

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

The Heiress Revived Ch 241

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Chapter 241 Everyone Will Pay for What They Did

Finished

Brendan set his jaw, forcing himself to be firm. "That's enough. You don't get to cry. You lost that right. Get up. We're going home."

He yanked Kenneth to his feet, ignoring the tears still pouring down his son's face, and dragged him toward

the exit.

Brielle followed, quietly pushing Elaine's wheelchair.

Elaine turned her head and looked up at the second floor, eyes shining with regret.

Lauren, I hope you find happiness. *I really do.*

As they stepped outside, Kenneth suddenly dug in his heels. He refused to leave.

"I'm not going! I have to stay—I have to apologize to her!" he cried.

Brendan had enough. His fury boiled over.

He slapped Kenneth across the face—once, then again—hard.

Only then did he finally get Kenneth into the car and take him away.

When they got back to the Gray Mansion, Brendan was finally hit with the full reality—Gray Corporation had nearly been crushed by the pressure from the Brooker side.

They hadn't gone under, but they were hanging by a thread.

Brendan, Brielle, and Kenneth all sat in silence. The kind of silence that feels like it's pressing down on your

chest.

Elaine, on the other hand, let out a low, cold laugh.

“This is what happens,” she said. “This **is** karma.”

She’d seen it coming ever since she woke up and watched Kenneth blindly defend Willow, not even stopping to ask questions.

If fate hadn’t twisted the way it did—if Lauren hadn’t been saved by pure accident—Gray Corporation would’ve crashed and burned just like the Bennetts.

The only reason her parents and brother had been able to walk back into this house unharmed was because Lauren had spared them—for her.

And the truth was... if anyone else had heard the same ugly secrets, they would’ve made the same choice

Lauren did.

Elaine wasn’t innocent either.

Before she saw Willow for who she really was, she’d sided with her. Hurt Lauren too. Just like Kenneth.

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“Where are you headed?”

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Elaine’s eyes hardened and said, “To the prison. Everyone else knows what really happened—but Elliot doesn’t. He was one of the people who helped frame Lauren, and I’m not about to let him keep living like his hands are clean.”

With that, she spun her wheelchair around and started for the door without another word.

She didn’t need permission.

She was going—no matter what.

Hoverdale Psychiatric Hospital.

Alice thrashed wildly, screaming as the orderlies struggled to hold her down.

“I’m not sick! Let me out! I don’t belong here!”

It took two of them just to restrain her while another fastened the thick straps across her arms and legs, securing her to the hospital bed.

Her eyes were wide with fear, her voice cracking as she shouted, “You can’t do this! Do you have any idea who I am? I’m...”

But she stopped.

Because she didn’t even know what to say anymore.

Before David, she’d been the golden girl—heiress of Pierce Corporation. People in Hoverdale used to whisper her name with respect.

Then she became his wife.

And now?

Her father was gone.

David had been lying to her the entire time.

She didn’t even want the title of Mrs. Bennett anymore. It meant nothing.

Her son was in prison. Her daughter loathed her.

There was no one left to protect her. No name left to cling to.

And in that moment, tied to a hospital bed in a place that smelled like bleach and despair—Alice felt it.

That bone-deep, soul-crushing helplessness.

For the first time in her life, she had no power. No way out.

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crazy.”

But the doctor didn't even look up.

"Everyone says that when they get here. If you were fine, you wouldn't be here in the first place."

"I'm not sick," Alice insisted, clinging to the words like they were her last hope.

"I'm not sick. I'm not sick."

But no one believed her.

"Relax," the doctor said flatly. "You'll be sick soon enough"

Then came the sting of a needle in her arm.

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As the drug entered her bloodstream, her head began to spin. Her body went limp. Her thoughts scattered like leaves in the wind.

All she could feel was hopelessness.

This was it. This was the same kind of silence Lauren must have faced—screaming for someone to believe her, to hear her, and being met with nothing but judgment.

Was she this terrified too? This broken?

Just before everything went dark, a single tear slipped down Alice's cheek.

A tear born not of fear—but of guilt.

Because now... she finally understood.

Alice sat in her own regret, replaying every cold word, every cruel moment she'd thrown at Lauren.

It ate away at her.

And yet, even with that regret, she still couldn't help thinking Lauren's decision to lock her in a psychiatric hospital felt too harsh.

But when she really thought about it—Lauren had gone easy on her.

She could've been far more brutal.

If Lauren had wanted, she could've left Alice to suffer the same nightmare as Willow.

And that would've been true hell.

Instead, she sent Alice here.

It was mercy, in its own twisted way.

Willow had tried to escape. More than once.

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Then they locked her in *a pen* like an animal,

From that day on, she wasn't a person anymore,

She was just something they used. A toy for their rage. A living punishment.

She stopped fighting.

Because there was no fight left.

Finished

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Chapter 242 Felix Can't Forget That Kiss

It didn't take long before Willow got pregnant.

Who was the father? No one knew. Least of all her.

But the pregnancy didn't stop them.

The men kept going—day after day, like nothing had changed.

Eventually, her body gave out. She miscarried.

And from there, it became a cycle.

Abuse. Pregnancy. Miscarriage. Repeat.

She lived in that nightmare. Every day blurred into the next.

Finished

Over time, her body stopped trying. The trauma was too much. Her system developed complications, and pregnancy became impossible.

She spent an entire year trapped in that endless loop—her health visibly deteriorating with every passing month.

Willow had always been proud.

She used to dream of luxury, of marrying into wealth and power.

But here she was—treated worse than an animal. Defiled by men who were older, rougher, and reeked of

filth.

Her body broke first.

Then her mind.

Less than a year in that place, and Willow completely unraveled.

She lost her grip on reality. And the girl who once saw herself as untouchable... was gone.

But that was another story for another time.

Back at the Brooker Villa.

Felix laid Lauren down gently on the bed. He spoke to her softly, just enough to ease her nerves, then turned to leave.

He looked calm. Controlled.

But the flush on his ears gave him away.

Lauren watched him go, warmth spreading through her chest.

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Chapter 242 Felix Can't Forget That Kiss

Her body was a constant reminder of everything she'd lost.

And that warm feeling?

It faded into something sharp.

She clenched her fists.

Maybe it's time *I stop hiding behind all of it. Maybe I can fight for a future where I'm who I am again.*

Finished

If she had even the slightest chance of healing—of walking confidently beside Felix—then she had to try.

Her chest rose with a deep breath.

And in her eyes, for the first time in a long time, was fire.

Felix walked into the bathroom the second he got back to his room.

He caught his reflection in the mirror—and paused.

His ears were still red. Bright red.

He barely recognized himself.

Then the memory hit—the way he leaned in and kissed Lauren, right in front of everyone, just to put Kenneth in his place.

And for a guy who rarely smiled? His lips curved without even thinking.

His fingers drifted up to touch his mouth. He lifted a brow.

So that's what a kiss felt like.

Soft. Warm. Kind of addictive.

It was his first.

And if he was being honest with himself...

If I could experience that every day, he thought, I wouldn't complain.

Hoverdale Prison.

Elliot was a shadow of the man he used to be.

Gone was the tailored suit, the sharp hair, the arrogance. Now he wore a standard-issue jumpsuit, his head buzzed, his hands and ankles bound in thick iron cuffs.

Each step echoed through the hallway—clink, clink, clink—a rhythm of disgrace.

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Chapter 242 Felix Can't Forget That Kiss

Her face was stone. Cold. Unforgiving.

The second he saw her, his chest tightened. His eyes flicked away. He couldn't meet her gaze.

He already knew—deep down—that Lauren hadn't done it.

He'd known it the day Elaine opened her eyes.

But admitting it?

Finished

That meant facing the truth. The truth that he had stood in front of a courtroom and declared Lauren guilty. That he'd helped put his own sister behind bars.

He'd stolen her future.

He'd turned her into someone who had to fight just to live.

And now?

Now he couldn't run.

Elaine's stare held him like a spotlight. And despite everything screaming inside him to look away—to hide—his feet moved forward.

Because guilt has a way of pulling you in. Even when you're not ready to face it.

Separated by a thick wall of glass, they both lifted the phone receivers.

For a moment, neither said a word.

The silence was deafening.

Elaine was the one to speak first.

“What’s the matter? Seeing me leave you speechless?”

Elliot stared down at the floor. His eyes were blank, like he wasn’t even in the room.

The sight didn’t move Elaine at all. That pathetic, guilty slump of his? It didn’t scream regret—it screamed coward.

“You really don’t have anything to ask me?”

Elliot finally looked up. Their eyes met.

He opened his mouth, hesitated, then finally muttered, “I already have a good idea of what really happened.”

Elaine’s cold laugh crackled through the line.

“Yeah? You think you know? You don’t know anything.”

Elliot flinched. There was something in her voice—sharp, dangerous.

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Chapter 242 Felix Can’t Forget That Kiss

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How Sharon had manipulated David. How David had abandoned Lauren—dumped her in an orphanage like she was nothing. How, fifteen years later, they dragged her back into their twisted world for their own selfish reasons.

She didn’t sugarcoat anything.

Elliot sat there and took it all in—every brutal piece of truth he’d spent years trying to avoid.

Elliot exploded, fists crashing against the glass so hard the whole panel shuddered,

“You’re lying! This is all a lie! You’re trying to trick me!”

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Chapter 243 Elliot's Too-Late Apology

Finished

Elaine didn't even flinch. Her voice stayed icy cold, "Why would I lie to you, Elliot? You're already locked up. I've got nothing to gain. I came here to give you the truth—because after everything you did to Lauren, someone needs to make sure you hear it."

She didn't blink and continued, "You threw your own sister under the bus for Willow. So tell me... do you regret it now?"

Regret wasn't strong enough.

It was agony.

Elliot felt like his chest was collapsing. Like every breath cut him open from the inside.

He used to believe it had just been a mistake. Willow panicked and that the push was an accident.

But this?

This was evil. Nothing had prepared him for this truth.

Willow and David had planned to harvest Lauren's kidney. Use her body. Give the rest of her to a medical school like she was just a pile of spare parts.

If Elaine hadn't overheard them, Lauren would be dead.

And even though she survived, she was the one punished.

Five years of prison.

Five years of beatings, pain, and permanent damage.

Because of him.

Because he picked the wrong side.

And now he had to live with it.

“This can’t be true! No—no way. I don’t believe it! You’re lying, Elaine. You’re just trying to get back at me. You want me to suffer!” Elliot’s voice cracked, eyes burning red.

He was unraveling fast.

His fists pounded against the glass, his face wild and twisted in disbelief. He looked like a caged animal about to snap.

Elaine didn’t even blink. She sat quietly in her chair, watching it all play out like she’d expected this exact

moment.

Then he snapped completely.

“Ah-”

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Chapter 243 Elliot’s Too Late Apology

Finished

“Let me go! I need to see Lauren! I want to ask her myself—I need to hear it from her!”

Elaine’s voice cut through the chaos, sharp and cold.

“Lauren’s not going to see you, Elliot. And you know what? Maybe while you’re rotting in here, you’ll finally understand what she went through.”

She didn’t wait for a response.

She hung up the phone, spun her wheelchair, and rolled away without a backward glance.

Elliot’s pupils shrank in panic. He shouted, “Elaine—wait! Please don’t go! I need to see Lauren!”

But Elaine didn’t stop.

She didn’t turn around.

Not once.

She just kept rolling forward until she was out of sight.

And then... Elliot collapsed.

His knees hit the floor hard as the words kept tumbling from his lips, "No... no. This isn't real. She's lying. She has to be lying..."

Tears streamed down his face as he broke apart right there in the visitor's booth.

"Laurie... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Just give me one more chance. When I get out of here, I swear I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you..."

His voice cracked under the weight of his guilt.

But what Elliot couldn't know—what he refused to believe—was that by the time he got out...Lauren would

be gone.

Not just from prison. But from his life.

Forever.

Maybe it was the closure.

Maybe it was finally letting go of the years of bitterness.

Whatever it was, Lauren slept better that night than she had in eight years.

No nightmares. No restlessness.

Just warmth. Quiet. Stillness.

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Chapter 243 Elliot's Too-Late Apology

She got dressed, freshened up, and padded downstairs with surprising energy.

Finished

When she stepped into the kitchen, she found Marilyn already up, wearing an apron and bustling between the stove and counter.

Marilyn glanced over her shoulder at the sound and blinked in surprise, “Ms. Bennett? You’re up early today! Are you hungry? I was just about to make you some breakfast.”

Lauren smiled and shook her head.

She said, “No, I’m okay. I actually wanted to cook something for Mr. Brooker and Madam Kate. I don’t have much to offer around here, but at least I can help out with breakfast .

Marilyn chuckled and waved her hands, “Oh sweetie, you don’t need to do that. I’ve got it covered. Go on now—this kitchen’s full of grease and smoke.”

She started gently herding Lauren toward the door.

But Lauren clung to Marilyn’s arm with a playful pout, swaying it back and forth.

“Marilyn, Mr. Brooker and Madam Kate have been so good to me. I don’t have much to give back, but at least let me do this. Will you teach me how to make your chicken and rice soup—the one with the fresh cilantro on top? It always smells so warm and comforting.”

She rested her head on Marilyn’s shoulder, giving her a soft, affectionate nudge.

That was it. Marilyn’s heart turned to mush.

“Okay, okay, you win,” she said with a grin. “I’ll show you how to make it. And I guarantee—Mr. Brooker’s gonna love it. Nothing warms a man up faster than something made just for him.”

Lauren’s cheeks turned pink, “I knew you’d say yes. You’re the best, Marilyn.”

Between the sweet words and the cuddly charm, Lauren had Marilyn smiling so hard she couldn’t even hide it. Her heart felt full just being around her.

And just like that, the two of them were side by side, busy in the kitchen.

About thirty minutes later, they had five bowls of steaming hot chicken and rice soup on the counter.

The rice was fluffy and perfectly cooked, nestled in smooth white bowls. On top sat a golden fried egg, the yolk still slightly soft in the middle. Each bowl was finished with a sprinkle of fresh green onions and chopped cilantro, plus a few drops of toasted sesame oil that made the whole kitchen smell amazing.

It looked so good, your stomach couldn't help but growl.

Right around then, Felix, Kate, and Anna strolled into the dining room.

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Chapter 244 Love Over Allergy

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Marilyn was all smiles as she waved them over, "Mr. Brooker, Madam Kate, you've got to try this. Ms. Bennett made this chicken and rice soup just for you—all by herself."

Kate and Anna turned toward Lauren with those soft, doting looks only grandmas could pull off.

"Oh my, would you look at that," Kate said, grinning. "Our Laurie really is the sweetest thing. I love a good bowl of soup—and just from the smell, I know it's a winner."

Anna nodded in agreement, "It smells incredible. If it tastes anything like it smells, Laurie, you might just need to open your own little café."

Marilyn, practically glowing with pride, added, "Right? I said the same thing. This is Ms. Bennett's first time making chicken and rice soup and it's almost better than mine—and I've been cooking since before she was born. But that's Laurie for you. Whatever she sets her mind to, she nails it."

Kate chuckled, teasing, "Exactly why I claimed her as my future granddaughter-in-law the moment I met her."

The three women took turns gushing over her like she was a five-star chef, and honestly? Lauren didn't know where to hide her blushing face.

Lauren's face turned beet red under all the praise.

Okay... that's a *little much*, she thought, both embarrassed and flattered.

"Madam Kate, Anna—hurry and try it. If you like it, I'll make it for you again sometime," she said cheerfully.

She turned to Felix, eyes bright with hope.

"You too, Mr. Brooker. I want to know what you think."

Felix glanced down into his bowl and spotted the chopped cilantro sitting right on top. His brow tightened the slightest bit—but he said nothing. Without a word, he picked up his spoon and took a seat.

Lauren watched him like it was a final exam.

The moment the soup hit his tongue, the strong punch of cilantro hit him like a wall. His face faltered for a split second—but he forced the noodles down with a practiced ease and gave her a calm smile.

“It’s delicious.”

“Really?” Her whole face lit up.

He nodded again, more firmly, “Really.”

Lauren beamed, “I’m so happy you like it.”

She couldn’t believe her first go at chicken and rice soup had landed so well.

Maybe *I actually have a talent for this*, she thought, feeling a little proud of herself.

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Chapter 244 Love Over Allergy

her senses, and her eyes closed just a bit with a soft smile.

No doubt about it—chicken and rice *soup is* still my favorite.

Finished.

Maybe it was because of that bitter winter, the one when everything in her life had fallen apart, and Marilyn had made her a bowl of this very soup. Somehow, it hadn’t just warmed her up—it had given her something to hold onto.

Every year when the cold came, so did that memory. And this flavor always brought her back to it.

She kept eating, blissfully unaware that Kate and Anna were staring at Felix like they’d seen a ghost.

The two exchanged a silent, wide-eyed glance. It looked like one of them was about to speak up—but then they saw the pure joy on Lauren’s face... and quietly chose to stay silent.

Lauren always ate slowly. Her health wasn't the best, and her stomach had never fully recovered from the years she spent under the Bennett family's roof. She took her time, savoring each bite.

By the time she finally looked up from her bowl, Felix had already finished his. Every last spoonful.

She blinked in surprise—but her heart swelled with pride.

"Mr. Brooker, do you want some more? I can make you another bowl," she offered hopefully.

Felix stood and gently waved her off, "No need. I've got a full day ahead. You go ahead and take your time."

He turned to leave.

Lauren quickly added, "Take Gael with you, will you? I'm not going anywhere today and it helps me relax knowing someone's with you."

Felix gave a small nod. "Sure."

Then he headed out the door without another word.

Inside the car.

Felix slumped back into the seat, his face a little paler than usual. He tugged his tie loose and unbuttoned his collar, revealing a stretch of skin that had broken out in red hives.

From the driver's seat, Gael caught a glimpse of him in the rearview mirror.

"Mr. Brooker... did you eat cilantro?"

He already knew the answer. Felix was allergic. Even a trace amount could set off a reaction.

Felix let out a low breath and muttered, "Find a pharmacy. Fast."

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And she had said that to Felix. But the reason was simple, which was she needed Gael out of the way. If she mentioned going anywhere, there was no doubt Gael would insist on going with her.

Lauren kept her voice even. “Mia just called. There’s something happening at school and they’re asking for a parent to attend. I figured I’d go check it out with Marilyn”

Kate relaxed at that, “Oh, alright then.”

If it’s *just* Mia’s school, there shouldn’t be any danger, she thought, and gave her approval,

But as soon as they stepped outside, Marilyn turned to her with confusion written all over her face.

“Ms. Bennett, why did you tell Madam Kate that story?”

Lauren’s tone dropped, quiet but firm, “Marilyn, I want to go to the hospital. I need to get a full checkup.”

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Chapter 245 The Diagnosis That Shattered Lauren

Marilyn’s face lit up with surprise.

“That’s great news,” she said, genuinely glad.

But then she caught the shift in Lauren’s expression—somber, thoughtful, heavy.

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Lauren spoke quietly, "Marilyn, I know what's going on with my body. And if something's really wrong. I don't want to worry Madam Kate or Mr. Brooker. They've already done so much for me.

She lowered her gaze, her voice turning even softer, "If I hadn't crossed paths with Mr. Brooker, I probably wouldn't have even had the chance to fight back. And Madam Kate—she's trying so hard to bring us together. But someone like me... this body... I'm not good enough for him."

"I was thinking last night," she went on, "If I can get better, amazing. But if I can't, I won't be the reason he gets held back."

Marilyn felt a lump rise in her throat.

After everything Ms. Bennett had been through, she was still choosing gratitude over bitterness.

Marilyn stepped closer and gave a reassuring nod, "Then let's go. I'll be right there with you."

At the hospital.

Lauren spent the morning undergoing a full medical workup, with Marilyn close by through every test and scan.

When they finally received the results, she handed them over to a gray-haired doctor who looked like he'd seen it all—and yet the way his expression tightened, the way his brows furrowed deeper with every page, said otherwise.

When Lauren finally walked out of the exam room, her eyes were vacant, lifeless. She looked like someone whose soul had been quietly drained away.

The doctor's words echoed in her ears, each one landing like a punch to the chest.

"You're far too young to be in this condition. Years of malnutrition, severe anemia, compounded by untreated internal injuries. Your body's been under chronic stress for so long, it's starting to shut down. And with one kidney missing, your system's already fragile—your organs are starting to feel the effects."

Marilyn had asked the obvious question, "Doctor, if we find a donor—if she gets the transplant and starts recovering properly—can she still get better?"

But the doctor didn't sugarcoat it.

"This isn't just about replacing a missing organ. Her body's been pushed too far for too long. The damage has spread to multiple systems. Her hearing loss isn't just in the eardrum—the nerves are affected. A cochlear implant won't help. And if she can't hear, her ability to speak clearly might fade over time."

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Chapter 245 The Diagnosis That Shattered Lauren

He kept talking. But Lauren had stopped listening.

Every sentence felt like a door closing.

Every word sounded like an ending.

That was it. The truth landed hard.

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Lauren finally saw it for what it was—there was no reversing the damage. A body like hers couldn't just be patched up and made new again. What was broken was broken.

And the reality hit even harder.

She'd never be able to live like other women. No family of her own. No children. Not even the possibility of true physical closeness. It was all out of reach.

So she asked the question she dreaded most.

"How long do I have?" she said quietly.

It was a heavy question. But one she had to ask.

The doctor didn't flinch, "If you take care of yourself... maybe four or five years."

Four or five years.

That meant she probably wouldn't even live to see thirty.

Lauren left the room in a trance, each step heavier than the last. Her chest felt like it was being crushed. Her breath came short, tight, and painful.

Behind her, Marilyn followed closely, trying not to cry.

"Ms. Bennett," she said gently, "don't give up. We still have options. If this hospital can't help, we'll find another one. There are breakthroughs every day."

Lauren didn't answer. She just kept walking, limping quietly down the hall.

That's when Marilyn realized—Lauren hadn't heard her at all.

The truth hit like a gut punch.

Tears sprang to her eyes.

When did she lose her hearing?

If they hadn't come to the hospital today, she would've never known.

She watched Lauren's frail back disappear down the corridor.

One hand flew to her mouth as the sobs threatened to escape. She tried to hold it together—but the tears kept coming.

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Chapter 245 The Diagnosis That Shattered Lauren

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Because no matter how many people paid the price, nothing could bring back what Lauren had already lost.

No cure would undo the years of pain. No justice would return her body to what it once was.

Marilyn stood frozen, furious at the world, crushed by the weight of it all—utterly helpless.

"Lauren!"

The voice came out of nowhere—low, raw, and unmistakably male.

Marilyn quickly blinked away her tears and turned her head.

Kenneth stood there in a hospital gown, pale and exhausted, blocking Lauren's path.

He'd landed in the hospital after hitting rock bottom.

The moment he learned the truth last night, everything shattered. He drank himself into a blackout, ended up with alcohol poisoning, and Brendan and Brielle had to rush him to the ER in the middle of the night.

Running into Lauren here wasn't something he planned—
but the second he saw her, everything else fell

away.

He reached out, gently grabbing her shoulder like she might disappear if he didn't hold on.

"Laurie... were you here for me?" he asked softly, his voice hoarse and eyes rimmed with red.

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Chapter 246 Tears and Truths Finished

Lauren's empty eyes slowly focused as she recognized Kenneth, her face instantly revealing undisguised disgust.

"I can't stand you," Lauren said coldly.

Kenneth's face turned deathly pale, his lips trembling. "Do you hate me that much?"

"Yes! I hate you! I wish you were dead—" Lauren suddenly yelled at him. If it weren't for you all, how would I have ended up this crippled?

Lauren's heart felt as if it were being torn apart, bleeding profusely. Had she not been imprisoned, she should have been accepted into Northcrest University.

Five years later, she would have graduated and landed a decent job. By then, meeting Felix again, she wouldn't have felt as inferior as she did now.

She had finally fallen for someone, but she was not worthy, nor could she be with him forever.

Lauren's tears fell heavily. Why is my life so miserable?

She even wished she had never met Felix. Then, she wouldn't be heartbroken over not being able to be with him. What good did revenge do? My life was still a mess.

"Kenneth, don't show up in front of me again, I really hate you."

It felt like a stab to Kenneth.

"Hate you," these words echoed in his mind like a curse.

He suddenly embraced Lauren, wishing he could merge her into his body.

"Laurie, please don't treat me like this, okay? I truly like you. You can hit me or yell at me, just please give me one more chance."

Lauren pushed him away forcefully, but he held her even tighter.

"Laurie, you got your revenge on me yesterday, and I've paid my debt. Let's start over; I swear I'll do everything to make it up to you in the second half of my life, really, trust me."

His voice choked up, and his words were sincere, almost as if he were offering his heart to Lauren.

But Lauren didn't care for his repentance.

It was all too late. What's done cannot be undone.

A broken mirror could never be made whole again; her life was ruined, beyond the possibility of a fresh start.

Lauren's voice was unusually cold, "Kenneth, let go of me."

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Chapter 246 Tears and Truths

"I have something to show you, let go of me."

Kenneth hesitated, then slowly released Lauren.

"Laurie, what do you want to show me?" he asked, hopeful.

The next second, Lauren slapped a thick stack of medical reports against his chest.

Finished

Kenneth, confused, started to flip through them one by one. As his eyes moved, his pupils dilated and his breathing became erratic, his hands trembling violently.

"This can't be true, I don't believe it."

He said this, but he couldn't control his tears.

His legs gave out, and he fell to his knees at Lauren's feet.

He reached out and clung to Lauren's slender waist, sobbing, "Laurie, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry..."

Lauren didn't look at him, nor did she care what he said.

Even without looking, she could guess that he was probably repenting again. She stared blankly down the corridor. The corridor was busy with people, many of whom cast strange glances at her and Kenneth, but Lauren couldn't care less.

She was nearly dead. What is there to care about anymore?

Seeing no reaction from Lauren, Kenneth looked up at her, only to see her lifeless, dead demeanor.

This scene nearly drove him to despair.

He suddenly grabbed Lauren's hand and started hitting his own face with it.

"Laurie, hit me, as long as it makes you feel better, you can hit me however you want."

Lauren stood numbly, oblivious to Kenneth's cries.

Kenneth was heartbroken, full of regret. If only he had known that his actions would hurt her so badly, reducing her life expectancy, he would never have taken that wrong step.

He regretted it.

How he wished he could turn back time; then, he would do everything in his power to protect her and never let her be hurt again.

But there were no ifs in life.

He had hurt the person he loved the most, no matter how much he repented or blamed himself, it was futile.

Kenneth lay at Lauren's feet, almost madly slapping his own face with her hand.

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Chapter 247 Street Side Savior

Finished

Marilyn couldn't stand it anymore; she quickly stepped forward and forcefully pushed Kenneth away, Unprepared, Kenneth collapsed onto the cold ground.

Marilyn tenderly lifted Lauren's hand, noticing her palm was already red and slightly swollen, which fueled her anger as she glared at Kenneth with utter disgust.

"If you really feel sorry and want to atone, then stop appearing in front of Miss Lauren. You know she hates you, yet you persist in this obsessive way; you're just making it harder for us!"

Marilyn spread Lauren's swollen palm open and questioned, "Are you really punishing yourself, or are you torturing Ms. Bennett?"

Kenneth's gaze fell on Lauren's palm, feeling a heart-wrenching pain spreading from the depths of his heart. He was so pained that he couldn't speak, just shaking his head continuously.

His eyes, filled with pleading and regret, sought Lauren's gaze, but she wouldn't even look at him.

Kenneth felt a suffocating pressure in his chest, so intense that he couldn't even utter an apology.

Marilyn saw Kenneth's desolate state and thought him insincere. *What was he doing before? Now putting on a show of depth for whom?*

Since her release, Lauren had more than once proven her innocence in front of Kenneth, yet he never believed her, always favoring Willow instead.

His so-called love was disgustingly cheap.

Marilyn shot Kenneth a cold glance, then walked past him with Lauren.

Kenneth desperately reached out, trying to grab Lauren, but his hand grasped only air.

He wanted to follow and atone, but the pain in his stomach was overwhelming, and his chest felt as though

it had been stabbed.

“Thud.”

His body hit the ground heavily, his eyes filled with remorse, yet they remained fixed on Lauren’s receding figure.

“Laurie-”

Lauren never looked back, leaving Kenneth to wallow in his disgrace.

Outside the hospital, Lauren walked towards the bus stop in a daze, accompanied by Marilyn.

However, before they reached the bus stop, Lauren’s attention was caught by a garbage can nearby.

There, a man who had lost both legs was struggling to search through the trash. He finally found a moldy bun and devoured it eagerly. His body was filthy, and his matted hair was tangled from lack of washing.

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Chapter 247 Street Side Savior

81%

Finished

Some people are born with a silver spoon, enjoying wealth and luxury; others face hardships from the start.

The man’s skin showed he was not old, but losing his legs at such a young age meant losing the ability to live a normal life, forced to rely on dumpster diving to fill his stomach.

It was autumn, and the weather wasn’t too cold yet.

But in winter, it would be much harder for him. Looking at him, Lauren couldn't help but think of herself.

She scoffed at herself internally; her life was a mess, and yet she still felt sympathy for others.

But it was precisely because she had struggled through dark times and endured hardships that she could empathize with others' pain and wanted to offer a helping hand.

Lauren turned and entered a nearby convenience store, bought some bread and water, and then approached the man.

"Expired bread can make you sick; here, have this instead," she said gently.

Lauren handed the bag to the man, which contained not only bread and water but also some money. She kept only a few dollars for the bus fare, giving the rest to him.

The man stopped eating at the sound of her voice, stunned and frozen in place. Sitting on the ground, his eyes hidden by hair, were filled with fear, panic, shame, and humiliation.

Lauren bent down slightly, her gaze tender as she softly repeated, "Take it."

But the man sat motionless, trembling slightly as if he often faced bullying and was afraid of this stranger.

Her voice softened further, "Don't be scared; I mean no harm."

As she reached to take the moldy bun from his hand, the man's gaze fell on her pale, delicate but bloodless hands, stirring a bitter feeling inside him as tears uncontrollably fell.

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Chapter 248 Unseen Wounds

His tears fell uncontrollably, landing right on the back of Lauren's hand.

Finished

Lauren paused, feeling a pang of sorrow. She thought this man must have been without warmth for so long that a bit of kindness from a stranger seemed magnified in his heart, enough to make him cry.

Lauren took a deep breath, took the moldy bun from his hands, and threw it in the trash, then stuffed the bread, water, and money into his embrace.

Throughout it all, the man never looked up at Lauren or spoke a word.

Lauren wanted to say something encouraging, but just then, the bus arrived.

Marilyn tugged at her, "Ms. Bennett, let's get on the bus."

Lauren gave the man one last deep look before boarding the bus with Marilyn.

It was only after the bus had slowly pulled away from the stop that the man sitting by the trash can mustered the courage to lift his head, revealing his face.

It was Lucas; that night, covered in wounds, he had been taken to the hospital by Josh.

Josh had received orders from Felix to have the doctors amputate Lucas' legs.

At the hospital, however, the doctors told Josh that Lucas' legs were so badly mangled—bones crushed and flesh pierced by shattered bone—that amputation was necessary regardless of Felix's orders. When Lucas was wheeled out of surgery, both of his legs had been amputated above the knee.

As the anesthesia wore off, he woke in excruciating pain. Realizing he had lost his legs, he felt utterly despondent, in agony over his life.

Lucas couldn't afford the medical bills; the hospital only kept him for one day before turning him out. His wheelchair was gone, and without it, he had to drag his broken body along the ground.

These past days, he rummaged through trash cans by day and slept on park benches by night, living less than an animal. Yet, even in such dire straits, nothing was as painful as encountering Lauren without being recognized.

I must look terrible, right? Laurie didn't even recognize him. He desperately wanted to reveal himself to her, but how could he face her looking like this?

Lucas clutched the bag tightly, his eyes glued to the departing bus.

At that moment, tears streamed down his face. *Laurie, I was wrong. When will you forgive me? Remember me? Take me back home?*

Lucas curled up in a corner next to the trash can.

“Laurie, I’ve failed you.”

I’m receiving my karma now. It turns out, having my legs smashed is excruciating. Being despised by everyone feels so demeaning. The hunger, the struggle, it’s all so painful. Rank then you orbled so hard to secure a scholarship.

1/2

09:09 Sat, 5 Apr

Chapter 248 Unseen Wounds

Finished

Lucas’ mind was filled with memories of their time in the orphanage, where Lauren looked at him with complete trust.

She always followed him like a little shadow, and he had sworn to protect her for life.

Thinking of this, his tears flowed uncontrollably.

“If I had known it would come to this, I never would have gone into law. If I hadn’t become a lawyer, would things between us have reached this point?”

Lucas murmured to himself for a long while before he began to devour the bread. *Laurie, even if it’s for you, I need to pick myself up.*

Lauren and Marilyn returned to the Brooker’s Villa. Kate was arranging flowers on the couch. When she saw Lauren, she quickly put down what she was doing and greeted her with a loving smile, “Laurie’s back.”

As soon as Lauren stepped through the door, she had adjusted her mood.

She appeared very happy, smiling broadly.

“Madam Kate.”

However, at the sight of her, Kate’s smile froze, worry filling her eyes.

“Laurie, why are your eyes so red?”

Kate hurried over to examine Lauren closely. “Have you been crying? Did someone bully you? Tell me, and I’ll take care of it.”

A wave of warmth surged in Lauren’s heart, nearly moving her to tears. Indeed, those who care can see the change in you at a glance.

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Chapter 249 Grandma's Magic Touch

Back at the Bennetts, under Kenneth's coercion, Lauren had begged for mercy in from of ded bed, knocking her head until it bled.

Her forehead was wrapped in thick white bandages, to obvious, yet the Bennetts turned & find eye.

Now, her eyes were just slightly red from crying, and Kate noticed right away.

Lauren took a deep breath, holding back the tears that threatened to spill

She put on a smile and explained, "A gust of wind blew some dust into my eyes, and I r uthed them for quite a while."

Hearing this, Kate's anxious heart finally settled. She was always worried about Laurie b eing bullied by careless people outside.

"But dust in the eyes can also be irritating," she quickly told Anna, "Anna, bring the eye drops"

"Madam Kate, I'm really fine."

Kate wouldn't hear of it. She firmly made Lauren sit on the couch, then had her lie down with her head in her lap.

Kate almost cradled half of Lauren's body, treating her as tenderly as her own granddaughter.

Lauren's nose tingled, and she almost lost control of her emotions.

Just as she was about to cry, Kate dropped the eye drops in her eyes, and instantly, Lauren's tears flowed uncontrollably, hidden by the drops.

"What's the matter?" Kate asked anxiously.

Anna and Marilyn also gathered around, three pairs of eyes all on her.

"It's just that the eye drops are really cold," Lauren pretended it was nothing.

Kate exhaled in relief.

"Alright, just bear with it; I'm almost done."

Lauren smiled up at Kate, her gaze unwavering.

Kate applied the drops a couple more times, but each time, the drops (and tears) streamed down the corners of her eyes.

“Why are they all running out?” Kate wondered.

“Maybe my eyes just don’t absorb water very well.”

Kate couldn’t help but laugh, “You always making me happy.”

1/2

Chapter 249 Grandma’s Magic Touch

81%

Finished

Life goes on without me. Besides, Mr. Brooker is such a good man, he’ll surely find someone better suited for him. And me, I can only be a brief part of his life.

Lauren nuzzled into Kate’s embrace, comforted by her warm scent, feeling incredibly secure,

Feeling the closeness of the person in her arms, Kate’s heart melted,

She gently patted Lauren’s back, “I hope you’re happy every day, too.

“Hmm,” Lauren’s voice was muffled.

“Tired from being out all day?”

“A bit.”

“Then sleep here for a while,” Kate suggested, making no move to let go.

Lauren lay half on Kate, her body too weak to walk much without feeling frail. Under Kate’s gentle coaxing, she drifted off to sleep.

Once she was sound asleep, Kate carefully moved her, placing a pillow under her head.

Marilyn had already brought a light blanket, and after Kate stood up, she carefully covered Lauren with it.

Unaware

in her deep sleep, Lauren didn't see Kate, Anna, and Marilyn standing by the sofa, quietly watching her sleep for a while before they tiptoed away.

"Madam Kate, what's for dinner? Mr. Brooker will be home soon," Anna asked.

The old lady glanced at Lauren on the couch and whispered, "Cooking might wake Laurie, let's just order some takeout for Felix."

Anna fell silent. *Takeout? Mr. Brooker has never really had it before, has he?*

"What about Ms. Bennett?" Anna inquired.

Kate looked to Marilyn, "Laurie loves the porridge Marilyn makes. Millet porridge is also good for the stomach. Marilyn, why don't you cook some porridge? It won't make much noise."

Kate's doting on Lauren renewed Anna and Marilyn's understanding.

Though it seemed a bit partial, Anna and Marilyn were happy to see it.

When Felix returned, the family gathered around the dinner table.

In front of Lauren was a bowl of thick, fragrant millet porridge.

While Marilyn cooked the porridge, Kate had also steamed an egg custard especially for Lauren.

In front of Felix, there were four dishes that looked high in fat, salt, and calories, even though the rice appeared lackluster and dry.

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Chapter 250 The Takeout Takeover

Felix's eyes widened for a moment. "Did Anna make this?"

Anna shook her head.

"Then Marilyn made it?"

Marilyn also shook her head.

Felix's eyebrows twitched. "It couldn't have been grandma, could it?"

81%

Finished

Kate chuckled and said, "I ordered some takeout especially for you; the restaurants for these dishes are really well-reviewed. You should try them."

Felix fell silent. Why suddenly make me eat takeout?

He glanced at the porridge and egg custard in front of Lauren, then at the greasy dishes in front of him.

He opened his mouth, but said nothing, and began to eat. *The takeout actually tasted pretty good, grandma hadn't lied.*

In the deep of the night, when all was silent and everyone was in a deep sleep.

Only Felix was tossing and turning between the bed and the bathroom, making the trip six times, looking pale and unsteady. He was so upset he sat on the edge of his bed, speechless.

In the morning, he ate noodles made by Laurie, allergic to cilantro; in the evening, he ate Kate's ordered dishes, which led to vomiting and diarrhea.

Through gritted teeth, he muttered, "Grandma, what on earth did you order for me!"

Felix had always been meticulous about what he ate and wore, somewhat of a clean freak, almost immune to bacteria.

This being his first takeout, it wasn't a problem for regulars, but for him, it completely disrupted his microbial balance. He was lucky he wasn't dehydrated from the ordeal.

At four in the morning, Felix finally fell asleep; but less than three hours later, he was awakened by his phone ringing.

Groping for the phone, his voice hoarse with sleepiness, he answered, "Hello."

Josh's voice came through, "Mr. Brooker, there's an important strategy session at Eastgate today that needs your personal attention; I'll come pick you up shortly."

"Mhm," Felix responded, deeply exhaling.

Josh noticed his voice was weaker than usual.

"Mr. Brooker, are you alright?"

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Chapter 250 The Takeout Takeover

Finished

Felix's lips twitched slightly; he swore to himself that he would never touch takeout again, absolutely never!

After getting ready, Felix, dressed in a black suit, opened his door. As soon as he did, a familiar smell of cilantro hit him.

Felix thought to himself. *This isn't good.*

Lauren gave her usual soft smile. "Mr. Brooker, you're awake? Perfect timing—I made some chicken and rice soup. Come have a bowl."

Felix's gaze shifted to the steaming bowl of soup waiting on the table.

Perhaps because he ate so quickly yesterday, Lauren might have thought he hadn't had enough, so today's portion was even larger than yesterday's.

Lauren's smile deepened. "You're up early today, Mr. Brooker; no need to rush out like yesterday, you can take your time. If it's not enough, there's more in the kitchen."

Felix's mouth twitched uncontrollably again.

He felt he needed to clarify his allergy to cilantro with Lauren, but seeing her hopeful expression, the words died on his lips.

It's just an allergy, I can always take medicine later.

Though he thought this, his steps toward the dining table hesitated.

As he sat down, the doorbell suddenly rang. Felix's eyes lit up, thinking Josh had arrived so quickly.

He could use work as an excuse to take the bowl away and give it to Josh in the car, not wasting Laurie's kindness.

Thus, he said, "I'll get the door."

Lauren, who couldn't hear the doorbell, understood Felix's intention.

She quickly said, "Mr. Brooker, you eat; I'll get the door."

With that, she hurried over and pulled the door open.

Felix sat at the dining table, not touching his fork, eyes fixed on the door, eagerly anticipating Josh's entry. However, when he saw who it was, his anticipation shattered.

Standing at the door wasn't Josh, but Mia.

As Lauren opened the door, Mia greeted her with wide open arms and a big hug, exclaiming, "Laurie, I've missed you so much," while taking a deep sniff at Lauren's neck. So fragrant!

Felix fell silent. *Something felt wrong...*

Lauren exclaimed, "Today's not Sunday, Mia, what brings you here?"

Mia released her her face beaming with a smile. "I have no classes this morning and nothing else to do so t

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The Heiress Revived from the Ashes