

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

The Heiress Revived

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Chapter 11 Sleeping in Brother's Room? Shameless.

Finished

As soon as David stepped into the room, he started questioning angrily, "Elliot, get up! Why **did** you unilaterally terminate..." The rest of his words got stuck in his throat. He stared in shock at Lauren lying on the bed, his mind unable to process the scene. Lauren was startled awake by his yelling. She slowly opened her eyes and froze, momentarily unable to recognize where she was.

Alice gasped as soon as she stepped inside. "Lauren, why are you sleeping in your brother's bed?"

Lauren remained frozen. **Brother**? Elliot? Didn't he hate me? Then why had he brought me into his room?

For three years in the Bennett family, Willow had been free to enter and exit Elliot's room as she pleased, but Lauren had never once been allowed to step inside. David's and Alice's expressions darkened as they scanned the room for Elliot, but he was nowhere to be found.

David's tone was cold as he asked Lauren, "Where is your brother?"

Lauren glanced at him indifferently and said nothing. She got out of bed unhurriedly and limped toward the door. But David and Alice stood in her way, blocking her exit.

Seeing that neither of them intended to move, Lauren frowned slightly. "Excuse me."

David was already furious over Gray Corporation cutting **ties** with Bennett Corporation. Now, faced with Lauren's distant attitude treating him like a stranger, his **anger** burned even hotter. "I'm your father, and this is how you treat your elders? You have absolutely no manners. I don't know who spoiled you into having such a rotten personality."

Alice quickly tried to smooth things over. "David, why are you being **so** harsh on her? If you have something to say, **just** say it properly."

David let out a cold snort. Then ask her, why **wasn't** she sleeping in her room? Why did she **run** to her brother's room? She's over twenty, not a child anymore. Even on her first night back, she's already stirring up trouble. Even if he's her biological brother, she can't just crawl into his bed in the middle of the night, right? I'm being harsh for her own **good**. Why don't I treat Willow this way? Willow would never act in such a shameless manner. Who knows what she's thinking, maybe..."

"That's enough!" Alice interrupted him anxiously. But even if he didn't finish his sentence, anyone could guess what he was about to say.

Lauren's heart clenched painfully. She knew the Bennett family didn't like her, but she had never imagined her father saw her in such a degrading light.

Elliot was her biological brother. What kind of thoughts could I possibly have? Only someone truly twisted could think of such things. Suppressing the hurt in her eyes, she looked up, her expression how cold and indifferent.

"Are **you** finished? If so, move aside; I need to leave."

David's chest heaved with anger, yet he remained steadfast, his gaze becoming even more icy. Alice's worry deepened, "Laurie, why are you so stubborn? Just tell your father where your brother went."

"I don't **know**." She sidestepped, attempting to squeeze past them. Suddenly, **a cold**, strong hand grabbed her arm and violently yanked her back. Lauren crashed to the floor. Her injured leg twisted again, and the pain was so sharp she couldn't get up.

Alice gasped in horror. "David, **have** you lost your mind?"

"She's not leaving this room until she explains everything"

Lauren endured the pain and looked up, meeting David's harsh gaze. His eyes were filled with malice, not the eyes of a father looking at his daughter, but of someone eyeing a prey he could control at will. I despise that look. I want to escape.

Planting her hands firmly on the floor, she pushed herself up slowly, forcing herself to stay composed. "I really don't know where Mr. Elliot is, **instead** of asking me, why don't you call him?"

"**Yes**, please call him!" Alice quickly took out her phone and dialed Elliot's number.

A second later, the sound of a ringing phone **came** from the study room next door. David and Alice exchanged glances before

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Chapter 11 Sleeping in Brother's Room? Shameless

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light, they **saw** Elliot slumped against the wall, surrounded by empty bottles. The sudden brightness made him frown; he slowly opened his eyes.

David's anger flared. Pointing at him, he bellowed, "Look at the state you're in!"

Elliot lazily swirled the empty bottle in his hand, and when he found it empty, he tossed it aside.

David's fury grew. "Tell me, why did you suddenly terminate our deal **with** Gray Corporation: They're an important business partner, and besides, Kenneth and Willow are engaged. Have you even considered the impact on the company? **Have** you thought about how Willow would feel?"

Elliot let out a hoarse, mocking laugh. "Did Kenneth consider any of that when he ordered people to bully Laurie!"

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Elliot sneered and struggled to his feet. "Kenneth ordered prisoners to beat her, slap her, force her to kneel, make her drink from the toilet, and stab her **with** needles.. Do you know why her leg is crippled? Because they broke it.

As he listed each act of abuse, **David's** and Alice's eyes widened in shock.

"**That's** impossible."

Elliot tapped a few times on his phone. A moment later, both David's and Alice

"See for yourselves; Michael dug up this information."

phones vibrated.

The documents, accompanied by shocking photos, revealed the horrifying abuse Lauren had endured in prison. Alice instinctively covered her mouth, tears streaming down her face. David's expression grew complicated, his brows furrowing deeply. After a long silence, he finally spoke. "Elliot, you're being too impulsive"

Elliot's face remained expressionless. "So, you think I should've just stood by and watched my sister get tortured without doing anything?"

David stayed silent for a long time before sighing heavily. "You're hurting the enemy **but** suffering heavy losses yourself. Cutting ties with Gray Corporation brings no benefit to Bennett Corporation."

As if to prove his point, his phone rang. After answering the call, David's face darkened even further. "Elliot, because of your decision, Bennett Corporation has lost 140 million dollars."

Elliot's expression changed. His lips **trembled** slightly, but eventually, he just pressed them together and said nothing.

Alice was already on the **verge** of **panic**, pacing the room anxiously, wringing her hands. "What do we do? What should we do now?"

David exhaled slowly. The only way is to restore our partnership with Gray Corporation

With that, he dialed Kenneth's number. The moment the call connected, the atmosphere in the study room grew heavy and tense. David's expression shifted **as** the conversation went on, his brows furrowed, then relaxed, then tensed again. Finally, the **call** ended, and he slowly set his phone down

Alice's **voice** trembled with hope. "What did Kenneth **say**?"

*He agreed to restart the partnership, but only on one condition—Laurie has to go to the hospital tomorrow and apologize to **his** sister in person."

Just then, a sweet, innocent voice drifted over. "**Laurie**, it's so late. Why are you standing outside Elliot's study room?"

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Chapter 12 Don't Want to Stay? Then Leave

#Finished

Lauren looked at Willow calmly. She hadn't done anything yet, but Willow acted as if she had been frightened out of her wits Trembling, she took several steps back, her face **turning** pale. "**Laurie**, please don't look at me like that. You're scaring me."

David furiously shoved Lauren **aside** and roared, "What are you trying to do to Willow?"

Lauren lost her **balance**, staggering backward **until** she crashed into the railing. She **ne arly** fell from the second floor, yet no one seemed to care. David and Alice both shielded Willow, their faces filled with wariness and suspicion as they looked **at** Lauren

Elliot prepared to reprimand her, but the words froze in his throat. He thought about the torment she had endured in prison, **and suddenly**, he couldn't bring himself to say anything hurtful. Lauren's expression remained cold, but the slight curve of her lips betrayed her mockery.

So, this was my family

The moment **Willow** showed even the slightest hint of distress, she became the target of everyone's condemnation. **Back** when she still cared about this family, **a** single glance and a single word from them could shake her emotions. But now, she no longer cared. **Their** misunderstandings no longer stirred any reaction in her heart. She didn't explain; she simply lowered her gaze.

Her refusal to react regardless of what they said, made Elliot's heart ache unbearably. He couldn't help but ask, "Did you hit your head? Are **you** hurt?"

Lauren looked up, surprised. For a moment, she couldn't reconcile this concerned Elliot with the one who had always ridiculed and humiliated **her**. Habit is **a** terrifying thing. He showed me the slightest bit of kindness, and I found myself unaccustomed to

"No, it doesn't hurt Compared to having her **leg** broken, a bump was nothing.

"You.. heard everything just now?"

Lauren paused, realizing what he was referring **to**. She responded with a soft "Mm." And that was it

That was all? I had terminated Bennett Corporation's partnership with Gray Corporation for her. That decision had cost both companies 140 million dollars overnight. After all that, did I not even deserve **a** word of gratitude?

A wave of frustration surged from his chest to his stomach, twisting like a hundred needles piercing him at once. pain flared up again. As if punishing Lauren, Elliot paled and fixed his gaze on her.

His stomach

In the past, whenever he had stomach aches, she was always the one most worried about him. He looked at her with expectation, hoping to see some trace of concern—some trace of pain- in her eyes. Even if it was just a simple word of worry, then everything he had done today would have been worth it. But there was nothing, Lauren's gaze didn't linger on him for even a second, there **wasn't** even **a** shred **of** sympathy..

"If there's nothing else, I'm going back to my room." Her tone was calm, but her words cut like a dull knife, leaving wounds that bled slowly and deeply. Under the gaze of four pairs of eyes, she turned, and despite her limp, descended the stairs with unwavering determination

Elliot gripped the **railing** with both **hands**, his eyes filled with pain and disappointment as he watched her leave. It wasn't supposed to be like this. She **used** to care so much about me. Whenever I had stomach aches, she would cry while searching for my medicine, wishing she could take the pain for me. How could she not care anymore?

"Lauren!" He gritted his teeth against the pain and shouted.

Lauren instinctively paused. Seeing **this**, hope lit up in Elliot's eyes. His voice softened, laced with a hint of grievance. "Laurie, my stomach hurts."

He had given her an opening, an excuse to show she still **cared**. But who **said** she had to **take** it?

Lauren looked up at Elliot, her lips curling into a faint smirk filled with mockery. "If Mr. Elliot **has** a stomachache, **you** should call a doctor, not me."

Elliot heard the sound of his heart shattering. Every ounce of expectation he had was rendered **laughable** by her indifferent

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Chapter 12 Don't Want to Stay? Then Leave

railing tightly, staring at Lauren through the gaps between the bars.

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But she didn't even **glance** at him. She turned away, not intending to help him **at all**. Her coldness ignited David's fury. He roared at her retreating figure, Lauren, get back here and bring your brother his medicine right now!"

Alice sobbed and pleaded with her, "Lauric, you've always been the one to take care of him when he's sick. How can **you** just stand by and watch We're family; does it really have to come to **this**?"

Even Willow chimed in, her voice carrying righteous indignation. Laurie. I **know** you've built up resentment after five years in prison, but how can you gamble with your brother's life? You're the only one **who** knows which medicine works better for

Lauren stopped walking. The Bennett family thought they had finally convinced her. But when she turned back, they saw a smile on her face. Her smile was as sharp as a blade. "So, you did notice all the things I used to do. You just never cared: it never mattered. Since that's the case, I'll take it all back. From now on, whether the Bennett family thrives or falls, whether you

Live

or die, it has nothing to do with me. After all, you never cared about me. And now, I've run out of care for **you** too."

Her words struck **like** a hammer, shattering the last bit of illusion David, Alice, and Elliot had. Alice sobbed harder, tears streaming down her face. She looked at Lauren **with** sorrowful eyes. "Laurie, that's not true; you're the **daughter** I carried for ten months and gave birth to. I wanted you more than anything."

David's face darkened, his expression **twisting** with rage. "We gave birth **to** such an ungrateful **daughter**. I should've known you were rebellious, cruel, and **jealous**, always targeting and bullying Willow. We never should have taken you back. All you've done is bring chaos into this family"

Alice's sobs grew quieter. She reached out and tugged at David's sleeve. "Don't say that about our daughter." David let out a cold snort and shot Lauren **a** fierce **glare**.

Willow spoke softly, her voice tinged with guilt "Dad, it's **only** fair for Lauren to resent me. I took her place as the Bennett family's daughter **and** enjoyed the love that should have been hers. If it makes her feel better, I'm willing to take the blame." As she spoke, she let out a soft sob Laurie. "I can leave if that's what you want. Just please don't upset Mom and Dad anymore. And don't ignore Elliot when he's suffering, okay?"

Lauren remained still calmly watching their performance. She waited until they had finished their act before she spoke, her tone slow and deliberate. "Are you done? I'm going to bed"

Her complete indifference sent David into a fit of rage. His finger pointed straight at Lauren. His eyes filled with disappointment. "Didn't you say you had no feelings for this family? Then why did you come back? You spent five years in prison. You're a convict, a stain on the Bennett family! Who even allowed you to return? If you have no attachment to this family, then leave right now! No one's stopping you."

David's voice grew even colder. "These past few years without you have been the happiest we've ever had. The second you came back, all **you** did was cop an attitude, like we owe you something. Let me make my point clear—we brought you into this world, and that's all we ever owed **you**. Nothing more?"

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Chapter 13 Leaving the Bennetts Family, I'm Moving to Garrison City

Lauren had always known they didn't care about her, but hearing those words from David still sent a sharp pain through her heart. He didn't love me, not even enough to pretend.

Fortunately, she **hid** her emotions well. No one could see the pain beneath her stubborn exterior.

"Alright," **she** said **flatly**.

David frowned. "What did you say?"

Looking up at the four people standing on the second floor, Lauren met their gazes and **spoke** with a calm resolve. "Alright, I'll leave the Bennett family right now. From this day forward, I sever all ties with you. Mr. David, Madam Alice, **rest** assured I will never bother you again. Even if I die out there, I won't come back.

With that, she felt **nothing** for this place anymore. Three years of wounds had already taught me a harsh lesson. How could I still hope for a love that was never meant for me?

This time, she walked quickly. Her injured leg throbbed with pain, but she gritted her teeth and kept moving. For the first time, a glimmer of light shone in her dark eyes—the light of breaking free from her chains and of embracing freedom. In no **time**, she reached the living room **door** and pulled it open. She left without hesitation, without looking back. Her departure was absolute.

Elliot's pupils constricted. He wanted to chase after her, but his stomach pain had drained him of all strength. All he could do was shout at **the** closing door, "**Lauren**, get back here."

His voice echoed through the vast living room, consuming the last of his energy. But Lauren never looked back; she vaguely heard someone yelling, but she couldn't make out the words. Not that it mattered; the door had already shut behind her, and **with** her impaired hearing in one ear, their voices no longer reached her.

Whatever they were saying, it had nothing to do with me anymore.

The moment she stepped out of the Bennett Residence, the suffocating weight on her shoulders lifted. Her steps felt lighter; she walked for about five minutes when she noticed someone approaching from the opposite direction. It was late at night, and suddenly seeing a man on the street made her tense. Instinctively, she stepped into the shadows, hiding from the streetlights. As the man came closer, she recognized him at a glance..

Jeffrey was Elliot's friend, and her strongest impression of him could be summed up in one word—sharp—tongued

She still remembered the first time they met. He had given her **a** once—**over**, then remarked, "So shabby; if you didn't **look a** little like Elliot, no one would believe you're a Bennett family members

Elliot had been standing right there at the time, yet he hadn't stopped Jeffrey's mockery. He had merely exhaled an ambiguous breath. Back then, **what** hurt the most wasn't Jeffrey's deliberate hostility; it was Elliot's indifference.

She had been only fifteen, **she** had finally found her family, yet when someone bullied her, not a single person had stood up for her. At that moment, she had felt like a stray dog. So pathetic!

Jeffrey passed by without noticing her in the shadows. Lauren followed him with her eyes until he entered the Bennett Residence. She realized, then, that he was probably here to treat Elliot. Emerging from the darkness, Lauren quickened her pace. Her original plan was to find a motel for the night and search for a job in the morning. Now, she changed her mind. / had to leave Hoverdale.

She had overheard **the** conversation in the study room earlier. **David** clearly intended to follow Kenneth's demand, to make her kneel at Elaine's hospital bed and beg for forgiveness.

But why should I do this?

David **and** Alice both knew that Elaine had been pushed down the stairs by Willow. Yet, they still insisted that she take the fall. She had once longed for parental love, and for **that**, she had paid the price of five years in prison, a broken leg, partial deafness, and the loss of a kidney. Her body had already been battered beyond repair. Now, they wanted her to clean up Elliot's mess. To protect Bennett Corporation, Lauren was sure the Bennett **family** would come looking for her again.

She hated **hem**, but more than that, she feared Kenneth. She had experienced his cruelty firsthand in prison. That was the **darkest** chapter of her life. She never wanted to go through that again; her body wouldn't survive it. I needed to escape: I had to

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Chapter 13 Leaving the Bennetts Family, I'm Moving to Garrison City

She counted the 300 dollars in her hand, all of it from Marilyn. Thinking of Marilyn made her eyes misty.

Would I ever get the chance to repay her?

Standing by the roadside, she waited a long time before **finally** flagging down a **taxi**

"Where to?" the driver asked, rolling down the window.

"How much for the South City train station?"

at

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"You leaving **Hoverdale**? In the daytime, it'd be around 40 dollars, but this late **at** night, it'll cost **you** 70 dollars. Can you manage that?"

Without hesitation, **Lauren** got in. **She** already had a plan—get out of Hoverdale as soon as possible. Once she reached South **City's train** station, she'd catch a **train** north to Garrison City. Word was, houses there were the cheapest in the country—just **a** few thousand bucks for a whole place. It was the perfect spot for someone like her.

As long as she avoided big cities and crowded **places**, **as** long as she **tucked herself** a way **in** a remote, freezing, resource-depleted town like Garrison City, the Bennetts family would never find her. Imagining a peaceful, laid-back life there, a sliver of hope flickered **in** her **ice**—cold heart. Leaning against the car window, she gazed at the dazzling city lights of Hoverdale's

center.

Towering skyscrapers lined the streets, their facades adorned with neon lights, some flashing high—

end brand logos, others displaying stunning advertisements, **painting** the city in vibrant colors. The warm yellow glow of the streetlights softened her features. Traffic **was** sparse at this hour. The taxi sped down the road.

Two hours later, she arrived at South City train station. Lauren took out her ID and bought a ticket. She was lucky; there was still a ticket available for the one o'clock morning train.

She only had to wait one more hour before she could leave **and** go to Garrison City. The waiting area was nearly empty at this time of night. She found **a** quiet corner and sat down to rest. Half-asleep, she vaguely heard an announcement over the station speakers.

She **was** exhausted. Her right ear was damaged, so she didn't catch the words clearly. Five minutes later, another announcement rang out

[Attention passengers! Train 205 from South City to **Garrison** City is now boarding. **Please** have your tickets and belongings ready and proceed to the designated gate for check-in.

Lauren jolted awake, eyes snapping open. She quickly looked toward the gate; passengers were already lining up for boarding. Excitement surged within her.

Once I step onto that train, the Bennetts family will never find me again

She wasted no time, getting up and heading straight to the boarding line. Step by step, she followed the queue. When it was her turn, she handed her ticket **to** the attendant.

Just as the attendant was about to take it, a large hand suddenly reached out, gripping her wrist and the ticket tightly. Lauren turned around **sharply**, her pupils constricting in shock.

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