

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes **The Heiress**

Revived Ch 171

, 9726 Views, Released

Chapter 171 The Fall of The House of Bennett

Elliot was shocked enough.

When did become the legal representative of Bennett Corporation!

When Elliot was hauled into a police car, his face was a mask of disbelief. His mind raced, trying **to** recall any recent **company** documents that might have named him as legal representative, but nothing came to mind.

He knew the risks only too well. When a company engaged in illegal activities, the legal representative bore the brunt of the consequences, **which are** administrative penalties, crippling fines, and even criminal charges. Enough to ruin a man **financially** and socially. As a result, large corporations rarely listed their actual CEOs as legal representatives.

This can't be right. It's impossible!" Elliot finally snapped out of his daze, struggling violently **against** the officers. "You've got the wrong person! I'm not the legal representative. I know nothing about this!"

But the police remained unmoved, coldly informing **him that** resistance was futile.

Josh staggered into the Brooker's Villa, **dark** circles under his eyes, and collapsed on the sofa with a groan. "**Ahhh** finally, comfort.

Anna, the maid, barely looked up from her cleaning, "Working late again?"

"Late?" Josh rubbed his face dramatically. I pulled an all-nighter. If our boss were an ancient emperor, he'd be a full-fledged tyrant. I'm practically a dried-up husk at this point"

"Do you have that **many** complaints about me?" Felix's deep, magnetic voice cut through the room.

Josh shot up as if he'd been electrocuted, his face instantly splitting into a dazzling grin. "Not **at** all! In my heart, you are the sun that warms my cold, **weary** soul!" He even placed **a** hand over his heart for **added** sincerity.

Anna **and** Marilyn burst out laughing, lightening the mood

Felix came down the stairs and **sat across** from Josh, one eyebrow arched. “So! How did it go!

Josh puffed out his chest. “Not only **is** the Bennett Corporation bankrupt, but I made a major discovery” He paused for effect, waiting for Felix’s reaction.

Felix, however, barely looked up from the financial newspaper he’d picked up. “And that **is?**”

Undeterred, Josh cleared his throat. “Our investigation revealed that David had already sold his shares and transferred all the cash into **an** account in Sharon’s name. The company’s funds were drained, and there were massive financial and tax violations. Even without our interference, Bennett Corporation would’ve collapsed soon enough. Oh, and one more thing Elliot was secretly made legal representative months **ago**. And guess who authorized it? David”

Felix finally put down the newspaper.

Well, well. Not only had Bennett Corporation been gutted, but Elliot had been set up by his own father

“David... what a talented man, Felix mused, a smirk on his lips. The sarcasm was thick

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Josh couldn’t wrap his head around it. How could a man destroy his own company, embezzle the money to his mistress, and then throw his son under the bus? The sheer audacity was mind-boggling

Felix leaned back, his fingers drumming on the armrest “I wanted to play with Elliot a little longer. Too bad he turned out to be a useless

“Yep. He’s probably in handcuffs by now,” Josh said. “**As** a legal representative, he’s looking at a few years in jail.”

Just then, an urgent voice echoed from the entrance: “Marilyn, let me in! I need to talk to Lauren. It’s important!”

Rubbing his tired eyes, Josh frowned. “Marilyn, who’s that?”

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Chapter 172 The Missing Kidney

The moment the words left Felix’s lips, the door to the villa burst open.

Jeffrey stormed in, clutching a thick folder, his eyes **scanning** the room in a frantic search. "Where's Lauren?" he demanded, his voice tense with urgency.

Marilyn stepped forward, "Ms. Bennett is still resting, Mr. Jeffrey"

"Wake her. Now." His tone left no room for argument "This can't wait."

Marilyn hesitated, her eyes flickering to Felix for guidance.

Felix's icy gaze locked on Jeffrey, his voice a low, unyielding command. "If this is about the Bennett family's bankruptcy, save your breath. I'll inform her"

Jeffrey bristled. He'd always despised Felix's arrogance. The way the man exuded dominance without even trying. In Hoverdale, Jeffrey had met powerful figures, but none like Felix, who was that wealthy, ruthless, and exuding an aura that made even the boldest men cringe-

Kenneth and Elliot Talented, yes, but compared to Felix? Mere fireflies against the sun.

Jaw clenched, Jeffrey shot back, "You're the one who bankrupted the Bennetts, aren't you?" **A pause.** Then, sharper, "Aren't you afraid Lauren will hate you for that?"

Silence.

Felix, Josh, Anna, and Marilyn all turned to stare at him with identical, unnerving expressions,

Jeffrey shifted under their scrutiny Right. After what the Bennett family had done to her, she'd probably be celebrating their demise

He steeled himself and forced calm into his voice. "I need to see Lauren. It's critical"

Felix didn't move. His gaze pierced Jeffrey like a dagger. Explain or leave

Defeated. Jeffrey relented. I found clues about Lauren's missing kidney

The room froze.

Felix's eyes turned predatory. Josh sat up, sleep forgotten. **Anna** and Marilyn gasped. Even Madam Kate, who'd just come downstairs for breakfast, nearly dropped her cane in shock.

Without hesitation, Felix ordered, "Marilyn. Fetch Ms. Bennett.

But Marilyn didn't have to move.

Lauren stood at the top of the stairs, her face bloodless.

She'd heard everything

Her body shook like **a** **fault** bowstring, every muscle locked. The scar on her side where they'd cut her open and stolen a piece of her- burned as if it had been freshly sliced. For a year she'd wondered. Who took it? Who is walking around with my kidney?

Now the answers were within **reach**.

She descended slowly, each step leaden. When she reached Jeffrey, her fingers dug into his arms like claws. "Is it true?" Her voice cracked. "Tell me. Who took it? Who has it? Hurry!"

Jeffrey flinched but softened at her desperation. "Lauren, breathe. Let me

"How can I breathe?" Her nails bit deeper. The **pain** in her eyes wasn't just physical; it was the agony of betrayal, of violation.

His throat tightened. God, she's suffered too much.

Chapter 172 The Missing Kidney

It was the first time he'd ever called her by her nickname

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Chapter 173 The Darkest Truth

Lauren stood motionless, her back to Felix. The words Felix had spoken never reached her, not through her damaged left ear nor through her clouded mind still reeling from Jeffrey's revelation.

Felix paused, forgetting her impairment for **a** moment. A rare miscalculation for a man who never forgot details.

He crossed the living room in quick strides, his large hand clasping hers. The sudden warmth made her jump and turn. His lips formed deliberate words: "Don't rush. Sit down first. We'll listen to him properly."

The soft **command** grounded her. She let herself be led to the sofa, her body moving mechanically while her eyes remained fixed on Jeffrey, the man who might hold the answers to her stolen organ. Every **fiber** of her being was focused on him, afraid to **miss** a syllable of what was to come

Jeffrey settled into the chair across **from** her, carefully arranging his documents. He cleared his throat, choosing his words with the precision of a surgeon making the first incision.

“Lauren, you have to understand. I don’t have all the answers yet. I don’t know who specifically ordered the nephrectomy or who got your kidney.” He held up a hand to stop her impending outburst. “But what I can confirm is that your kidney was targeted long before you were captured. It wasn’t opportunistic, it was planned.

With methodical movements, he pulled a yellowed medical report from his file: “Do you recognize this kidney compatibility test from eight years ago? I want you to think carefully. Why would you have undergone this particular test? Who took you to the hospital that day?”

Lauren’s **hands** shook as she reached for the document. The date jumped out at her eight years ago. The numbers blurred **as** memories flooded back.

Eight years ago, after I returned to the Bennett family. David and Alice took me to the Skyline Medical Center in Hoverdale on the pretext of checking my health.

Over the years, I had only had that one full body checkup as well.

At the time, since it was my parents personally taking me to the hospital. I was very happy, thinking that they really cared about me and wanted to make **sure** that my body was healthy.

On that day, I had many, many tests done, and I can’t remember exactly what they were, except that there were a wide variety of items, and the only thing that stuck in my mind was the blood test.

So, all of this was not a concern but an elaborate conspiracy?

They brought me back just for one of my kidneys?

Realizing this terrifying possibility, Lauren’s body began to tremble uncontrollably, and that panic in her eyes instantly transformed into burning hatred.

“That.. that was the day after I returned to the Bennett family, she **whispered**. Her throat tightened **around** the words. “David and Alice...they said it was **a** comprehensive health checkup. My first physical as their returned daughter.”

The memory came in jagged fragments. The sterile hospital smell, the **cold** examination table, the countless vials of blood. drawn. At the time, she’d been so pathetically grateful for their **apparent** concern. Now the memory curdled in her stomach like tainted milk.

A choked sound escaped her lips. "All those tests. it was never about my health. They were screening me. Like like cattle"

The realization hit her with physical force. Lauren doubled over as if punched, her arms wrapped around her stomach, where the scar still ached in the rainy weather. The betrayal went deeper than neglect, this **was** willful injury.

I can accept that they don't love me, after all, in all these years, I never felt much warmth in the Bennett family either.

But I can't accept that it's just as well that they don't love me, but they're even counting on me so much, treating me like a tool that can med to harvest organs at will.

Tears fell freely now, splashing on the damning documents. Around them, the room's occupants reacted in waves of horror. Kate's grip on her cane turned her knuckles white, Marilyn brought trembling hands to her mouth, and even the usually

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Chapter 173 The Darkest Truth.

#Finished

Only Felix remained still, but his stillness **was** that of a predator about to strike. When he finally spoke, each word was measured and cold.

"A **year** ago, when Lauren's kidney was taken, which Bennett family member required medical attention?"

The question hung in the air like a guillotine blade.

Jeffrey frowned, mentally checking the patient records. "Officially? None. Although... His eyes narrowed. "Willow was studying abroad before. Only she returned to Hoverdale this **year**."

Felix's smile could have frozen hell over. "Check her travel records."

Josh Launched himself from the sofa with enough force to send it scraping across the floor. "I'll go."

Ms. Bennett is really too miserable: just by hearing about it, my heart felt like it was gripped tightly by an invisible hand, feeling anteoriky for her

If these are not true experiences, how could believe that there were such extreme parents in this world?

If this matter was really the work of Bennett's couple, just letting the Bennett family go bankrupt was really too easy for them.

"Not you." Felix's interruption brooked no argument. He remained **seated**, but his forward lean and interlocked fingers radiated deadly intent. "You've been awake for thirty-six hours. Gael will handle this."

Josh's gaze shifted to Felix, still sitting on the sofa. For the first time, something dangerous flickered behind his usual controlled mask. Not just anger, but something far more primal.

The kind of rage that demanded not just justice, but annihilation.

Send Gifts

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Chapter 174 The Breaking Point

Gael, full name Gael Leach, was a man of few words and deadly efficiency.

A former Special Forces operative, he had once single-handedly raided a drug cartel stronghold in the Gloisal, earning him the nickname "The King of Hell" in underground circles. After he retired, Felix had recruited him as a driver and shadow operative, handling matters that required... discretion.

To outsiders, Gael was the quiet, unassuming chauffeur. But those in the know understood. When Felix used him, the **truth** would be unearthed, no matter how deeply buried.

Josh sank back onto the sofa, recognizing the unspoken message in Felix's order. This isn't an investigation anymore. This is a

hunt.

With Gael involved, every Bennett family secret—past and present—would be unearthed.

A suffocating silence fell over the room.

Lauren's **eyes** swept over the faces around her. Kate's sad frown, Marilyn's tearful eyes, Josh's clenched jaw. Their pity was a vise around her heart.

How pathetic must I look?

She forced a shallow **breath**. Don't break. Not here.

"I...I have to lie down, she murmured, rising unsteadily.

The room spun. Three pairs of hands shot out, which are Felix's, Josh's, and Jeffrey's. But she stiffened her knees and grabbed the arm of the sofa.

"I'm fine," she lied, her lips twitching into a ghost of a smile. "I just got up too fast."

Marilyn hovered anxiously. "Ms. Bennett, at least eat some breakfast Lauren read her lips and shook her head. "No appetite."

Each step toward the stairs felt like wading through tar. Behind her, Marilyn stifled a sob at the sight of her swaying gait. How could the Bennett family do this? Steal from their own flesh and blood.

Lauren didn't go to her bedroom.

She staggered into the embroidery room

Sunlight streamed through the bay windows, gilding the half-finished pronk tapestry, Queen of Blooms, on the loom

Felix had designed this room for her. He **said**, "When you're tired, stand here. Breathe. The view will calm you!

But today, the vibrant garden below—a riot of crimson, blush, and snow-white blooms—might as well have been grayscale.

Her fingers brushed the silk threads, usually so vibrant, now dull as **ash**.

The needle. Concentrate on the needle.

She threaded the embroidery needle with trembling hands, the shh shh of silk through linen a faint distraction.

First stitch. In her mind was **David's** indifferent look when she'd called him "father."

Second stitch. The picture of Alice's back turning as Willow mocked her deaf ear appeared.

Third stitch. The hospital bed. Cold steel. The missing kidney—a tear splattered on the fabric. Then another. She scrubbed furiously, but the floodgates had burst

The needle slipped.

A sharp sting of blood welled at her fingertip, mingling with the tears to form a grotesque crimson bloom on the pristine silk.

The last thread of composure snapped.

11:44 AM

Chapter 174 The Breaking Point

Lauren collapsed over the loom, her wails echoing off the walls that had once held her hope.

Send Gifts

270

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Chapter 175 The Weight of Sorrow

Years of repressed anguish, every injustice, every betrayal, every moment of despair, washed over Lauren like a tidal wave. She curled up **in a ball**, her body riven with sobs, the sound raw and guttural.

Felix stood silently behind her, his presence a silent vigil. His hand hovered just above her trembling shoulders, aching to offer comfort but hesitant. Words felt inadequate. How could mere speech soothe such a deep wound!

Instead, he stood still, a shadow at her back, letting her grief pour out unchecked.

Between shuddering breaths, her voice cracked like shattered glass.

"What did I ever do wrong? Why did they hate me so? They knew; they knew how much I wanted to belong... Was I really that

unlovable?"

Felix's fingers curled into fists at his sides, the knuckles turning white. His reply was soft but unwavering.

"You are not the problem. You are loved. This was never

your fault."

But Lauren, deaf to his words, continued to cry.

The door to the embroidery room was ajar **Kate**, Marilyn, and Anna lingered in the hallway, their eyes glistening with unshed tears. Even from the living room. Josh and Jeffrey jumped at the heartbreaking cries.

Josh's jaw clenched so hard it hurt. "Those bastard persons, he seethed. Without another **word**, he stormed out, the front door slamming behind him. Seconds later, the roar of the Maitrise's engine split the air as the car pulled away, tires screeching.

Jeffrey, meanwhile, felt the weight of his own guilt like a noose. Memories of his past callousness toward Lauren. Every dismissive remark, every time he'd chosen Willow's side, flashed through him. Shame burned sourly in his throat. Unable to **stand** the suffocating atmosphere, he fled, too.

Across town. Mia stood at the school gates, clutching a borrowed umbrella, her smile bright **with** anticipation.

The black Maitrise sped past, a blur of polished metal and tinted windows, its tires **kicking** up a spray of rainwater. **Mia's** arm, raised in greeting, slowly dropped.

I recognized the license plate. Last night, the man in this car had promised to pick up the umbrella himself. Yet here *he* was, driving by without a second glance

Her smile turned to something colder.

Of course, rich men are all the same—arrogant, forgetful, and **cruel**.

But where another might have despaired, Mia's spine straightened. A calculated gleam flickered in her eyes.

Arrogance made me easier to deceive

The Bennett family had taught me that much. After seeing what they'd done to Lauren, I'd learned it the hard way. Trust no one. yourself

Trust only

"Hang in there, Lauren, she vowed silently. "As soon as I've saved enough, I'm going to take you **and** Mom far away from Hoverdale. Somewhere where no one can hurt **us** again."

She turned on her heel, her resolve hardening with each step.

Before Mia pushed the door, the ear-piercing laughter in the dormitory pierced through the thin door panel, like hardened steel needles piercing into the eardrums.

It went out; she definitely didn't come back that fast. Let's get it quick; don't let that crazy woman find out."

She just

“Obviously a nanny born little bitch, but also every **day** in front of us a high and mighty look; we have long looked at her, not **good**.”

Chapter 175 The Weight of Sorrow

“If you don’t say poor people have a rotten life, she is really not afraid of **death**; what can we do with her?”

“This is the most hateful, she **can’t** move her, **take** her toothbrush to brush the toilet, hahaha!”

“Then I wipe my feet with her towel”

“I filled her shampoo with toilet water

Word for word, it’s all full of malice.

, ? Views, Released on March 30, 2025

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 176 The Viper’s Retribution

Finished

Mia’s expression darkened, her eyes glittering like those of a predator in the dead of night. But her lips curled into a wide, unnerving grin, electric with anticipation.

Ever since rumors had spread through the university that I was some rich man’s mistress, her reputation had been dragged through the mud. If it hadn’t been for Elliot’s sudden “intervention,” I would have been expelled.

But I wasn’t my mother. I wasn’t naive enough to believe that Elliot’s help came without strings attached.

This was his game. Create a scandal, then swoop in as a savior. All to manipulate Lauren.

Disgusting.

My so-called “friends” had turned *against me* overnight, emboldened by their wealth and status. They thought my silence was weakness. *They* mistook *my* reticence for **fear**.

They didn't know the truth. After witnessing what the Bennett family had done to Lauren, Mia had vowed never to be a victim again.

She'd rather be the knife than the flesh it cut.

She leaned against the cold concrete wall of the dorm and waited.

Ten minutes passed before the bathroom door creaked open.

"We're done. Let's grab lunch."

Giggles. The rustle of things being gathered.

Click.

The door swung wide to reveal Mia leaning against the frame, her smile saccharine.

"Having fun?"

Three faces blanched.

Mia stepped inside and closed the door behind her. The metallic snap of the bolt made her roommates jump.

"Y... You're back early!" one stammered, her "heartbreaker pink" lips quivering. "We were just cleaning." Mia laughed.

The sound was fragile, like ice cracking over a bottomless lake.

"Oh, I can see that." Her eyes drifted to the toilet bowl, where her toothbrush lay discarded. "You like my stuff so much... Why didn't you just ask? I would have given them to you."

She pointed to the bathroom.

"Go on. Show me how much you love them."

The girls shrank back. "W...We'll use our own." Mia's smile faded.

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Chapter 176 The Viper's Retribution

"I'm not asking."

64%

Finished

When

the roommates saw the dagger, their faces instantly became whiter than paper, and their bodies began to tremble uncontrollably and violently.

“You... don’t be impulsive; we are wrong, isn’t it okay?”

Mia was playing with the butterfly knife while saying carelessly but full of threats, “Wrong? Do you want to get rid of it by saying that you’re wrong? Wouldn’t I lose face? Remember what I said to you guys more than two months ago?”

You guys can bully me; I can take your lives too; I’ve earned it by exchanging one life for three. Want to try?

Thinking about what she said and the bone-chilling coldness when she held the knife against their backs, the three girls cried in fear.

Tears streamed down their distorted faces as they obeyed:

Brushing their teeth with toilet-scrubbed bristles.

Washing their hair with bleach-laced shampoo.

Wiping their skin with the filthy towel.

Mia watched, her voice a velvety purr: “Wasn’t so much fun when the joke was on you, huh?”

Vipers didn’t grow fangs for decoration.

*Some lessons had to **be** written in blood.*

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As her sobbing roommates collapsed onto the tiles, Mia put her knife in her pocket.

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, ? Views, Released on March 30, 2025

15:30 Sun, 30 Mar N

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 177 Debt Collection

Mia decided, *Tonight, I'm going to the Serenity Bar.*

The man driving the Maitrise owed me an umbrella, and I always collected her debts.

Money was a beautiful thing.

Too bad I didn't *have any.*

So I'd just have to take it from the men who did.

And feel no guilt about it.

64%

Finished

Sunlight dappled the corridors of Skyline Medical Center, casting shifting patterns on the sterile floors.

Josh strode through the wards, his white coat immaculate, a blue medical mask hiding everything but his sharp, glittering eyes.

David barely glanced up from his phone as the “doctor” entered, too engrossed in his flirtatious exchange with Sharon. His lips curled into a leering grin as he typed.

Josh's hands clenched.

Without hesitation, he pulled a sweat-stained sock from his pocket and shoved it into David's mouth.

David's eyes bulged. He reached up to claw it out, but his hand was completely controlled by Josh.

Crack.

His hand was ripped raw and dislocated.

“Ahhhh!”

David’s scream was muffled by the sock; his face was purple with agony. Josh didn’t stop there, a fist to the nose. A kick to the freshly set leg. The snap of a broken bone echoing off the walls.

By the time Josh stepped back, David was unconscious, a broken heap on the sheets.

Josh exhaled. *Finally.*

Then he turned and froze.

Jeffrey stood in the doorway, stunned.

“Do you have a death wish?” Jeffrey hissed. “There are cameras here.”

Josh shrugged. “Are you going to report me?”

Jeffrey looked at the bruised David. “Get out. I’ll settle it.”

Josh patted him on the shoulder. “Drinks tonight. On me.”

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15:30 Sun, 30 Mar

Chapter 177 Debt Collection

Josh drank to forget the Bennetts’ cruelty.

64%

Finished

Jeffrey drank to forget his own. *I used to be too bad to Lauren; every time I think of those harsh words and behavior, I feel like I’m a big stupid person, shame and shame to the extreme.*

Full of guilt can only be slowly dissolved in this alcohol.

Hours later, Jeffrey was slumped over the booth, unconscious. Josh, swaying but coherent, staggered toward the exit, unaware of the girl watching from the shadows.

Mia’s eyes followed him like a hawk.

Then she turned to Jeffrey.

Recognition flashed.

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This was Elliot's friend, with no shortage of mockery of Lauren recently.

Her palm snapped across his face with a sound like a gunshot. Jeffrey didn't even stir.

"Pathetic," she muttered, then hurried after Josh.

This man could be with Jeffrey; then he must be Elliot's friend as well.

These men are" id and bastards.

Outside, Josh slumped on the curb, loosening his tie. The night air sobered him slightly.

Mia approached, the

picture of innocence, lips parted, eyes wide.

Honestly, the guy was good-looking and gentle.

The type of guy I like to "play" with.

She held out the umbrella like a holy offering.

"Sir... you forgot this."

Her voice was sweet.

Her smile was sweeter.

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The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 178 The Serpent's Charade

64%

Finished

Josh tilted his head back, the dim streetlights casting a hazy glow over his flushed cheeks. The faint indentations from his glasses still lingered at his temples, and his loosened tie coiled like a lazy snake against his collarbones. His shirt, half unbuttoned, revealed the taut lines of his chest rising with each uneven breath, a rare glimpse of dishevelment under his usual polished veneer.

Mia's gaze caught the bob of his Adam's apple as he swallowed, her fingers twitching with an almost hungry

tremor.

How easy it would be to wrap my hands around that throat.

Her hand lifted, drawn by some primal pull, then his voice, rough with alcohol, shattered the fantasy: "Who... are you?"

Have you forgotten me already? That's only one day before we last meet. Or was he drunk?

Her lips curled. At the last second, her reaching fingers redirected, gripping his chin instead with playful dominance. Leaning forward, she arched her spine like a cat stretching in the sunlight, her eyes glittering with mischief.

"Really, sir? You don't remember?"

Josh was indeed drunk; the scene in front of him was overlapping and blurred, and he simply failed to hear the inside meaning in Mia's words.

He slapped her hand away and staggered to his feet, only to stagger forward, his polished shoes scraping the pavement.

Mia caught him at the waist, her thumb pressing deliberately into the hard ridges of his abdomen. *Damn. Even drunk, his **abs** were like steel.*

Josh grunted softly out at the pain of the scratch, and he frowned, shaking his head vigorously in an attempt to clear it, but his head felt like a swarm of bees were buzzing madly about, stirring him up in a way that made it impossible for him to concentrate.

He groaned and slapped her. "Go... off..."

She let him go with a grin.

Thud.

Josh hit the ground hard, the impact bringing some clarity to his foggy mind.

Mia watched in amusement as he groaned until his bleary eyes sharpened. He was sober.

In an instant, her smirk turned to doe-eyed concern. She dropped to her knees beside him. “Oh, no! Are you hurt?”

Josh fumbled with his glasses, finally focusing on the girl before him, delicate features, a blush on her cheeks, her fingers fluttering nervously. The picture of innocence.

“You?” His voice was gravelly.

Mia’s face lit up. “You remember me!”

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15:30 Sun, 30 Mar N

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 179 The Perfect Trap

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Chapter 179 The Perfect Trap

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Finished

Mia lifted her face, all traces of calculation vanishing from her expression as effortlessly as wiping away steam from a mirror. Her eyes, wide, liquid, and artfully distressed, regained their manufactured innocence, the perfect portrait of a nervous college student.

“I waited for you near the university this morning,” she explained, her voice trembling with just the right amount of hopeful hesitation, “but you didn’t show up. So I... I thought maybe I’d find you at the bar tonight.”

Josh blinked slowly, his alcohol-clouded mind sifting through fragmented memories. There had been a promise of an umbrella, hadn’t there? And this morning he had driven past Hoverdale Tech University in a rage at the Bennett family, his mind too stormy to remember trivialities.

Guilt stung me. Damn it. I blew *them off*.

"Right," he murmured, his shoulders relaxing. "Makes sense."

He tried to stand, but his legs folded like paper.

Mia lunged forward, her grip deceptively fragile. "Let me help you!"

Josh studied her up close, the way her teeth troubled her lower lip and the serious wrinkle in her brow, and chuckled softly. *The girl is quite innocent.*

Mia pretended not to notice the smirk that appeared to be at his mouth and purposely pretended to be struggling to help Josh.

Josh was walking a bit staggered, and the weight of the whole person was almost on top of Mia.

It was definitely *impossible to drive a car in this condition.*

Josh fished his keys from his pocket, the motion awkward. "You're driving?"

"Y-Yes!" She took them with both hands, her fingers brushing his palm in a way that could've been accidental.

Josh fumbled in his pocket and produced the car keys, dangling them between his fingers. "I need you to get me home tonight," he slurred, the words thick with alcohol.

Mia accepted the keys with both hands, her fingertips brushing his palm in a gesture that could have been accidental. A glint of triumph flashed in her fox-like eyes. There and gone in an instant, like a knife blade catching moonlight.

She guided Josh to the sleek black car with exaggerated care, her arm wrapped firmly around his waist. With practiced efficiency, she maneuvered his limp body into the backseat, taking extra care to ensure his head didn't bump against the doorframe. The moment the door clicked shut, her entire demeanor shifted, shoulders squaring, lips curling into a victorious smirk as she tossed her hair over one shoulder.

Josh slumped against the leather seats, his breathing already deepening into sleep. He mumbled an address, some luxury high-rise downtown, before consciousness abandoned him completely.

Mia slid into the driver's seat and adjusted the mirrors with precise movements. The engine purred to life beneath her hands as she shifted gears with the confidence of someone

e who'd driven far more powerful vehicles than this. The car peeled out of the parking lot, tires squealing against asphalt.

Chapter 179 The Perfect Trap

64%

Finished

Hoverdale's skyline blurred past the windows; a riot of neon signs and glittering high-rises reflected in the windshield. The city pulsed around them, oblivious to the predator in its midst.

The car glided into an exclusive downtown neighborhood where glass towers pierced the clouds

After arriving at the destination, Mia helped the drunken Josh to his doorstep. His finger print unlocked the door to a sprawling penthouse that smelled of leather and expensive cologne.

Mia's sharp eyes immediately caught the blinking red light in the living room corner, which is a security camera discreetly mounted near the ceiling. Her lips pressed into a thin line, but she schooled her features into perfect distress as she half-carried, half-dragged Josh toward the bedroom.

The bedroom was a study in masculine luxury, with cream-colored walls, dark walnut furniture, and an abstract painting above the bed that exploded with violent reds and golds.

Mia's

gaze darted to every corner, confirming the absence of cameras. The tension in her shoulders eased as a slow, predatory smile spread across her face.

With a grunt, she dumped Josh onto the king-sized bed. He didn't stir, his limbs splayed like a broken marionette.

"Sir?" Mia called softly, hovering over him.

No response.

"Sir!" She shook his shoulder harder, nails digging into his skin through the fabric.

Still nothing but steady breathing.

A cold laugh escaped her lips. *Perfect.*

With one sharp yank, she tore open her blouse. Buttons flew like shrapnel, pinging against the hardwood floor. The delicate lace camisole beneath left little to the imagination as she mussed her hair into artful disarray, strands clinging to her tear-streaked cheeks.

“No! Stop!”

Her scream shattered the penthouse’s silence, raw and terrified. She bolted from the room, arms crossed over her heaving chest, the picture of violated innocence.

Mia stumbled into the night, her ruined blouse flapping open in the wind. Streetlights caught the tears glistening on her cheeks, the delicate straps of her camisole gleaming against flushed skin. Her shadow stretched long and thin behind her, a twisted marionette severed from its strings.

She paused at the corner, shoulders shaking with manufactured sobs, then walked with panic in the street.

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, ? Views, Released on March 30, 2025

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 180 The Perfect Alibi

Mia hadn’t walked far when she felt it, the faint but unmistakable sound of footsteps following her.

Tch.

Being Targeted.

Robbery? Or something worse?

My original plan had been to return to the campus. But now a new idea was taking root.

Finished

Outwardly, she feigned ignorance, though her peripheral vision scanned the area. A glint of light caught her eye, a surveillance camera mounted on a nearby lamppost.

Perfect.

Her lips curled. Deliberately, she turned into an unguarded alley, dark as a predator's maw.

She pulled out her phone, her movements steady, her voice anything but:

"Hello, police? I'm in Rowen Alley; someone's following me. I'm scared. Please hurry..." As she stepped back into the dim streetlight, her stalker appeared. A hulking figure silhouetted against the moonlit pavement.

Mia's smile turned venomous. "Following me all this way... do I interest you?"

The man froze, taken aback by her audacity.

She closed the distance, her voice syrup-sweet. "There's a motel up ahead... why don't we go there together?"

The man was shocked. "???"

Not waiting for the man to react, Mia wrapped her hands around the man's neck; her red lips approached and exhaled like orchids.

"Mister, do you think it's good?"

Although the man felt that Mia's behavior was a bit strange, desire quickly overwhelmed his mind, and he didn't think much about it.

His confusion turned to lust. "You looked pure, but you're just a little slut, huh?"

"Don't you like that?" She wrapped her arms around his neck, her breath warm against his ear.

"Like." The man's muddy breath sprayed on the side of her neck, and he raised his hand to wrap it around Mia's waist.

The next moment, Mia drove her knee into his groin.

His scream echoed off the bricks. Mia stepped back and watched dispassionately as he collapsed.

"Bitch! I'll kill you!" He lunged.

Mia screamed and sprinted back into the well-lit streets, her pursuer close behind.

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Chapter 180 The Perfect Alibi

“Let me go! Help!” Her screams ripped through the night as he ripped open her shirt.

Finished

“Bitch, it’s too late to cry for help now.” The man said viciously while pulling hard on Mia; Mia’s white shirt was instantly torn to shreds, leaving only a white halter on her upper body.

She screamed, holding her body and shivering, her eyes full of fear.

Right on cue, police sirens wailed.

As they hauled her attacker away, Mia bowed her head and allowed herself a single, triumphant grin.

The next day, sunlight stabbed through the curtains, piercing Josh’s skull like a hot poker.

He moaned, rolled over, and froze.

Buttons. Everywhere.

Josh frowned as a sense of foreboding rose in his heart.

Could someone have entered my home?

But his head hurt too much; he couldn’t remember anything from last night; his head was in chaos.

Fumbling for his phone, he pulled up the security feed.

There she was, the college girl, helping me inside.

Josh breathed a sigh of relief, but then, his eyes fixed on the footage of Mia leaving in a hurry.

Mia in the video, her hair messy and emotional, ran out of the bedroom holding her chest and cried.

Josh was choking on his own saliva.

What the hell happened last night!

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