pressed her lips tightly, wanting to cry but having no tears. How was she supposed to explain to her own mom that she acted that way because she thought someone else was coming, and got excited?

"Alright, alright, mom won't ask anymore. Are you going to say that you young people know your own affairs best? Mom knows, I know."

Zoey raised her hand to cover her face, "Mom, I do have someone I like, really, but it's not him. The reason I got excited was that I thought the person I like came, and the reason I was sad just now was that the person I like left."

Lucy Parker blinked her eyes, chewing over Zoey's words.

The person she likes came and then left...

"Then...isn't it still Little Feng?"

Zoey shut her mouth, pulling the blanket over her head.

Fine, just leave it at that.

"Oh dear, don't play dead again." Lucy lifted Zoey's blanket, "Then tell me, what's the name of the person you like?"

"Even if I tell you, you wouldn't know him."

"If you tell me, then I'll know, and in the future, I can meet him, see what kind of person my daughter likes."

As soon as the words fell, Zoey blinked, her little expression instantly turning forlorn, "Can't see him anymore..."

"Oh my dear, don't cry, the doctor said you can't get emotional. How could you not see him anymore, has he ascended to godhood or something?"

"I can't see him anymore, really can't. He probably hates me a lot, doesn't want to see me, so I'll never see him again."

"Isn't this...this..." Lucy was at a loss, "Then what's his name?"

"His name...is Liam Cloud."

"Liam Cloud?" Apparently Lucy didn't know him, "Alright, stop being sad, mom will ask your dad to help find him for you."

"No, don't disturb him, otherwise he'll dislike me even more."

Aria Richardson looked utterly incredulous at this moment.

This little girl actually likes Liam Cloud!

This...

"What's wrong?" Hope Williams walked into the ward, seeing Zoey looking very upset, "What happened?"

"I'm fine, my eyes are just watering, you don't need to worry about me."

Hope looked puzzled at Aria, who didn't know how to explain.

After sitting in the ward for a while, Aria pulled Hope out, and in the quiet hallway, Hope looked at Aria in astonishment, "You mean Zoey likes Liam Cloud?"

"Yes, did Liam Cloud return to Y Country? This little girl cried so sadly."

"This..." Hope blinked.

Thinking of everything before, including how Zoey wanted Liam to teach her horse riding at the ranch...

Hope's eyebrows furrowed slightly, she had overlooked this earlier.

Liam Cloud indeed has an irresistible allure about him.

"I didn't pay attention before, didn't notice at all."

"What if you had noticed? Could you have helped match them up? Matters of the heart are beyond our control, and you're even less in a position to say anything between them." Aria sighed while holding Hope's hand.

As the two of them were talking, a few people holding microphones and carrying cameras surrounded them.

"Are you Young Madam Lewis and Miss Richardson?"

Because the marriage of Aria and Wyatt Lewis had not been made public, everyone still didn't know that Aria was already Second Young Madam Lewis.

"We just saw you come out of Miss Sanders' ward, can you talk about the details of Miss Winton's kidnapping and harming Miss Sanders?"

Hope stepped back with Aria, saying, "Everyone, we are not accepting interviews, this incident caused great harm to Miss Sanders, and we hope you don't repeatedly come asking, picking at others' wounds. She also needs a quiet environment to rest, please leave."

"Young Madam, we know Miss Sanders needs rest, we won't disturb her. But this issue is getting a lot of attention, everyone wants to know the full story."

"Even if you want to know all the details and the whole story, you shouldn't be asking us. Go ask the person who did it." Aria said in a flat tone.

It seemed Emma Winton's side wasn't accepting interviews either, so these reporters waiting to dig up more information were getting anxious.

"Hurry, hurry." Several doctors ran past quickly and entered Emma's ward hurriedly.

"What happened? Go take a look." The reporters immediately headed towards Emma's ward.

Aria looked over and pulled Hope, "Let's go take a look."

As the doctors entered, a nurse came out looking deeply scared, with her hands covered in blood.

Seeing this, Aria frowned, asking urgently, "Please, what happened?"

"The patient took advantage of our inattention, shattered a glass, and attempted to slit her wrists."

Emma Winton tried to slit her wrists?

Hope and Aria exchanged a worried glance.

"Her emotions have been very unstable these days, probably heavily influenced by the news online."

"Sigh, if she had known this would happen, why bother in the first place." The news about Emma's case had become a hot topic, even the nurse couldn't help but sigh.

### **Chapter 943: Chapter 943: Killing Without Mercy, Destroying the Heart**

Hope Williams furrowed her brow and asked, "How is she now?"

"Fortunately, it was discovered relatively early, so the cuts weren't too deep, and her life isn't in danger. But the way she's tormenting herself is definitely not okay," the nurse sighed.

The reporters nearby, hearing the nurse's words, became like injected with adrenaline, quickly jotting everything down.

Emma Winton's suicide attempt due to pressure!

They had camped at the hospital for two days, and it wasn't all in vain.

Half an hour later, the doctor came out shaking his head and sighing, "I've never seen someone so eager to die. While others cling to life desperately, she seems intent on tormenting her own life."

Due to that car accident, Emma Winton's body was originally weak, and now her emotions keep swinging wildly. Her body simply can't withstand it. She often faints, and now she's even trying to die. The doctor is truly at a loss.

Hope Williams asked, "Is she awake?"

"Yes, she's awake and fairly lucid."

"Can we go in and see her? We won't get too close, just say a few words."

"This..." the doctor glanced at the female officer guarding Emma Winton nearby.

The female officer hesitated for a moment, "Five minutes."

"Alright."

The hospital room was filled with the scent of blood and disinfectant.

Emma Winton's hand was still cuffed to the hospital bed, and it was her wrist she had cut. It was now wrapped in thick layers of gauze.

A puddle of crimson blood remained on the floor, looking glaringly conspicuous.

Emma Winton's eyes were vacant, her face pale, and her thoughts were muddled.

When Hope Williams and Aria Richardson pushed the door open and entered, they saw this scene. The sunlight streamed into the room as usual, falling on Emma Winton's face, yet it inexplicably felt cold. If her eyes weren't open and her chest wasn't heaving, one might well have thought they were looking at a corpse.

"Can't handle it anymore?" Aria Richardson looked at Emma Winton. Though she loathed her, Aria's voice remained relatively calm.

Emma Winton's gaze sluggishly moved to their faces.

After causing such a scene, she didn't even have the energy to muster her emotions and could only look at Aria with a gaze full of hatred.

"Why are you here? To laugh at me? Seeing me like this, you must be the happiest."

"Who would be willing to laugh at you? I just heard you attempted suicide and came in to check on you."

"Feeling quite hopeless now, aren't you?"

Aria's voice was faint. As she looked at Emma Winton, she felt a bit of empathy for her current state.

She had also once been this hopeless.



At that time, she felt that death would be a true relief.

As long as she died, she wouldn't have to face anything anymore.

But if she had really died back then, she wouldn't even have had the chance to regret it.

Aria sighed softly, "Live well. Living is more important than anything."

"Good?" Emma Winton let out a sarcastic laugh, "Everything I had was destroyed by you and Wyatt Lewis. How can I be good? It'll never be good, never."

Emma Winton closed her eyes. From regret, fear, despair—her tears had run dry these past few days, and she couldn't even cry anymore.

She knew how the outside world viewed her now. She was being scolded all over the internet, truly infamous.

The once proud eldest daughter of the Winton Family had fallen to this point, all because of her soft heart.

"Do you know what I regret the most now?"

Hope Williams and Aria didn't answer, their eyes remaining on Emma Winton's pale face.

Emma Winton began speaking to herself, "What I regret the most is not being ruthless enough back then. Why didn't I harden my heart? If I had just been a little crueler, I wouldn't have ended up like this."

"If I had just been a bit crueler, neither you nor Wyatt Lewis would have had the chance to strut in front of me."

"Why don't you question why you have such intentions, harming others and yourself? I remember you once said you despised using underhanded means against others. Emma Winton, you've become exactly what you once despised."

Emma Winton looked up at Aria Richardson and let out a light chuckle, "Yes, how ironic! It was me, holding onto the naive hope that I could deceive everyone and caused all this."

Because I thought I could handle it all well, thought my plans were flawless.

So even though I knew the consequences, I still did it out of naive hope.

Now, regret is useless, and what's more prominent is hate.

“Because of your naive hope, your dad is now overwhelmed, and Chloe Woods, whom you wanted to protect, has been taken to the police station for investigation. It seems prison is inevitable,” Hope said in a neutral tone.

Emma Winton’s brows tightened, her voice suddenly rising, “How can that be? Impossible, those were all my doing alone; she had nothing to do with it. Why arrest her?”

“Do you think the police won’t investigate? Whether she was involved or not, the police will investigate. If you want to help her escape charges so she’d owe you a favor and continue helping you outside, you’re thinking too much. She won’t have that chance.”

Emma Winton wasn’t a selfless person. She was willing to take it all on herself to make Chloe Woods owe her, so she’d continue to help her outside.

Emma Winton was still clever.

Emma’s pale lips twitched as she sustained her energy to lift her head, only to weakly fall back onto the pillow.

“Really? You’re impressive, cutting off all my escape routes completely. Ha, those reporters must have been brought here on purpose by you. Truly ruthless, attacking both physically and mentally.”

#### **Capítulo 944: Chapter 944: Please, Have Pity on Me**

Hope Williams shook her head and said, “The reporters weren’t called by us. When things escalate, they spread naturally. We just didn’t control the situation, but we weren’t promoting it from behind the scenes.”

Emma Winton let out a cold laugh.

It was clear that, like Owen Winton, she didn’t believe it at all.

How could things escalate so quickly without their influence from behind? They just wanted to destroy her, cutting off all her paths.

Now, she was completely isolated, left only to await their decision.

Hope Williams and Aria Richardson knew she might not believe them, but whether she did or not, they’d said what needed to be said.

Neither of them planned to stay long, and Aria Richardson said, “Take care of yourself.”

Emma Winton’s gaze, like that of a venomous snake, was fixed on Aria Richardson’s back.

She was isolated with no way out. She no longer cared for her own life and had nothing left to fear.

If she had to suffer, she'd make sure they did too.

The two returned to Zoey Sanders' hospital room. Zoey, hearing the commotion outside, looked at them curiously, "Why is it so noisy out there? What happened?"

Hope Williams responded, "Emma Winton attempted suicide by cutting her wrists."

"What?" Zoey Sanders opened her mouth in surprise.

Upon hearing this, Lucy Parker let out a cold snort. She knew Emma Winton had been going through a rough time lately and that she'd reached the point of attempting suicide due to unbearable pressure. Yet, she didn't feel any sympathy for her.

No matter what, she deserved it.

"And how is she? Did she die?" Lucy Parker asked, peeling an orange, her voice sinking.

"No, she was discovered in time and saved."

"Good, it would've been too easy if she'd died just like that." Lucy Parker said through gritted teeth, seething.

Two weeks later.

Reporters uncovered the news that Emma Winton's health had improved enough for her to leave the hospital.

On this day, several police cars were parked outside the hospital, surrounded by many reporters.

Emma Winton sat in her hospital room, facing the window with her eyes closed, lost in thought, her face still pallid.

"It's time to go." A policeman approached.

Emma Winton opened her eyes, her beautiful eyes devoid of color and emotion. She stiffly lifted her hands, like a soulless puppet ready to be manipulated, as handcuffs were placed on her.

"Are there a lot of reporters outside?" she asked in a hoarse voice.

“Yes, there are quite a few reporters, but don’t worry, we’ll keep the situation under control.”

What good is it?

Everyone would see the scene of her being escorted to the police car.

Before, she could hide in this hospital room, numbing herself by pretending to be deaf and mute.

But now, she had no choice but to face it.

Even though she had mentally prepared herself, she was still on the brink of collapse.

“Can’t I just not go out?”

“No, you can’t.” The police officer replied sternly.

Emma Winton knew it was a pointless question to ask. How could she possibly not go out?

“Then can I at least use the bathroom?” Emma’s voice was still hoarse, sounding fragile and pitiful.

She wanted to use the bathroom, and there was no way they could refuse. The officer released her handcuffs, watching as she entered the restroom, waiting outside till she was done.

Emma spent a long time in the restroom, only coming out slowly when the officers urged her.

“Let’s go.”

Once more, she was handcuffed and led out of the hospital room.

Along the way, people around pointed and whispered about her.

Emma, however, did not lower her head, but kept it high, eyes fixed straight ahead, not shifting at all.

It was as if she was still that high and mighty Miss Winton.

But only she knew how much strength it took to hold herself up, to not appear disheveled.

The voices of people’s discussions reached her ears.

“That’s Emma Winton they’re talking about online, right? She’s quite pretty, but who would’ve thought she’d be so malicious.”

“Exactly, causing so many issues, she’s not just malicious, I believe she’s mentally twisted.”

“She’s truly harmed herself and others. The Winton Group was also severely impacted by her actions. Whoever associates with her is unlucky.”

“Look at her expression, even faced with imprisonment, she shows no sign of remorse.”

Emma quickened her pace to move away, outwardly appearing calm and composed, while inwardly she was breaking down, telling herself not to listen to them, not to listen.

The reporters were all blocked at the hospital entrance. When they saw Emma being taken out, they surged forward, shoving microphones almost into her face. In response to the reporters’ questions, Emma kept her lips tightly shut, saying nothing.

Fortunately, with police assistance, order was quickly restored, and the reporters were kept at a distance.

Amidst the chaos, nobody noticed when Emma clutched a foldable dagger tightly in her palm.

Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson arrived at the hospital to see Zoey, only to witness the chaotic scene.

The two had no intention of staying, and Wyatt Lewis held Aria Richardson as they left.

“Wyatt Lewis.”

Emma Winton, who had been silent, finally spoke up.

The reporters also noticed Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson, immediately raising their cameras towards them.

“Can I talk to you for a moment?” Emma’s voice was unexpectedly filled with a plea.

“I have nothing to say to you.”

“Please, just a few words. Look at the state I’m in; just pity me.” She said, self-deprecatingly.

## **Chapter 945: Chapter 945: Imprisoned for a Crime Not Committed**

"I have nothing to say to you."

Wyatt Lewis grabbed Aria Richardson's hand and was about to leave, bypassing Emma Winton.

Emma's heart suddenly grew anxious. No, she couldn't let them leave like this.

This was her last chance; she had to seize it.

She went to prison because of this, and the stock price of the Winton Clan plummeted because of it.

Why could they live happily together while only they were mired in public opinion, paying such a heavy price?

This time she wouldn't be soft; they shouldn't think they could escape.

Emma glanced at the two police officers beside her and was about to walk towards Wyatt Lewis.

But the police immediately restrained her; she couldn't get close to Wyatt Lewis at all.

Emma bit her lower lip tightly, glanced anxiously at the crowd, not knowing who she was looking for.

Emma turned and shouted towards Wyatt Lewis, "Wyatt, are you really unwilling to say a few words to me before I go to prison? We might never have the chance to speak again. I just wanted to say a few things now. Must you be so heartless?"

"Let's go." Wyatt Lewis frowned deeply, feeling nothing but disgust, pulling Aria away even faster.

"Hmm." She had already said what needed to be said to Emma before; there was nothing left to discuss.

Besides, too many journalists were here today; the crowd was noisy, creating a sense of unease.

Aria feared staying too long would cause trouble, so she and Wyatt quickly left.

As Emma's voice fell, several reporters seized the opportunity to rush in front of Wyatt Lewis and Aria, blocking them, and handed microphones to their faces, asking questions.

"Young Master Lewis, the situation has escalated to this point, with Miss Winton imprisoned and Winton Clan badly shaken. Do you have anything to say?"

"I've heard the rumors and Winton Clan's downfall are due to the Lewis Family's revenge; is that the result?"

"Did you do this because you resent Emma? But according to our information, Miss Winton didn't cause you any substantial harm. Wasn't what you did excessive?"

"The relationship between the Winton Family and the Lewis Family has always been good. Isn't the Lewis Family's complete wipeout of the Winton Family too much because of this incident?"

"Moreover, we have information that Owen Winton, the chairman of the Winton Clan, has apologized multiple times hoping for the Lewis Family's forgiveness, but the Lewis Family still intends to blow this up, leaving them no room for retreat?"

The reporters' words were sharp, their speed fast, and their targeting very strong.

Wyatt Lewis looked at the people crowding in and frowned tightly, wrapping Aria in his arms to protect her.

As soon as the reporters finished speaking, Wyatt Lewis's cold gaze swept towards the one who spoke the most sharply.

For a moment, that reporter's body stiffened, feeling a chill creeping up.

Wyatt Lewis began to reply, "Accusing people without proof comes at a price. Have you journalists even figured out the truth? Blocking me here and asking these things without knowing the truth—don't you find it laughable?"

The reporter continued to question, "Isn't everything now the truth? Young Master Lewis, are you denying the total wipeout of Miss Winton and the Winton Clan?"

"First off, Emma being in this situation is her own downfall, her own consequences. Secondly, regarding any public pressure or action against the Winton Clan, our Lewis Family didn't do it. If we did, we would do it openly. Finally, if I did retaliate against them, what's wrong with that?"

"Also, as for your mention that Emma didn't cause me substantial harm, what counts as substantial harm? Killing me in a car crash? Is that substantial harm?"

"You people, if you don't like being reporters, I could talk to your boss about letting you work as online trolls."

"Young Master Lewis, we are merely asking questions based on the current situation, seeking truth given that this matter's attention online is sky-high. We don't believe no one is stirring things from behind."

"Moreover, regarding this matter, your families have all refused interviews to explain the whole story, making us suspect other hidden motives. We have a duty as journalists to reveal the truth to prevent wrongful imprisonment."

This reporter was using his responsibility and mission as an argument.

Wyatt Lewis found his words amusing, "Say that again, who do you think is wrongfully imprisoned?"

The reporter sensed Wyatt Lewis's voice hinted at anger and dared not offend further, his tone weakened.

But he persisted, saying, "We heard it's not entirely Miss Winton's fault, yet she alone bears all the consequences. There might be unfairness involved. We want to know the whole process, to let the public judge who's right or wrong."

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Lewis sneered, "How much were you paid to say such things here?"

Seeing Wyatt Lewis's icy demeanor, the reporter's heart skipped a beat, "Paid? This is my job; I'm just dutifully fulfilling my responsibilities. If I don't raise doubts, why should I be a reporter?"

"Yes, why be a reporter? People like you should be online trolls instead."