

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 946: 946: All or Nothing - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 946: 946: All or Nothing

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Wyatt Lewis couldn't believe there were still people claiming Emma Winton was imprisoned unjustly.

Absolutely ridiculous.

Do these people even use their brains?

The reporter exclaimed angrily, "Young Master Lewis, your words are excessive."

"Excessive? Did I say anything wrong? If you're not paid by someone to deliberately make trouble, then you're just foolish, making much ado about nothing—how ridiculous. Is this how you work as reporters?"

At this moment, it wasn't just Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson who were blocked; the police escorting Emma Winton also faced difficulties.

Reporters continuously surrounded them, causing chaos. There were so many reporters that the police didn't expect, and they lacked manpower to maintain order.

This number doesn't just signify reporters causing chaos; it's clear someone is mixed in with the reporters, deliberately inciting topics to stir up trouble.

Aria Richardson clutched Wyatt Lewis's hand tighter, feeling increasingly uneasy.

This Emma Winton, what on earth is she planning?

Behaving in this way benefits her in no way.

Outsiders may be unaware, but she herself knows clearly that her guilt and evidence are confirmed, with no chance of overturning the verdict.

This chaos will only make more people aware, which for someone so proud, wouldn't it be even more embarrassing?

Thinking it through, Aria Richardson felt something wasn't right.

With Emma Winton being watched by the police these days, no matter how skilled she is, she can't arrange such a scene.

It must be Owen Winton arranging this.

Why would Owen Winton do this? Just to avenge Emma Winton, to disgust them?

No way.

They must have other schemes.

Emma Winton was pushed around, flanked by two police officers attempting to maintain order. She lowered her head, lips slightly curled, eyes full of helplessness and sarcasm.

It seems over the past two weeks, her father couldn't withstand the pressure from the company and decided to give up on her.

Emma Winton gripped the foldable dagger in her hand tightly, thinking to herself, well, she doesn't want Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson to have it easy either. She will bear the consequences of the trouble she caused.

After all, she has nothing left, everything is ruined. She'd rather die now, dragging Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson to hell with her than die slowly in prison.

Emma Winton slowly raised her head, her cold gaze falling on Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson.

...

From the hospital room upstairs, the scene below was visible.

Zoey Sanders and Lucy Parker watched the incident, both furrowing their brows. Zoey Sanders grabbed Lucy Parker's hand, "Mom, what's going on, why are there so many reporters?"

"Indeed, there are too many reporters, something doesn't feel right."

"Mom, hurry and call the bodyguards at the gate to help Brother Wyatt, I'll call my brother to send some people over, or I'm afraid something will happen."

Such chaotic scenes are prone to trouble.

"Okay." Lucy Parker didn't hesitate and went immediately.

Zoey Sanders promptly called Joseph Sanders, "Brother, quickly bring some bodyguards to the hospital."

Hearing Zoey Sanders's anxious tone, Joseph Sanders urgently asked, "What's happened? Are you in danger?"

"It's not me, it's Brother Wyatt and Aria, oh, I can't explain now, you hurry over."

"Alright, I know, I'm on the way."

Zoey Sanders clutched her phone tightly, watching downstairs, increasingly tense.

Even though Emma Winton's case was stirring with high intensity and her imprisonment brought journalists, it was expected.

But having so many reporters seemed exaggerated, as if someone was intentionally causing chaos.

This point was perceivable to Zoey Sanders, and naturally to Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson as well.

"Damn." Turning, Zoey Sanders was about to leave the ward.

"Where are you going?" Lucy Parker immediately stopped her.

"My brother needs time to bring people over, I'm going to help them."

"My dear, stay here, your wounds have only slightly healed, don't add to the chaos, I've already asked hospital nurses to call some hospital security, just wait here."

Lucy Parker dragged Zoey Sanders back to the hospital bed.

Soon the bodyguards came down to block the reporters, one of them said, "Young Master, Miss Richardson, we'll hold them off, you should leave the hospital."

Wyatt Lewis nodded, entering the hospital wasn't suitable now, he planned to leave with Aria Richardson.

At this moment, amidst chaos, Emma Winton forcefully broke free from police restraints and dashed in front of Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis thought she was up to something, and immediately reached to protect Aria Richardson beside him.

The result was Emma Winton, tears in her eyes, suddenly kneeling straight down.

Wyatt Lewis looked at the kneeling Emma Winton, his brows tightening.

Aria Richardson was stunned, looking at her.

Wyatt Lewis asked in a low voice, “What are you doing?”

“Wyatt Lewis, I’m apologizing to you, I know I was wrong, I’m apologizing to you. I’ve lost everything, and I’ve paid a price. I have nothing now, I’m nothing. I’m not asking you to spare me, the imprisonment is what I deserve.”

“I only ask one thing from you, spare my father, spare my father’s company; they’ve done nothing wrong—the fault has always been mine. I accept whatever you do to me, just spare Winton Clan, I’m truly pleading...”

Wyatt Lewis showed a cold face, Emma Winton turned to plead with Aria Richardson, “Miss Richardson, I’m begging you, you don’t have to forgive me, you can let me be imprisoned, but my father and the company are truly innocent.”

Emma Winton cried desperately, kneeling and repeatedly bowing her head in apology; she had lowered her posture to the utmost.

For a rich girl to do this in public was truly difficult, akin to tearing apart her pride and exposing her most pathetic side to everyone.

Wyatt Lewis stepped back, knowing Emma Winton aimed to exploit people’s tendency to feel sympathy for the weak.

In the current setting, someone was guiding the mood, many felt sympathy for Emma Winton, even bystanders.

“She’s come this far, she truly is pitiful, everyone makes mistakes, no need to be ruthless.”

“Letting her serve her sentence is enough, the company hasn’t provoked you, you shouldn’t push them to the edge.”

“Yeah, Miss Winton made a mistake, she’s paid the price, going too far is unnecessary.”

Aria Richardson’s delicate brows furrowed, “Emma Winton, we’ve stated we aren’t stirring public opinion against your group, how many times must we say it?”

“Nice words you say, the truth—only you know if you’ve done it.”

“Get lost.” Wyatt Lewis had no time to cooperate with her tragic act, pulling Aria Richardson to leave.

Emma Winton hurriedly stood up, gritted her teeth, and rushed in front of them, gripping Aria Richardson’s hand tightly.

“Even now, you’re unwilling to spare my father’s company? Wyatt Lewis, Aria Richardson, your hearts are truly cold.”

“Let go.” Aria Richardson wanted to withdraw her hand.

Yet Emma Winton used immense strength, tightly gripping, causing her pain.

Emma Winton not only refused to let go but approached them, her cold lips curled, “Since you pushed things to the extreme, don’t blame me.”

Wyatt Lewis sensed Emma Winton was extremely dangerous, as she gripped Aria Richardson’s hand.

Wyatt Lewis reached out intending to push her away, “If you continue, don’t blame me for being rude.”

Emma Winton, hearing this, seemingly achieved her aim, sneering, yelled, “I’ve come to this point, yet you still want to be ruthless, do you truly wish to drive me to death?”

“If you want to die, go die yourself, nothing to do with me, let go.”

“Ah.” Aria Richardson winced, as Emma Winton’s fingernails dug into her skin, causing her to gasp from the pain.

Wyatt Lewis instantly became furious, reaching out to push Emma Winton away, “Get off.”

At this moment, Emma Winton released her grip, seizing his hand.

Wyatt Lewis felt Emma Winton had placed something in his hand; before he could look down, Emma Winton crashed into him...

“Swish——”

The sound of a blade piercing flesh.

Wyatt Lewis’s pupils shrank as he watched Emma Winton, in disbelief.

The surrounding chaos persisted, Emma Winton’s lips curled, glaring at Wyatt Lewis with spite and satisfaction, “Wyatt Lewis, don’t blame me. I’ve lost everything, but I can’t let Winton Clan fall due to my mistakes. If you want someone to blame... blame yourself for being too ruthless towards me.”

Capítulo 947: Chapter 947: Truly Cunning

Wyatt Lewis felt the person in front of him was a lunatic.

Emma Winton clutched her wound and slowly collapsed on the ground in front of Wyatt, her face full of pain.

A loud “clang” echoed.

The dagger in Wyatt Lewis’s hand fell to the ground.

“Murder!”

“Wyatt Lewis has committed murder!”

Someone in the crowd shouted.

Everyone stopped and looked towards Wyatt Lewis, seeing Emma Winton clutching her profusely bleeding abdomen, trembling in agony on the ground.

Beside Wyatt’s foot lay the bloodstained dagger, his hands covered in Emma’s blood.

The crowd backed away in horror.

The silence lasted no more than five seconds before erupting into intense chatter.

“Oh my God!”

“Murder in public!”

“He must have extreme hatred to want her dead like this, it’s terrifying.”

“She already admitted her mistakes, yet he still stabbed her. Young Master Lewis is certainly crazy.”

“How frightening, Emma surely has faults, but there’s no need to kill her. Besides, she just knelt and apologized to them.”

The police, deliberately delayed and held up, immediately rushed over to check on Emma Winton’s condition.

Several police cars arrived, and soon more than a dozen officers managed to control the situation.

Aria Richardson was also frightened, she raised her hand to cover her mouth, trembling uncontrollably, “Wyatt.”

Wyatt Lewis looked down at his bloodied hands, slowly clenched them, furrowing his brow, a hint of helplessness flashing in his eyes, but he quickly suppressed it, reassuring Aria, “Don’t be afraid, it will be okay.”

Emma Winton slowly raised her blood-stained hands, using all her strength to accuse Wyatt Lewis as the murderer.

“Emma!”

Owen Winton arrived unnoticed; he pushed through the crowd, looking at his daughter on the ground, and quickly went over to hold her wound tenderly, “Emma? Emma? Who did this? Who did this? Doctor? Where’s the doctor?”

Emma’s clothes were soaked with blood, her face covered in cold sweat from pain.

But her eyes remained fixed on Wyatt Lewis, “Wyatt Lewis, how cruel you are, I... apologized to you... and yet you... still won’t... let me go...”

Owen Winton looked at Wyatt Lewis with hatred, gritting his teeth, “Wyatt Lewis!”

Thankfully, they hadn’t left the hospital, and doctors quickly came with a stretcher to take Emma inside.

Owen Winton trembled with rage, he stood up and charged at Wyatt Lewis, “Wyatt Lewis, return my daughter to me!”

He rushed over, raising his fist to strike Wyatt but was quickly stopped; Joseph Sanders arrived hurriedly with people, holding Owen’s hand and pushing him away, surveying the chaotic scene with furrowed brows, “What happened?”

Owen Winton retreated a few steps, veins bulging on his forehead from anger, “Wyatt Lewis, Emma already confessed and apologized, yet you still want to kill her. You demon, if anything happens to Emma, I swear you’ll pay with your life.”

Wyatt Lewis ignored Owen Winton’s rant, slowly shifting his gaze to the crowd, narrowing his eyes as he spotted a few men ready to leave, immediately instructing, “Catch those men.”

Joseph Sanders didn’t ask further, promptly sending people to capture and subdue those men.

A glimmer of panic briefly flashed in Owen Winton’s eyes, but he quickly shouted to divert attention, “Wyatt Lewis, you murderer, no matter what mistakes Emma made, she confessed, why won’t you give her a chance to live?”

“What do you mean? She handed me the knife herself and rushed over.”

“She put the knife in your hand herself? Ha ha ha!” Owen Winton laughed as if hearing an incredibly funny joke, “You’re saying my daughter accused you using her own life.”

“Yes,” Wyatt Lewis answered firmly.

Owen Winton stepped forward, shouted at the crowd watching, “Everyone heard him, he says my daughter handed him the knife herself and rushed to die, what a ridiculous claim, is my daughter crazy or stupid to do such a thing?”

Voices of agreement echoed in the crowd.

“It’s absurd, Miss Winton would never use her own life to frame someone.”

“Exactly, he clearly holds a grudge and publicly retaliates against Miss Winton, now that her life hangs by a thread, he’s escaping responsibility here.”

Listening to the agreement, Owen Winton coldly chuckled inwardly, turning back to Wyatt Lewis, “Can’t you come up with a believable excuse when defending yourself?”

Indeed, it sounds impossible.

But it’s the truth.

Wyatt Lewis looked at Owen’s face, veins bulging due to intense anger, calmly asked back, “Am I crazy or stupid to commit murder in public and ruin my own future?”

With so many reporters present, if this incident was confirmed against Wyatt, its seriousness would far surpass Emma’s kidnapping incident.

Moreover, with Emma’s kneeling apology just now, she would gain everyone’s sympathy, while Wyatt Lewis would find himself condemned by all.

Emma’s incident would be overshadowed, and nobody would care anymore about what Emma did; everyone’s focus would be on Wyatt Lewis’s murder.

Wyatt Lewis directed his gaze back to Owen Winton.

Was this Owen Winton’s plan?

He sacrificed his daughter for his company’s sake, to retaliate against them.

And Emma, driven by hatred towards them, willingly complied.

Wyatt Lewis narrowed his dark eyes, “Owen Winton, truly clever.”

Chapter 948: Chapter 948: I Have Evidence

Owen Winton certainly wouldn't be intimidated by a single word from Wyatt Lewis. He snorted coldly, "What do you mean? First, you slander my daughter, and now you want to slander me too?"

"Are you not afraid that in pursuit of your company's interests, you might really end up getting your daughter killed because of your plan?"

Owen Winton's dark eyes gloomily stared at Wyatt Lewis, "Stop making excuses. Everyone just saw you stab my daughter with a knife."

"Saw it with their own eyes? Who saw it with their own eyes?"

Just now, several police officers were being held up by some people causing trouble maliciously. Everyone was pushing and shoving each other into a crowd, and even if someone noticed them, it'd be impossible to clearly see their actions.

Owen Winton pointed at the knife on the ground, his brow furrowed deeply, looking at Wyatt Lewis with disgust, "With both testimonial and physical evidence, what are you still arguing about?"

Wyatt Lewis coldly watched as a few people, who had been detained and brought forward, were pushed up in front of him.

These were the ones who, once they saw the situation unfold, couldn't stay calm and tried to leave. There were quite a few malicious troublemakers among the crowd like them.

"Let us go, what right do you have to arrest us? Let go!"

"What qualifications do you have to arrest us? Let go, let go of us."

Owen Winton glanced at these few people, then looked toward Wyatt Lewis, "What do you mean? Randomly arresting a few people to divert attention?"

"They're yours, aren't they?"

Owen Winton gave a scoff of laughter, "What makes you say they're mine? I don't even know them."

"Don't know them? Then let the police take them in and interrogate them to see if they recognize you as Chairman Winton."

Upon hearing they might have to go to the police station, the group became a bit panicked. Afraid of being exposed, they subconsciously glanced at Owen Winton.

Owen Winton glared at them without a word and turned his gaze back to Wyatt Lewis, "The one who should be taken to the police station is you!"

"Of course." Wyatt Lewis watched the two officers coming toward him and did not resist, "I cooperate with the investigation."

Wyatt Lewis continued, "Among these people, including some of the reporters, many are his people. Everyone present needs to be investigated."

"Yes, we will investigate." said the police officer, having already noticed that someone in the crowd was maliciously holding them back, preventing them from taking Emma Winton away.

Wyatt Lewis sighed deliberately, "Gathering a crowd to cause trouble, they should be taken in for a few days, right?"

Hearing Wyatt Lewis say this caused even more panic within the crowd, and you could see several people turning around to flee.

The more they ran, the more they revealed themselves.

Joseph Sanders and the police already surrounded the area.

They couldn't escape.

Owen Winton had hired so many people to easily control the situation and achieve the effect he wanted.

However, a large group is equally difficult to manage.

Just like now, their panicked fleeing undoubtedly confirmed Wyatt Lewis's words.

Owen Winton's facial muscles twitched as he clenched his back teeth.

Why are these fools running?

If he could hire them, he could ensure they wouldn't be caught by the police.

If they didn't run, who could recognize them—but when they did run, it made the police suspicious.

Wyatt Lewis coldly looked at Owen Winton, "Looks like your people aren't very smart."

"You're just stubbornly arguing, trying to rid yourself of suspicion, Wyatt Lewis, Emma is dead, and you must pay with your life."

"The doctor hasn't even said she would die yet. How can you be sure she will?"

Owen Winton's expression flickered, "She just lost so much blood. Even if she doesn't die, she's at death's door."

Wyatt Lewis curled his lips slightly, looking at Owen Winton's face, "Don't worry, your daughter will be just fine. She won't die."

Owen Winton didn't know why Wyatt Lewis was so sure.

"Wyatt, your hand." Aria Richardson suddenly noticed Wyatt's hand was bleeding continuously. She had thought it was all Emma's blood, but now realized something was off.

It was his own blood; Wyatt's hand was injured.

Wyatt lifted his hand to glance at the wound the dagger had just cut, nonchalantly withdrawing his hand to avoid worrying her. Wyatt gave her a casual smile, "Just a small wound, doesn't hurt."

When Emma tried to force the knife into his hand, he sensed something was wrong, moved his hand forward to cushion some of the force, which also reduced the depth of the blade that pierced into her abdomen.

This assured Wyatt that Emma wouldn't die.

Because that wound was at most two centimeters deep, it looked bloody, but didn't hurt any vital organs.

Wyatt had a doctor attend to his hand, and the police were about to take him to the police station.

At this moment, someone shouted, "I have evidence, I have evidence."

Zoey Sanders came running out from the hospital, holding up her phone.

She ran so urgently, she had even forgotten her shoes, racing along barefoot.

Chasing after her was Lucy Parker, trying to catch up with Zoey and carrying her shoes the entire way.

Chapter 949: Chapter 949: A Family Full of Schemes

"I have evidence."

Owen Winton squinted his eyes at Zoey Sanders, his face calm, though turmoil brewed inside him.

“Evidence? What evidence do you have? Everyone just witnessed with their own eyes Wyatt Lewis stabbing Emma Winton, so what’s the meaning of all of you coming out to argue? Are you saying our eyes deceived us?”

“Even what you see with your own eyes might not be true. Who dares to say they saw everything clearly in such chaos just now? Was it you? You? Or you?”

Zoey Sanders, with her head still wrapped in bandages, lifted her gaze, scanning the faces of Owen Winton, the police, and some bystanders.

Clearly, none dared to accurately respond to her.

Because there were simply too many people just now, and everything happened in an instant, making it really hard to see clearly.

Even the few police officers present didn’t see clearly. If they had seen clearly, if Wyatt Lewis had maliciously stabbed Emma Winton, they wouldn’t have been so polite to Wyatt Lewis but would have immediately arrested him.

Because there were still doubts, the police did not easily make arrests.

Owen Winton continued, his voice dark and filled with anger, “The knife fell from his hand, his hands were covered in blood; these are all things everyone saw with their own eyes, didn’t they? For you to argue for a murderer, doesn’t that indicate some ulterior motive?”

“When you judged my daughter, your words were sharp. Now that it’s one of your own, you argue in a hundred different ways. Everyone saw it, yet you still don’t have the courage to admit it. Is this your usual way of handling things?”

Aria Richardson coldly said, “If Wyatt truly did it, we would naturally admit it. But since he didn’t, why should we confess?”

Aria Richardson stepped forward, pointing at Wyatt Lewis’s injured hand, and addressed everyone present, “If he really wanted to kill Emma Winton, why would he cut his hand so badly by gripping the blade and suppressing his strength?”

“If he truly intended to kill Emma Winton, he had plenty of time and opportunity over the past two weeks. Why would he choose to act in such a public setting? Is he an idiot not to consider his future and reputation?”

“This incident started because someone maliciously caused trouble, detaining the officers to give Emma Winton the chance to rush towards us. Emma already had a knife

in her hand; she deliberately dragged and scratched me, infuriating Wyatt, prompting him to push her away. Taking advantage of the moment, she grabbed Wyatt's hand and forced the dagger into his hand, stabbing herself."

"This is ridiculous," Owen Winton retorted loudly, listening to Aria Richardson, with cold sweat breaking out on his forehead at some point.

"The reason you haven't acted against her these days is that she's been under police watch. You couldn't find an opportunity to attack, and precisely because Emma was always guarded in her hospital room, she couldn't have obtained a dagger."

"That's not necessarily true. You, Chairman Winton, have great influence. It's still possible to seize the chance to slip her a foldable dagger during the chaos," Wyatt Lewis squinted and said with sharp and icy words.

Owen Winton's facial expression froze for a moment, and he let out a sarcastic chuckle, "Words alone don't prove anything. Show us your so-called evidence if you have it. Let us see your proof."

Owen Winton looked at Zoey Sanders beside him.

Zoey Sanders raised her phone. Seeing the chaos here just now, she feared something serious might happen. Since she was idle upstairs, she recorded the situation on her phone.

"Take a look."

Even though Owen Winton's face remained calm, his shirt under his black suit was soaked with sweat. He clenched his fists, his gaze never daring to leave Zoey Sanders' face.

Everyone curiously looked toward Zoey Sanders' phone.

Owen Winton squinted his eyes sharply, but upon seeing the end, he let out a sneer.

"What do you think this video proves?"

"Didn't you see her own body crash into Brother Wyatt's hand?"

Because Zoey Sanders was in a VIP room on the fifteenth floor, the distance made the footage unclear. It didn't capture how Emma Winton placed the dagger into Wyatt Lewis's hand, but it did clearly show Emma Winton directly colliding with Wyatt Lewis.

"How does this prove anything? At that moment, during their tugging and pulling, why couldn't it have been that Emma Winton failed to maintain her balance and lunged forward? Does this prove Wyatt Lewis didn't attack?"

“You wicked old man, twisting words and reasoning. Your family is malicious, trying to incriminate others,” Zoey Sanders’s beautiful eyes were filled with anger.

“Fine, even if it’s as you say, with so many reporters here, I refuse to believe not a single one captured what happened on camera.”

Capítulo 950: Chapter 950: I’ll Wait for Your Return

Owen Winton focused his gaze on the reporters, his voice filled with icy frost, “Who among you has filmed a video, bring it out so that this group of people can confess willingly.”

Most of the reporters here were arranged by him in advance, some were even directly his people.

He had been plotting for more than two weeks, how could he be caught with flaws so easily.

Owen Winton’s eyes swept over those reporters.

A female reporter glanced at the camera in her hand, her fingers quietly clenched, but paused for a moment, seeming hesitant, shortly after, she intended to stand up.

However, she was overtaken by another figure, causing the female reporter to retract her foot.

“We were interviewing Young Master Lewis at that time, stood nearby, and happened to record it.” The male reporter who stood up was the same one who had harshly questioned Wyatt Lewis earlier.

Owen Winton glanced indifferently at the male reporter, a calm and composed smile flashing in his eyes, “Then let’s take a look.”

Wyatt Lewis recognized him instantly, this person was definitely Owen Winton’s man.

The male reporter took the camera from someone next to him, and after a series of operations, quickly pulled up the video.

Sure enough, as Wyatt Lewis expected, there was nothing in the video that could help him, moreover, the segment where Emma Winton kowtowed and admitted her mistake was exceptionally clear.

Even clearer were the words Wyatt Lewis uttered out of irritation from Emma Winton:

“Get lost!”

“If you act crazy again, don’t blame me for being rude to you.”

“If you want to die, do it yourself, what’s it got to do with me.”

This video recording, once released, caused an uproar.

“Hating Emma Winton this much, it’s not surprising for him to commit murder with a knife.”

“Just now, we didn’t see it clearly because it happened so fast, but the fact is that Miss Winton was on the ground, and Young Master Lewis had a bloody dagger in his hand. I think it’s undeniable that Young Master Lewis injured someone with a knife.”

“I also think so, a person wouldn’t risk their life to slander another, especially since Young Master Lewis was so angry just now, it’s not surprising he would injure someone.”

Clearly, most people believed that Wyatt Lewis acted out of resentment and excessive anger, which led to his attack.

But some clear-headed people raised doubts.

“But doing this would ruin himself. If Young Master Lewis really hated Emma, wouldn’t sending her to suffer in prison be more painful for her than killing her directly?”

“Exactly, and Miss Sanders’ video just now showed that Emma Winton threw herself at him. Maybe, as Miss Richardson just analyzed, Emma was orchestrating it all herself.”

“After all, the previous car accident incident was self-orchestrated by her. If she could plan something like that, it shows she’s ruthless. Continuing to self-orchestrate a tragedy to gain public sympathy isn’t beyond her capability.”

This argument garnered recognition from many, though some rebutted, “But her charges are already set, no matter whether she acts out this drama or not, it wouldn’t help her, acting won’t keep her out of jail.”

Zoey Sanders, listening to the discussion around, spoke up, “Why don’t you think that just as everyone says Brother Wyatt resents Emma? Couldn’t Emma resent him too? Emma is doing this to drag him down with her, can’t you see?”

“Enough, there’s no room for arguing. What’s there to argue about? Since the police are here, let them take it back for investigation.” Owen Winton spoke sternly.

The current situation was in his favor; to avoid any further mishaps, he wouldn’t let the situation develop on its own.

Owen Winton's cold eyes looked at Wyatt Lewis, he orchestrated such a big drama not just for revenge.

The Lewis Family having such a 'murderer' in the midst, under everyone's gaze, public opinion will only magnify this endlessly, something the Lewis Family can't suppress.

This matter is enough to cover his Winton Family's scandal, from now on, those who should be worried won't be him, but the Lewis Family.

Owen Winton had been plotting for two weeks. Although he didn't nail the charges on Wyatt Lewis as firmly as he hoped, the current effect was still good enough.

Owen Winton secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Some things can't rely on others, they rely on means.

In this situation, the police also need to investigate the evidence to reach a conclusion.

It's impossible for Wyatt Lewis not to cooperate with the police by returning to the station for investigation.

Aria Richardson looked worriedly at Wyatt Lewis, who bent down, holding her slender body, "Don't be afraid, nothing will happen."

Wyatt Lewis gently patted her back, "Go to the company and get Big Brother, no matter who the reporters are, all their cameras need to be checked, quickly." Otherwise, it's feared Owen Winton will act first to destroy the evidence.

Aria Richardson nodded lightly, "I will."

Wyatt Lewis straightened up, his lips slightly curved, raising a hand to pat her on the head, smiled, "Don't have a long face, it's not pretty, smile, it's not like I'm not coming back."

Aria Richardson pressed her lips together, almost unable to hold back her tears. Even at this moment, he still thought to comfort her.

Aria Richardson forced a smile uglier than crying, "Got it, I'll wait for you to come back."