

Reborn In Flames: The Heiress' Revenge Chapter 2

"No!" Cassie jolted awake from the agony of burning.

"Are you okay?, Cassie?" A familiar face appeared before her..

Julia? No, that can't be right. She hasn't dressed so modestly in years. Cassie's heart raced.

She glanced around, her shock intensifying. This was the same bar where Julia had taken her to celebrate her coming of age six years ago—the night before her eighteenth birthday.

She looked down at her hands—once scarred and rough, now delicate and tender. It felt like she had been transported back to the place where her nightmares had begun.

"I got you a lemonade from the bar. Drink up. It'll make you feel better, Julia said, worry written all over her face as she handed Cassie the glass,

Cassie stared at the drink, dread knotting in her stomach. The last time she'd had lemonade from this bar, she'd lost consciousness shortly after. Her hazy memories of that night involved being dragged into a grimy alley by a group who stripped her and took countless photos.

of men

She had been so naive then, blindly trusting Julia and never suspecting her drink could be s**ed. Under Julia's insistence, she had kept silent, never telling her family about how Julia had brought her to that bar.

Cassie's mind reeled, replaying the horrors of the past six years.

The photos from that alley had gone viral, making their way to her eighteenth birthday party and spreading online. The city buzzed with rumors claiming she'd been raped, and no one believed she was innocent

Then came the heart-wrenching car crash that took her parents lives, the fallout with her grandfather, the endless torment in the asylum, and the horrific image of her grandfather caught in that inferno.

Rage bubbled inside Cassie. Given this second chance, she vowed never to fall for the same trap again.

Julia, I'm feeling a bit cold. Could you get me a shawl?" Cassie asked softly.

“Sure. Julia replied, her irritation barely hidden as she set down the drink and went to get the shawl.

As Julia turned away, Cassie couldn't help but smirk. Before Simon had tricked her into signing that ridiculous shareholder agreement, Julia had been all too eager to cater to her every whim, Now, with a calm expression, Cassie swapped her drink with Julia's

When Julia returned with the shawl, she draped it around Cassie with a gentle touch, her demeanor a far cry from the ruthless tormentor Cassie had endured in the asylum.

Julia, I really appreciate how good you've always been to me, Cassie said, flashing a genuine smile as she picked up her glass. “Let's toast to that.”

Julia's eyes sparkled at the thought of Cassie drinking down the drugged lemonade. With a smirk, she raised her own glass. I'll always be here for you. We'll be besties forever!”

She then downed her drink with enthusiasm. Cassie, with an innocent expression, took a slow, deliberate sip of her water. Julia's eyes were glued to Cassie, sparkling with excitement of her scheme paying off.

Suddenly, Cassie shot her a smile, looking eerie under the bar's colorful lights

Julia blinked, momentarily startled. But as she scrutinized Cassie more closely, she saw nothing out of the ordinary. Cassie was still just the same naive girl she had always been.

The rain was coming down in sheets, soaking everything in its path. A group of men hauled an unconscious Julia into the grimy alley behind the bar. Cassie, wearing a baseball cap, watched the whole scene with a detached, icy stare.

These men were part of Julia's twisted scheme, and it was the same alley where Cassie had been dragged years ago. Back then, Julia had only let those men take those degrading photos of her. When no one believed Cassie, Julia had pretended to support her, all while plotting behind the scenes.

Reflecting on how touched she had been back then, Cassie nearly gagged. With a steely resolve, she slipped a note to one of the men. I've changed my mind. Do whatever you want with her, but she needs to stay alive. Also, I don't want any photos- just record a video and send it to this email”

Julia had inflicted so much suffering on Cassie that revenge felt like it needed to be more than just a simple payback-it had to be tenfold!

“Don't worry. We've got some good stuff lined up, and we'll keep her unharmed.” The man lit up at the thought of having his way,

Cassie said nothing more and turned to leave. Behind her, the men began a crude, lewd conversation. The distant neon lights cast her shadow long and menacing on the wall. She glanced back at it, seeing it as a devil's silhouette.

She'd clawed her way back from the depths of hell. Now, she felt like she was on a mission to make everyone who had once harred her and her family pay for everything, and this was just the beginning.

As Cassie was about to step out of the alley, a pair of hands suddenly grabbed her from the darkness. Before she knew it, she was pulled into the shadows.

In this cramped part of the bar district, the buildings were packed tightly together. Cassie found herself squished between two walls.

"Shh! The man pressed her against the rough wall, clamping a hand over her mouth.

The tight space had them almost pressed together, leaving Cassie momentarily stunned.

Outside, the sound of hurried footsteps echoed down the alley. The man's face hardened as he peered out, eyes scanning like a hawk.

Just then, a beam of light sliced through the gap, and in that fleeting moment, Cassie caught a glimpse of the man's face.

He was dangerously handsome. Cassie recognized him from her past life, and even though he had always unsettled her, his striking looks had left a lasting impression-it was Marcus.