

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 951: Scheming and Devious - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 951: Scheming and Devious

Chapter 951: Chapter 951: Scheming and Devious

Owen Winton watched Wyatt Lewis head to the station with the police, a fleeting look of satisfaction in his eyes.

He turned to look at Aria Richardson and the others, let out two cold laughs, and strode into the hospital.

Aria furrowed her brows, turned to Joseph Sanders, and said, "Quick, send someone to check if there's any useful video footage on the reporters' cameras."

"Alright."

With that, Aria immediately called Waylon Lewis, because the situation was very complex, and it was difficult for them to quickly resolve it on their own.

Hope Williams had already returned to the hospital to work, and at this hour, she was probably in the operating room, so Aria didn't call her.

The ringtone sounded for a while before someone picked up, and a man's deep voice came through the phone, "What's the matter?"

"Big brother, Wyatt has been taken away by the police." Aria quickly recounted the situation to Waylon Lewis.

There was silence on Waylon's end for two seconds, and then his voice became much heavier, "Got it."

After hanging up, Aria realized her hands were shaking uncontrollably.

How could she not be scared?

Currently, the situation was very unfavorable for Wyatt Lewis.

With so many reporters present, public opinion would spread like wildfire.

If they couldn't prove his innocence, Wyatt Lewis would be doomed with that accusation.

Joseph Sanders had sent people to check every reporter's camera, but they hadn't found any useful videos, and in the chaos, some reporters had already left, and people were sent to pursue them.

The atmosphere suddenly became particularly heavy.

Aria raised her hand to her forehead, only to find that her palm was already covered in cold sweat at some unknown time.

Zoey Sanders, her delicate face full of worry, patted Aria's back, "Aria, don't worry too much, that old rogue's schemes won't succeed, Brother Wyatt will be fine."

Aria lightly pursed her lips, forcing herself to think positively.

"Yeah, you running out like this... let's take you back to the ward first."

Zoey raised her hand to touch her head, which was still wrapped in bandages, "I'm fine, nearly recovered."

"You should go back to the ward first, we'll handle things here," Joseph Sanders said to Zoey.

"Got it, I'll go back now."

...

Hope Williams only found out about the incident in the afternoon when she saw the news on her phone; the internet was flooded with reports about it.

Seeing the headline 'Lewis Family's Second Young Master publicly stabbed someone', Hope's heart sank.

She hadn't checked her phone for just one day, yet such a big issue had arisen.

Looking at the one blurry photo after another online, she could imagine how chaotic the scene must have been.

After reading everything, Hope got a general understanding of the situation and called Aria.

The expected panic and helplessness didn't appear; Aria's voice was still relatively calm, "Hello, Hope."

"I've seen the stuff online. Where are you all now?"

"In Zoey's ward."

"Alright, I'm coming over."

When Hope arrived at Zoey Sanders' ward, she found each of them with a computer in front of them, watching the videos frame by frame.

But it was apparent that they had found nothing, as each person's face was full of disappointment.

This made Hope's brow furrow as well, and she rushed forward, "What's the situation now?"

Aria lifted her head, looked at Hope, her teary eyes trembling, and finally hugged Hope tightly.

"Hope."

Hope's heart tightened; today's events were clearly targeted at Wyatt Lewis. Now that Wyatt was in the police station and they hadn't found any evidence, Aria must be overwhelmed.

Hope sighed.

How could they not be anxious in such a situation?

"Hope, it's not true, it wasn't Wyatt who stabbed Emma; it was Owen Winton's setup."

Hope patted Aria's back, speaking, "I know, I know."

Wyatt Lewis wasn't crazy or stupid; no matter how much hatred, he wouldn't act out so publicly.

They all knew this.

But others didn't think the same.

No one would believe anyone would risk their life to frame someone.

Moreover, Emma was crying, begging, and bowing to apologize, making her very sympathetic.

Instead, Wyatt's few words 'Get lost' 'If you keep going crazy, don't blame me for being rude to you' 'If you want to die, then go die' seemed to serve as direct proof of him losing control and attacking people.

Besides them, no one wanted to believe Wyatt was truly innocent.

"I don't know what to do either; we gathered all the videos from the reporters, but they were almost useless."

Hope thought about the chaotic scenes in the videos, murmuring, "There were so many of Owen Winton's people on site, they naturally would cause trouble and prevent reporters from recording anything useful for us."

Aria's heart twisted, "Doesn't that mean Wyatt will be convicted?"

Zoe Sanders walked over, "No, no, Aria, we can't be that unlucky; there must still be something we missed, besides, the police are investigating, let's wait for their findings."

Capítulo 952: Chapter 952: Malicious Framing, Poor Acting

Aria Richardson shook her head, trying to dismiss all the bad possibilities that were flooding her mind.

Waylon Lewis and Joseph Sanders pushed the door open and entered. Waylon had people organize and investigate the list of everyone present.

They found that those who looked like journalists were actually impostors. Clearly, these were Owen Winton's people.

Now, they were already investigating the evidence of Owen Winton's instigation.

Aria anxiously stepped forward and asked, "Besides these, did you collect any new videos?"

Joseph shook his head, "No, part of them were originally sent by Owen Winton to blend in. With the chaos at that time, it was hard to even stand, let alone aim a camera to capture anything. Even if some reporters recorded, they would deliberately hide it."

"Why?"

Joseph replied, "Because anyone with eyes can see this is a war between two powerful families. They don't want to get involved and risk retaliation later, so they would rather act ignorant and stay out of it."

After all, no one wants to take the risk of putting themselves in danger.

Aria took a step back in despair, "No, the video is the most direct evidence to prove Wyatt's innocence. As long as there's even a glimmer of hope, we can't give up. Can you give me a copy of those journalists' list?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I want to go to each of those journalists and ask them again." Aria didn't want to give up.

Joseph handed her a list. They had already gone over it twice. Although there wasn't much chance of finding anything, no one was willing to give up.

"Don't worry, I'll go with you." Hope Williams took Aria's arm.

Aria nodded.

"I'll go too, take me with you." Zoey Sanders picked up a coat, ready to go with them.

"You stay here and recover. Don't cause more trouble." Joseph grabbed Zoey.

"Let's go." Waylon Lewis held Hope's hand, clearly intending to go with them.

As the three passed by Emma Winton's hospital room on their way to the elevator, the outside of the room was noisy, with an unknown number of journalists standing outside, scrambling to interview Emma and Owen Winton inside.

Journalist: "Miss Winton, Young Master Lewis doesn't admit to today's incident being his doing; instead, he says you framed him. What do you have to say about that?"

"I have nothing to say, except to ask, since I'm already going to jail, why would I use my life to frame him?"

Journalist: "According to Miss Richardson, you resented Young Master Lewis, and that's why you came up with a scheme to drag him down. How do you defend yourself against this charge?"

"I don't resent him. It's all my fault, everything is my fault. I don't resent anyone. I know I was wrong. I just want their forgiveness. I really don't resent them. I've even knelt and kowtowed to them. I don't understand why they still say this about me, and I never expected Wyatt Lewis would finally stab me with a knife."

"I thought I was going to die at the time. I was really scared. Now, if it weren't for my physical condition, severely injured, with doctors and police agreeing to let me stay in the hospital for observation for a few days, I would want to go straight to the police station, because at least there they wouldn't dare hurt me. Here, I'm afraid I'll be stabbed by them anytime. I'm truly scared."

Emma Winton, looking haggard, cried hysterically into the camera.

At this moment, Owen Winton sighed, drawing everyone's attention to him.

Owen stood up, "After this happened, my daughter has profoundly realized her mistakes and has knelt and apologized to both the Lewis Family and the Sanders Family more than once. A few days ago, she even attempted to commit suicide by slitting her wrists out of intense remorse."

Owen raised Emma's hand, which was handcuffed to the bedside, revealing a scarred cut that was still shockingly apparent.

"But they still refuse to forgive Emma. If they don't want to forgive, fine, but I really didn't expect Wyatt Lewis to do this. We really don't know what we need to do to earn their forgiveness."

"The Winton Family's power can't match the Lewis Family's. If they really want to act against us, we are utterly defenseless."

Owen wiped tears from his eyes, appearing every bit like a father pained for his daughter, yet helpless and exhausted.

...

The three unexpectedly witnessed a pitiful act by father and daughter. Aria clenched her fists, almost unable to resist swearing out loud.

At this point, someone noticed their direction and suddenly shouted, "It's President Lewis and Young Madam Lewis!"

"Where?"

In an instant, all the journalists' eyes turned toward them, raising their cameras, preparing to surge forward for an interview.

Waylon furrowed his eyebrows, immediately protecting Hope. Security quickly arrived to hold back the journalists.

"President Lewis, as the elder brother of Young Master Lewis, what's your view on the incident where Young Master Lewis publicly wielded a knife against Miss Winton?"

Waylon coldly replied, "Malicious framing, poor acting."

The journalists looked at each other. Clearly, Waylon's comment about poor acting was directed at the Winton father and daughter.

"So, you believe in your brother?"

"Of course, anyone with sense wouldn't do that."

With a “ding,” the elevator arrived.

Waylon had no intention of answering more questions and led Hope directly into the elevator, with Aria following closely behind.

The journalists continued to probe with their microphones, but the elevator doors closed quickly, leaving them no chance.

However, getting those few words from Waylon was enough.

Some journalists reconsidered; it did seem rather foolish for Wyatt Lewis to publicly assault someone with a knife.

Considering the Lewis Family’s capabilities, if they truly wanted to eliminate Emma Winton, they could do so without a trace.

Why do it so blatantly?

In light of Waylon’s remark of malicious framing and poor acting, the whole matter felt increasingly suspicious.

...

The three got into the car. The list was detailed, recording every individual present. Excluding Owen Winton’s people, the others were legitimate journalists, all clearly accounted for by their newspapers and addresses.

Previously, the bodyguards were sent to check one by one; this time, the three went personally. Hope watched Aria’s troubled expression and gently patted her shoulder, “If it exists, it will definitely be found.”

“Yeah.” Having Hope and Waylon around reassured Aria a lot.

Capítulo 953: Chapter 953: Please, Show Us the Video

Lewis Family.

Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams were nearly breathless when they saw the news online.

The elder looked at their angry and worried faces and asked, “What’s with your expressions? What’s happened?”

Alitzel Williams put down the phone, forcing a smile, “Nothing, Dad, we just saw a video that’s extremely infuriating.”

Alitzel is not skilled at lying; whenever she lies, her eyes involuntarily avoid contact, which the elder noticed immediately.

“Someone, bring my phone over here.”

Since they weren’t telling, the elder decided to check for himself.

“Dad, there’s really nothing.” Christopher Lewis shot a glance to stop the servant’s actions.

The elder’s authoritative gaze fell on him, saying sternly, “I’m your father; do you think I can’t tell if something’s bothering you? Speak up. At my age, I’ve been through everything, it’s not like I’m unable to handle it.”

“Dad...”

“If you don’t tell me, I can find out myself.”

“...It’s about Wyatt.”

“What happened?”

“...”

“Speak up.” The elder slapped his thigh in urgency, “I’m seriously going to be worried sick if I don’t find out soon.”

After Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams explained the situation to the elder, he was furious, “This is outrageous, Owen Winton has simply lost his mind.”

Christopher Lewis was equally angry, with veins bulging on his forehead, “He’s totally insane, his company’s stock prices have plummeted because of this scandal, and he wants to drag the Lewis Family down with him.”

The elder, overwhelmed with anger, raised his hand to support his head, feeling faint.

“Dad.” Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams quickly stood up, “Dad, are you alright?”

With eyes closed, the elder waved his hand, “I’m fine, I can hold on. You two don’t worry about me, hurry and think of a solution. This matter absolutely cannot be confirmed.”

Everyone knows how powerful public opinion is; if this matter is confirmed, how can Wyatt Lewis stand in this circle in the future?

“We understand, we’re going now. Dad, try to calm down.”

The elder waved his hand, signaling them to hurry up.

...

Hope Williams, Waylon Lewis, and Aria Richardson didn't stop for a moment, and because there were many people, they split up to ask around.

Hope Williams and Aria Richardson were together, and Aria gently inquired at each place she found, terrified that the reporters might have the video but claim not to. If that were the case, they'd have no recourse.

"Knock knock knock." Aria and a few others stopped at the door of a rented house and knocked.

There was no response from inside.

Hope Williams looked at the list in hand; the female reporter they were seeking this time was Scarlett Summer. Based on Zoey Sanders' video, Hope Williams found that this reporter was standing relatively close to Aria Richardson and the others, making it more likely she had recorded something.

After Aria knocked for a long time, the door finally opened from inside, and they were greeted by an elderly lady with white hair and a bent frame. She slowly opened the door, looked up at them, and asked in a frail voice, "Who are you looking for?"

Aria Richardson bent down, speaking gently, "Grandma, we apologize for disturbing you. We're looking for Scarlett Summer. Is she home?"

"Scarlett went to buy groceries. Do you need her for something?"

Aria thought for a moment and said, "We're her colleagues and have some work-related matters to discuss with her. Since she's not back yet, we'll wait outside for a bit."

The elderly lady, hearing this, warmly invited them in, "Then come inside and wait; she will be back soon."

Aria Richardson and Hope Williams exchanged a glance and nodded. Aria politely bowed, "Thank you, Grandma."

The two followed the lady into the house, which wasn't large, with clutter piled around the living room, and an old coffee table covered with medication boxes. A quick glance from Hope Williams revealed what kinds of treatments they were for.

Without drawing attention, she shifted her gaze, unconsciously landing on a corner of the room where there was a faint red light.

That should be a hidden surveillance camera.

These cameras are hard to spot normally, but because the lighting in the house wasn't bright, the small red glow stood out in the dark corner.

Hope Williams raised her brows, moving her gaze away.

The elderly lady judged from their attire that they were not ordinary people.

The lady, somewhat nervously, began tidying up the sofa, which was covered in clutter. Aria quickly moved forward to stop her, "Grandma, please sit down; you don't need to bother."

"Please, sit down. I'll make some tea for you."

"No need to bother, Grandma."

The elderly lady insisted, taking out paper cups and pouring tea for them.

Hope Williams and Aria Richardson accepted, "Thank you."

Aria looked at the lady and asked, "Grandma, is it just you and Scarlett normally?"

"Yes, Scarlett's parents passed away early, leaving just her and me, this old woman depending on each other."

Hope Williams glanced at the medicine boxes on the table, "Grandma, are you sick?"

The lady slightly nodded, "Yes, it's an old condition. I said I wouldn't treat it anymore, but my granddaughter refuses to give up. Over these years, I've been a burden to her."

Saying this, the lady's eyes reddened a bit.

Hope Williams furrowed her brows slightly, "This isn't an incurable disease; it can be treated with surgery."

"I know, but surgery is expensive, and not just any hospital can treat it. There's also the risk of recurrence. I'm old now, and it's uncertain how much longer I'll live, so why spend so much on this?" The lady waved her hand, "It's not worth it."

"Grandma, you two?" The girl named Scarlett returned with groceries, looking warily at Hope and Aria.

"Scarlett, you're back. Quick, your colleagues are here to see you."

“Colleagues?” Scarlett looked at Hope and Aria, walking over somewhat awkwardly. Being a journalist, she was very familiar with people who frequently appeared in interview lists and recognized them at a glance.

But she quickly responded, “Right, colleagues.”

Hope and Aria stood up.

Scarlett glanced at her grandmother beside her and said, “Grandma, please go back to your room first. I have something to discuss with them.”

The old lady nodded and cooperatively went inside, “Okay, you all have a good chat.”

“Please, have a seat.” Scarlett swiftly tidied the table and chairs and made a gesture to invite them.

“Mm, thank you.”

“You’re here about the video, aren’t you?” Scarlett asked directly, getting straight to the point.

Aria nodded, leaning forward naturally in her urgency, “Yes, we wanted to ask if you captured anything at that time.”

“No!” Scarlett answered Aria firmly, “There were so many people, it was crowded. I couldn’t even hold my camera steady. The videos I took are of no use to you. You’ve already sent people to check twice. I really don’t have any other videos.”

Aria got anxious, “Can you let us watch the videos you shot before? You were relatively close to our position at that time, probably capturing something useful. This is really important to us, please.”

Scarlett’s hands tightened on her knees, her gaze wandered uneasily, looking at the two of them.

Hope and Aria didn’t miss her hesitant and uneasy expression.

Scarlett pressed her lips tightly and shook her head firmly, “Really, there is none. If there were, I would have handed it over already. Keeping those videos doesn’t benefit me; I’ve deleted them. Please leave, don’t disturb me anymore.”

Aria wanted to say something, but Hope interrupted her with a thought in mind, “Don’t trouble her anymore. Let’s go for now.”

Aria looked at Hope in surprise.

Seeing Scarlett's nervous demeanor, it was clear she wasn't telling the truth.

Aria couldn't believe that Hope didn't notice, and thought if they left, next time Owen Winton might approach her, forcing her to delete the video.

By then, they would have no chance.

Thinking about Wyatt Lewis still at the police station, with entertainment news flooding online, she grew anxious.

They can't.

They can't just leave like this.

This was really the last chance.

Aria, eyes reddening, pulled Scarlett's hand, "You have the video, right? You have it. Could you bring it out? What do you want? Money? I can give you a lot of money, as long as you're willing to bring out the video, whatever amount you want."

Scarlett's expression grew more anxious, hastily withdrawing her hand, "I really don't have the video. Please leave. If you keep pestering, I'll have to call the police."

"Aria, let's go back and talk, shall we? Calm down." Hope reached out to hold Aria's shaking hand.

Hope understood how Aria felt now, with Wyatt still in the police station, and no evidence yet to prove his innocence.

Anyone would be anxious.

But this room wasn't the place to talk.

Aria, ignoring Hope's hand, stubbornly held onto Scarlett.

"Do you have concerns? If you have concerns, speak out, and we'll help you, truly, we promise not to let anything happen to you, please, bring out the video. My lover is still in the police station. If he can't prove his innocence, he's finished. Please, I'm begging you."

Scarlett's face was full of complicated emotions: fear, hesitation, anxiety, as if she made a difficult decision, but still unhesitatingly shook off Aria's hand.

"I really don't have a video, don't cling to me, get out."

"No, your expression just now clearly showed you're hiding something."

“You have a video, but have concerns, tell us your concerns, and we’ll try our best to help you solve them, okay?”

“Scarlett, I’m begging you, perhaps the video in your hands could save someone’s life...” Aria’s voice rushed, her body involuntarily trembling.

Scarlett looked at Aria, her eyes more conflicted, but finally said, “I’m sorry, I really can’t help.”

“For someone like me, just living is hard enough, I don’t want to get entangled in your grievances, neither do I want to be a hero, I just wish for my family and me to be safe and sound, could you please let me be?”

Aria’s eyes trembled.

She didn’t want to make things difficult for anyone.

But she had no other way. If there was a video, it could directly prove Wyatt Lewis’s innocence.

Without a video, it would be hard to explain.

What could she do, what else could she do?

Aria closed her eyes in pain.

Hope frowned deeply, giving Scarlett a profound look, then gently squeezed Aria’s hand, “Aria, let’s go.”

Aria was pulled away by Hope with an expression unwilling to leave.

Scarlett sighed heavily, lowered her head, and saw a business card on the sofa.

Scarlett walked over, picked it up, glanced at it, and trembled slightly, then gathered a bag of garbage, calling out to the old lady inside the house, “Grandma, I’m going out to throw the trash.”

After saying that, she immediately chased after them.

Outside, Aria shook off Hope’s hand, her tone urgent and annoyed, “Why did you have to drag me out?”

“Couldn’t you tell that Scarlett has a problem? Now that we left, what if later Owen Winton’s people find her and force her to delete the video? Hope, did you ever think about what that video means for Wyatt?”

Aria was nearly frantic as Hope not only didn't help her speak inside but kept dragging her out, making things even more chaotic.

Chapter 954: Chapter 954: I Can't Afford to Gamble

Aria was about to turn back, but Hope grabbed her, "I know you're anxious, but calm down, listen to me..."

Aria shook off her hand, "How can I be calm? If it were Waylon Lewis in trouble today, if he were the one in the police station, would you still say something like this?"

"If it's not your husband, of course you're not worried, of course you can stay calm. I don't want to hear it, I just know that if we can't get the video, nothing else matters."

What Aria said was somewhat hurtful.

Hope rubbed her forehead; she understood that Aria was just losing control because of anxiety, and also frustrated because she hadn't spoken up in her defense inside. Hope didn't blame her; she just felt a bit helpless.

Hope exhaled and said, "We're family now, how can I not be worried about Wyatt getting into trouble?"

"Then why didn't you speak up for me inside, why did you keep stopping me?"

"Scarlett's house has been installed with surveillance, didn't you notice she didn't dare to say anything? Even if you knelt before her, she wouldn't dare admit she has the video. What's the use of forcing her?"

Aria frowned deeply, "Surveillance?"

At that time, she was only focused on asking Scarlett for the video and didn't notice so much else.

Hope nodded, "Yeah, it must be Owen Winton not feeling assured, fearing the reporters might hide something, so he arranged for that. Scarlett herself found out, so she doesn't dare say anything. If you keep pressing her, it'll only harm her."

"Moreover, put yourself in her shoes. If you were just an ordinary person without any leverage, would you dare to risk your family's safety and your own future to fight against powerful figures like Owen?"

Impossible, no one wants to put themselves in danger.

Just like Scarlett said, she doesn't want to be any sort of hero, nor can she save anyone.

Aria urgently replied, "But I told her we could protect her..."

Hope shook her head, "To her, we're strangers. She won't easily trust and entrust her safety to strangers."

After listening to Hope, Aria crouched down, her whole body subtly trembling, eyes like shattered hope, even more helpless.

"What do we do? What do we do? She's the most likely to have the video. If she insists on denying it, we won't be able to get it."

Her hopes dashed time and again with the reporters, Aria's emotions had now reached the brink.

Hope crouched down, gently patting Aria on the shoulder, "Wait for a while longer."

Aria looked up at Hope, "Wait for what?"

Amidst her confusion, footsteps sounded from behind, "Does this card you left imply that you can save my grandma?"

Aria immediately stood up, turned around, and looked at Scarlett behind her with disbelief.

Hope nodded slightly at Scarlett, "Yes, I can operate on your grandma free of charge. You know the condition, don't you?"

Scarlett understood the implication in Hope's words, and walked a few steps toward them, somewhat excited.

"Really? You're really willing to save my grandma for free?"

Scarlett had, of course, learned about Hope's reputation in cardiac surgery. If Hope was willing to operate on her grandma, the surgery success rate would be significantly higher than with other doctors.

Previously, she didn't dare to imagine Hope performing surgery on her grandma, but now the opportunity was right in front of her.

Scarlett tightly grasped the card in her hand, her lips moved, as if she was eager to agree, but she remained hesitant.

Hope could see Scarlett was tempted.

"You really have the video, right?" Hope looked at Scarlett.

Scarlett lifted her gaze slightly and nodded, "Yes, it did capture a small segment that could help you."

Aria breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes sparkling, "That's great."

Hope immediately said, "Don't worry, as long as you're willing to provide the video, I'm willing to operate on your grandma, and I'll keep my word."

"But how can you assure the safety of my grandma and me? I'm sure you've noticed my house has been surveilled. After this morning's incident was over, someone threatened me not to meddle."

Scarlett, very frightened, lowered her head, her slender and weak body slightly trembling in the night breeze.

"What they said about not meddling, I know what it refers to. If I help you, I'll definitely face retaliation. A mere word from them could cost me my job, plunge me into danger. I can't take that risk."