

# The Heiress Revived from the Ashes Novel

## The Heiress Revived Ch 131

, 10362 Views, Released

### Chapter 131 The Reckoning of Blood

Whispers crept through the crowd as contemptuous eyes scanned Lauren.

Perfect, thought David, swelling with vindication.

*You ungrateful b\*tch. I grow you; I will break you.*

“Past indulgences have spoiled you,” he thundered, puffing himself up like a grotesque toad. “But that shame ends today! A father’s duty is to correct his wayward child, even if I have to beat you senseless.”

His meaty palm swung toward enable David to slap her easily.

‘s face, followed by Alice rushing forward to control Lauren and

While Alice rushed, she shouted at Lauren. “Lauric, please stop all this mess. Don’t make a fool of yourself!”

But before they reached Lauren, Josh and the chauffeur simultaneously kicked their knees out from under them.

David and Alice screamed and rushed to intervene, but security swarmed them both. Within seconds, they were face down on the marble, their limbs pinned like common criminals.

David was really angry.

*I’m the Bennett family’s patriarchy! How dare they put me on my knees like that!*

David’s cheeks were purple with rage. “Do you know who I am? I’ll ruin every one of you!” Spittle flew from his lips as he glared at Lauren with naked hatred.

Alice opted for theatrics. Tears streamed down her Botox–stiffened cheeks. “Laurie! We’re your parents! How could you let them treat us like this?”

*Parents?*

The word curled in Lauren’s throat.

*Where was that concern when they'd ignored me for three years? When they'd framed her for Willow's crime and let prison guards break my ribs? When they'd hospitalized me for disobedience" and threatened Elaine into silence?*

*Only now, with me standing over them, did they remember their parental bond.*

Watching their grovel brought no pity. Only icy satisfaction.

"Josh," Lauren murmured, "did Mr. Brooker give an invitation to them?"

The assistant's smile could have frozen hell. "No." His gaze shifted to the trembling security captain. "Explain."

Sweat soaked the man's collar. "A—apologies! Immediate ejection!" David's protests died as the guards gagged and dragged him toward the exit. The chauffeur followed, his previously amiable demeanor now radiating deadly calm.

At the service alley, the chauffeur nodded toward a shaded culvert. "There."

1/2

Chapter 131 The Reckoning of Blood

**The** captain hesitated. "S—Sir?"

**"Their** legs better broken.

The chauffeur adjusted his cuff links. "Prevents repeat trespassing.

The captain's pupils trembled.

Broke... *broken?*

Finished

The captain's legs softened slightly as he gulped and spoke with difficulty, "This... This isn't good, right? They are at least the chairman and madam of the Bennett Group .....

Before he could finish his words, the chauffeur coldly swept him a glance, and that look was like an ice blade, instantly sending chills down the security chief's spine.

He realized that he had said the wrong thing and hurriedly shut up.

It was said that Mr. Brooker was ruthless *in* his methods,

but expect that even a small chauffeur would have  
such a murderous aura.

*Just now, when I saw this person lifting the hem of Lauren's skirt with a gentle **face**, I still **thought that** he was very nice to talk to.*

*I hadn't expected him to be so cold and heartless.*

The captain secretly regretted in his heart that *I shouldn't have let David and Alice in so easily.*

*Although Bennett's Corporation also had a certain amount of strength, in front of Brooker Corporation, it **wasn't** even on the same level.*

*Brooker Corporation's strength was obvious to all; even a powerful family like Bennett's **had** to bow to it. How could a small security captain, dare to offend so easily?*

*But this can't be completely blamed on me, who let David give too much; that's truly 14,000 **dollars**.*

*One, I **was** looking at the money.*

*Secondly, I thought that there were so many guests here today that even if he put the Bennett's couple in, the Brooker's people wouldn't necessarily notice that they didn't have an invitation.*

*Now it seemed that it was really a **case** of lifting a stone and hitting my own **foot**.*

*If I didn't listen, he **had** no doubt **that** the driver in front of him would be able to make him completely disappear from the face of the earth.*

After weighing the pros and cons, the captain waved his hand, signaling his men to drag David and Alice into the shadowy alley.

Not long afterward, miserable screams like killing pigs came out from inside.

**20:20** Fri, Mar **28** BBU

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Chapter 132 Willow's Conspiracy

Finished

The chauffeur stood at the mouth of the alley, listening to the screams with utter indifference, **as** if he had witnessed such scenes hundreds of times before.

He lit a cigarette and smoked in silence.

When he finished, the screams had stopped.

The security captain came out and found the chauffeur still standing, motionless.

*Thank God I didn't try anything sneaky.*

He hastily tossed the bloodstained baton aside and approached the chauffeur. "It's done, just as you instructed."

The chauffeur nodded, flicked away his cigarette butt, and crushed it under his heel. Then he patted the security captain on the shoulder. "Good work. In that case, I won't blame you for letting uninvited guests into the banquet earlier."

The security captain forced a laugh. "I'll be more careful from now on."

The chauffeur said nothing, just stared at him with piercing eyes that seemed to see through his very soul. After a long silence, he finally spoke. "You know the Brooker family doesn't like loose ends."

The security captain stiffened. "I understand. I'll delete all the surveillance footage in the area and clean up the blood in the alley..."

Satisfied with his compliance, the driver gave a slight nod. "Right."

Relieved, the security captain scurried off.

Then came movement from the alley.

The couple, David and Alice, their legs broken, were being dragged out by security, leaving long streaks of blood in their wake.

The chauffeur looked at the crimson trail, his lips curving into a faint smile.

*Now Mr. Brooker's fiancée had been avenged.*

*But that **was** only the beginning.*

A luxurious car rolled into Hoverdale.

Inside were two women.

One wore a red gown, her voluminous curls cascading over her shoulders, her lips painted a bold crimson. Though no longer young, her meticulous grooming made her look no older than her thirties, which were curvaceous, radiant, every inch the wealthy socialite.

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## Chapter 132 Willow's Conspiracy

exuded an air of pristine purity, like an untouched jasmine blossom.

This was none other than Willow, who had just returned from Balewood.

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Finished

During the month—  
*long stay there, I had spared no effort in gathering information about Felix Brooker.*

*At first, I hadn't believed the rumors that his supposed dysfunction had turned him into a ruthless monster.*

*But I never expected the real Felix to be so... refined.*

The rumors were *lies*.

*According to the whispers, they had been fabricated by a childhood friend of his, an obsessed woman who treated Felix as her possession and forbade any woman from approaching him.*

*Still, his brilliance drew admirers like moths to a flame.*

*Desperate, she spun a vicious tale, painting him as a perverted impotent.*

*The tactic worked. The women of Balewood began to look at him with disgust.*

*As the Brooker family's heir, it should have been easy for him to **quash such** rumors.*

*Yet he did nothing.*

*In fact, he encouraged the rumors.*

*For the moment the rumors spread, the endless parade of women disappeared.*

*Convenient, but betrayal was unforgivable.*

*At just twenty—  
two, he dismantled her family's empire with brutal efficiency, then shipped her off to Osn  
ua without a second thought.*

*The once—  
pampered heiress was reduced to a life of hardship, surviving on pickled vegetables until  
she withered in depression.*

*Six years later, no one cared what had become of her.*

*Probably still unhappy.*

*And that was just for spreading rumors.*

*No wonder the business world called Felix the Living King of Hell.*

*His merciless reputation ensured that no one would dare touch him again.*

Leaning back in the plush seat, Willow smiled to herself

Far from scaring her off, Felix's brutality only intrigued her more.

*The woman was a fool.*

She didn't understand men at all.

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Chapter 132 Willow's Conspiracy

*Men craved dignity, pride—delicate vines that clung to them*

And Willow?

She knew exactly how to play the game.

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Chapter 132 Willow's Conspiracy

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Finished

**Men** craved dignity, pride—  
delicate vines that clung to them not deranged harpies who slandered their **manhood**.

And Willow?

She knew exactly how to play the game.

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The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 133 The Charmer

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Chapter 133 The Charmer

Willow continued to think.

A domineering *man* like Felix *deserved to be conquered by a gentle* woman like *me*.

There was no man *I* couldn't *get once I set my sights on him*.

Lucas was no exception.

Kenneth was no exception.

And Felix certainly wouldn't *be the* first to *me*.

Willow glanced at the glamorous woman next to her, which is Felix's mother.

*To get* Felix, *I* didn't necessarily *have to target him directly*.

A roundabout tactic, winning *his mother's favor first, which could work just as well*.

*If I could secure the affections of Felix's mother, Felix would be within my grasp*.

#Finished

A perfect, innocent smile bloomed on Willow's face. "Casey, we had such a good time in Balewood. Why

did you insist on coming to Hoverdale?"

*Yes, I called her "Casey," not "Madam."*

*I had decided from the beginning to be best friends with Felix mother.*

*No woman could resist being called young and beautiful.*

When Willow had first met Casey, she had gasped in exaggerated awe. "Miss, what's your skin care routine? Your skin is so pale and smooth, which like a baby's! And your figure is amazing! You must teach me your secrets!"

*A woman in her fifties being called "Miss" and showered with compliments by a girl in her early twenties?*

Casey was thrilled.

Of course, as a wealthy socialite, flattery was nothing new to her.

But Willow was from Hoverdale. Her accent made it clear she wasn't from Balewood. That made Casey think Willow didn't recognize her and wasn't just spouting empty praise.

Besides, Willow had a talent for playing the pure, clueless engineer.

Under the gaze of those wide, "innocent" eyes, Casey instantly believed every word.

Just like that, the two grew closer.

The most clever part is Willow pretended not to know she was by the Brooker family. Even today, at the 80th birthday banquet of the Madam Kate. She acted as if this was just a fun trip to Hoverdale with her "best friend."

**1/2**

**20:20 Fri, Mar 28 BU**

Chapter 133 The Charmer

Finished

**be so happy to see that I have such a great friend!"**



**Casey** chuckled. "Actually, today **is** my husband's mother's 80th birthday. I'm here for the party, but maybe **I** can stop by afterwards."

Willow's eyes widened in shock. "Wait, you're married? But you're so young! I was going **to** introduce you to my brother!"

Casey beamed. "Do you really think I look that young?"

Willow huffed playfully. "I'm 23, and you look like you're in your late twenties. It's a shame you got married so young!"

Casey was delighted.

"Oh, you sweet talker."

"I'm not sweet talking; I'm stating facts!"

Casey studied Wendy carefully. "Willow...there's something I haven't told you."

"Hmm?" Willow feigned ignorance, though she already knew what was coming.

"I'm actually... 48."

Willow's jaw dropped. "No way. If you're 48, then I'm 58"

"I'm serious." Casey's expression was firm. "I really am 48."

"Really?" Willow blinked, still "stunned."

"Really." Casey watched her closely. "Now that you know...do you still want to be friends?"

After a dramatic pause, Willow grabbed Casey's arm. "Of course I do! But you have to teach me your aging secrets! If I looked half as good as you do at your age, I'd be over the moon!"

Under Willow's relentless flattery, Casey ate it up.

Mission accomplished. Wendy smiled inwardly.

*If I wanted someone to like her?*

*It was embarrassingly **easy**.*

anti-

She sighed dramatically. "I was so going to set you up with my brother. What a waste! I bet your husband is the luckiest man in the world."

Casey laughed and tweaked Willow's nose. "Silly girl, of course I'm married at my age!"

Willow pouted. "Ugh. Such a shame."

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## Chapter 134 The Unwelcome Guests

With a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, Willow couldn't resist probing further. "So, Casey, how old are your kids? Boys or girls?"

The question was like a dagger.

Casey's smile froze.

Children?

*My greatest regret was that I had never given the Brooker family an heir.*

*A flash of hatred burned in her eyes as she thought of him. The bastard who had stolen everything from me. If my child had lived, he would be in his twenties now. But thanks to that illegitimate whelp, I'd lost the baby... and any chance of conceiving again.*

*The Brooker fortune should have been my son's birthright. Instead, it had all gone to him.*

Her face twisted for a moment before she set her features.

But what *could* I **do**?

*Nothing.*

*Except watch Felix tighten his grip on the Brooker Corporation.*

*This trip to Hoverdale wasn't just about the old witch's birthday.*

*No. I'm here to hunt down the little bitch who seduced my husband.*

*The photo I'd seen on Kyle's phone last week still made her blood boil. Sent by Madam Kate. Of course, the oldcrone had never approved of me. But secretly scouting a young girl for Kyle?*

*And Kyle's reply was, "Lovely. If it pleases you, Mother, I have no objection."*

*We weren't even divorced yet!*

*I'd been plotting for years to eliminate the first wife and claim my place in this dynasty. No one—no one—was going to push me out now.*

Willow caught the venom in Casey's expression and immediately regretted her curiosity. She shut her mouth.

The car came to a stop in front of a hotel.

Willow and Casey stepped out, expecting admiring glances, only to be met with indifference. Guests hurried past without a second glance.

Willow's smile faltered, but she quickly recovered.

Casey, however, seethed.

*berezier I went: my **status** and beauty guaranteed adoration. But here in*

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Chapter 134 The Unwelcome Guests

Finished

She didn't know that Lauren's earlier arrival had already stolen the spotlight, making her entrance seem mundane by comparison.

Just wait, Casey told herself. *Once inside, these provincial obodies would be groveling at my feet.*

Arm in arm with Willow, she strode toward the entrance, then stopped.

A broad-shouldered man in a black suit was blocked by security.

"Mr. Kenneth," the head guard said firmly, "I can't let you in without an invitation. Brooke's family rules."

Kenneth's jaw tightened. "Name your price."

When the guard shook his head, Kenneth pulled out a checkbook. "140,000 dollars. Enough?" He threw it at the man.

The guard didn't move.

Kenneth's patience broke. "Don't push your luck."

*Money always worked. Why did this fool resist?*

The guard's temper flared.

*Did this rich bastard think the rules didn't apply to him?*

*Giving money is certainly tempting, but I have to have my life to spend it. The Brooker family's people that ruthless strength I had seen. If I take these dollars, my hands will definitely be ruined.*

"No invitation, no entry," he snapped.

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Chapter 135 Collision Course

he Heiress Revived Ch 135

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Kenneth had never been treated like this before, his face darkening with barely concealed anger.

*Tonight I have to get inside.*

*Gray Corporation's stock had plummeted uncontrollably lately and numerous partners had terminated their cooperation. I needed to use Madam **Kate's** birthday banquet to net work with potential investors.*

*If I could negotiate the Eastgate Land's project with Mr. Brooker, so much the better.*

*This banquet **was** crucial. I can't afford any mistakes.*

Finished

But no matter how much he tried to bribe the security guards, they remained unmoved, leaving him in an increasingly awkward standoff.

Just as the tension reached its peak, a soft, female voice called out from behind him.

“Kenn?”

He stiffened as he turned to see Willow standing there, arm in arm with an extraordinarily beautiful

woman.

“Willow? What are you doing here?”

She smiled sweetly. “I came with my best friend to celebrate her husband’s mother’s birthday.”

Then she playfully shook Casey’s arm and cooed, “Dearest Casey, since you’re the Brooker family’s member, can’t you bring Kenn with you?”

Kenn?

*Calling so closely, this man could be someone this little girl likes.*

Casey chuckled and patted her hand before turning a frosty glare on the guards. “Madam Kate is my husband’s mother. Do you dare stop me?”

The guards bowed apologetically. “Of course we wouldn’t stop a member of the Brooker family! But protocol must be followed. Since you are family, you must have an invitation.”

Without another word, Casey pulled a gold-embossed invitation from her purse.

While the other guests had red invitations, only the Brooker family received gold invitations. The guard inspected it carefully before breaking into a submissive smile.

“Madam, please go right in.”

Casey raised imperiously; she declared, “These two are my guests. They will come with me.”

The guard hesitated, but seeing that Kenneth had connections to the Brooker family, he reluctantly stepped aside.

Willow, Casey, and Kenneth swept into the hotel.

Chapter 135 Collision Course

Finished

**conversation.** **Crystal** chandeliers cast a soft glow over the **guests** dressed in exquisite gowns and glittering **jewels**.

Kenneth's sharp eyes scanned the room, immediately zeroing in on potential business allies. Without a second thought for Willow or Casey, he snatched a glass of champagne from a passing waiter and strode toward a group

of investors.

Meanwhile, Willow clung to Casey's arm, her eyes sweeping the room in search of a particular figure, which is tall, imposing, effortlessly regal.

Her brow furrowed in frustration.

*I hadn't come for some old woman's birthday. My whole purpose **was** Felix.*

*But despite the sea of people, there was no sign of him.*

Releasing Casey's arm, she muttered, "I have to go to the bathroom."

Having been granted permission, she hurried out of the banquet hall, determined to track him down.

She lingered outside the restrooms for nearly ten minutes, hoping to catch him, but he never appeared.

Gritting her teeth, she made her way to the private suites.

Just then, in one of the rooms, Andy checked his watch

"Five minutes till the banquet starts. Let's go."

Lauren nodded and stood gracefully. Andy immediately stepped forward to straighten the delicate layers of her blush-pink tulle gown, making sure every pleat fell perfectly.

Satisfied, they stepped out, only to come face-to-face with Willow.

The color drained from Willow's face.

Of all the times to run into her. Lauren looked like a princess out of a fairy tale. The Swiss-style peony embroidery on her bodice caught the light with the slightest movement.

Her makeup was flawless. Flawless skin touched with the faintest blush; lips stained cherry red, and parted slightly in surprise. A few artfully loose strands of hair framed her face, accentuating her delicate features.

She was radiant.

And it made Willow seethe.

“Lauren?!” Her voice was shrill. “What the hell are you doing here?”

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Chapter **136** The Provocation

**Willow's** blood boiled as she took in Lauren's radiant appearance.

That **face**, *a perfect blend of David and Alice's best features*, was a living insult.

*I always knew Lauren was pretty enough; that's why I set her up again and again, hating to scratch **her face**.*

*How dare that bitch show up here?*

*Is she here for Felix?*

**Finished**

The thought that Lauren might be here to seduce Felix sent waves of nausea through Willow's body.

Lauren barely looked at her, her expression unreadable. She tightened her grip on the gift box for Kate and muttered to Andy, “Let's go.”

With no witnesses present, Willow shed her angelic facade. “Dressed like a cheap whore to chase rich men?” Her shrill voice echoed down the hall. “An ex-con like you should be groveling at the feet of some old pervert!”

Lauren walked on, her face impassive.

*After years of Willow's psychological torture and months of prison torture, mere **words couldn't** move me. Today **was** about Madam Kate; I will not give Willow the **satisfaction** of a reaction.*

The dismissal ignited Willow's rage.

In her twisted view of the world, Lauren should have been hysterical by now, giving David and Alice another excuse to publicly shame her.

But this new, unflappable Lauren...

*Unacceptable.*

With a shriek, Willow lunged and yanked at Lauren's hair with enough force to draw blood from her scalp. "Who do you think you are, ignoring me?!"

Andy yelled as his masterpiece unraveled. "You psychotic bitch. Let her go!" He retaliated by grabbing a handful of Willow's extensions.

A commanding male voice cut through the chaos, "What the hell is going on?"

Kenneth charged down the hallway, his alpha presence momentarily stunning Andy into releasing his grip.

Willow's transformation was instantaneous. Her body shaking like a leaf, tears streaming down her cheek "L— Lauren, I didn't mean to ruin your hair..." she whimpered, casting anxious glances at Lauren.

Kenneth pulled Willow protectively to his chest. "Lauren," he growled, "apologize. Now."

From the protection of his arms, Willow grinned at Lauren.

Andy's eyes widened as if she had heard some great joke.

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Chapter 136 The Provocation

But he turned out to be a bubble in the brain.

*He didn't even ask about what happened and came up to order Lauren to apologize. Who does he think he is?*



*It was the first time I had seen such a classless man.*

Finished

Andy's jaw dropped. "Are you blind? She attacked Lauren first! She almost tore Lauren's scalp off; didn't you see that?" He jabbed an accusing finger at Kenneth

Kenneth sneered at the flamboyant stylist. "This is none of your business." His glacial gaze returned to Lauren.

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The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

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Chapter 137 The Broken Masterpiece

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Finished

Kenneth's eyes burned into Lauren with possessive fury his chiseled jaw clenched tightly. "We both know your history of bullying Willow," he spat, his voice dripping with contempt. "Spare me the innocent act.

His hand dug into her wrist like handcuffs. "Apologize now, and I might forget this ever happened." A cruel grin twisted his lips. "Or don't and face the consequences."

Lauren met his gaze evenly.

There was *not the slightest bit of sadness and pain because of his misunderstanding and threats.*

When accustomed *to being.*

mis good and *humiliated by the Bennett family and Kenneth, I have long been*

hammered *to be indestructible and invulnerable to all these words.*

Even I no longer cared about

*attitude towards me.*

Five years ago, *those same eyes had sparkled with friendly rivalry during university competitions*. The boy who had *once chased my academic achievements now made my skin crawl, but I had already felt* nothing.

Andy, however, saw red. "You brainless baboon!"

He rolled up his sequined sleeves. "When has Lauren ever..."

"Enough." Lauren's calm voice cut through his anger. "Madam Kate's banquet is beginning. Let's go. There's no need to get angry with unimportant people."

*Unimportant people?*

The dismissal stung Kenneth more than any insult. That she could reduce him to a nonentity. Before Lauren could turn, Kenneth pulled her backward. Her shoulder hit the hallway wall with a sickening thud. The gift box tumbled from her grasp, its precious embroidery unfurling across the marble floor.

"Apologize!" Kenneth barked, pinning her against the wall.

Lauren hated his proximity and pushed him hard with both hands.

But his body was like a wall; no matter how much she pushed, she couldn't push.

Andy couldn't stand it anymore and rushed over, pushing Kenneth away from Lauren with all his might and cursing, "Apologize for what! You bastard!"

Kenneth frowned and kicked him in the stomach.

Andy fell to the ground clutching his stomach with a pained face and could no longer get up.

Lauren was shocked and angry and was just about to help Andy when she saw Willow pick up the embroidery on the ground.

Lauren's pupils shrunk and angry, not caring about anything else, rushed up and were going to grab it, but Willow actually dodged it.

Lauren's anger completely exploded at this moment. She raised her hand and fiercely smacked Willow in the face.

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Chapter 137 The Broken Masterpiece

This slap came out of nowhere, and confused Willow.

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Finished

A reddish handprint instantly surfaced on her face, and blood slightly oozed from her mouth.

Willow couldn't believe it as she looked at Lauren; she thought that with Kenneth present, Lauren wouldn't make a move on her.

Willow screamed inside, itching to tear Lauren apart.

But she couldn't expose her nature in front of Kenneth

Tears instantly flowed down her face as she cried like a pear, "Lauric, I just wanted to help you to pick up your things; why are you hitting me?"

Kenneth's face was horribly gloomy; he coldly looked at Lauren and gritted his teeth. "Lauren, you've gone too far!"

Lauren, however, acted as if she hadn't heard him at all, her eyes fixed on the embroidery in Willow's hands.

Taking a few steps forward, her voice was cold. "Give it back to me."

Willow could see that Lauren cared very much about the thing in her hand, and she could probably guess that this thing should be a gift that Lauren was going to give to Madam Kate.

*Then I would be even less likely to give it back to her.*

Where Kenneth couldn't notice, her long nails were deadening the embroidery, and she kept provoking Lauren with her eyes.

Seeing that the embroidery was almost deformed by Willow's nails, Lauren's anger was almost blast.

She could no longer care about much, pounced over, and started tearing and beating Willow.

Willow screamed, her voice taking on a crying tone, "Kenn, save me."

Kenneth only felt that Lauren had gone crazy, as he grabbed Lauren's arm and forcefully pulled her away.

"Kenneth, you bastard! Let go of me!"

No matter how much Lauren struggled, it was to no avail, and she was still forcefully dragged into the private room on the side by Kenneth.

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## Chapter 138 The Cage of Obsession

Boom!

Finished.

The door slammed shut with a thunderous crash as Kenneth pinned Lauren against the door, his breath hot against her face.

"Have you lost your confined space.

damn min

he growled, the scent of his expensive cologne wafting through the

Lauren's chest heaved, her entire body shaking with barely contained rage. "Leave! Me! Go!" Every word dripped with venom.

Kenneth's grip only tightened, his fingers leaving angry red marks on her wrists. "What the hell were you thinking?"

A cold, mirthless laugh escaped Lauren's lips as she steadied her breathing.

"I should be asking you that, Kenneth." Her gaze turned icy. "Five years in prison. My education was ruined. My health was destroyed. My future stolen."

She lifted her chin defiantly. "You and the Bennetts turned me into this hollow shell. And now you dare to interrogate me?"

Something flickered in Kenneth's eyes—a fleeting shadow that might have been regret—but it vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

Seeing the emotions under his eyes, Lauren mockingly laughed.

“Hah! Breaking my wings, so that I can’t soar in the wider sky, and can only struggle in the mire. I’ve always wondered why this is; what in the world have I done to deserve the wrath of the heavens and the people to be persecuted to this point by one or two of you?”

Lauren’s smile became razor sharp, “Ah, there it is. The truth you can’t admit.” Her voice dropped to a whisper. “You couldn’t stand me outshining you, could you? My ‘crime’ was as being better.”

Kenneth’s face paled. “Shut up.”

“I won’t. You dared to do it; why don’t you dare to admit it? I’m better than you, and you’re unbalanced; that’s why you can’t wait to suppress me so much, to belittle me, to pick-up artist me, to try to mind-control me, to make me feel like I’m just a no-talent, head-to-toe good-for-nothing piece of shit.”

“Enough! It’s enough!” Kenneth shouted angrily.

Lauren spat. “You broke me because my brilliance threatened your fragile ego. You brought me down so you could feel big.” Her words cut into him like scalpels. “Pathetic.”

“Enough!” Kenneth roared, his control snapping.

Kenneth listened to these word-for-word words; his face flushed white and red for a while, and when he looked at Lauren’s face, which was red with anger, the defense in his heart completely collapsed.

Yes.

7”

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Chapter 138 The Cage of Obsession

*Only if she was ordinary enough could she belong to me alone*

Finished

*And only if she became ordinary could he be worthy of her, could I keep her by my side, and after she got married could she stay at home in peace, teach our children, and only be confined by me in my sphere of influence for the rest of her life.*

*I didn't want her to turn into the cutting-edge talent in the teacher's words at all!*

In a flash, he crushed his lips against hers. A violent, possessive kiss that tasted of desperation and copper as his teeth sliced into her mouth.

*Whatever I did, it was for her!*

Lauren was so shocked by his sudden move that her brain went blank, her eyes widened, and her eyes were filled with disbelief.

When she reacted, she became infuriated.

She struggled hard, her hands desperately pushing and shoving Kenneth, but Kenneth held her tightly, as if he wanted to rub her body into his.

Lauren felt a wave of suffocation, and the anger and humiliation in her heart reached their peak.

She suddenly palmed her mouth and bit Kenneth's lips hard. Then she bit down hard.

Kenneth recoiled with a curse, blood blooming on his lower lip. The stinging slap that followed left his cheek burning.

"Kenneth! You bastard! You disgust me at all," Lauren hissed, scrubbing her mouth with the back of her hand as if to remove the poison.

The words cut deeper than any physical blow.

*Disgust.*

*Eight years of longing. Five years of waiting. His first kiss, given like a sacred offering, met with revulsion.*

The rejection burned through him, igniting a maelstrom of shame and anger in his chest.

260

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, ? Views, Released

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Finished

Chapter 139 The Price of Arrogance

Lauren coldly turned away and walked out of the room pulling the door open.

As soon as she stepped out, she saw Andy fighting with Willow over the “Queen of Blooms” embroidery.

“Riiip-”

The embroidery was torn in half.

Andy frozen in place, stunned.

A look of malicious glee flashed across Willow’s face, but she quickly put on an innocent expression, her eyes welling with tears as she looked pitifully at Lauren

“Laurie, I didn’t mean to! He was the one who tore it... Laurie, I’m so sorry...”

grabbed it! I was just trying to keep it safe for you! But he

Lauren stared at the ruined embroidery and her painstaking work, and felt dizzy.

She tried to control her emotions, but seeing Willow’s hypocritical expression, the anger inside her could no longer be contained.

*This was the gift that Mr. Brooker  
had spent 2.8 million dollars auctioning for his Grandma’s birthday.*

*Now that it was destroyed, how can I explain this to Mr. Brooker?*

*How can I face Madam Kate?*

*Today is Madam Kate’s eightieth birthday.*

Lauren’s gaze turned murderous as she suddenly grabbed Willow’s hair and slammed her head against the wall.

“Die! Willow, you deserve to die!”

“Ahhh!” Willow screamed as blood ran down her forehead.

Andy was horrified by the scene and stared at Lauren in disbelief. He had never imagined that Lauren could be so violent when she was angry.

When Kenneth heard Willow's scream, he rushed out.

When he saw Lauren smashing Willow's head against the wall like a madwoman, he was shocked for a moment before he roughly pushed Lauren away.

"Lauren! Have you had enough?!"

Lauren's eyes burned with anger.

"Me? Had enough? Wasn't it Willow who first clawed at my hair? Wasn't it you who demanded that I apologize to her without even asking what happened? Wasn't it Willow who destroyed my embroidery? I never wanted anything to do with you. You're the ones who keep provoking me. If I fight back, am I the one who's causing trouble? When you bully me, I'm just supposed to take it, is that it?"

1/3

Chapter 139 The Price of Arrogance

Kenneth stiffened, momentarily speechless.

Lauren picked up the torn embroidery, her heart bleeding.

77%8

Finished

She shoved it in Kenneth's face. "Tell me, Kenneth! Should I just accept being bullied? If I don't just take it, am I being unreasonable? I'm making a scene, is that it?"

Kenneth's chest tightened uncomfortably. "Lauren, that's not what I meant... I just meant that you shouldn't have hit her, no matter what. Willow already said it was an accident. Why can't you let it go?"

Willow looked at Lauren with tearful, shaking eyes, playing the victim perfectly. "Laurie... I'm really sorry. I'll pay for it. Just name the price. I'll give you whatever you want."

Kenneth immediately backed her up. "See, Lauren? Willow is being reasonable. She's even offering to compensate you. There's no need to be so petty."



He paused, then added dismissively, "It's just a piece of embroidery. It's not worth much anyway."

Willow's lips curled into a smug smile, pretending to be sweet. "Laurie, I get a monthly allowance of 140,000 dollars. I'll give it all to you as compensation! If that's not enough, I can ask Mom, Dad, and Elliot for more. They love me the most; they will definitely give me the money!"

Kenneth nodded in agreement. "140,000 is more than generous, Lauren. You should know when to stop. You and Willow are family. Why make such a scene over something so small? Aren't you embarrassed?"

The two of them played each other off perfectly, pretending to ask for forgiveness while actually shaming Lauren for being petty.

Andy, listening nearby, couldn't take it anymore. He spat in disgust.

"Who wants your dirty money? 140,000? You think that's enough? This 'Queen of Blooms' was auctioned off by Mr. Brooker for 2.8 million dollars as a birthday present for Madam Kate!"

Willow's triumphant smile frozen.

*A piece of embroidery... worth 2.8 million dollars?*

*And Felix's gift. Why was it in Lauren's hands?*

*Since when did that trash know Felix?!*

The thought that Lauren might have already caught Felix's attention made Willow burn with jealousy.

Meanwhile, Kenneth's face turned ashen.

*I'm here today specifically to negotiate the Eastgate Land's project with Mr. Brooker.*

*If this embroidery was indeed Mr. Brooker's gift for Madam Kate... then I was ruined.*

*embroidery was indeed Mr. Brooker's gift for Madam Kate... then I was ruined.*

*Not only have I just destroyed a multimillion-dollar deal, I might have just made an enemy of Mr. Brooker himself.*

Willow stared at Lauren in disbelief, her voice trembling with panic.

"Laurie... you're lying, right?"

2/3

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

, ? Views, Released

Chapter 140 The Viper's Nest

Finished

Lauren took a deep breath, unwilling to continue. She turned to Andy. "Andy, call Mr. Brooker. Have him come here immediately."

Andy's expression turned serious as he reached for his phone. Only for Kenneth to snatch it away.

"No!" Kenneth shouted, his forehead furrowed in panic

Felix had no way of knowing. Not until I'd come up with a solution. If this got out now, any chance of securing Eastgate Land's project would be ruined.

Andy lunged for the phone, and the two men struggled Until a woman's sharp voice cut through the chaos, "Willow! The banquet is starting. What are you still doing here?"

Willow looked up to see Casey gliding toward them, followed by a crowd of society women.

Dressed in an exquisite gown, her makeup flawless, Casey radiated elegance. Until her gaze landed on Lauren. Her face instantly darkened.

"So this is the little bitch I've been looking for."

Lauren froze, stunned by the venom in the woman's tone.

Before she could ask if there was a mistake, Casey announced to her entourage.

"She is the one seducing my husband."

Click-clack.

The staccato rhythm of high heels on marble echoed like angry drumbeats as Casey advanced.

Without warning, she swung her hand at Lauren's face.

Lauren dodged backwards, barely avoiding the blow. “Madam, you’ve mistaken me for someone else...”

The dodge only fueled Casey’s rage, twisting her beautiful features into something grotesque.

“Don’t play innocent, you cheap whore. I bet you’re dirty in bed!”

The society women behind Casey glared as if Lauren had seduced their husbands as well. Disgust curled their lips as they unleashed a volley of venom. “Look at that fox-faced harlot,” a woman in gold sneered, her eyes bulging. “She probably has her legs spread for half the city.”

Lauren calmed her breathing. “I never did what you accuse me of. This is a case of mistaken identity.”

A bouffant-haired matron crossed her arms, her cheeks quivering. “Oh, she’s good. Just another gutter trash goldigger who’d hump a man for his wallet.”

A heavyset woman pushed forward, jabbing a stubby finger into Lauren’s face. “That fancy dress? I bet you earned it on your back. You’re nothing but used goods.

The insults escalated into physical aggression and hard shoves that made Lauren stumble.

1/2

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Chapter 140 The Viper’s Nest

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Finished

“Enough!” he roared at the women. “Leave now, unless you want your families to be bankrupt by morning”

These women had come to curry favor with Casey, believing that pleasing Casey would secure their husbands’ stakes in the Eastgate Land’s project or at least the Brooker family’s patronage.

They scoffed at Andy’s threat.

“Bankrupt us? You pathetic little”

“A whore and her faggot bodyguard. How fitting.”

The vulgarities grew cruder.

Through it all, Kenneth watched in cold silence.

He knew the truth. *Lauren had just been released from prison. Between the Bennett family and the hospital, she hadn't had the opportunity, let alone the inclination, to seduce anyone.*

He knew her personalities better than that.

Still, he said nothing.

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