

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 592: Chapter 592: Find! See the person alive, see the body if dead!

Harry Williams tightly clenched his fists as he hid in the adjacent room, his handsome face overwhelmed with shock.

He'd been busy filming, traveling across various cities, and rarely returned to the Williams Family estate. But when he did, he never anticipated overhearing such a conversation.

His mind was in chaos for two seconds, replaying the conversation he just overheard. The conclusion? They were at each other's throats over something.

But what could it be...

What else could it be?

Aside from the inheritance, Harry couldn't think of another reason.

Since their family patriarch went to prison, his brother Ted and cousin Luna had been eyeing the family corporation like predators. Though Harry never participated in their battles, it didn't mean he was oblivious.

He simply didn't expect it had escalated to a point where it was life or death.

Harry couldn't understand Ted Williams!

As the vice president of the Williams Clan, Ted held a position where he was second only to the very top, commanding authority over thousands. Why did he insist on fighting for the entirety of the inheritance?

Harry's heart was in turmoil.

Just then, he heard footsteps outside the door.

Harry held his breath, panicking as he hastily scanned the room and quickly hid inside the only refuge—the bathroom.

The moment he closed the door, Ted Williams pushed open the main door and entered.

Ted slowly stepped inside, his sharp gaze scanning the room. It was a guest room, unoccupied, with extremely simple furnishings.

After a quick sweep of the room, Ted's eyes landed directly on the bathroom.

Ted's dark eyes narrowed as he took one step after another toward the bathroom.

Listening to the approaching footsteps, Harry shut his eyes tightly, his heart pounding in his throat.

With a “click,” the bathroom door creaked open halfway.

Ted didn’t walk in. Instead, his gaze fell on a half-visible leather shoe protruding from behind the shower partition.

His brows furrowed rhythmically for two seconds, as if realizing something. He closed the door and turned to leave.

Without saying a word, Ted stepped out and summoned a Family Guard, his tone calm, “Wait until the second young master comes out. Tell him to see me.”

“Understood.”

Hearing the silence outside the bathroom, Harry exhaled deeply. His hands trembled slightly as he fished out his phone from his pocket, intending to call Hope Williams. But the moment the call connected, his fingertips quivered, hesitation flooding his expression.

While he hesitated, the phone was already answered.

“Harry Williams?”

Hope’s familiar, cool voice came through the phone.

Harry stared at the screen as emotions surged within him.

Hope, unable to hear a response, spoke again, her voice tinged with confusion. “Harry Williams? Do you need something?”

Harry’s hand trembled slightly.

Hope waited five or six seconds, still receiving no reply. Just as she was about to assume he’d dialed the wrong number and hang up, Harry suddenly blurted out, “Cousin...”

“...Hmm, what is it?”

“I...” The words danced on his tongue, seemingly sealed by an invisible force as no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t utter them.

His heart thumped wildly in his chest.

Harry fell silent again, his eyes filled with conflict.

Hope was still standing outside the emergency room, waiting for updates on Jade Bell’s condition. Harry’s repeated silence further eroded her already frayed patience.

"If it's nothing, I'm hanging up."

"Wait... Cousin, I heard something happened to Grandma? Are you at the hospital right now?"

Harry quickly came up with something off the top of his head.

Hope's voice deepened, "Yes, Grandma is still in the operating room."

"Then... I'll head over now."

Hope paused briefly, "Okay. Anything else?"

Harry used all his strength to say, "Nothing else."

"Alright, goodbye."

Staring at the disconnected call, Harry lifted his head to gaze at his reflection in the mirror. He had never felt so lost.

Ted was his brother—his only blood relative left in the world. Yet he couldn't bring himself to betray him.

Harry's grip on the phone tightened until veins surfaced on the back of his hand. A deep wave of guilt surged through him.

He stepped out of the room. A Family Guard stood waiting outside. "Second young master, the eldest young master asked you to see him."

Harry's heart sank. Ted had realized.

Gritting his teeth, Harry raised his head. Might as well—he needed answers to what Ted had done.

Meanwhile, at the hospital,

Waylon Lewis was standing with Hope Williams outside the emergency room, waiting.

Three hours had passed, and there was still no sign of movement inside.

Hope frowned deeply, understanding that Jade Bell's prognosis was grim.

Seeing Hope's face full of worry, Waylon gently held her hand tightly.

"Boss!!" Thomas Hughes rushed over, visibly anxious.

Waylon shot him a glance, his grip on Hope's hand instinctively tightening.

Hope turned her own gaze toward Thomas.

Waylon's cold, piercing stare made Thomas's expression tense.

Trying his best to maintain composure under Hope's gaze, Thomas opened his mouth to speak. But before Hope could ask, Waylon immediately stood up and intercepted her question, speaking first. "I need to handle something. I'll be back soon. Be good and wait here."

Hope watched their hurried and serious expressions, and unease began to spread in her heart.

Her intuition told her something was wrong.

Once they reached a point where Hope could no longer hear them, Thomas finally spoke. "Boss... We just received word: this morning... Sir and Madam's private plane on its way back to Emperor Capital... crashed!"

Waylon's hands clenched tightly at his sides.

Thomas pressed on urgently, "The latest from the aviation bureau confirms that it was indeed their plane..."

Waylon took a deep breath, his deep eyes flashing with cold, burning anger.

"Boss..." Thomas's voice wavered.

The atmosphere froze completely, the flow of air seeming to halt entirely.

"Have the bodies been found?"

Thomas pursed his lips, hesitating briefly before replying, "They're still searching... So far, only the pilot's remains have been recovered from the crash."

The oppressive silence returned.

Waylon's brow furrowed tighter, his expression radiating uncontrollable frost.

"Search! If they're alive, bring them back. If not, recover their bodies!"

"Yes, sir." Thomas quickly added, "Also, Boss, the news has reached the family patriarch in Emperor Capital. Latest updates indicate he had a fainting spell after hearing about the crash... Boss, the Lewis Family needs you to return and take charge of the situation."