

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter 971: 971: Masterful Schemes - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 971: 971: Masterful Schemes

Chapter 971: Chapter 971: Masterful Schemes

Confronted with Emma's full disclosure, Owen Winton found himself without any room for excuses.

He stood there, blowing his beard and glaring in fury.

The truth was laid bare.

The crowd was in an uproar.

"So the truth is like this, huh, Chairman Winton really has excellent tactics, he fooled us all. We were just pitying him; it's a shame his acting skills aren't in the entertainment industry."

"Even his own daughter could be used this way, Chairman Winton, are you still human?"

"To think we just spoke for him, now it seems truly laughable."

"More laughable is that he dared to do but not admit, laying all the blame on Emma. Is this something a father would do? Just now he portrayed himself as so innocent, now he's been slapped in the face."

"It's truly vile, treating us like fools."

"This father and daughter are simply deranged."

The site was awash with malicious words from the angry crowd, all directed at Owen Winton.

Owen Winton's whole body swayed, his eyes glaring to the extreme.

As journalists thrust their microphones towards him, he no longer had the mind to answer their questions, his gaze fixed intensely on the people ahead.

Wyatt Lewis watched Owen Winton's expression with satisfaction and continued, "Does Chairman Winton have anything else to say? Do you still think you're innocent? Doesn't it feel great being exposed by your own daughter?"

“Wyatt Lewis!”

Owen Winton’s anger was at its peak.

His body shook violently, his chest heaving, his face darkened to an unsightly shade.

He took two steps forward, raised his hand, and glared fiercely at Wyatt Lewis and the Lewis Family members, the calm demeanor he had maintained now vanished without a trace.

“You make yourself sound so innocent. If you hadn’t been so blind to overlook such a good daughter of mine, would we have needed to come to this point? Yes, I schemed against you, against the Lewis Family, so what? You ruined my daughter, and no matter how much you suffer, it won’t quell my hatred.”

Owen Winton nearly jumped with rage, shouting furiously.

Wyatt Lewis, however, remained remarkably calm.

Owen Winton laughed cynically as he continued, “Speaking of my scheming, you’re no less adept. I ask you, when did you get hold of this video? When did you come out? When was this person bribed by you?”

Wyatt Lewis chuckled, “The night before last, was it sooner than you expected?”

Owen Winton’s facial muscles twitched.

In the end.

He had been played long ago.

And...

Owen Winton looked at Matthew Thompson beside him, his gaze growing even more vicious.

Matthew Thompson could only lower his head guiltily, “Sorry, Chairman, the tide has turned, I can only find my own way out.”

Owen Winton was so angered he laughed, raised a hand to pat Matthew Thompson’s neck, and through gritted teeth said, “I always thought you were smart, that’s why I kept you close. Never thought you really were smart enough to join forces with them to deceive me, huh, very good.”

It turned out his defeat was destined from the start.

Last night he was still smug for so long.

Owen Winton now felt like a total fool.

How terrifying.

For an entire day and night he was kept in the dark.

Damned.

Absolutely damned.

“Scheming... what a fine scheme.”

Owen Winton held back for a long time, only to angrily utter these few words.

Wyatt Lewis smiled lightly, “As I said before, the friendship between our families has been exhausted. You repeatedly struck against us, naturally, we wouldn’t show mercy. Not using every tactic to leave you with no room to recover would be a disservice to ourselves, right, Chairman Winton?”

Owen Winton trembled all over, “Yes, yes indeed.”

“Even so, I ask you, what means did you use to force Emma to say such things?

If she wasn’t forced, Emma would never have exposed him, he knew his daughter well.

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow and answered Owen Winton’s question, “I already told you this before, because she saw the situation clearly.”

“Those people you hired, arrested or not, outside or in the precinct, have all confessed. They said you gave them money and threats to force them to help you. We compiled this evidence and sent it to Emma’s hospital room. Seeing that, she was so clever she didn’t need me to say anything more to know what to do, right?”

Chapter 972: Chapter 972: Let Me Introduce, My Wife

So even if Emma doesn’t reveal the truth in front of everyone, the evidence is enough to prove all Owen’s wrongdoings.

But having Emma say it herself makes it more impactful.

Emma is smart; she knows there’s no way out, and it’s more dignified to say it herself than let someone else do it.

Owen clutches his palms tightly, his anger reaching its peak, unable to utter a word.

Hope says coldly, "Chairman Winton, Emma sees the situation more clearly than you do, so she chose to reveal everything."

Owen sneers, his eyes gathering even deeper hatred as he looks at them.

What else could he say?

Faced with solid evidence, all arguments are weak and powerless.

"Is this all your scheme?" Owen asks, looking at Hope.

Hope raises her brows without saying anything.

Owen nods and laughs, "The Lewis Family is lucky to have a daughter-in-law like you."

Hope smiles lightly.

Quickly, two uniformed officers step down from the car, clearly headed to Owen's side.

The muscles on Owen's face twitch twice violently, he sneers, "You act fast."

Wyatt's expression is calm, "It's not fast. You've been celebrating for many days. It's time to end this."

Owen bites his back teeth tightly, his jaw muscles tense, full of anger with no outlet.

He can only glare at them, and in front of everyone's gaze, gets taken away embarrassedly.

"It's finally over," Aria sighs.

The last two days have been nerve-wracking for her, and she hasn't rested well.

"Now that this is resolved, I need a good sleep."

Hope smiles, regretfully informing her, "That might not be possible for now, there's still work to do."

Aria blinks, "What else? Isn't it all solved?"

Aria runs through it in her mind but can't think of anything unresolved.

The next moment, her hand is suddenly held, Aria looks down, her gaze falling on her hand, slowly moving up to the person holding her hand.

Looking into Wyatt's eyes, Aria pauses slightly. Before she can react more, she's already being pulled forward.

Confusion flashes in Aria's eyes as she looks at Wyatt and then turns to Hope, "Wait, what's going on?"

Aria's face shows a big question mark.

The reporters haven't left yet; seeing Wyatt ready to speak, they eagerly gather around for more interviews.

Aria seems to realize Wyatt's intent and turns to run, but is quickly pulled back and held close.

"Why run?"

"What are you doing?"

Wyatt raises an eyebrow and smiles, tightly holding the woman's shoulder. Aria can't escape even a bit and stands close to him under multiple cameras.

Seeing the two acting intimately, the reporters, ever alert to news, jokingly ask, "Are you two about to have your big moment?"

Wyatt smiles arrogantly, "Let me introduce you, my wife, Aria Richardson."

Wyatt uses the term wife, not girlfriend or fiancée.

The scene erupts immediately.

So they got their marriage certificate?

When did this happen?

No prior indication at all.

"Have you already registered?"

"Of course, my wife, approved and stamped." Wyatt looks at Aria, smiling like it costs nothing.

With so many media reporters present, Wyatt's public announcement is quite high-profile.

The previous incidents are still fresh in people's minds, and they know about Wyatt and Aria's journey. Everyone looks at them with blessings.

"Congratulations to Young Master Lewis and Second Young Madam Lewis."

"Congratulations, congratulations."

"Congratulations, Young Master Lewis..."

Aria stands by, smiling cooperatively, but actually leans over, whispers in Wyatt's ear, "Why announce this here?"

Wyatt smiles slightly, "You don't understand, it's to prevent anyone else from having ideas about me. I'm quite attractive, and what if another Emma comes along? Then you'd cry too late."

Listening to Wyatt's words, Aria almost can't resist punching him, "Look at how self-centered you are."

Wyatt laughs indifferently, "You're right, Madam."

Hope watches them, her face full of smiles.

"So happy?"

Waylon's voice comes from above.

Hope looks up at him, lightly smiles, "Of course I'm happy, aren't you happy?"

Waylon puts an arm around Hope's slender waist, smiles, "Happy, if you're happy, I'm happy."

Then, Waylon leans down and gives Hope a kiss on the lips.

Hope blushes instantly, quickly raises her hand to cover his lips, "There are so many people here, shame on you."

Waylon indulgently rubs Hope's soft hair, knowing his wife's face is thin, "Okay, we'll kiss when we get home, let's go."

Waylon holds Hope and walks inside.

Hope rolls her eyes to herself, annoyed by the idea of going home to kiss.

...

In the evening, the Lewis Family and Richardson Family gather together.

Aria looks at everyone watching her and Wyatt, awkwardly coughs, nervously pinching Wyatt's waist behind his back, blinking.

What's going on?

It's so solemn that it makes her nervous.

Wyatt laughs, pulls her hand back, holds it in his palm, softly says, "I guess our mom is going to give an enthusiastic speech first, just listen."

Right after Wyatt speaks, Alitzel stands up, "Since we're all here now, let's set the wedding date for these two today; this matter must not be delayed. If Aria gets pregnant in a few days, there will be more things to consider and pay attention to. I think the sooner the wedding, the better. I've looked at the calendar, the sixth of next month is an auspicious day, what do you all think?"

Aria is stunned, wondering how pregnancy got brought up.

Isla happily chimes in, "We were just thinking the same thing. The wedding should happen as soon as possible; what do you two think?"

Isla looks at Wyatt and Aria, who sit well-behaved.

Aria smiles, "Mom, whatever you decide..."

Before finishing her sentence, Aria feels discomfort in her stomach and covers her mouth, rushing towards the trash can...

Suddenly, everyone present is shocked.

Alitzel and Isla immediately stand up.

Alitzel covers her mouth, excitedly asks, "Oh my, is it possible you're expecting?"

Chapter 973: Chapter 973: Pregnant?

Isla Sue blinked, "So soon? Aria?"

"No..." Aria Richardson glanced helplessly at Wyatt Lewis, how to clear up this misunderstanding?

Wyatt was about to explain, but opened his mouth and thought, how to explain this?

Alitzel Williams was already joyfully saying, "She must be, I remember when Little Hope first had Baby, it was just like this, right, Little Hope."

Hope Williams froze for a moment, "Uh... yes, but maybe she just ate..." something bad!

Hope looked at Aria's face and initially wanted to help explain.

But Alitzel continued, "So, Aria must be, oh, this is truly a double joy, Dad, you're going to have a great-grandchild again."

The old man also beamed with joy, saying several "goods" in a row, "It's a good thing, it's a good thing."

Aria glared at Wyatt, urging him to quickly explain, as the misunderstanding grew deeper.

"Mom..."

Feeling sick to her stomach again, Aria covered her mouth, stood up, and ran to the bathroom.

"Aria?" Wyatt stood up and followed her.

"Yes, yes, it must be." Alitzel happily held Isla's hand.

They were both overjoyed at the thought of another grandchild.

After vomiting a few times, Aria finally felt a bit better.

As she walked out, she was immediately surrounded by Isla and Alitzel, who began a barrage of concerned questions.

Aria quickly said, "No, Mom, I just ate something bad, so I felt a bit sick and threw up. It's not what you think."

Alitzel, "What? Ate something bad?"

Aria quickly nodded, "Yes, ate something bad."

Isla furrowed her brow, cautioning, "That may not be it, why not go to the hospital tomorrow to check, just in case."

Alitzel immediately nodded, "Yes, yes, we should accompany you to the hospital tomorrow."

"No need, really, there's no need."

Alitzel, "We must, we must, just in case you are, we should prepare early."

Isla nodded in agreement, "Right."

Aria rubbed her forehead in frustration.

Alitzel didn't give her a chance to refuse, "It's decided then. Pregnancy is a major matter, especially since it's your first child, it mustn't be taken lightly."

Alitzel and Isla were so entrenched in the idea she was expecting, that they didn't listen to Aria's words, already convinced a baby was on the way.

"Heh..." Wyatt looked at Aria caught between the two moms, her face flushed, and couldn't help but laugh.

Aria glared furiously at Wyatt.

He had the gall to laugh.

Tomorrow, when it turned out she wasn't pregnant, Alitzel and Isla were bound to be disappointed...

Because they believed she was carrying a baby.

Alitzel and Isla were treating her with utmost care, and by nine o'clock, they had already forced this "pregnant woman" upstairs to sleep.

Wyatt naturally couldn't escape either, being urged to accompany Aria upstairs to rest.

In the room.

Aria tilted her head, angrily looking at Wyatt, "Why didn't you explain earlier?"

"How do I explain?"

"Just..." Aria hesitated, suddenly unsure how to explain this affair.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, smiling as he pulled her into his arms, resting a hand on her petite belly, "If I had insisted there was no baby, wouldn't they start suspecting me instead?"

Aria pursed her lips; somehow, he had a point.

"What to do? Mom and the others, with their stance today, will certainly be disappointed when they find out tomorrow there's no baby."

"Doesn't matter." Wyatt smirked slightly, "I don't mind quickly making it a reality."

Aria pushed him, "Stop joking, how can that be quick?"

"Wanna try?"

Aria's face turned bright red at Wyatt's words.

She cleared her throat, standing up to flee, "I'm going to take a shower."

Wyatt didn't release her, his arm firmly wrapped around her slender waist, pulling her back into his embrace, "Where to?"

"Shower."

"I'll join you."

"No, I refuse."

"I refuse your refusal."

"Wyatt..."

The bathroom door closed with a "click."

Wyatt gazed down at Aria's flushed face, his lips curling into a smile, "Can't let Mom be disappointed, just like you said."

Aria's heart constricted, her heartbeat soaring, she could almost hear it pounding within her eardrums.

Afraid of revealing her current emotions, she involuntarily lowered her head further.

But Wyatt gave her no chance to escape, leaning down until their foreheads touched, gently nudging upwards, making Aria, who had shyly lowered her head, lift it back up.

"Still trying to escape? Remember, can't let Mom be disappointed."

If Aria had known she'd be stalled by this line all night, she wouldn't have said it.

His warm breath fanned over her face, her eyelashes fluttered, as she blushed, utterly flustered.

The hand around her slim waist tightened slightly, drawing her closer into his embrace.

Aria shivered slightly, feeling the heat from his hand through the fabric of her clothes, scorching her skin.

"Wyatt..."

"Hmm, tell me you love me."

His voice grew huskier, stirring her heartstrings.

Aria's heart rippled with emotion, she gently bit her lip.

"Hmm?"

"I..." Under his urging, Aria grew somewhat anxious.

"I love you." The hoarse voice came out unexpectedly.

Aria blinked, freezing slightly, lifting her eyes to meet his gaze filled with affection.

"If you're too shy to say it, then I'll say it, you're thin-skinned, I'm shameless, together we're just perfect."

Aria's lively eyes trembled as she focused on his handsome face inches away, pressing her lips together, "Wyatt."

"Hmm."

"Heh..." Aria turned her face away, gripping Wyatt's shirt, her head resting on his shoulder, her laughter causing her entire body to shake.

After laughing for a bit, she lifted her head, "Sorry, I meant to hold it in, but I couldn't."

Wyatt's deep eyes gazed at her intently, with such ardent and earnest concentration that Aria suddenly found herself unable to laugh anymore.

Her face flushed from laughter, her delicate features brimmed with a soft, appealing charm in her playful smile.

"You, what's wrong?"

Wyatt lifted his hand, caressing her cheek, his lips quirked slightly, "I'll let you laugh a little more, soon you won't be able to."

Aria understood the meaning behind his words, sensing a bad premonition, her body instinctively tensed, her voice reflecting her nervousness, "I, uh... mmph..."

Without warning, her moving lips were covered by a sudden kiss, the hand on her waist tightened, swiftly lifting her and placing her on the sink.

Her chin was lifted, the kiss deepening, her teeth gently parted as they shared an entwined dance.

Wyatt, having tasted sweetness, seemed unwilling to let go.

Breaths grew ragged, the kiss drifted down to her neck and continued...

The subtle aroma in the bathroom wafted around, engulfing the space in an ethereal ambiance...