

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes Novel

The Heiress Revived Ch 111

, 11621 Views, Released

chapter 111 Warmth She Thought She'd Never Know

Finished

Felix lounged back in the chair, legs crossed with effortless elegance. One hand rested loosely on the armrest, while the other lazily flicked ash from his cigarette. He radiated an easy, laid-back confidence.

But before he could finish the cigarette, Anna's voice called out from just beyond the door.

"Mr. **Brooker**, dinner's ready."

"Coming." Felix answered.

He stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray with deliberate grace—cool and controlled.

Instead of leaving right away, he moved to the window and cracked it open. A breeze swept through, clearing out the smoke from the room and his clothes.

He straightened his shirt, adjusted his collar, and only then headed downstairs.

He immediately spotted Kate, Anna, and Marilyn gathered around Lauren. The room felt warm, calm, almost like something out of a memory.

Kate held Lauren's hand, the same way she used to hold his when he was little—gentle, affectionate, protective.

"Laurie, don't be shy. This is your home now. If there's anything you want to eat, just tell me, and I'll have Anna cook it for you."

Anna came out of the kitchen with a plate of steaming Barbecue short ribs. "Ms. Bennett, I wasn't sure what you liked, so I made a few of my specialties. Come have a taste."

The moment Marilyn saw what was on the plate, her smile widened. "Anna, Ms. Bennett loves barbecue short ribs."

"She does? Well then, eat up. Kate picked up a piece with her fork and placed it on Lauren's plate, her face lit up with anticipation. "Laurie, you've got to try Anna's cooking."

In all her twenty-three years, Lauren had never been cared for so thoughtfully.

Being treated like something precious, out of the blue, left her both touched and unsure of how to respond.

Her chest tightened **and** her nose stung-

Don't cry **now**.

Trying to hold it together, she said, "Madam Kate, Mr. Brooker isn't here yet. Maybe we should wait for him?"

Kate waved her off casually. "No need to wait for him. If you're hungry, Laurie, start eating."

Felix heard her and gave a light smile. "**Sounds** like I'm losing my top spot in Grandma's heart."

Kate shot him a look. "Well well. So you do remember there's food downstairs. I figured you weren't hungry anymore."

1/3

20:16 Fri, Mar 28

Chapter 111 Warmth She Thought She'd Never Kni

979%

Finisherl

The truth was, he'd just wanted the cigarette smell to be completely gone. Lauren was sensitive—smoke would bother her.

"You're right. My bad." Felix said simply. He was about to sit across from her when Kate grabbed him by the arm and pulled him over, planting him firmly in the seat right next to Lauren.

Felix didn't say a word.

Neither did Lauren.

"Alright now, let's eat, Kate said warmly, worried Lauren might feel shy.

"Try this. You must be hungry." Anna and Marilyn chimed in too, pushing all the dishes toward Lauren before she could take a single bite.

Felix noticed the look on Lauren's face—she was too polite to say anything—and decided to step in. “Grandma, if you keep this up, she won't need to eat for the rest of the night.”

He reached over and took half the dishes away. Lauren glanced at him, a little stunned.

Felix gave her a subtle smile. “You should eat more. You're way too thin.”

That made Kate grin so hard that her eyes practically disappeared. “Oh my, my grandson's finally catching on. He actually knows how to care about someone.

Anna and Marilyn giggled quietly across the table.

Lauren's cheeks turned bright red like a ripe apple. She ducked her head and quietly kept eating.

Dinner that night had a special kind of warmth.

Kate sat at the head of the table with Lauren to her right and Felix on Lauren's other side.

Anna and Marilyn were across from them, smiling kindly.

All the attention made Lauren feel a little shy, but deep down, she felt something she'd never really felt before.

That dinner was the most delicious, most comforting, most heartwarming meal of her life. For the first time ever, it truly felt like home.

Lauren:

After dinner, up to help clear the dishes, but Anna and Marilyn quickly stepped in to stop her.

Anna smiled kindly. “Ms. Bennett, you just got out of the hospital. You're still healing. Let us handle this.”

Marilyn agreed right away. “Exactly, Ms. Bennett. Anna and I have it covered. You should go rest in the living room.

Kate nudged Lauren gently toward Felix and said with a playful tone, “You two are young. I'm sure you'll have something to talk about. Go chat for a bit.”

Then she grabbed Anna and Marilyn and slipped off to the kitchen, leaving the living room empty except for Felix and Lauren.

2/3

Chapter 111 Warmth She Thought She'd Never Know

They sat on the couch, the atmosphere between them

Felix was the first to speak, his voice deep and calm. "I know a store with great thread colors and really solid 1

Lauren's eyes lit up, full of anticipation.

260

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 112 Threa

d, Laughter, and Something Unspoken

She nodded. 'Mr. Brooker, thank you.'

Felix looked at her and gave a faint smile.

When he wasn't smiling, he looked intensely serious, and his whole presence gave off a kind like the room shifted around him.

But when he smiled, it was like ice melting into spring

Lauren caught herself staring, a little lost in the momem.

Finished

f pressure-

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Kate, **Anna**, and Marilyn were pretending to be hard at work, but kept sneaking peeks into the living room.

Kate's face lit up as she lowered her voice. "Look at those two. They're so in sync. Felix really has a soft spot

for Laurie.

Anna nodded quickly. Totally. Mr. Brooker's usually all business, but with Ms. Bennett, he's so much. gentler.

The three of them kept pretending to fuss with dishes or clean, but every so often, they'd stick their heads out again, spying on Felix and Lauren with barely hidden curiosity.

And every time Lauren happened to glance their way, they'd instantly snap back to their tasks, acting like they hadn't just been caught eavesdropping. Things between Felix and Lauren were relaxed, even cheerful.

"If you're free right now, Mr. Felix, we should go pick up some thread and needles," Lauren said. "The Queen of Blooms embroidery is almost finished, but it still takes at least a month to complete. I want to have it done in time for Grandma's birthday banquet."

Felix nodded, the corners of his mouth lifting into a warm, indulgent smile. "Whatever you say."

Lauren felt a little flustered.

She snuck a glance at him. Seeing that his expression hadn't changed, she let out a quiet breath of relief. Maybe I'm just overthinking it.

The two of them stood up and headed for the door.

Watching them go, Kate clapped her hands together in delight—though her hands barely met. "I knew Felix **would** like a girl as sweet as Lauren. Look at them, off on a little date already."

Anna was beaming too. "Honestly, I've never seen Mr. Felix act this way around any woman before."

Marilyn, meanwhile, was genuinely happy for Lauren. Ever **since** she'd left the Bennett family, she'd seemed lighter and **more** at ease, like the weight she used to carry around had finally lifted. She's not drowning in sadness anymore. She's finally living.

Felix drove them into the city, the car gliding smoothly through traffic.

1/3

Chapter 112 Thread, Laughter, and Something Unspoken

#Finished

He parked, got out, and walked around to open Lauren's door. With a gentle hand, he shielded her head as she stepped out. "We're here."

Lauren felt surprised again by how considerate he was and thanked him **softly**. into the shop together.

The two of them walked

The inside of “House of Embroidery” had an old—world charm, the kind that instantly evoked a sense of history and craftsmanship.

Lauren’s eyes lit up at the sight of all the embroidery supplies.

There were rows of colorful threads, beautifully printed fabric, delicate needles, and finely made hoops- all arranged in perfect order.

She wandered toward the shelves and began carefully choosing what she needed.

Felix stayed just behind her, his gaze fixed on her the whole time.

Watching her so absorbed in what she loved brought a quiet warmth to his chest.

Lauren occasionally picked something up, examined it then placed it into her basket.

Felix waited without rushing her. Every now and then, when she needed something from a higher shelf, he’d step in to help her reach it.

After about thirty minutes, Lauren had everything she needed—thread, needles, and more.

They checked out and stepped back into the sunshine, the golden light wrapping around them like a soft

blanket.

But that quiet comfort shattered the moment a familiar voice rang out.

“Well now, what a coincidence running into you here, Mr. Brooker.”

Felix looked up at the sound of the voice and saw Kenneth approaching, his steps measured and confident.

He was dressed in a perfectly tailored suit, a polite **smile** on his face—but his eyes held something harder

to read.

Though his words were aimed at Felix, his attention was fixed squarely on Lauren’s back.

The moment Lauren heard that voice, she froze. Her hand instinctively clutched Felix's arm.

When she looked up, her eyes were filled with fear and uncase.

The color drained from her face, and a subtle tremble in through her body.

Felix, thinking back to the intel Josh had uncovered, immediately realized what had Lauren so frightened.

Kenneth kept walking closer, eyes narrowed, watching Lauren. The more he looked, the more convinced he became—**this** woman's silhouette was just like Lauren's..

His suspicion grew with every step.

Still since he believed Lauren had no connection **to** Felix he didn't say her name right away He inst

283

Fri, Ma

Chapter 112 Thread, Laughter, and Something Unspoken

wanted a closer look, to confirm her identity.

4 Finished

Felix noticed the shift in Kenneth's gaze and frowned. Without hesitation, he pulled Lauren into **his** arms, holding her close so her face was hidden against his chest.

"Mr. Kenneth, can I help you with something?" His voice was cool, almost indifferent.

Kenneth ignored the tone and stopped right in front of them. "Not at all. Just saw you and figured I'd say hello."

Then his gaze slid back to Lauren. He raised a brow slightly, his voice casual but curious. "And who might this be?"

260

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

Finished

Lauren's heart thundered in her chest. She clutched the fabric of her shirt so tightly that her nails nearly pierced her skin.

Felix's voice came low and firm. "My fiancée.

The moment those words hit her ears, Lauren's heart went wild—beating so fast it felt like it might **burst** right out of her throat.

She pressed even closer against Felix's chest, and there was—his strong, steady heartbeat thumping right against her cheek, syncing with her own erratic one in a strange kind of rhythm.

The air around them shifted, suddenly thick with tension. It was like everything stopped moving—even

sound.

All that remained was the **sharp** rhythm of their breaths and the heavy beat of their hearts.

Kenneth's expression froze. That smooth smile of his filtered and turned stiff.

But he kept staring at Lauren, eyes scanning her with more intensity. The longer he looked, the more convinced he became that she was someone he knew. The feeling wouldn't let go.

Finally, he couldn't keep it in. "So this is Mr. Brooker's fiancée. A pleasure. I'm Kenneth."

Lauren froze, clinging to Felix. She didn't dare speak—not even a whisper. If she did, Kenneth would recognize her voice in an instant.

Felix's eyes narrowed, danger flickering behind them. My fiancée isn't feeling well. She won't be able to say hello, Mr. Kenneth."

Without missing a beat, he slipped one arm under Lauren **and** lifted her effortlessly into his

She instinctively looped her arms around his neck, her face buried tightly into his chest.

In one smooth move, Felix used his free hand to open the car door.

his arms.

Kenneth stepped forward, clearly trying to get a look at who Felix was holding. But Lauren kept her face completely hidden, giving him no chance to see.

A second later, Felix gently set her down in the back seat. He leaned in close, his upper body hovering directly above her.

They were so close now—close enough that she could feel his breath against her neck, warm and steady. It sent a jolt through her chest and her heart began to race all over again.

Her face flushed with heat. Her wide eyes were filled with panic and confusion.

Felix leaned in even closer and spoke softly near her ear. “Don’t worry. I’ve got you.”

His voice was **calm**, warm, and sure—like a lifeline. And just like that, something in Lauren’s panicked heart began to settle.

Felix straightened up, stepped out of the car, and shut the door behind him with a solid thud.

ww

1/3

20:16 Fri, **Mar** 28 BBW

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

Finished

Then he turned to face Kenneth, and his expression turned icy—like a knife slicing through the cold night. “Mr. Kenneth, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving now.”

He moved toward the driver’s side.

Kenneth’s eyes stayed locked on the car door, a flash of unwillingness breaking through his otherwise calm demeanor.

He couldn’t see a thing through the tinted glass, but his gut told him exactly who was in the car.

It has to be Lauren,

Suddenly, he stepped forward and yanked the door open.

A rush of cold air swept into the car. Inside, Lauren flinched in fear, her body curling in on itself.

Kenneth leaned in, trying to get a look at her face—
but before he could even focus, Felix's fist slammed into his jaw.

Kenneth stumbled back several steps, catching himself just in time. He wiped the corner of his mouth and saw blood on his fingers.

He was part of the Gray family—
Hoverdale's elite. He was used to people treating him with nothing but respect. No one had ever dared hit him in public.

Sure, he knew Felix was the bossman to the Brooker family in Balewood, someone not to mess with. But getting punched in the face like **that**? That was **too** much.

Rage took over. He charged forward and landed a punch on Felix.

Felix didn't hold back either. He hit back without missing a beat.

Lauren clung to the edge of the car door, her fingers digging in so hard they turned white. Her eyes stayed, locked on Felix and Kenneth as they fought, the sound of fists slamming into flesh hitting her like hammer blows to the chest.

Her heart was racing.

This is all my fault. *If* it weren't for me, Mr. Brooker wouldn't be getting hurt right now.

From the very first time she saw Felix, she could tell he wasn't like the other spoiled heirs from wealthy families. He was different—refined and thoughtful.

When she'd choked on cigarette smoke, he'd apologized right away—
and after that, he never lit another cigarette around her.

When she'd tried to take her own life, he'd stopped her and even handed her a bottle of wine worth 70,000 dollars without a second thought.

When she nearly died from alcohol poisoning he rushed her to the hospital and paid for everything.

She never believed he wanted anything from her. She had
no money, no beauty, and was constantly sick. There was **nothing** about her that someone like Felix would need.

The only **reason** he treated her **so** well was because he was a truly decent person—
someone

with real

2/3

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

compassion.

And now that same person was being punched by a n

Guilt twisted in her chest—**and** underneath it, a burn

When she was in prison, he made sure she suffered.

260

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

compassion.

And now that same person was being punched by a man

Guilt twisted in her chest—**and** underneath it, a burning

When she was **in** prison, he made sure **she** suffered.

260

Til, iviai 20

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

compassion.

And now that same person was being punched by a maniac like Kenneth because of he
r.

Guilt twisted in her chest—and underneath it, a burning hatred for Kenneth took root.

When she was in prison, he made sure she suffered.

*

260

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 114 Lauren Strikes Back

do Even now that she was out, he still wouldn't let her go.

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

Finished

Lauren's heart thundered in her chest. She clutched the fabric of her shirt so tightly that her nails nearly pierced her skin.

Felix's voice came low and firm. "My fiancée.

The moment those words hit her ears, Lauren's heart went wild—beating so fast it felt like it might **burst** right out of her throat.

She pressed even closer against Felix's chest, and there was—his strong, steady heartbeat thumping right against her cheek, syncing with her own erratic one in a strange kind of rhythm.

The air around them shifted, suddenly thick with tension. It was like everything stopped moving—even

sound.

All that remained was the **sharp** rhythm of their breaths and the heavy beat of their hearts.

Kenneth's expression froze. That smooth smile of his filtered and turned stiff.

But he kept staring at Lauren, eyes scanning her with more intensity. The longer he looked, the more convinced he became that she was someone he knew. The feeling wouldn't let go.

Finally, he couldn't keep it in. "So this is Mr. Brooker's fiancée. A pleasure. I'm Kenneth."

Lauren froze, clinging to Felix. She didn't dare speak—not even a whisper. If she did, Kenneth would recognize her voice in an instant.

Felix's eyes narrowed, danger flickering behind them. My fiancée isn't feeling well. She won't be able to say hello, Mr. Kenneth."

Without missing a beat, he slipped one arm under Lauren **and** lifted her effortlessly into his

She instinctively looped her arms around his neck, her face buried tightly into his chest.

In one smooth move, Felix used his free hand to open the car door.

s arms.

Kenneth stepped forward, clearly trying to get a look at who Felix was holding. But Lauren kept her face completely hidden, giving him no chance to see.

A second later, Felix gently set her down in the back seat. He leaned in close, his upper body hovering directly above her.

They were so close now—close enough that she could feel his breath against her neck, warm and steady. It sent a jolt through her chest and her heart began to race all over again.

Her face flushed with heat. Her wide eyes were filled with panic and confusion.

Felix leaned in even closer and spoke softly near her ear. “Don’t worry. I’ve got you.”

His voice was **calm**, warm, and sure—like a lifeline. And just like that, something in Lauren’s panicked heart began to settle.

Felix straightened up, stepped out of the car, and shut the door behind him with a solid thud.

ww

1/3

20:16 Fri, **Mar** 28 BBW

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

Finished

Then he turned to face Kenneth, and his expression turned icy—like a knife slicing through the cold night. “Mr. Kenneth, if there’s nothing else, I’ll be leaving now.”

He moved toward the driver’s side.

Kenneth’s eyes stayed locked on the car door, a flash of unwillingness breaking through his otherwise calm demeanor.

He couldn't see a thing through the tinted glass, but his gut told him exactly who was in the car.

It has to be Lauren,

Suddenly, he stepped forward and yanked the door open.

A rush of cold air swept into the car. Inside, Lauren flinched in fear, her body curling in on itself.

Kenneth leaned in, trying to get a look at her face—but before he could even focus, Felix's fist slammed into his jaw.

Kenneth stumbled back several steps, catching himself just in time. He wiped the corner of his mouth and saw blood on his fingers.

He was part of the Gray family—Hoverdale's elite. He was used to people treating him with nothing but respect. No one had ever dared hit him in public.

Sure, he knew Felix was the bossman to the Brooker family in Balewood, someone not to mess with. But getting punched in the face like **that**? That was **too** much.

Rage took over. He charged forward and landed a punch on Felix.

Felix didn't hold back either. He hit back without missing a beat.

Lauren clung to the edge of the car door, her fingers digging in so hard they turned white. Her eyes stayed, locked on Felix and Kenneth as they fought, the sound of fists slamming into flesh hitting her like hammer blows to the chest.

Her heart was racing.

This is all my fault. *If* it weren't for me, Mr. Brooker wouldn't be getting hurt right now.

From the very first time she saw Felix, she could tell he wasn't like the other spoiled heirs from wealthy families. He was different—refined and thoughtful.

When she'd choked on cigarette smoke, he'd apologized right away—and after that, he never lit another cigarette around her.

When she'd tried to take her own life, he'd stopped her and even handed her a bottle of wine worth 70,000 dollars without a second thought.

When she nearly died from alcohol poisoning he rushed her to the hospital and paid for everything.

She never believed he wanted anything from her. She had no money, no beauty, and was constantly sick. There was **nothing** about her that some one like Felix would need.

The only **reason** he treated her **so** well was because he was a truly decent person—someone

with real

2/3

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

compassion.

And now that same person was being punched by a n

Guilt twisted in her chest—**and** underneath it, a burn

When she was in prison, he made sure she suffered.

260

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

compassion.

And now that same person was being punched by a man

Guilt twisted in her chest—**and** underneath it, a burning

When she was **in** prison, he made sure **she** suffered.

260

Til, iviai 20

Chapter 113 Kenneth Crosses the Line

compassion.

And now that same person was being punched by a maniac like Kenneth because of he r.

Guilt twisted in her chest—and underneath it, a burning hatred for Kenneth took root.

When she was in prison, he made sure she suffered.

*

260

Finished

He knew she wasn't the one who put Elaine in a coma. But that didn't stop him from hunting her down like it was personal.

And now, he was attacking Felix right in front of her—he owned the world.

Lauren's mind reeled with flashes of every memory she had with Felix.

She might've been afraid of Kenneth—terrified, even—but her hatred was stronger now. Strong enough to drown the fear.

Her eyes darted around the car in a frenzy until she spotted a wrench sitting in the corner.

She grabbed it without thinking, threw the door open, and stepped out behind Kenneth.

Just as Kenneth raised his **hand** for another blow.

Lauren didn't hesitate. She brought the wrench down with everything she had, slamming it straight into the back of his head.

Kenneth was hit with a wave of searing pain. Everything went black as he lost control and hit the ground

hard.

Lauren stood frozen, staring **at** him. Blood spread quickly beneath his head, and in that moment, all the fire and rage inside her vanished—reason came crashing back.

Her hands were shaking so badly she couldn't hold onto the wrench anymore. It slipped from her grip and hit the pavement with a loud clang.

Her eyes were wide with fear. Her teeth chattered. Her Ups had gone ghost-white from shock.

Her knees buckled. She could barely stay upright.

If Felix hadn't moved quickly and caught her, she would've collapsed right then and there.

There was a time when she hadn't feared drawing blood from the Bennett family. She'd been so broken, so desperate, that dying with them had felt like peace.

Back then, her world was pure darkness. No future. No reason to keep going. She **hadn't** cared what it cost.

But now... everything had changed.

She knew she **had** real talent with embroidery. Her work had value. Her future wasn't bleak anymore.

She could use that gift to earn a living, to rewrite her story—and to give Marilyn and Mia a life filled with comfort and dignity.

And once you've tasted even the faintest trace of hope who would choose death?

"Mr. Brooker, am I... am I going to jail? I don't want to go back..."

1/3

Chapter 114 Lauren Strikes Back

She would rather die than ever step foot in that place again.

OK 79%

Finished

Felix spoke in a low, calming voice. "Don't worry. I've got this. Just get in the car

Lauren nodded, her whole body still shaking, and slipped into the passenger seat.

Felix called 911 and then stood silently next to Kenneth waiting

He didn't leave until the ambulance had taken Kenneth away. Then he got back in the car and drove Lauren home.

The car pulled slowly into the garage at the Brooker villa

Lauren sat there, still tense, her emotions all over the place.

Felix glanced at her **and** didn't say a word. He didn't rush her. He just stayed in **his** seat, keeping her

company.

It took a long while before Lauren finally began to calm down.

She looked over at him, her voice unsteady. “Mr. Brooker, I mean it— if something happens to Kenneth, I’ll take the blame. I won’t drag you into it.”

Felix turned and met her eyes. There was a quiet sigh in his breath, and his voice was soft. “I told you. Don’t worry. I’ve got **this**.”

Tears spilled from
Lauren’s eyes right then and there. No one had ever said anything like that to her before
.

Even if it was just meant to comfort her, it filled her with warmth—
and left her deeply moved.

Felix wasn’t exactly used to comforting girls. He didn’t know what to say, so he just grabbed a few tissues from the box on the passenger seat and handed them to her.

“Come on, don’t cry. If Grandma sees your eyes all red and puffy, she’ll get worried.”

Lauren’s tears slowed immediately. She thought of Madam Kate—
kind, **loving**, always checking on her with the gentlest voice, treating her like family. If she saw Lauren like this, there **was** no way she wouldn’t

worry.

Lauren took the tissues quickly and wiped her
face. She inhaled deeply a few times, forcing herself to hold back the rest of the tears. Then she looked up and gave Felix a small smile.

It wasn’t a strong smile—
it was thin and shaky, worn down by everything she **was** feeling. There was tiredness in it. A little fear too.

Felix saw right through it. He knew her thoughts were still stuck on Kenneth—the blood, the fall, the impact.

Unless she got word that Kenneth was okay, she wouldn’t be able to relax, not even for a second.

With a sigh, he picked up his phone and called Josh. He asked him to **head** to the hospital and find out how Kenneth was doing.

Neither of them said a word. The car was silent, the air between them weighed down with tension.

2/3

Finished

Fri, Mar 28

Chapter 114 Lauren Strikes Back

After about fifteen minutes, Felix's phone rang.

It was Josh.

He answered and put it on speaker.

"Mr. Brooker, Kenneth has a mild concussion. He's going to be fine. No danger to his life."

Once the call ended, Felix turned to Lauren. "Feel better now?"

Lauren gave a small nod. A flicker of relief finally crossed her face. "Thank you, Mr. Brooker."

Felix smiled warmly. "Think you're ready to get out of the car?"

Lauren gave another small nod, this time a little embarrassed.

260

O

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 115 Fifteen Grand and a Bruised Ego

The two of them walked into the house together, Felix Trading the way.

As soon **as** Kate spotted Lauren, her eyes practically sparkled.

She pulled her in with excitement, asking questions nonstop—completely over the moon.

It felt like she was ready to throw them a wedding right there in the foyer and start picking out baby **namest** for **a** chubby great-grandson.

Lauren's cheeks flushed under all the attention. And just like that, everything with Kenneth faded from her mind.

Felix headed straight for the study and made another call to Josh.

Josh was just about to leave the hospital when he answered. After hearing Felix's instructions, he froze. "Mr. Brooker, are you sure about this?"

"Yeah." Felix ended the call without another word.

Josh stared at his phone and let out a dry sigh.

After all these years working for Mr. Brooker, I've never had to do something like this. But hey— Kenneth had it coming. He messed with Mr. Brooker and his future wife. *If* he ended up humiliated, that was on him.

ha shrug, Josh headed straight for the bank like he was told,

Inside, he quickly withdrew a heavy bag packed full of cash.

A little while later, Josh walked into Kenneth's hospital room carrying that same bag.

Kenneth had just woken up. His head was wrapped in layers of gauze.

When he saw Josh walk in, the disgust in his eyes was instant and obvious. He didn't bother hiding it—he knew exactly who Josh worked for.

He didn't know everything about Felix, but one thing was crystal clear— Felix was the kind of man who would never lower his head. Not even after throwing a punch.

So if Felix's assistant was standing here now, it definitely wasn't good news.

Kenneth stared coldly at him and snapped like he was talking to a stray dog. "Did I say you could come in? Get **the** heck out."

Josh stayed calm, completely unfazed by Kenneth's hostility.

He strolled over to the hospital bed, not in any rush, and dumped the entire bag of cash right onto the

sheets.

Ten thick stacks of brand-new bills spilled across the bed.

With a **smirk** tugging at the corner of his lips, Josh picked up one of the stacks and waved it casually in front of Kenneth. "This is from Mr. Brooker. He says 15,000 dollars should more than cover your hospital

1/3

20:17 Fri, Mar 28 B BU

Chapter 115 Fifteen Grand and a Bruised Ego

Kenneth's face turned the color of wet concrete. His glare could have burned through steel.

This is an insult.

A deliberate, public slap in the face.

Finished

Sure, 15,000 dollars might seem generous to most people. But not to him—not to Kenneth Gray of the **Gray family** in Hoverdale. That wouldn't **even** pay for the leather shoes on his feet.

He'd been cracked over the head and hospitalized—and to Felix, that injury was worth nothing more than a check and **a jab** at his intelligence.

The rage **hit** Kenneth like a wave of heat. His jaw clenched. The veins in his neck **bulged**. His whole body tensed with anger.

He grabbed the stacks of money and threw them straight at Josh.

"Get out!"

Josh was quick on his feet and dodged **easily**. The flying stacks of money didn't even brush the hem of his suit.

Watching Kenneth lose his mind gave him a quiet sense of satisfaction, though his expression stayed cool and collected.

"Mr. Kenneth, really—was that necessary? Mr. Brooker was just trying to be generous. Why not take it in stride?"

The more composed Josh was, the crazier Kenneth looked.

Kenneth was seeing red. All logic had vanished. All he wanted was to rip Josh apart for humiliating him.

He ignored the pain from his head injury and tried to lunge out of bed—but his legs gave out, and he crashed to the floor.

Josh didn't even try to hide it this time—he burst out **laughing**.

“Well, judging by how lively you are, Mr. Kenneth, I'd say you're doing just fine. Rest up. I'll go let Mr. Brooker know you're very much alive.”

He turned **and** walked out of the room, not forgetting to gently shut the door behind him.

But just before it closed, Josh turned with a big grin and called out, “Bye—bye, Mr. Kenneth!”

That smug look on his face was the final straw—it nearly sent Kenneth into **a** rage blackout.

The hospital room was silent except for Kenneth's ragged breathing—and the harsh glare of the cash scattered across the bed, as if the money itself was laughing at him.

It took him quite a while to cool down.

He hadn't seen who hit him, but he didn't need to. It was obvious. That woman Felix called his fiancée had to be the one.

Something about the way Felix reacted had been way off

2/3

20:17 Fri, Mar 28 B

Chapter 115 Fifteen Grand and a Bruised Ego

Finished

All Kenneth had done was try to get a look at her face—and Felix went off like a switch had been flipped.

He narrowed his eyes.

Maybe that woman isn't just Felix's fiancée.

Maybe she's the key to unlocking the **Eastgate**

Heiress Revived Ch 116

, ? Views, Released

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 116 A Hollow Regret

Finished

Kenneth pulled out his phone and dialed his assistant. Look into Felix's fiancée. I want every detail you

can find."

After hanging up, he sat on the hospital bed and thought of Lauren again. Four or five days had already passed, yet there was still no news of her. She had no money, to support, and was dragging that crippled body. *Where* could she possibly go?

He pressed a hand to his temple, feeling a dull ache forming.

After some hesitation, he called Elliot.

The phone was dialed, but no one answered.

His frown deepened, uncase settling in. He redialed, growing more impatient with each attempt, **but** it **was** the same every time.

"That damn Elliot. He can't even pick up the phone!" Frustration boiled over as Kenneth threw his phone onto the bedside table.

At the Bennett Residence

Elliot was drowning in alcohol, the sharp burn of alcohol was carving through his stomach like a sharp

knife.

His insides twisted and turned, with waves of nausea clawing at his throat.

His whole body shook from the strain as he retched until nothing remained, doubling over the toilet.

Beads of sweat kept rolling down his forehead, a dry retching sound came from his throat.

Even after emptying his stomach, the pain didn't ease.

Stumbling out of the bathroom, he barely managed to drag himself to the couch.

He collapsed onto the cushions, his hands clasped tightly over his stomach, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Laurie... my stomach hurts... medicine...”

Hearing the noise, David and Alice entered the room, only to be met with a complete mess.

Their eyes swept across the floor littered with empty bottles. The strong stench of alcohol hung in the air.

On the couch, Elliot lay curled up on the sofa, his face as pale as a sheet, his lips void of color, appearing utterly vulnerable and forlorn.

Alice’s heart clenched as she rushed forward, gently pressing a hand against his forehead. “Elliot, how much did you drink?”, her voice filled with concern.

David, on the other hand, was far less sympathetic. His expression darkened the moment he heard Elliot

1/3

Chapter 116 A Hollow Regret

Finished

That girl again. Compared to ‘Illore, she was nothing. Had not been for the fact that he needed her, he never would have taken her in from the orphanage eight years ago. Someone like her belonged in the slums, *scrubbing* floors for a living. Letting her grow up in an orphanage was already more mercy than she deserved. *If* not for appearances, he wouldn’t have minded selling her off to some backwater village to bear children.

The very thought of her made his patience snap.

“Look at yourself, he snapped. “Drunk, useless, skipping work—what the hell are you trying to do to yourself?”

Elliot barely opened his eyes. The sight of his parents blurred in and out of focus.

A mix of emotions flickered across his face—pain, guilt, and overwhelming helplessness.

“Mom... Dad... I feel **awful**... His voice was hoarse, barely **above** a whisper.

Alice's eyes turned red. "And you think we don't feel awful? Look at what you're doing to yourself!"

Elliot **shut** his eyes. A single tear slipped down his cheek.

For the first time, he truly realized just how much he had taken Lauren for granted.

For three years, she had taken care of him, making sure his stomach never acted up.

After she **was** thrown in prison, the pain had come back

At first, it was just an occasional discomfort.

Now, it **was** unbearable.

Still, he had kept drinking, as if punishing himself would somehow bring her back.

"I **was** wrong... I was so wrong..." His voice barely held any strength.

Alice's heart ached as **she** patted his shoulder, her voice soft. "Alright, alright, don't blame yourself. She's always longed for family. She won't truly abandon us. Once she calms down, she'll come back."

David, however, didn't **share** the sentiment.

That ungrateful girl nearly tore this family apart.

She hates us. She's never coming back.

But... I can't let her die just yet.

Her other kidney is still perfectly fine.

Who knows? We might need it one day.

Masking his true thoughts, David forced a concerned expression.

"Elliot, don't worry,

I'll send people to look for her. She's got no money. She won't **have** gotten far."

Elliot didn't respond.

2/3

20:17 Fri, Mar 28 BB L

Chapter 116 A Hollow Regret

He simply didn't have the strength to care anymore,

260

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 117 A Bitter Realization

Finished

Elliot's mind was consumed by the image of Lauren, each memory of her kindness turning into sharp needles that pierced his heart one after **another**.

Regret clawed at him. Why hadn't he trusted her more deeply? Why hadn't he stood by her side when she

needed him the most?

// had been kinder to Laurie after she was released, would she have stayed?

The mere thought of Laurie spending five years in prison for no reason, coming out battered and broken, and never being able to recover as good as new in here made it almost impossible to breathe.

He curled up on the couch, he clutched a pillow tightly burying his face deeply into it.

His shoulders shrugging slightly, muffled sobs escaping from his throat despite his efforts to hold them in.

Alice's heart ached at the sight of her son in such despair.

Alice's resentment towards Lauren grew a few degrees stronger in his heart.

Was running away really necessary just because she suffered a little?

To her. Lauren had deliberately made things difficult for their family.

She regretted bringing her into the house eight years ago. Ever since then, the girl had done nothing but create trouble—fighting with Willow, stirring up drama,

Even five years in prison hadn't changed *her*.

What did she even do in there?

Perhaps the prison guards had treated *her* well because of her status as the Bennett family's daughter.

No wonder she had gotten even **more** defiant.

The more Alice thought about it, the more frustrated she became.

Now, even Elliot was suffering because of her. If Elliot was devastated *by* this, his health took a turn for the worse, *I* would **never** forgive Lauren.

Despite the irritation in her heart, she gently patted Elliot's back to comfort him, "Don't worry, your father **has** already sent people to search for her, I believe they find her soon."

"I'll have the kitchen prepare some porridge for you. You need to eat something and rest."

After comforting him, she pulled David aside and left the room.

About half an hour later, a maid entered with a bowl of pumpkin millet porridge, setting it down carefully. "Mr. Elliot, have some porridge to warm your stomach"

He caught a whiff of a familiar smell. He forced himself to sit up, despite his fatigue, and weakly took the

1/3

Chapter 117 A Bitter Realization

"This tastes wrong.

The maid blinked in confusion. "It's just porridge, they all taste the same, don't they?"

Elliot's voice was weak, but firm. "It's not the **same** as before."

A brief silence followed.

Finished

Then, as if realizing something, the maid hesitated before explaining, "Mr. Elliot, the porridge you used to **have** was made by Marilyn. She simmered it for over 24 hours every time."

"She **said** that for porridge to taste good, it has to be cooked slowly, letting the starch break down until it turns **thick** and smooth. That's **the** best way to soothe the stomach."

“She also mentioned that Ms. Bennett was the one who taught her.”

Lauren had grown **up in** an orphanage and wasn't supposed to know much about **cooking**.

But the orphanage director was **a** kind-hearted woman, and in order to raise the children in the orphanage in good health. One of her methods was **making** nourishing porridge every day,

The children in the orphanage rarely had access to nutritious meals, but porridge was cheap. The only downside was that it took time and patience to make properly.

Still, it kept their stomachs warm, preventing illnesses.

Lauren had lived in that orphanage for fifteen years without ever developing **a stomach** problem. Though she didn't have much, she had always been in good health.

That changed after she **came** to the Bennett family.

Years of inconsistent meals—sometimes starving, sometimes overstuffed, sometimes eating cold leftovers—had damaged her stomach.

Winters were the worst.

If Marilyn hadn't noticed her vomiting from stomach pain at **night** and taken the time to make digestible foods like noodles and dumplings, Lauren might not have made it through.

Yet even then, she had been foolishly concerned about Elliot's health.

She had told Marilyn all about the orphanage's porridge recipe, hoping she could make it for him whenever she **was** too busy to do it herself.

After Lauren was sent to prison, Marilyn continued cooking porridge for Elliot.

But without her reminders, he only got to eat it once every ten days or so. Over time, his stomach problems returned.

The realization sank in.

Elliot's **face** darkened.

“Then make it the same way. His voice, though weak, carried undeniable **authority**.”

20.17 Fri, Mar 28 BU.

Chapter 117 A Bitter Realization

Finished

The maid hesitated, “Mr. Elliot, it’s not that I don’t want to, but it takes over two hours to cook properly. Someone has to stir it from time to time to avoid the porridge sticking to the pot. And... I really don’t know the exact **way** Marilyn used to do it.”

No one ever bothered to pay attention to how she made it.

Marilyn had given up her own rest just to do this.

Would any of the staff go that far? Of course not. Not unless they were getting paid extra.

260

C

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 118 A Painful Truth

Finished

Elliot **sat** in silence, heart filled with bitterness. It seemed like he wouldn’t be getting his porridge after all.

“Then bring me my stomach medicine.”

The maid looked uneasy and said, looking uneasy, “Mr. Elliot, we don’t know where your medicine is kept, or which one you usually take. Marilyn was always the one who handled it.”

Hearing **that**, Elliot felt a sharp pain in his stomach that only intensified. It **surged** like relentless tidal waves, crashing over him repeatedly, suffocating him.

With no other choice, he curled back up on the couch, his hands clutching his abdomen tightly, a look of anguish etched on his face.

The maid sighed quietly, picked up the bowl of porridge, and slowly walked out of the room.

Silence filled the space once more...

Elliot remained curled up, his gaze blank and unfocused.

No porridge. No medicine.

The only one he can do was endure the pain, waiting for it to pass.

Time blurred. By the time the pain finally eased up, night had fallen.

Elliot propped himself up with weak arms **and** slowly made his way downstairs. The entire house was quiet, his parents having long **since** gone to bed.

He slowly walked into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of warm water.

The warmth flowed down his throat and through **his** stomach, some of the discomfort eased.

He **stood** there for a long time, lost in thought.

He finally took a step, instead of heading back to his room, he turned toward the storage room.

As he opened the door, a wave of damp, musty air hit him immediately.

The musty **scent** carried **a** mix of mold **and** age. Elliot frowned.

After adapting to the scent for a moment,, he stepped inside, his eyes scanning the **space** before finally landing on **an** old wooden desk in the corner.

The desk looked out of place in the Bennett Residence worn and faded, it was unclear where it had come from.

It was covered in books—all from Lauren's high school years.

Elliot moved over the desk, sat down and flipped through the pages.

Every book was filled with dense notes written by Lauren, written in small, precise handwriting. Under the dim light, the ink appeared faded, yet they painfully pierced Lin Yanshu's heart with an unmistakable

1/3

Chapter 118 A Painful Truth

He could almost imagine that Lauren sitting at this desk, pen in hand, focused on her studies.

Finished

When she back from the prison release, she had been told him that she had ranked first in her grade at Hoverdale Academy

She had once believed in a bright future, thinking she could change her fate through hard work. All that effort, wiped away the moment she **was** sent to prison.

Elliot took a deep breath, forcing **himself** to suppressing the guilt he felt for Lin Qian

He opened the desk drawer.

The moment he pulled it open, his eyes were met with drawer full of certificates. The vivid reds and golds of the awards stood out starkly in the dim storage room, hitting him like a punch to the gut.

His hand trembled uncontrollably as he slowly reached out and took out the certificates one by one.

One by one, he flipped through them carefully.

Twelve years' worth of achievements—every single year accounted for.

Academic excellence, leadership awards, competition trophies... Each **one was** a testament to her dedication, a heavy reminder of what she had once been.

She had been the kind of student teachers praised, the kind of peer classmates admired .

Yet after returning to the Bennett family, she had been labeled as scheming, troublesome, and vindictive.

Even her own family **had treated** her as **less** than the street thugs outside.

The more he looked at these awards, the more he felt like a fool.

For years, he **had** judged her unfairly, blind to the truth

His hands trembled violently, the thin certificates rustling in his grip.

Overwhelmed, he shoved them all back into the drawer, his breathing becoming increasingly heavy.

It took him a long time to calm himself down, hesitating over whether or not to open another drawer.

His fingers hovered for a moment, an unfamiliar mix of fear and curiosity battling inside him.

Slowly, he pulled it open.

And then, he saw it.

A letter of acceptance from Northcrest University.

The embossed golden lettering and the dignified school crest gleamed under the dim light, momentarily leaving him in a daze...

His pupils constricted, his breath catching in his throat.

Mouth slightly open, but no sound escaped his lips.

2/3

Chapter 118 A Painful Truth

"This... this can't be real..." **he** whispered, his voice barel

260

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes.

Chapter 119 A Crushing Realization

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 119 A Crushing Realization

#Finished

Northerest University—the dream of millions, the pinnacle of academic excellence, Countless students fought for a place, many failing along the way.

Yet Lauren, the sister he had always misunderstood, rejected, **and** despised, had secured an offer from that prestigious university..

Elliot's hand reached uncontrollably for the acceptance letter, as if touching something both precious and fragile.

The moment his fingers brushed the paper, a jolt ran through his body, as if he had been struck by a surge of electricity.

Memories flooded his mind.

His disbelief in her.

The way he let their family's accusations pile onto her

Her shock in court when he testified against her.

His cold indifference while she rotted in prison.

Each memory was a blade, stabbing deep into his **heart**

His breath came in quick, chest rising and falling rapidly like a drowning man gasping for air.

Dizziness overtook him, his vision growing blurry as his eyes reddened.

"I ruined her... I destroyed her life with my own hands. His voice was hoarse, barely more than a whisper. tears welling up and spilling over, trickling down his cheeks and dripping onto the letter, staining the crisp

paper.

Regret and guilt were all over his face, his body sagged into the **chair**, drained of all strength. He stared ahead, lost, as if the world **had** collapsed around him. Guilt weighed down on him, heavier **than** he had ever imagined.

The certificates, the acceptance letter—each one **was** a stark reminder of what he had stolen from her, irrefutable evidence of the harm he could never undo.

His hands trembled violently. A wave of darkness clouded his vision, threatening to pull him under.

Elliot inhaled heavily, forcing himself to stay conscious and keep from collapsing..

He took a long time to steady his breathing. Finally, he wiped away the tears on his face with the back of his hand, his fingers still shaking.

As he moved to place the acceptance letter back into the drawer. In the corner, partially hidden beneath some papers, was a small, worn diary.

His **hand** hovered over it. He was caught in a moment of intense conflict.

A voice in his mind told him to stop.

1/3

Chapter 119 A Crushing Realization

Reading it would only bring more pain, more regret.

Finished

But another voice—
one filled with desperate curiosity, with the need to understand Lauren, to finally see **wh**
at he had never cared to before—pushed him forward.

his **hand** seemed to **have** its own's mind as it uncontrollably picked up the notebook.

Flipping it open, the first thing he saw was a family photo tucked inside.

In the picture, his parents **sat** in the center, smiling. His mother held Berry, their beloved dog, who had lived for eighteen years before passing away.

When Berry died, the family was engulfed in sadness and even held a special funeral for him.

So deep was their sorrow that they never got another pet.

Even now, Berry's room remained untouched, preserved with all his favorite toys.

Beside their parents, Elliot stood on one side, while Willow clung to their mother's arm on the other.

The perfect family, four of them looked so happy together.

And Lauren...

She stood off to the side, separated from him by an empty space.

His mind flashed back to that day.

It had been Labor Day. The weather was perfect, the garden in full bloom.

Willow had suggested they take a family photo in the backyard.

They were all set up, ready to pose, when she suddenly remembered Berry wasn't there
.

She called **out** for him.

It was Lauren who brought the dog over, holding him carefully in her arms. She hesitated before asking. "Elliot, what are you doing?"

He had responded very perfunctorily, "Taking a family photo."

Her eyes had lit up. She had thought that she would also be included in the family photo.

She stepped closer, standing beside him.

At the time, he had a strict rule **that** no woman could get too close to him except Willow.

Lauren's presence made him uncomfortable. Without thinking, he had pushed her away.

He hadn't even noticed the flicker of sadness in her eyes.

Afterward, Willow suggested a family trip.

None of them hesitated. Bags were packed, plans made. The four of them—and their dog—left for a

meeting that lasted until the venir bet dau of the holiday

2/3

20:17 Fri, **Mar** 28

Chapter 119 A Crushing Realization

Elliot remembered that night vividly.

For the first time in their lives, Lauren had confronted them.

"Why didn't you take me with you?"

He had been exhausted from traveling, irritated by her sudden confrontation.

"You're not really a Bennett," he snapped. "Why would we bring you?"

A dog had been given the central spot in their family photo.

A dog had a room of its own, kept spotless by housekeepers.

And yet Lauren, his own sister, had been left behind.

260

Finished

20:18 Fri, Mar 28 BB

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 120 Crushed by Regret

His own sister had lived in a dark, damp storage room with nothing but a few worn-out pieces **of**

furniture.

They had taken a dog on vacation, yet left their own daughter behind.

Every month, they spent a small fortune on Berry—grooming, deworming, premium dog food, fish oil, calcium supplements, vitamins.

Yet Lauren never received a single cent. She had to pay for her education by working part-time and relying on scholarships.

Scenes played out in his mind like a slideshow, **again** and again.

He felt that have a sharp pain shot through his stomach, and before he could react, blood gushed from his mouth, staining the desk.

So this was what it felt like—when pain was so unbearable, it made a person really cough up blood.

This pain. I can't even put it into words.

Tears streamed down his face as he gazed at the family **photo**, **tears** streaming down his face.

The blood mixed with his tears, smearing across the image, blurred Lauren's face in the picture.

Panicking. Elliot wiped at it, but the more he rubbed, the more bloodstains appeared, as if mocking her shattered life—forever drenched **in** blood and suffering

Just a single photo had dragged him into an abyss of regret, his heart hurt so much. He no longer had the courage to open Lin Qian's journal and abruptly shoved it into the drawer, shutting it tightly without hesitation.

Clutching the blood-stained photo, he forced himself to stand. But the moment he stood up, everything felt like it was spinning...

His vision darkened, his legs gave out, and he fell to the ground.

The blood **once again** spilling from his lips, his stomach twisting in unbearable agony.

He struggled on the ground for a long time, but his body was unable to get up.

His trembling fingers barely **managed** to pull out his phone.

With the last of his strength, he dialed Jeffrey.

The call connected, and Jeffrey's voice came through, laced with confusion. "Elliot? Why are you calling this late?"

Elliot opened his mouth, but no words came out.

His throat felt blocked, his body wracked with violent coughs. Blood dripped onto the floor as the sounds of his suffering reached the other end of the line.

1/3

Chapter 120 Crushed by Regret

Finished

It took a long moment before Elliot finally forced out a few broken words. "I... I was wrong... I finally understand..."

His voice cracked, each word seeming to squeeze out from the depths of a shattered soul.

Jeffrey couldn't make sense of it, but hearing Elliot's anguished tone, he had a feeling it was about Lauren.

"Calm down, just take your time. Where are you right now?" he asked reassuringly

But Elliot seemed not with him, lost in his own world as he continued, “I saw her awards, her acceptance letter, and that family photo.... How could I do this to her? How could I ...

At the moment he didn’t know how to comfort **him**, he could only say that he hurriedly interrupted him

“Stay where you are. Tell me your location—I’m coming right now! Elliot didn’t respond.

He simply lay there, staring blankly ahead.

Memories of Lauren in this home flooded his **mind**—the moments he had ignored, the pain he had brushed aside, the expectations he had crushed beneath his feet.

He looked at the photo in his hands, now soaked in blood and tears.

In his mind, he could see Lauren’s eyes—once filled with hope, now hollow and resigned.

Closing his own eyes, he let out a silent plea.

How do I make this right? How do I fix what I’ve done?

Jeffrey rushed to the Bennett residence.

By the time he arrived, David and Alice had already been startled awake. Seeing the urgency on Jeffrey’s face, an ominous feeling settled over them.

Under his insistence, they began searching for Elliot.

Room after room, they found nothing.

Jeffrey pulled out his phone, dialing Elliot again. The ringtone echoed from down the hallway.

Following the sound, the three of them rushed to the storage room.

The door was slightly ajar, and they could vaguely see someone lying on the floor.

Jeffrey’s heart clenched as he quickly pushed the door open.

A thick, metallic scent filled the air, so strong it made him stop in his tracks.

Blood.

The room was soaked in it.

Elliza ku encoded on the cold floor surrounded by the dark crimson **noal** of blood he had crushed un

2/3

Chapter 120 Crushed by Regret

Finished

His face was deathly pale, lips cracked and bloodied. A long trail of crimson dripped from the corner of his mouth.

Despite the painful scene, his fingers still clutched the faded family photo, as if it was the only thing anchoring him to reality.

Jeffrey rushed forward, dropping to his knees beside **him**.

“Elliot! Wake up!” His voice was sharp, edged with panic

There was no response.

Behind him, David and Alice froze at the sight of their son drenched in blood.

Both of them were stunned. Then, a strangled cry broke the silence.

Alice collapsed to her knees, immediately bursting into tears.

260