

## **SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR**

### **Capítulo 1052: Chapter 1052: Take Action—He Must Give an Explanation**

The two quickly left the Sinclair Family, not letting the others notice.

Back at the villa, they reported the situation to Liam Cloud.

On the sofa, the man's tall and slender figure lay lazily, his bold and unrestrained features deep and his lips slightly curved into a faint smile.

He hung his head slightly, playing with an iron lighter in his hand. The occasional flicker of flame cast a warm yellow glow, yet his face remained icy and solemn.

"Got it," he responded, "Send them back tomorrow morning. Assign a few sharp ones for the task."

"Yes."

"Knock knock," came two taps on the door.

The door was open; Hope Williams stood at the entrance and knocked.

Liam Cloud glanced back at her, slightly raised an eyebrow, "Come in."

"Big Boss, we'll head out now," Wesley Ruiz said.

“Okay.”

“Sister Hope,” the two politely greeted Hope Williams before turning to leave.

Hope Williams nodded slightly, walked over to sit on the sofa, and said to the person there, “Come down for dinner; I’ve asked the kitchen to make two fresh dishes.”

“Hmm, is that all you came to say?”

Hope Williams continued, “Heading back tomorrow. Just came to say goodbye.”

“Oh, I thought you came because you were worried about me.”

“Everything is under your control, isn’t it? There’s nothing for me to worry about,” Hope Williams smiled calmly, reaching out to pour a cup of tea, “Will you take action?”

“Probably won’t make a move. I prefer to resolve things peacefully.”

Hope Williams genuinely doubted this ‘preference for peaceful resolutions.’

Hope Williams nodded, “That’s good. Be careful. George Sinclair is surely adamant this time.”

“A wolf without teeth, no matter how fierce, what use is it?”

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “True.”

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George Sinclair was meeting with the heads of the other three families. The four gathered in the Sterling Family. Patriarch Sterling spoke first, “You called us here, what’s the matter? Did your plan succeed, did Liam Cloud acknowledge Olivia?”

George Sinclair pressed his lips into a line, his face full of anger, and snorted, “He doesn’t want to take responsibility. Even after we presented the paternity test report, he still refuses to take responsibility.”

“Olivia is really his daughter?” Patriarch Jimenez questioned.

“Of course, what reason would there be to doubt?” George Sinclair wouldn’t disclose the truth to them.

Patriarch Long frowned, looking at George Sinclair, “So, why did you call us here? Are you planning on having us join you to demand justice for your daughter and granddaughter?”

George Sinclair leaned back, “That’s right, but not just for me—for the mutual benefit of our families.”

Patriarch Long scoffed, amused, “So tell us, what mutual benefit do you propose?”

“Think about it. He’s here on our territory with few people, and yet he dares to act so arrogantly. Isn’t that too much? Can you tolerate that?”

Patriarch Long smiled at George Sinclair, “And if we can tolerate it, so what? If not, so what? Things continue as they are, unless you’re thinking of taking advantage while he’s here with fewer people and confront him again.”

George Sinclair’s face hardened, and he stood up, “Why not? Now is the best time. We’ve fought against him for years; shouldn’t he repay us for what we lost? Moreover, he bullied my only daughter and refuses to take responsibility. I can’t let that go. I demand an explanation.”

The other heads remained silent.

“I’ve already investigated. He only has about a dozen people with him now. When he had more, we couldn’t compete with him, we feared him—can we not handle a dozen people on our own turf now? If word got out, it would be laughable.”

These words hit home for the heads, and they nodded unconsciously.

George Sinclair had a knack for swaying people, and Patriarch Sterling nodded in agreement, “Indeed, our families have stood for a century, yet our business has been taken by him, and we fear him on our own land. How could we live that down?”

The other two heads, though silent, were persuaded by George Sinclair’s words.

“Since you say so, do you have a plan?”

George Sinclair said, “I’ve come to discuss with you. This isn’t just my matter but concerns the future of our four families. It shouldn’t be decided by me alone.”

Patriarch Long hesitated momentarily, raising deep eyes to George Sinclair, “My sources say you sent your granddaughter to Liam Cloud, and she’s still not back. Aren’t you afraid he’ll do something to her if you make a move on him now?”

Talking about this seemed to trouble George Sinclair, “He hasn’t returned the child to us yet, nor acknowledged her. His intentions are unclear. But if our plan succeeds, we can rescue Olivia, can’t we?”

The three heads exchanged glances, each with their own thoughts and secret signals, thinking George Sinclair was rather cold-blooded.

Liam Cloud not acknowledging the child while having her meant he wouldn’t care for the child, and now George Sinclair wanted to confront Liam Cloud—Olivia’s situation was inherently dangerous, yet he disregarded it.

But though they knew the child would be in danger, they wouldn’t say anything. After all, when Olivia’s own grandfather didn’t care, why should they?

“Let’s not talk about that now. If we’re going to act, let’s first discuss the plan,” proposed Patriarch Sterling.

They nodded in agreement.

As dawn broke, Evelyn Sinclair realized George Sinclair hadn't returned all night. She knew he must've been discussing matters with the other family heads all night.

Evelyn Sinclair hadn't been idle either; she couldn't let George Sinclair recklessly endanger everyone.

After breakfast, Hope Williams and the others were heading back to Emperor Capital. The private jet was already on the tarmac.