


Chapter 386 No Good Intention

"You need not know who I am, but be aware that Divya harbors suspicions about you. You must eliminate her, or she will bring you endless troubles; she's like a relentless storm on the horizon!"

The person's words seemed to penetrate Wynter's very being, as if they had witnessed the events unfold with their own eyes. 

Had the person been lurking, silently watching her all along?

Wynter's eyes darted around the surroundings instinctively.

On the second-floor corridor, she saw a guy wearing a black windbreaker and a peaked hat.

The guy, apparently seeing her looking at him, quickly turned and walked away.

Driven by a mix of curiosity and urgency, she sprinted after him, determined to catch a glimpse of his face.

But as she reached the second floor, the corridor was empty.

Wynter stood alone in the corridor, her senses heightened, searching for a clue, desperate to unravel the enigma before her.

"Stop looking for me, or I shall tell Isaac of your involvement in Alick's misfortune."

The text message startled Wynter, sending a shiver down her spine.

Who was this man?

And how did he possess such intimate knowledge of her relationship with Isaac?

Wynter hastily typed a reply, her fingers trembling with a mix of fear and defiance. "What is your true motive?"

"My motive is to assist you," came the cryptic response.

Wynter's face darkened with suspicion. "Do you take me for a fool? Your words reek of threats!"

"You may choose to ignore me, but I shall promptly tell Isaac," the man warned.

"No! Wait!"

Wynter's fingers flew across the keyboard, desperate to stop the man from contacting Isaac.

She would go to any lengths to ensure Isaac remained unaware of Alick's situation.

Otherwise...

Revealing the truth would shatter the dream she had built with Isaac, leading to a grim and uncertain future.

"I will not disclose anything. However, you must handle the individuals who suspect you now."

Wynter's head swirled with thoughts as she absorbed the message. Of the people who doubted her, there was only one person who fit the description.

Divya, Isaac's wife, held a deep-seated animosity towards Wynter, convinced that she was responsible for Alick's suffering.

"Are you referring to Divya?" Wynter replied, seeking confirmation.

"You know what I'm saying," came the enigmatic response.

Lost in contemplation, Wynter pondered the implications of the man's words.

Indeed, Divya was the sole individual who believed she played a part in Alick's accident.

Isaac was currently abroad, engrossed in his own affairs, leaving the burden of resolving this turmoil solely on Wynter's shoulders.

Wynter knew that Forrest placed unwavering trust in her.

After all, he was terrible at making plans to harm others!

Moreover, she genuinely cared for Alick's well-being.

He possessed no reason to suspect her involvement, as their bond had always been strong.

"Forrest wishes to see you."

Divya's voice broke through her thoughts, interrupting Wynter's contemplation.

Wynter swiftly turned off the phone, grasping it tightly within her hand. She turned around, maintaining a facade of calmness as she faced Divya. "What does he need?"

Having served under Isaac for years, Wynter had mastered the art of wearing masks, hiding her true emotions.

In Divya's presence, for instance, she could simply maintain her composure.

Even after committing heinous acts, she could present an unflinching façade.

"Forrest has arranged for an ambulance to transfer Alick to another hospital," Divya said coldly.

She had never harbored any fondness for Wynter.

Wynter shared the sentiment.

"I understand," Wynter replied, promptly descending the stairs to intercept Forrest. "You can't simply move him to another hospital, or it will impede his treatment."

"The doctors here are incapable of curing him. If we continue keeping him here, he will perish!"

Forrest's voice resonated with determination.

Wynter clenched her hands, her voice laced with concern. "And what if something was to happen to him? Are you prepared to bear the consequences?"


Wide-eyed, Forrest gazed at her intently. "Yes, I'll shoulder all responsibility if any harm befalls him."

With that, he turned and instructed the medical staff behind him, "Proceed to the operating room and remove him. Time is of the essence."

Wynter's anxious voice interjected, "Have you pondered the

consequences? That's a life we're dealing with. Can you afford to bear the weight of the aftermath?"

"He can manage, and I'll help him." Divya firmly took Forrest's side.

"Why do you put such effort into thwarting us?" she added sharply. 

Forrest found himself contemplating her words, realizing there might be truth in them. "Wynter, Alick is in a dire condition, and the medical facilities here are inadequate. Without proper treatment, he won't survive. Why do you persistently try to stop me?"

"What else do I desire?" Wynter met their gazes without a hint of guilt. "Alick is an old friend, and I know him well. Everything I'm doing is for his own good."

"Oh, I hope your words are genuine!" Divya sneered.

Pointing at Forrest, Wynter asked arrogantly, "Forrest! What is wrong with your wife? Why is your wife so against me? She doesn't know me, but you do! Don't you know that I would never hurt Alick? Though I disagree with your decision, we share the same goal. We both want him to recover. Why does she imply that I have sinister intentions? What would I gain from harming him? And why would I hurt him?"

Wynter had been working for Isaac for years, establishing a good rapport with both Willie and Alick.

There seemed to be no motive for her to harm Alick.

"Divya doesn't know your history with Alick. Don't take her words to heart," Forrest defended.

As the medical staff carried Alick out, Forrest said, "Let's go."

Wynter glanced at Alick on the stretcher and said calmly, "Let's go. His treatment mustn't be delayed."

"Hypocrite!" Divya pouted.

Forrest shot her a stern look. "Don't say that."

The top priority was saving Alick, not quarreling amongst themselves.

Divya always listened to her husband.

She fell silent and followed him quietly.

The ambulance raced towards Military Central Hospital, the urgency palpable.

On the other hand, Forrest had already made all the arrangements. Once they arrived, Alick was rushed to the operating room.

Forrest desired to enter the operating room, but his resignation barred him from doing so.

Helplessly, he could only wait outside.

Wynter stood at a distance, her unease stemming from the guilt she harbored. Though Alick was unaware that she had orchestrated the car accident, he was astute, and the truth could be uncovered at any moment.

As soon as he regained consciousness, everyone would find out her secret.

"Look at Wynter," Divya whispered in Forrest's ear.

Forrest didn't give Wynter much of his time.

His focus remained on Alick's safety, but he obliged and glanced at Wynter after hearing Divya.

Wynter was very uneasy.

"I suppose she must carry a guilty conscience," Divya commented.

"Don't make baseless accusations. She wouldn't harm Alick," Forrest scolded her.

However, Divya couldn't shake the feeling that Wynter wanted Alick gone as she deliberately obstructed his proper treatment. "Why do you trust her so blindly?"

"Because she has no motive to harm him. They both work for Isaac and have been cooperating effectively for years. What would she gain from hurting him?"

Divya didn't know what to say.

"How could I know why she harmed him?" she whispered. "To put it bluntly, I don't believe she means any good."

"Don't make that claim without proof," said Forrest.

Reluctantly, she kept quiet.

About an hour later.

The door to the operating room opened, and a nurse emerged. She inquired, "May I know who the patient's family is?"

Upon hearing her voice, Wynter hastened over and asked, "How is he? Is he awake?"

"The doctor needs to conduct a check-up before we can determine his status. We require the family's signature," the nurse replied, handing over the examination report. "Who will sign?"

"I'll sign it," said Forrest.

Taking the pen, he signed the document.

Wynter interposed, blocking the nurse's path. "Tell me, how is he? Is he awake?"

"I'm just a nurse. I'm not privy to the details of the surgery," the nurse stated.

Forrest gently pulled Wynter away. "Calm down."

"How can I be calm?" Wynter, realizing her previous anxiety was too conspicuous, quickly sought an excuse. "Mr. Johnston needs him urgently. But he had an accident..."

Her expression turned mournful.

Forrest took a deep breath.

"I believe he'll be fine."

He held faith in the competence of the doctors at Military Central Hospital.

Simultaneously, he was comforting himself.


After two hours, the light outside the room went off.

The surgeon, dressed in blue, emerged from the room and removed his mask.

Forrest approached and said, "How's it going?" with concern on his face.

Wynter, too, glanced intently at the doctor.



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