

# The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

## The Heiress Revived Ch 10

### Chapter 10 No One Hurt My Sister

After hanging up the phone, he sat in the chair, staring blankly ahead.

Elliot remained dazed for a long time before finally getting up and leaving the study.

Standing in front of the bedroom door, he found himself unable to summon the courage to push it open.

The tightly shut door felt like an invisible barrier, separating him from Lauren, who lay inside.

He believed **that** she had brought this **upon** herself.

And yet, his heart still ached with a dull, suffocating pain.

As he hesitated, a servant rushed over **in** a hurry. "Mr. Elliot, Ms. Willow's birthday party is about to begin. You should head

### OVET NOW.

Elliot hesitated for a moment, casting a deep glance at the bedroom before silently turning around and following the servant.

Inside the banquet hall, Willow was surrounded by a crowd, glowing like a princess at the center of attention.

She stood before an extravagant cake as the guests sang "Happy Birthday" in unison.

As **the** song ended, she took **a** deep breath and blew out the candles in one go.

In an instant, colorful balloons and ribbons filled the air. The crowd cheered, their voices echoing through the hall.

Elliot stood among them, watching the sea of bright smiles. But all he could see in his mind **was** Lauren, who was pale and weak, lying on the bed.

He wanted to smile, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't

While the guests eagerly gathered around the cake, joyfully sharing slices, Elliot quietly stepped away to the champagne tower. He picked up a glass, tilted his head back, and downed it in one gulp

The liquor trickled down his lips, soaking his collar.

But he didn't **care**. He kept drinking, **one glass** after another, **as if** fighting against the **pain and** guilt clawing at his heart.

Before long, his steps became unsteady, his vision swayed, and the laughter and chatter around him **blurred into** a distant hum.

With the last shred of his hazy consciousness, he staggered out of the banquet hall

Before he even reached the bedroom, a violent nausea surged up from his stomach. He barely made it to the bathroom before he bent over the sink and threw up.

When it was over, he gasped for air, his mind finally clearing a little.

Turning on the faucet, he let cold water splash over his face, snapping him back to full awareness.

Bracing himself against the **sink**, he lifted his dripping face and looked at his reflection in the mirror.

His hair clung messily to his forehead, water droplets sliding down his sharp features, making his face look even more

defined.

With a self-deprecating chuckle, he muttered, "I didn't do anything wrong. Why am I torturing myself? This is insane."

Just then, his phone rang. He pulled it out and saw Michael Quinn's name on the screen.

Elliot wiped his face before answering. "Hello."

"Mr. Elliot, I found everything you asked me to look into."

2:39 PM

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Finished

Michael hesitated.

Elliot frowned. "What?"

"Well, Mr. Elliot, **you** should prepare yourself" Michael's voice was unusually heavy.

Elliot's heart clenched. He had a feeling that what Michael was about to say would be brutal, but he still said firmly, "Go on."

Michael took a deep breath before slowly recounting Lauren's experiences in prison.

"Mr. Elliot, after Ms. Bennett was incarcerated, she was beaten almost every day. That included slaps, being forced to drink toilet water, being deprived of sleep, and even being made to kneel and crawl humiliatingly. If she resisted, they used needles

on her.

Elliot's grip on the phone tightened, his breath becoming ragged. He gritted his teeth. "Where did they get needles in prison?"

"Ms. Bennett was learning embroidery while serving her sentence, so...

Ja

A vein bulged on Elliot's forehead. He swallowed his **rage** and ordered, "Keep going."

"The worst beating she suffered was when six wooden rods as thick as an adult's arm were broken over her body, shattering her legs. She was **hospitalized** immediately."

A **sharp**, searing pain ripped through Elliot's chest, as if someone was tearing **his** heart out. His entire body trembled, **and** his eyes turned bloodshot.

"Mr. Elliot, I **also** found out **that** someone specifically instructed the inmates to treat Ms. Bennett this way. And all those responsible for attacking her **had** their sentences reduced. A year ago, she was hospitalized again, but I couldn't find out why. It must have been serious, though, because after that, she was transferred to a single-person cell and was never beaten again."

This time, Elliot couldn't suppress his rage. It surged violently, threatening to consume him.

"Who?"

**Michael**, who had followed Elliot for years, instantly understood what he meant.

"It was... Mr. Kenneth."

Kenneth Gray was Elaine's brother, also Willow's **fiance** by arrangement

Or rather, Lauren's fiancé, because Lauren was the real daughter of the Bennett family.

The air seemed to freeze. The silence stretched.

Michael **cautiously called out**, "Mr. Elliot?"

"Cancel all partnerships with Gray Corporation. Launch a full-scale attack on their assets. Elliot's voice was hoarse and ice-cold, sending a chill down Michael's spine.

"Mr. Elliot, if we do that, Bennett Corporation's interests **will** take a hit too.

"Do as I said. And I don't **want** to see those who tormented Laurie walking out of prison in one **piece**.

"Understood."

Elliot slowly lowered his phone. His arms hung limply by **his** sides, his mind consumed with images of Lauren, helpless and battered

She had once been **a** bright, carefree girl. But now, she had been tortured beyond recognition.

She had made **mistakes**, and the law **had** sentenced her to five years in prison. But that didn't mean she deserved to be brutalized like this.

After a long while, he stepped out of the bathroom.

2/3

2:30 PM –

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But before he could step inside, he heard Lauren's weak, pleading voice.

"I was wrong. I deserve this.. Please, don't hit me..."

Finished

Her **nightmares**, **her** desperate cries—each word was a blade, cutting into Elliot's heart until he could no longer bear to move forward.

He **quickly** shut the door, blocking out the sound, and stumbled **into** the study instead.

Late **at** night, the study remained dark.

Elliot's phone kept ringing vibrating non—  
stop, but he never picked up. Eventually, the call ended on its own.

Elsewhere. **David** was woken up by the sound of his phone.

Half—asleep, he fumbled for it on the nightstand. “Hello?”

The moment he heard the voice on the other end, his drowsiness **vanished**. He shot up right **in** bed. “What?”

**His** outburst startled **Alice** awake. “What are you yelling about in the middle of the night?”

David's face turned red with anger. ‘Elliot terminated all deals with Gray Corporation. In less than one night, they lost 140 million dollars!’

“That's impossible.”

“How is it impossible? Even Kenneth called personally, demanding an explanation!”

Furious, David threw off his blanket, stormed out of bed, and marched straight to Elliot's room

With a single, furious kick, he slammed the door open.

**Send Gifts**