

# The Heiress Revived from the Ashes Novel

## The Heiress Revived Ch 141

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### Chapter 141 Public Execution

Even so, he had no intention of helping Lauren

She was too damn stubborn. Maybe **a** little suffering would finally break that spine of hers.

Willow put on her best worried face and walked over, grabbing Casey's hand. "Casey, s he's my sister, Lauren. Maybe this is all just a misunderstanding?"

The moment Casey realized the woman seducing her husband was her best friend's sis ter, it was like throwing gasoline on a wildfire.

Willow had been feeding her sob stories about Lauren for years— how cruel her sister was, how much she suffered. Casey already **had a** bad impression of Lauren, and now? Now she hated her.

And worse, she recognized Andy.

He might act like a diva, but he was one of the top stylists in Balewood— hell, in the country. Half the iconic red carpet looks! **That** was him.

Booking him wasn't easy. But the Brooker family had the money and the pull.

Still, she never imagined that little tramp who seduced her husband would not only sho w up at the old hag's birthday party, but also have Andy personally doll her up

That bitch really didn't think much of her, did she?

**Casey** had been married to Kyle for over twenty years, swallowed every insult, endured every cold shoulder—and still never won that woman's approval.

And now the old hag brought in some twenty— something just because Casey couldn't have kids anymore? She wanted Lauren to bear children for the Brooker family!

That **thought** made her see red.

She could've had children.

If it weren't for Felix—the little demon—  
who pushed her down the stairs when she was pregnant

She didn't just lose the baby. That brat made sure the doctors removed her uterus

He was the reason she could never have kids **again**.

The pain and hatred came flooding back, drowning her in rage.

If she couldn't have children, then no other woman was going to give the Brooker family an heir.

She charged forward and grabbed Lauren's hair with both hands, yanking her down **as** she screamed like a madwoman.

**"You** really think **a** wink and some **makeup's** all it **takes** to turn men **into** idiots? Let me **teach** you what happens to trash like **you!**"

Lauren cried out in pain, clawing at Casey's hands. "Let go! I don't even know your husband!"

But no one listened.

Andy rushed forward  
to protect her, only to be intercepted by a swarm of furious socialites who clawed at his face with manicured nails. Within seconds, his face was streaked with blood.

Desperate, he shouted, "You can't touch her! She's Felix's woman! If you lay a finger on her, he'll come

Casey froze **for** half a second—then laughed.

Feilt woman? Please.

dib

Chapter 141 Public Execution

She yanked Lauren's hair even harder.

The **insults** rained down from every direction.

Lauren struggled, kicking, twisting, anything to **get** away. But Casey's grip was merciless, and the pain was blinding

Then someone kicked her.

+8 Pearls

A stiletto heel slammed into her shin like a blade. She cried out and collapsed with a thud, her knees crashing against the cold tile.

Before she could breathe, two sets of strong hands grabbed her arms and twisted them behind her back, forcing her **to** kneel

Casey finally let go of her hair. Strands **stuck** to her face, blocking her vision, but she could still feel the eyes—cold, venomous, hateful—cutting into her like knives.

Casey loomed over her and raised a hand-

**snack.**

Her palm **cracked** across Lauren's left cheek, snapping her head to the side.

The sting was instant. Her cheek flared up, burning hot.

Then the other hand **came**—smack.

Both cheeks were swelling now. Her face was flushed and raw, with red handprints blooming across it.

Smack.

Smack

Smack.

**The slaps** kept coming. Her lips split. Blood trickled down her chin. Her ears were ringing. She couldn't even hear the insults

anymore.

Her mind went blank.

Why is this happening to me? What did I do? I just wanted to live a normal life...

Everything went dark.

Send Gifts

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Chapter 142 Humiliation Parade

Andy tried to rush forward to shield Lauren, but a swarm of women clawed at him, tearing at his face and clothes and he was left bleeding and disheveled.

Not far away, Kenneth stood silently, just three steps from Lauren, watching everything unfold

His face was expressionless, but his eyes were a storm of conflicted emotions.

Seeing Lauren beaten and humiliated made his chest tighten like needles stabbing through his heart

But still, he didn't move

Lauren was too headstrong. That unbending pride of liars—he hated it

Break her spirit, crush her pride, and maybe then she'd finally learn to behave

He didn't want much. Just a more obedient, simpler version of her.

He waited

Waiting for Lauren to look at him Regard him.

If she would just ask, he wouldn't hesitate to shield her

He stared at her, every ounce of his will focused in that gaze.

Beg me, and I'll make it stop

Through the **pain** and the chaos, Lauren slowly lifted her head—and met his eyes

And in that single look, she saw everything.

The cold detachment. The expectation. The cruel **restraint** he barely tried to hide.

And in that moment, she felt nothing but disgust.

Beg him?

I'd rather die

Lauren curled her bloodied lip into a bitter, mocking smile. With her swollen cheeks and torn dress, it looked grotesque. But her eyes? They were ice-cold.

She looked at him like he was the saddest joke she'd ever seen.

Something in Kenneth tracked.

His heart clenched as if someone had reached in and crushed it in their fist.

He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. No words could explain this.

His foot shifted forward—maybe instinct, maybe guilt—but the second he saw the hatred in her eyes, it stopped him cold.

The urge vanished, like ice water poured over a flame.

He forced the impulse back, smothering it, and his face returned to its usual blank, impassive state. But his fists clenched so- tightly they trembled.

Casey saw Lauren's smirk **and** took it **as** mockery

"You filthy bitch" she screamed "You really think you can laugh at me? A slut like you doesn't need clothes. Don't you love seducing men! Let's give them a good show!"

## Chapter 142 Humiliation Parade

+8 Pearls

She screeched as she clawed at Lauren's dress.

The women holding Lauren joined in, their manicured hands dragging long red welts across her skin like talons

The gown tore with **an** ugly sound.

Lauren's elegant dress was reduced to shreds in seconds, ripped apart by their savage hands.

She was left half-naked, her pale back and bruised shoulders exposed to the cold air. Scratches and purple bruises covered her skin.

Shredded fabric clung to her trembling limbs, swaying as she struggled to protect what little dignity she had left.

Casey's face twisted with madness. Her eyes burned red like a beast on the edge of a kill.

She clawed at Lauren with no mercy, venting every ounce of hate she'd ever felt.

You want attention? I'll make you the center of it, you disgusting tramp!"

The others weren't far behind. They kicked her, Punched her.

Every hit was aimed to bruise, to hurt.

"Hither!"

"Teach her a lesson!"

Lauren curled in on herself, trying to shield her body, but they found every open spot.

Her face was a mess of blood and tears, her hair tangled and soaked in sweat and filth,

She couldn't hear anything anymore.

Her vision blurred.

Casey finally stepped **back**, panting from rage.

"Pick her up!" she barked. "She likes putting on a show for men? Fine! Let her perform for the whole party!"

The women paused.

Someone **hesitated**. "Mrs. Brooker... this is Madam Kate's birthday party. Maybe this is a little much-

Casey's glare cut her **off** cold.

"You afraid of her? I'm standing right here."

That was all it **took**.

Two women stepped forward, grabbed Lauren's limp body, and dragged her toward the ballroom.

Her feet left streaks of blood across the marble floor.

And no one stopped them.

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Chapter 143 Stripped Bare

The shredded gown slipped further off her body as they dragged her, leaving her almost completely exposed.

Kenneth stood frozen, watching it all unfold. His face was blank, but his eyes burned with conflict.

He wanted to stop them. He even took a step forward.

But Willow was there in an instant, clutching his arm. “Kenn, you can’t afford to offend the Brooker family. You came to this party to build a connection with them, didn’t you?”

Kenneth’s steps faltered.

Lauren was being dragged farther and farther **away**. The shame and violence made his chest tighten with unbearable guilt.

But Willow’s words threw **him** into turmoil. His feet wouldn’t move. He just stood there, watching Lauren get hauled off like a criminal, like something disposable.

Laurie, it’s not that I don’t want to help you. You brought this on yourself. You’re **too** stubborn. You pissed off Madam Casey. You refuse **to** brg. You’re only being humiliated because of your own pride.

He kept repeating it, over and over in his head.

Until finally, he believed it.

Until it really did feel like this **was** all Lauren’s fault—like she actually **had** tried to seduce a married man and deserved what was happening to her.

Andy watched Lauren being dragged away, her body bruised and exposed, **and** terror flooded his veins

He knew **what** Felix **was** capable of Everyone in Balewood did

He still remembered the stories. When Felix was **five**, Casey—Kyle’s current wife—had stormed into his house, screaming at his mother and sending her into cardiac arrest

Five-year-old Felix had pushed a pregnant Casey down a flight of stairs. She miscarried on the spot.

Then he’d had her uterus removed so she could never get pregnant again.

Felix might have learned to fake a gentler face as he got older, but Andy knew better.

That man was a monster in a tailored suit

And if **that** monster saw what had happened to Lauren tonight, there'd be hell to pay."

Andy didn't want to be anywhere near **that** fallout.

Panic surged through him. He fought like hell to break free of the women scratching and clawing at him.

"You want to die? Fine! But don't drag me down with you!" Andy roared and lunged after Lauren.

But Willow stuck her leg out at just the right moment.

Andy didn't see it **in** time. He went down hard, smashing his **chin** into the marble floor.

**Pain** exploded in **his** mouth. He tasted blood. His teeth had split open his lip.

He lay there, stunned and half-conscious

Lauren's body hit the banquet hall floor with **a** sickening thud.

The room went silent.

#### Chapter 143 Stripped Bare

Kyle's face twisted into a frown. "**Casey**, what the hell do you think you're doing?"

His voice held **a** note of warning. He clearly hadn't expected her to go this far.

But **Casey** only laughed.

"**What** am I doing? I'm catching a whore red-handed."

She pointed to Lauren, wild-eyed and triumphant. That slut seduced my husband! Everyone look closely! She's the homewrecker!"

Kyle stepped in, tried to hush her. "This is my mother's birthday, Casey. Enough of this."

+8 Pearls

Casey shook him off, shouting louder than ever, "She seduced my husband! She ruined my family! That little bitch deserves to be exposed!"

She didn't stop yelling until a cold voice sliced through the **air**.



“So tell me, when did this party become the Madam Casey Show?”

The color drained from her face.

She turned slowly—and there was Felix.

He stood just behind her, eyes like a frozen blade.

Casey’s bravado shattered.

In her blind rage, she’d forgotten the one person she should never piss off.

Her brain scrambled for excuses, **for** something to explain away what she’d done. But her throat tightened until she could barely breathe.

Those ice—cold eyes pinned her in **place**.

“Mr. Brooker..” she croaked. Her lips curled into a shaky smile. “Of course this party’s **for Madam** Kate. I **was** just trying to.. lighten the mood.”

**Send Gifts**

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Chapter 144 The Wrath of Felix

+8 Pearls

The women who had helped Casey torment Lauren were finally starting to realize just how badly they’d messed up. They all put on their most flattering smiles.

“Mr. Brooker, we were just joking around”

“That’s right, it was all just a misunderstanding...”

Felix didn’t even glance at them. His eyes locked onto the battered body lying on the **floor**.

Lauren’s dress was **torn** to shreds, her exposed skin covered in bruises. Her face was swollen beyond **recognition**.

Her hair was a tangled mess on the floor, streaked with blood and tears. She looked like she'd been through hell

But even in this state, Felix recognized her instantly.

His pupils shrank. His breath caught. Shock turned to seething rage in a heartbeat. His glare could've set the room on

"He tore off his custom—  
tailored jacket and gently draped it over Lauren's ravaged body. His movements were

re urgent careful, like he was afraid she'd fall apart if he touched her too roughly.

fire...

bur

Then he lifted her into his arms, cradling her against his chest like something precious.

"Mr. Brooker!" someone gasped, stumbling back a step.

They couldn't believe what they were seeing.

Felix Brooker—Mr. Clean Freak, Mr. Untouchable—  
was now holding a woman soaked in blood and filth in his arms, wrapped in his own jacket.

Under the soft glow of the pearl chandeliers, the hard lines of his jaw  
glinted cold and sharp. Blood from Lauren's wounds. was already staining his expensive  
slacks.

Gasps echoed around the room.

Lauren's body twitched in **his** arms.

Her bloody lashes fluttered open. Her blurry eyes found his face. She gave him a weak,  
broken smile.

"Mr. Brooker you came to save

\* me!"

That smile—those words—stabbed straight through his chest.

Felix's arms stiffened. His Adam's apple bobbed once, twice. Then he pulled her even closer, holding her as tightly as he

could.

Yeah,” he said softly, as if afraid to scare her.

Through the soaked fabric of her dress, he could feel how sharp her bones were. She was so **small**. So cold.

His eyes swept across the crowd like a blade, freezing on Casey’s face.

Casey’s mind went blank. Her legs gave out. She nearly collapsed.

You she Her lips trembled. No **words** came out.

“Lock it down, Felix **said**, his voice like a knife through ice. “Nobody leaves **this** room until I return

“And everyone involved—  
better pray their body parts are worth enough to pay for what she’s been through.”

Josh pulled out his radio immediately.

Casey **shrieked** and lunged forward.

Chapter 144 The Wrath of Felix

“Mr. Brooker, listen! That little slut seduced **your** father! That’s why I-

“Seduced?” Felix suddenly let out a low chuckle. “Sounds like Madam Casey needs a re-fresher lesson.”

He stepped toward her.

She stumbled backward, slamming into the buffet table.

“How to tell the truth **from** lies,” he said coldly. “Just like I taught you the difference between a miscarriage and **a** hysterectomy.”

+ Pearls

Sweat glued her styled curls to her forehead. Her hands scraped the tablecloth, leaving long, claw-like tears in the fabric.

Felix turned **away**, carrying Lauren toward the side exit.

A trail of blood drops dotted the black marble floor behind him.

He paused and glanced at Mailam Kate, who sat on the dais, her face stone colil.

Grandmother,” he said quietly, “may I borrow your cloak?”

Madam Kate looked at the woman she’d long accepted as her granddaughter-in-law—now beaten **and** humiliated—and her heart broke.

Without a word, she pulled off her embroidered cloak and handed it to Felix.

“With me here, anyone who laid a finger on Laurie isn’t walking out of here clean”

Felix nodded once, took the deep red cloak, and wrapped Lauren in it, covering her from head to toe.

Only her **ankle** peeked out, pale as snow against the blood-red silk.

The room **was** silent.

Felix walked straight out of the hall with Lauren in his arms.

The heavy doors swung closed behind him.

The last thing anyone saw was Casey’s twisted, ashen face—frozen **in** shock and horror

Her ears **rang**. Her skin went clammy

She finally understood.

She **had** gotten it all wrong And this mistake.... might cost her everything

She turned to Kyle, eyes wide with desperation, voice shaking

“Kyle **that** woman is your mistress, isn’t she?

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Chapter 145 Everyone Pays the Price

Kyle’s expression darkened. He frowned. “What the hell are you even talking about?”

Cary lost it

18 Pearls

“You think I’m making this up Is the photo your mother sent you—  
it was her And you said if your mother approved, you had no objections! You’re all just trying to replace me with someone younger because I can’t have kids! As if it’s my fault

Madam Kate slammed her palm on the table, cutting Casey off mid-sentence.

She was shaking with fury.

She had never liked this daughter-in-law—and now, the way she was pretending

“I sent **that** photo to Kyle so he could see his future daughter-in-law with his own eyes”

The whole room went silent.

Like thunder cracking through the middle of a calm night.

The women **who’d** helped Casey beat Lauren froze in place, panic slowly sinking in

It was over

They were screwed

Everyone in that room knew who really ran the Brooker Corporation now.

And they all knew what Felix was capable of.

He didn’t forgive, he didn’t forget, and he never let things slide

Has words from earlier echoed through their minds. Think carefully—  
are your handy parts worth what she suffered

because it made sense,

The women turned ghostly pale. They rushed to Madam Kate, pleading with her to let them leave.

She wasn’t moved.

They had beaten the woman she’d chosen as her granddaughter-in-law—and now they thought they could walk away?

Not a chance

Their husbands finally put the pieces together and flew into a rage, striking their own wives in front of everyone.

The room descended into chaos.

Felix hadn't even said what punishment he had in mind—but just waiting for him to return was punishment enough.

Casey couldn't stop shaking images of Felix's brutal reputation flashing through her mind. **She** was completely unraveling.

Kyle hesitated. For all her faults, Casey **was** still his wife. And **they'd** only hit a younger woman. It wasn't like Casey beat a

He sighed and stepped up to Madam Kate.

"Mom, today's your 80th birthday. Let's just keep things peaceful. Felix has always been a bit dramatic—let's not indulge him. this time."

Madam Kate's fury snapped.

She raised her cane and struck him hard.

Chapter 145 Everyone Pays the Price

my granddaughter-in-law—and you're standing here trying to smooth it over?"

+B Pearls

Getting hit by his own mother in front of everyone was humiliating. Kyle clenched his jaw and turned toward the door. intending to leave.

But it was already locked.

Josh! Open the door." Kyle barked.

Josh kept his smile, polite but firm. "If you don't want Mr. Brooker even angrier, I suggest you sit and wait

Kyle **glared**. 'Are you refusing a direct order? I can have you fired"

Josh gave a **casual** shrug. "Sure you can. After Mr. Brooker gets back."

Kyle's fists tightened—but he had no choice.

The other guests watched in stunned silence. If even the chairman had no power here, none of them stood a chance

The room was suffocating

Casey collapsed on the floor, eyes glazed

The socialites who'd joined her were bruised and bleeding from their husbands' beating s, but none of them dared to complain. They only hoped that Felix might show mercy if he saw their injuries.

Felix walked down the long corridor of the hotel with Lauren in his arms.

She lay against his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

Steady Strong Safe.

Then, as they turned a corner, a voice she hated broke the silence.

"Mr. Brooker, where are **you** headed with her?"

Kenneth was standing nearby, his expression carefully pleasant.

Usually proud and smug, he now looked like a groveling servant in front of Felix.

Willow stood next to him, eyes fixed on Felix with a stunned expression.

Felix glanced at them. Then his eyes landed on the torn embroidery in Willow's hand.

Lauren's body tensed in his arms

He didn't know everything yet—but the **signs** were clear.

Whatever happened to Lauren, these two were involved.

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Chapter 146 Safe at Last in His Arms

+8 Pearls

Felix came to a stop, **and for** once, his face wasn't completely unreadable. "Mr. Kenneth, shouldn't you be on your way to the banquet **hall**?"

Kenneth was flattered and a little flustered. He nodded quickly. "Of **course**, of course. We're on our way now. Mr. Brooker, are

**you..**

He tried to sneak **a** look at who Felix was carrying. but Lauren was bundled up so tightly that it was hard to tell.

Still, the pale, slender **foot** sticking out from the blanket made it obvious she was a woman.

Willow's eyes darted to Lauren in Felix's arms. For a second, her gaze turned sharp and cold—but she quickly masked it, returning to her sweet, innocent persona.

**She** blinked up at Felix with those big, supposedly angelic eyes.

Unfortunately for her, Felix didn't **even** glance her way.

He didn't bother answering Kenneth's **question**. Just said calmly, 'Go on ahead. I'll be there soon.'

Kenneth and Willow didn't think **much** of it. After saying their goodbyes, they rushed off toward the banquet.

Felix watched their backs as they hurried away, a faint smile tugging at his lips. He **spoke** quietly into the hidden mic at his **collar**. Josh, let those two in."

After all, the only way to take down every last person who hurt Lauren, is to trap them all in one **place** first, isn't it?

"**You're** okay," Felix murmured, his voice low and **steady**.

Lauren's body, tense and trembling, finally started to ease up.

Felix carried her back to the private suite.

Lauren headed straight into the bathroom. Meanwhile, Felix got to work—he ordered someone to buy her fresh **clothes** and medicine for her wounds, and told his team to pull all the **hotel** surveillance footage right away.

They didn't waste a second. Soon enough, the clothes, the meds, and the security video were all ready and waiting

Felix sat down to review the footage, his expression darkening as he watched.

It was all there. Willow taunting Lauren, tearing her styled hair apart. Kenneth stepping in without bothering to ask what happened and siding with Willow. Him dragging Lauren into the suite. Willow ripping up her embroidery. Casey and the others beating her down.



Felix's anger built with every second. But the **moment** he saw the fresh cut on Lauren's lip—left by Kenneth—his fingers clenched hard around the phone, his knuckles turning bone-white.

Right then, the bathroom door clicked open.

Felix put his phone down. As he looked up, Lauren stepped out wearing a white bathrobe.

Her hair was **damp**, hanging over her shoulders. Her eyes, already striking, looked even clearer now—like they'd just been rinsed with **water**. Tiny drops clung to her long lashes and occasionally rolled down her cheeks.

The robe hugged her gently, soft **and** close to her **frame**. The neckline **dipped** just enough to show her smooth neck and delicate collarbones.

Her lips were tinted a natural red, making her look both beautiful and heartbreakingly fragile.

**But** Felix couldn't stop the thought of **Kenneth** dragging her into that room and whatever he might've done. The sight of her flushed lips only made his chest tighten with anger.

His expression hardened for a second before he smoothed it out again,

Chapter 146 Safe at Last in His Arms

His voice was deeper than usual, rough with restrained emotion.

Lauren felt a little tense, but she didn't dare resist. She quietly walked over and sat on the edge of the bed.

+8 Pearls

Felix dipped a cotton swab into the ointment. Just as he reached out to apply it, he caught a soft **fragrance** drifting off of her.

His fingers paused, hanging in the air just above the swollen spot on her cheek.

The steam from the shower still **clung** to her lashes, forming tiny beads that shimmered with every nervous blink.

Lauren looked at him, puzzled. "Mr. Brooker, what's wrong?"

"It'll sting," he said, voice husky and rough. His Adam's apple shifted in the dim light. "Try to stay still."

He leaned in closer, lowering himself to her level.

The ointment felt cool against her skin. Not painful, just chilly.

He looked completely focused. His face was right there—so close Lauren could **make** out every little **detail**.

Her heartbeat sped up. She gripped the corner of her robe **tight** and fixed her eyes on the bridge of his nose.

nose,

afraid to even

That faint scent of shampoo mixed with tobacco surrounded her. His warm breath brushed her neck, sending a rush of heat to her cheeks.

Felix seemed to catch the way she was blushing. He raised his eyebrow just slightly, then leaned in even closer on purpose. His warm breath brushed softly against her **neck**

It tickled, **and** she couldn't help but tremble a little.

Felix noticed and looked up. "Does it hurt?"

"N—no, it doesn't," Lauren stammered, eyes **avoiding him**.

I can barely breathe.

1 be gentle. **Just** a little more."

Lauren settled down, **staying** still.

Once he finished treating her wounds, she figured it was over.

But to her surprise, he started **drying** her **hair** too.

In all her 23 years, no one had ever taken care of her like this—not **even** close.

Mr. Brooker and Madam Kate had been so kind to me. One day, *if I* ever get the chance, I'll give everything I have to repay them.

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## Chapter 147 Her Pain, His Revenge

+8 Pearls

Lauren's mind was still **caught** up in everything when she suddenly realized—Felix had already eased her down onto the bed.

Lauren's eyes went wide. "M—Mr. Brooker... this isn't okay, I'm not... I'm not ready..."

Felix just pulled the blanket up to cover her. "Oh? What is it you need to be ready for?"

Her cheeks flushed deep red. She **quickly** turned her head. "N—nothing"

Felix gave a soft laugh. It's still early. Get some rest first. We'll head over after you've had a break."

Lauren didn't know exactly what Felix had planned, but based on how he'd acted in the banquet hall, it was clear—he wasn't letting **this go**.

She looked at him, genuinely thankful. "Thank you, Mr. Brooker."

Felix gently placed his big hand over her eyes. "Sleep"

His voice was steady and calm, and under his touch, Lauren slowly relaxed into sleep.

Felix stayed quietly by her side. As he watched her breathing settle into a steady rhythm, the soft smile on his face disappeared without a trace.

Minute by minute, time dragged on. **The** people trapped inside the banquet hall had been sitting in fear and unease for more

than three hours.

The mood was suffocating, like the heavy stillness right before a thunderstorm crashes down.

Everyone was stuck in a **swirl** of dread, wondering just how Felix planned to deal with them

As time passed, their fear slowly gave way to hopelessness.

They started blaming each other. The noise grew louder as arguments broke out across the room. The entire banquet hall turned into a mess.

Finally, the doors opened with a slow creak.

Felix walked in with Lauren right beside him.

Lauren was wearing a pale blue dress. Her hair rested softly on her shoulders, and the redness in her face had faded. She looked fresh, calm, and quietly stunning.

Felix's **eyes** scanned the crowd **like** a blade, one face at a time, until he landed on Willow,

He remembered her grabbing Lauren's hair and refusing to let go. His voice dropped low, icy. "Ms. Willow's hair is a little out of place."

Willow froze. She thought—just for a second—that Felix was showing her concern. A rush of giddy hope filled her chest, and her face turned red.

But the next thing Felix said hit like a thunderclap.

"Shave her head."

He didn't have to raise his voice. In that tense silence, every word hit like a hammer.

Every woman in the room froze, **eyes** wide with horror.

Only a woman truly understood what her **hair** meant. It took **years** to grow out long, healthy hair—and just as many years of care to keep it that way.

Getting **your** head **shaved didn't cause** physical pain—but the emotional blow was **brutal**.

"No! Don't!" Willow screamed, **her** voice raw with fear.

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Chapter 147 Her Pain, His Revenge

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A group of bodyguards moved in fast. They grabbed her arms and dragged her from the crowd without hesitation.

Her face was pale with panic. She kicked and flailed, trying to fight them off.

+8 Pearls

“My dad is the chairman of Bennett Corporation! **You can’t** do this to me!” she shrieked. Her voice rang through the hall. sharp and desperate

The bodyguards didn’t budge. Their grips were like steel. They twisted her arms behind her and forced her down hard, making her kneel at Lauren’s feet.

Willow threw her head up—and locked eyes with Lauren.

Lauren looked down at her, calm and distant, her expression unreadable..

In that moment. Willow felt small.

**Like a** bug—something worthless bring crushed under someone’s heel.

Scenes from the past rushed through her mind—  
all the times she **had** bullied Lauren, insulted her, treated her like garbage.

She had always acted superior, like Lauren didn’t deserve basic respect.

But now? Everything had flipped. The power, the control—it had **all** shifted

They weren’t just on equal ground now, Lauren stood above her. And Willow was the one on her knees.

Willow fought **back** the flood of shame rising inside her and tried to pull off a fragile, helpless act

Tears formed **almost** instantly in her eyes, glassy and bright. Her voice shook as she **looked** at Lauren. “Laurie, why are you letting Mr. Brooker do this to me

The tears slipped down her pale face, **one** after another, like **a** broken **string** of pearls. She looked like a delicate flower tossed around in **a** storm—  
on the verge of falling **apart**. Anyone looking might have felt sorry for her.

But Lauren just stood there, calm and still, her eyes sharp and icy with a hint of mockery  
.

When Willow saw that Lauren wasn’t moved at **all**, anger flared deep inside her. She quickly turned her tear-filled gaze toward Felix, pleading hoping that looking weak and heartbroken would sway him instead.

But what she didn’t realize was—  
Felix’s heart was cold as stone. Her weeping, her trembling, her carefully crafted helpless act -none of it moved him.

To him, it was nothing more than a ridiculous performance. Not even worth a second thought.

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### Chapter 148 No Mercy for Willow

All Felix said was one word. "Do it"

The moment the clippers buzzed to life, Willow felt a cold shock run straight through her skull and down her spine, like someone had poured ice water into her **soul**.

Her **whole** body **trembled violently**. A **choked scream** ripped out of her. "No! Stop, please!"

Her long, sleek black hair—her pride and joy—was shaved off piece by piece. The strands floated to the ground in **soft**, broken waves, scattered across the cold marble floor.

She lost it completely, thrashing like she was possessed. Her arms and legs flailed in every direction, trying to **break** free.

Then the blade slipped

It nicked her scalp, and a slow line of blood slid down her cheek, a shocking streak of red across pale skin.

She let out a scream that shattered the room, raw and piercing, echoing into every corner of the hall.

People froze, stutined into silence. Their faces turned ghost-white.

And the women who'd once helped torment Lauren—they looked like their souls had left their bodies. Legs shaking, faces drained, they could already see their own punishment coming

Having your head shaved was already a nightmare for any woman.

But this? A bleeding scalp. A damaged hairline that might never grow back.

For women who treated their beauty like it was life itself—this wasn't just harsh. It was devastating. Crueler than death.

Casey saw everything and went completely limp. Her legs buckled, and she collapsed onto the floor like a puppet with its strings cut. Her eyes were empty, staring into nothing, as if her soul had already left and only a shell was left behind.

Kenneth, watching Willow go through that level of cruelty, snapped. He looked like a lit fuse ready to **blow**.

He bolted forward, running straight at them, shouting at the top of his lungs, “**Stop!** Stop right now!”

But he didn’t get far—Josh stepped in and landed a **hard** kick to his chest.

Kenneth flew backward and crashed onto the ground

Before he could recover, two guards had him pinned, forcing him flat against the floor.

He struggled with everything he had, roaring, “Felix, you seriously did this to Willow? I’m not letting this go

His face was red, veins bulging, eyes full of bloodshot fury. But to Felix, it was meaningless noise. Felix didn’t even glance his

**way**.

When **that** didn’t work, Kenneth turned to Lauren instead

“Lauren, she’s your sister! You’re just gonna watch while they humiliate her? What’s wrong with you? Are you even human?”

Lauren let out a short, sharp laugh. She didn’t bite at **his accusation**—instead, she hit him where it hurt. “It’s been over a month. Elaine should be able to **talk** by now. So tell me—did she never name the real attacker, or did you just never give the chance to

Kenneth’s face went bone—white.

He her

The truth was, he had sent Elaine overseas for one reason—he didn’t want to hear what she had to **say**. Because if she never spoke it, then maybe he **could** pretend he hadn’t done anything wrong. That he hadn’t betrayed Lauren. That everything he’d done had been justified.

He didn’t want to go there. So he switched tactics. “I’m your fiancé and you’re all over some other guy. You’ve got no self-respect. Lauren, tell them to stop right now or I’ll never forgive you.”

## Chapter 148 No Mercy for Willow

Lauren just looked at him, expression calm and unreadable.

+8 Pearls

on a sad.

His insults, his shouting—  
none of it mattered anymore. He looked ridiculous to her now. Like a clown putting on a messy performance. All she felt was pity. Maybe even a little amusement

Felix's brows pulled together. His voice was cold and flat. Too loud"

Josh didn't need any more direction. He ripped off his sock and shoved it into Kenneth's mouth without blinking.

Kenneth's eyes bulged wide with shock.

He twisted and thrashed, trying to break free from the guards holding him down, but it was pointless

He struggled to spit out the disgusting, sweaty sock stuffed in his mouth, but no matter how hard he tried, it stayed lodged there

The stench was overwhelming. It filled his mouth and made him gag, nearly throwing up .

All he could do was let out muffled groans, forced to watch as Willow's hair was shaved off bit by bit

Willow was now slumped on the ground, completely still, her eyes vacant,

The banquet hall had gone dead silent. The air was thick and heavy with dread.

Felix's eyes shifted again—slow, cold—  
and landed **on** the four wealthy women who had helped Casey beat Lauren

His stare was sharp and unforgiving, like a blast of icy wind. The moment his gaze landed on them, the women and their husbands started to shake all over.

"Mr. Brooker, we didn't know she was yours. If we'd known, we never would've touched her." one of them said quickly, her **voice** trembling. Her eyes were wide with panic, her tone desperate and pleading

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## Chapter 149 A Price Paid in Blood

“Yeah, that’s right. We just got emotional because we heard she was messing around with Mr. Kyle. It was a moment of poor judgment. We didn’t **know** who she really was. Please, just let us off this once another one of the women chimed in quickly. desperate to save herself.

Their husbands rushed to support them, putting on their best appeasing smiles. “Mr. Brooker, we’ve already talked to them. They know what they did was wrong. We’ve handled it.”

Felix let out a cold, mocking Laugh. “**Handled** it? That’s what you call it? My girl had her clothes ripped off and was left exposed in front of all of you. And now you want to brush it off with a half–hearted apology?”

The four women went pale instantly. They could see now—Felix wasn’t about to let this go with a warning

Their husbands started scrambling, trying to do damage control. “Mr. Brooker, this **was** all a huge misunderstanding...

Felix’s lips curved into something sharp and merciless. “I’m not unreasonable. If they admit they were wrong, then they can make it right. You like using your hands? Fine. Each one of them leaves a finger behind. Strip them, toss them out of the hotel, and let the public enjoy the show,”

The second the words left his mouth, the women looked like they’d seen **death**.

These were women born into money, used to luxury, used to snapping their fingers and getting what they wanted.

Now they stood like cornered prey, shaking from head to toe, swallowed by fear. They looked like dead leaves trembling in a fall breeze, all their former pride gone, heads hanging low with nothing left but dread

One of the socialites was trembling so hard it looked like her knees might buckle at any moment. Her whole body shook as she pleaded through her tears, “Mr. Brooker, please, can’t you **punish** us some other way? We really do know we messed **up!**”

Her husband, once a polished businessman who ruled boardrooms, now acted like a desperate puppy, crawling up to Felix with a fake grin.

“Mr. Brooker, you’re **a** reasonable man. My wife didn’t mean any harm. Please **give** her a pass this time. We’ll do anything you ask.”

The other three women were already falling apart. Their tears smeared their designer makeup, leaving them looking like ghosts of their former selves

“I can’t—  
I can’t be stripped in public, that’s too humiliating. Mr. Brooker, please, we’re begging you!”

Felix gave a slow, knowing smile. His voice **was** smooth but carried weight. Anything, huh? You’re **really** willing to pay **any** price!”

That flicker of hope returned—they thought he was giving them an out.

But then he hit them with it

“Even bankruptcy?”

The entire banquet hall went still.

It was like time stopped. The hint of a smile on their faces froze solid.

They could replace a wife. But if their companies went under, **all** their years of blood, sweat, and ambition would be gone. And climbing back to the **top**? Nearly impossible.

Their eyes showed it all—greed, fear, hesitation. But the choice was clear.

They stood back.

And watched in silence as Felix gave the nod to the bodyguards.

The guards grabbed the four women by the arms and dragged them aside, slamming their hands down flat on the table.

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11:41AM

Chapter 149 A Price Paid in Blood.

+8 Pearis

Felix **moved** smoothly as ever, picking up a fruit knife from the table. The blade caught the light and shimmered coldly, reflecting off his sharp, emotionless face.

He held the knife out toward one of the husbands.

The man froze in **place, staring** at it in horror, “M—Mr. **Brooker, what** are you doing?”

Felix gave a faint, cold smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “You couldn’t control **your** wife. That’s why she had the nerve to attack someone **in** public. So **now** I’m **giving** you **a chance** to correct that.”

The man’s hand trembled as he took the knife.

His eyes flicked between Felix’s icy stare and his wife—who was breaking down completely, sobbing so hard she could barely **breathe**. He felt like something was crawling under his skin, chewing him alive from the inside out.

He opened his mouth to speak, but his throat locked up tight, like **a** giant invisible hand was squeezing it shut.

His wife cried out, “Don’t do it! Don’t listen to him!”

He looked at her—saw the fear, the pain—and for a second, his face twisted with helplessness.

He tried to put the knife down, but the moment Felix’s cold gaze met him again, he flinched like he’d touched a live wire.

“Mr. Brooker, please,” he whispered, voice shaking “Can we just... do something else? I can’t do this. I really can’t

Felix stood like **a** mountain—**cold**, silent, and completely unshakable.

Lauren stood quietly **to** the side, watching it all without the slightest trace of pity.

They **had** mocked her, hit her, dragged her down without a second thought

Did they ever think the tables would turn like this?

Watching them squirm in fear now felt incredibly satisfying

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## Chapter 150 An Eye for an Eye

**Lauren** turned toward Felix.

The light hit him just right, tracing the sharp lines of his tall, powerful frame.

Seeing him defend her like that made him feel invincible.

Her eyes began to sting, and a knot of emotion rose in her chest—part gratitude, part dependence, and a deep, **unfamiliar** sense of safety she never knew she needed.

The entire banquet hall was locked in eerie silence. Everyone held their breath, too afraid to even shift in their seats, terrified that any sound might draw Felix's attention.

e room.

Only the man's heavy breathing and his wife's heart-wrenching sobs echoed through the tense

"I'm going to count to three, Felix said, his voice slicing through the air like a blade. If you don't do it by then, your chance is gone."

Three... The word hit like a gunshot—cold, brutal, final.

The man's whole body jerked. His face began to twitch, every muscle clenching with panic.

Two

He bit down hard, **jaw** locked tight. His face twisted with **pain**, fear, and something close to madness. His eyes were red and wild—like a trapped animal.

"One..

He snapped

With one brutal motion, he raised the knife and brought it down—severing **his** wife's thumb.

Her scream was so raw, so shrill, it pierced the room like a siren.

She convulsed, then went limp, dropping straight to the ground, knocked out cold from the pain.

The **guards** didn't hesitate. One grabbed a bucket of ice water and dumped it right over her **face**.

The freezing water shocked her awake. She gasped and looked down—  
saw her hand, the blood, the missing finger—  
and **wailed** again, her scream echoing off the walls.

¶

The man dropped the bloodied knife with a loud clang.

He was shaking all over. His knees buckled, and he collapsed, sobbing uncontrollably as his tears streamed down his face.

The crowd looked like they'd seen a horror movie come to life. Faces turned ghost-white,

Some

covered their mouths, afraid to even breathe.

Some of the men couldn't bear the sight and looked away.

Friends of the couple—**people** who'd once laughed and dined with them—quietly stepped back, doing anything they could to avoid getting dragged into the **chaos**.

The other three couples were so terrified it was obvious they were on the verge of completely **losing it**.

**Felix** stared at the man still kneeling in front of him. His expression was flat, **his** eyes like ice. "Next."

The other husbands stumbled backward, barely able to **stand**. Their faces were pale as paper, their legs like jelly.

Their wives collapsed into pleading.

When Felix didn't budge, they turned to Lauren, desperation all over their tear-streaked faces.

1/2

11:42 AM

Chapter 150 An Eye for an Eye

“Ms. Bennett, we were wrong. Please forgive us.”

“We’ll **do** anything—just don’t let this happen to us.”

“Please. We’re begging you.”

Lauren stared at their panic-stricken faces and felt nothing. No pity. No forgiveness.

+5 Pearls

The only reason I can stand here and face them now is because Mr. Brooker stood up for me. If he hadn’t everything I went through—the beatings, the shame—would’ve stayed buried in the dark forever.

And the next time I ran into these women? They’d do it all over again. Laugh, slap me around, treat me like dirt.

So why should I be the one to forgive? Why should their begging turn me into some kind of saint?

She slowly bent down and picked up the bloodied knife from the floor. Drops of red slid down the blade and hit the ground. splattering into small, vivid bursts.

She handed the knife to one of the men, her smile faint but **cold**. “What they did to me shouldn’t be swept under the rug. right sir!”

The man stared back at her in pure fear. She looked delicate, like she’d break if you breathed on her too hard—but in her eyes was something hard.

Unshakable.

Dangerous.

It was clear she wasn’t walking away from this quietly.

When he didn’t take the knife fast enough, Lauren’s expression darkened. Her **smile** was all ice. I’m done playing nice.”

Her voice was cold enough to make him flinch. His body jolted like a shock ran through him.

With shaking hands, the man picked up the knife. He clenched his jaw, forced himself forward—and like the one before **him**, brought it down and cut off his wife's thumb.

What followed **was** wave after wave of screaming

Each of the four women lost their right thumb. Their clothes were ripped away, leaving them in **nothing** but their undergarments.

They were completely exposed under the harsh lights and the stares of everyone around. The shame and agony in their **cries** echoed through the room like sirens.

The bodyguards grabbed them by the arms and dragged them out of the hall, still sobbing and screaming.

By 6 p.m. the streets were packed with traffic and pedestrians.

The four women were tossed right outside the hotel's entrance—and the chaos hit instantly.

Crowds gathered in a flash, people staring in disbelief. Some whispered, some took photos. Shock, curiosity, and a flicker of sympathy filled their **eyes**.

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