

# The Heiress Revived from the Ashes Novel

## The Heiress Revived Ch 91

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The Heiress Revived from the Ashes.

Chapter 91 Too Late for Redemption

Finished

“Officer, I can testify! She tried to strangle one of our patients, and she stabbed someone with a knife! Please, you must arrest her at once! If you don’t, the entire hospital will be in chaos. It’s already causing panic among the patients and interfering with their treatment!” Willow said.

The officer **gave** a grim nod and reached for his handcuffs, ready to take Lauren away.

But just then, Alice forced herself up from the floor, despite the searing pain in her abdomen.

You will not touch my daughter!” she said, her voice firm and unyielding. Her eyes were resolute, her tone brooking no argument.

Five years ago, she had failed Lauren once already. She would not, and she could not, stand by and watch it happen again.

Even Elliot stepped forward. “My sister didn’t try to kill anyone, he said. **His** voice was tired, but his tone was unwavering.

Seeing both Elliot and Alice openly siding with Lauren Willow clenched her teeth so hard it hurt, but on the surface, she maintained her worried façade

Mother, Elliot, both of you were injured by Lauren! She tried to kill you on purpose! If **she** isn’t locked away, what happens when she wakes up? She’ll kill us all just like she tried **today!**”

Elliot snapped. His gaze turned sharp and cold as he barked, “Shut up! There was no murder attempt. I said no, so no it is. Officers, thank you, but this is a family matter. No need to trouble the police with it.”

Lauren’s body had already been pushed beyond its limits. She would not survive another stint in prison.

Even Elaine had testified and admitted that it wasn't Lauren who left her in a vegetative state. Which meant Lauren had spent five years behind bars for a crime **she** didn't commit.

The punishment she had endured had never been hers to bear. But she bore it all the same. A broken leg. A missing kidney. A healthy body shattered beyond recognition.

Lauren had once been the brightest student at Hoverdale First High School, but prison had robbed her of everything, including her future.

Now, watching Lauren's frail body in **Lucas's** arms, thinking of her suffering through those years of **torment**, Elliot felt his breath twist with pain.

"Elliot..." Willow started to speak again. But the dagger-sharp look Elliot threw her way made the words die on her lips.

The officers exchanged glances. It was not their place to meddle in another family's affairs. After a cursory check on Alice's and Elliot's injuries, they gave a few instructions for immediate treatment and left.

As soon as they were gone, the tension holding Alice and Elliot together unraveled. Exhaustion swept in like a crashing tide. Alice, pale and bloodied from her wound, swayed. Then, with a dull thud, she collapsed in a pool of her own **blood**."

Elliot's **face** was pale as well. His legs buckled, nearly sending him to the ground after her.

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quickly collected themselves and rushed to call for help ordering staff to take Alice and Elliot away For **emergency** treatment.

The moment they left, the room fell into silence.

Lucas looked down at the unconscious **Lauren** in his arms, his heart **in a panic**. Without thinking, he tried to lift her, wanting to get her immediate medical care. But Marilyn sho

ved him back with all her force like a mother bear protecting her cub. Her eyes blazed with fury as she shouted, "Don't think that saving Ms. Bennett just now makes up for what you did five years ago! You, the Bennett family, and Kenneth, you're

all rotten to the core!

Marilyn's shove sent Lucas stumbling. It was as if someone **had** ripped the soul from his body. Her words, sharp as knives, plunged straight into his heart. His lips trembled. He wanted to explain, to defend himself, but every word tasted hollow and empty.

His mind played back Elaine's denial again and again. She insisted that Lauren had never harmed her. The memory struck him like a hammer, blow after blow, making his head pound as if it would split open.

Pain twisted through Lucas' expression, and his body shook ever **so** slightly.

Back then, he had been so sure and convinced that Willow was kind and innocent, that she would never harm her best friend, Elaine.

He had believed Willow was the one being framed.

And Lauren was always the stronger one. She had been the one who could endure anything. She was Willow's elder sister. Surely, she could take her **place** in prison for five years. She would only be twenty-three when she got out. She would still have plenty of time to live her life,

Lucas had never thought that his decision would lead to Lauren being brutalized in prison, left disabled, her life completely rewritten.

Now, the truth was laid bare, and Lucas was left with nothing but regret. Regret so deep, he **had** no idea how to make amends..

Lucas stood there, frozen, as he watched Marilyn slowly crouch down and carefully lift Lauren onto her back. Every movement was so gentle, as if she were carrying the most precious treasure in the world.

With Madam Kate and Anna supporting her on either side, they made their way out of Elaine's hospital room slowly and deliberately.

Lucas stood still like a statue. His gaze was hollow, his soul drowning in an ocean of regret and anguish.

Sunlight streamed through the window, casting its golden glow over him, but it did nothing to ease the cold gnawing at his heart. No warmth could reach him now. It felt as though his spirit **had** been wrenched from his body, leaving behind nothing but an empty shell.

ell. And in this hollow husk, guilt festered **and** - spread, consuming **him** until he trembled beneath **its** crushing weight.

“Lauren...” Lucas whispered, her name slipping from his lips in a hoarse murmur. A single tear welled at the corner of his eye, glimmering as it fell. For the first time in his life, he tasted what it was to be fragile.

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Chapter 92 An Interrupted Farewell

Finished

**The** sky outside was already dark when Lauren woke.

No lights were on in the hospital room. Only a faint, fragmented glow filtered through the glass window on the door, casting irregular patches of light and shadow across the floor.

Lauren lay there for a long time, unmoving, her eyes wide open and empty as if her soul had drifted far from her body. It wasn't until time itself seemed to have frozen that she slowly lifted the blanket and dragged her broken body out of bed.

Every movement was sluggish and stiff, as if she were an old marionette, weathered by years of neglect and decay. She opened the door quietly and stepped out into the corridor. Her footsteps were unsteady, her thin figure wavering as she walked down the long hallway.

The dim, amber light overhead spilled down on her back, outlining a silhouette so frail and lonely it seemed as though it might fade away at any moment. She just kept walking. Out of the hospital. Out into the night. Like a wandering soul, aimless and adrift.

Lauren didn't know how long or how far she had walked. By the time she stopped, she found herself standing on a pedestrian bridge. Her gaze dropped slowly to the black river below. The water flowed in silence beneath the darkness, cold and endless.

After a long while, Lauren lifted one leg slowly. She climbed onto the railing, ready to end it and leave this nightmare behind.

But just as she was about to cross over, a deep, quiet voice sounded behind her.

Suicide?"

Lauren's body stiffened. She felt the voice sounded familiar. But at this moment, her heart was set on death. She had no intention of caring who the man was. She didn't even turn to look. Mechanically, she continued to climb over the guardrail.

The man's calm, indifferent voice rang out again. "If you're planning to kill yourself, could you at least pick a place where there's no one around?"

Lauren hesitated for a second. She was about to die. Did it really matter who was there to see it?

But the man didn't stop. His tone was lazy, as if he were stating facts that had nothing to do with him.

"If I don't intervene, I seem too cold-blooded. But if I do, it's like I'm meddling in your fate. Whether I care or not, it doesn't do any good for me."

Lauren was speechless. Then, slowly, she turned her head.

When she saw the man clearly, she froze in surprise. She recognized him.

It was the same man who had offered her a cigarette on the stairwell not long ago.

A thin trail of smoke curled between his fingers, white tendrils rising and scattering in the night breeze. The smoke blurred his sharp features, softening the cold lines of his handsome, distant face.

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Chapter 92 An Interrupted Farewell

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He flicked the cigarette **gently** with his long, slender index finger, tapping off a small spray of ash. Even the **most** casual movement from him seemed effortlessly elegant.

"Want one?" Felix **arched** his brow slightly, holding out the cigarette as he spoke.

Lauren looked at him. Her eyes were empty, like the still surface of a dead sea.

After a while, she slowly lowered her leg from the guardrail and turned to face him. Her voice was hoarse, like broken sandpaper scraping against raw flesh.

"You say you don't **want** to interfere with my **fate**. So why are you stopping me?"

Felix took another slow drag of his cigarette, **exhaling** a **faint** ring of smoke. It hung in the air between them before drifting away. His gaze followed it briefly before settling back on her.

“Life is like a play. Sometimes, all it takes is an **extra** spectator for **the** story to **change**. I’m curious. If you. don’t die tonight, what kind of story will you end up writing?”

Lauren **stared** at **him** in a daze. From beginning to end, his expression was so calm that it bordered on cold indifference. He seemed utterly unconcerned whether someone **lived** or died.

And yet, it was this cold, aloof man **whose** offhand remark and words that weren’t even meant to comfort stirred something deep inside her.

After all, who truly wanted to die if they still **had** a reason to live?

And if life **could** be a brilliant performance, who would willingly ruin their own stage?

Lauren’s gaze dimmed again. “My story’s already ruined. There’s nothing left to watch.”

But Felix didn’t agree. That’s not necessarily true. The best parts usually come at the end.”

Silence hung between them. Lauren lowered her eyes, staring at the mess of scars littering her body, as if contemplating his words.

After a long moment, she lifted her head. There was a faint glimmer in her dark eyes. It was like the first. crack of dawn piercing the night. “Do you think I can start over?”

“Why not? As long as you want to, you can start anytime. Felix answered.

A complicated warmth spread through Lauren’s chest. His words felt like a shaft of light breaking into the endless darkness she had been trapped in.

Suddenly, a cold wind swept past, making Lauren shiver uncontrollably

Felix noticed. He immediately shrugged off his black coat and handed it to her. “Put it on. Don’t catch a cold.

Lauren hesitated briefly, but in the end, she reached out and took it. As she wrapped the coat around her thin frame, a faint scent of tobacco and the lingering warmth of his body enveloped her, bringing her an unfamiliar sense of comfort.

Thank you,” she said quietly.

“Really want to thank me?” Felix’s tone was lazy.

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**21:46** Thu, Mar 27

Chapter 92 An Interrupted Farewell

Hmm?” Lauren blinked at him in confusion.

“You said you wanted to thank me,” he reminded her.

Lauren blinked again, momentarily lost. “Ah... Yes...”

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Her wide, dark eyes stared up at him, innocent and bewildered, like two polished gems catching a faint light **in** their depths.

Felix looked at Lauren’s dazed expression, and it tugged at something in him. The sharp edges of **his** phoenix eyes softened. A hint of amusement flickered here, and even his thin lips curved up faintly.

“I hear you’re good at embroidery,” he said. His voice was as cool **as** ever, but there **was** something beneath it now. A subtle pull. A temptation that was hard to **refuse**.

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Chapter 93 The Value of Her Hands

Lauren stood there, dazed, utterly unable to comprehend how he knew.

Felix tilted his chin at her, a subtle gesture, yet one filled with unmistakable meaning.

Lauren hesitated, then slowly lowered her head. Her gaze landed on the chest of the jacket draped over her shoulders. There bloomed a single peony, embroidered with meticulous craftsmanship.

Its petals overlapped in layer upon delicate layer, the stiches so fine, the shading so vivid, it seemed almost alive.

Wasn’t this my work?

Lauren’s head snapped up, eyes wide in disbelief **as** she stared at Felix.

Their gazes locked. Neither spoke, but in that silence, everything was understood.

“The peony is well done.” As Felix spoke, he retrieved his phone, opened his photo album, and handed it to her.

“This piece is exquisite,” he continued. “A masterpiece of Swish embroidery. Pity the embroiderer never finished it. If you can complete it, we’ll call it your gratitude to me.”

On the screen was a photo of an unfinished embroidery titled Queen of Blooms. The peonies in the design were breathtakingly vivid, each petal painstakingly stitched with delicate precision. The silk threads gleamed subtly, their colors expertly blended. Every stitch seemed to breathe life into the fabric.

The blossoms overlapped gracefully, petals saturated with color that faded gently from the center, each stitch at the edges nearly invisible, seamless in transition. Even the veins of the leaves were embroidered with such intricate realism they seemed ready to tremble in a passing breeze.

The entire piece radiated an air of elegance and majesty, the perfect representation of a peony’s noble beauty. Every part of it was flawless, except **that** it was unfinished.

Lauren’s pupils shrank.

Wasn’t this the embroidery I had worked on in prison?

She had never finished it because she had been released before she could complete those final stitches.

But how had something I *left* behind ended up in his hands?

“Sir, where did you get this piece?” Lauren asked.

Felix glanced at her. “I bought it at an auction.”

An auction? My embroidery had been sold at auction?

Back in prison, the guards often praised Lauren’s needlework. But she never thought it was particularly exceptional. She thought she was just better than the others around her. She never imagined her work was good enough to be auctioned.

Her fingers tightened unconsciously around Felix’s phone, and her voice quivered. “Forgive me for asking.

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Chapter 93 The Value of Her Hands



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Felix noticed the **faint** tremor in her voice. He studied her for a moment, then answered, "2.8 million

dollars.

In fact, Queen of Blooms was worth more than **that**. Far more than Pine **and** Crane, which had fetched 4.2 million at auction. But Queen of Blooms was incomplete. Even if only a **few** stitches were missing, its value had been greatly diminished. After all, if another embroiderer were to finish it, it would no longer be a singular creation, and even the smallest difference in technique could be detected by discerning eyes.

The peony on Felix's coat shared an almost identical needlework technique to the unfinished masterpiece. If Lauren completed the piece herself, the difference would be imperceptible. That was what Felix believed.

2.8 million dollars? My embroidery had sold for 2.8 million dollars?

A tidal wave of shock crashed over Lauren again and again until she could hardly breathe. Her eyes widened, the figure of 2.8 million dollars echoing in her mind like a thunder clap, shattering everything she thought she knew about her skill.

Her hand trembled. Without meaning to, her finger swiped across the phone screen. The photo changed. Another piece appeared. It was Pines and Cranes.

The cranes in the embroidery were exquisitely lifelike, their feathers soft and light, as if they might take flight with the faintest breeze. The pine branches were detailed and textured, their trunks gnarled and strong. Every line, every shade, spoke of the embroiderer's unmatched mastery.

Lauren felt another jolt of shock. This piece was hers as well!

Felix spoke again calmly, "I purchased **Pines and Cranes** last year for 4.2 million dollars as a birthday gift for my grandmother. **She** loved it. That's why I made sure to acquire another piece by the same embroiderer this year.

4.2 million dollars. The number hit Lauren like a hammer. She stood frozen, her eyes **so** wide they seemed about to fall from their sockets. Her mouth parted, **as** if to speak, but no words came out. The shock had wedged itself in her throat.

2.8 million.

4.2 million.

These were numbers she had never dared to imagine. Yet they were the prices her embroidery had sold for.

No wonder back in prison, no matter how badly the other inmates beat her, they never laid a hand on her fingers. No wonder the guards always stood watch when she worked on her embroidery, protecting her like she was some priceless treasure. Her hands were worth more than she ever realized.

After the shock-faded, an overwhelming sadness rose up in Lauren's chest.

If she had only known how valuable her work was, why had she allowed herself to endure so much humiliation at the Bennett family just for a mere 1.4 million dollars?

The grievances of her past surged within her like a tide she could no longer hold back. Her eyes reddened, glistening with unshed tears. She bit her lip **hard**, struggling to suppress the storm of emotions crashing through her.

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## Chapter 94 Drinking the Pain Away

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The more Lauren tried to hold it in, the more the sorrow swelled inside her, until it finally burst forth. She dropped her head onto the cold railing of the pedestrian bridge and began to cry. Softly at first, then harder, muffled sobs turning into heart-wrenching weeping.

Felix **was** stunned. He stood frozen in place, utterly helpless. In all his twenty-eight years of life, no woman had ever cried in front of him. **And** now one was sobbing uncontrollably right in front of him. It made his chest tighten **in** a way that left him deeply unsettled.

He sighed and took out a cigarette, holding it out stiffly in her direction. "Want one?" he asked.

Lauren looked up. Her tear-soaked lashes clung together, her eyes red and glistening with sorrow. "You're comforting me?" she asked, her voice thick with tears

"Mm." Felix nodded, answering simply.

"But I don't like smoking." Lauren said.

“... Felix’s brow twitched as if he were about to frown. But just as the lines gathered between his brows, he forcibly smoothed them away, as though afraid she might misunderstand and think he was growing impatient.

His lips parted. “I’ll buy you a drink then,” he said.

Lauren hiccupped through her tears, her shoulders shuddering. “If I drink, will I stop feeling sad?”

“Mm.” Felix nodded.

“Alright, I’ll drink. But I don’t have any money.”

“It’s fine. It’s on me.”

“You’re such a good person.

Felix’s expression faltered. He opened his mouth but found himself at a rare loss for words.

A good person?

No one had ever called him that before.

He always considered himself cold-blooded. Every decision he made was deliberate, every action guided by purpose and gain. He had no use for sentimentality, and the opinions of others were irrelevant to him. In his mind, there was no such thing as an absolute “good person” or “bad person. What matters is interest and method to achieve things.

He never denied the ruthlessness, the decisiveness he was so often accused of. On the contrary, he believed they were necessary. In a world as brutal as this, those qualities were survival itself.

But now, this girl had called him a good person. The words hit him strangely, as if they had struck some long-forgotten part of him, buried deep and long since turned to stone.

The corners of Felix’s lips lifted in a faint smile.

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Chapter 94 Drinking the Pain Away

“Wait here,” he said quietly, turning to leave.

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Lauren leaned weakly against the railing, watching him intently. She saw Felix stride across the bridge, long legs carrying him to the back of his Phantom. He opened the trunk and reached inside.

His gaze settled on two bottles of wine.

Initially, he planned to bring them to an important meeting about a project in Eastgate. But now, they would be used to comfort a brokenhearted girl into feeling better.

Felix took the bottles and made his way back to her. Reaching her side again, he handed one over.

"Drink," he said.

Lauren did not hesitate. She unscrewed the cork, tipped her head back, **and** drank straight from the bottle.

Felix's gaze flickered, amusement sparking briefly in his usually impassive eyes.

She drank so boldly, as if it were water.

Watching from inside the car, Josh was stunned.

Wait... Was red wine supposed to be drunk like that?

And not just any wine. That was a Piendeolo Rosado worth over 70,000 dollars a bottle. And this girl was drinking it like beer.

Josh was speechless. He shifted his gaze back to his boss

That cold, distant boss of his was actually allowing her to drink like that. Not just allowing her. He seemed to be indulging her. The faintest **trace** of a smile tugged at Felix's lips.

Josh **had** never seen his boss look at any woman this way. It was unprecedented.

He scrambled to **grab** his **phone** and quickly snapped a picture of them standing there on the bridge, then sent it to Madam Kate without a moment's delay.

At that exact moment, Kate was on the verge **of** a breakdown.

Not just her. Anna, Marilyn, Elliot, Lucas, **and** Kenneth were all frantic with worry. Ever since Lauren **had** suddenly disappeared, they had been searching for her as if their lives depended on it. They feared she might do something foolish. But after two hours of searching, there was still no sign of her.

Just as Kate was growing desperate, her phone vibrated. The instant she saw the photo Josh sent, her heart, which had been suspended high in her throat, finally settled.

But the relief was short-lived. Her eyes soon focused on Lauren's anguished expression. Her slender figure clutched a wine bottle, drinking to drown her sorrows. The old lady's heart twisted painfully in her chest.

Her eyes reddened as she murmured to herself, "This poor child. How much pain must she be carrying?"

Kate had always held firm to her traditional beliefs. She disapproved of young girls drinking, always thinking it improper. But in this moment, looking at Lauren, all she felt was boundless compassion

"Let her drink," she whispered softly. "If drinking can ease her **pain**, even for a little while, then so be it."

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Chapter 94 Drinking the Pain Away

Steadying herself, she quickly dialed Felix's number.

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At the same time, Lauren had already **finished** an entire bottle. Her pale cheeks were flushed, bringing **an** unexpected warmth **and** life to her delicate face. Her head drooped slightly, but she was still reaching for the second bottle.

Felix was about to stop her when his phone buzzed. With no choice, he answered. Kate's voice rang out at once. "Felix. is Laurie **with** you?"

Laurie?

He glanced at Lauren. She was halfway through her second bottle.

“She’s a good child, Kate continued, her voice thick with emotion. “Grandma really likes her. But this poor girl, her life has been so hard, and she’s suffered so **much**. You must take good care of her; do you understand? Once she’s done drinking, take her back to your place. And remember, no bullying her. If you dare, I won’t let you off **easily**!”

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## Chapter 95 Under the Silver Veil

Finished

Kate grew more emotional as she spoke, her voice thick with sorrow until she finally broke down in tears.

Listening to his grandmother’s tearful words through the phone, Felix felt an unfamiliar tightness in his chest. He took a deep breath and comforted her gently “Don’t worry, Grandma.”

But Kate was still uneasy. “Felix, Lauric isn’t in a good state right now. You need to comfort her a little.

more.”

“Sure.” Felix replied softly.

“She’s suffered too much, poor child. Her heart’s full of pain. You need to care for her, talk to her, and help her **heal**.”

“Grandma, I know what to do,” he promised.

Still, Kate continued to remind him over and over, covering every detail. From making her sober—up soup to tucking her in at night, making sure she was warm and **safe**.

Felix listened patiently, quietly responding from time to time.

At the same time, Lauren had already drunk herself into a stupor. She tossed the empty bottle aside, her slender figure swaying unsteadily. In the next second, she was about to collapse.

Felix instinctively reached out and caught her. Lauren stumbled into his arms, soft and boneless, her dazed eyes filled with confusion as she tilted her **head** and **asked**, “Who are you?”

He quickly ended the call and steadied her. "You're drunk," he said quietly.

But Lauren acted as if she had not heard him. Her finger, trembling, reached out and poked at the bridge of his nose. Her speech was slurred, but her tone **was** surprisingly earnest. "You're Elliot, aren't you? You are El-li-~~ot~~!"

Her mood shifted abruptly. Her brows furrowed as her voice rose in anger. "Elliot, I hate you. You're not my brother! Go away. I don't need a brother like you anymore."

As Lauren finished speaking, she shoved Felix with all her strength. But **to** him, it was no more than a kitten pawing at him. She, however, lost her balance from the **force** of her **own** push, falling backward.

Felix moved swiftly, his long arm encircling her slender waist and pulling her back toward him. "I'm not Elliot," he explained patiently.

"Not Elliot?" Lauren tilted her head, blinking **hard** as if trying **to** focus. "Then you must be Lucas. Lucas is just **as** bad."

Her cheeks puffed up with indignation. "I hate you the most! We grew up together in the orphanage. You **said** you'd protect me, but you helped Willow bully me instead. You said you'd study law to put the people who hurt me in jail. But you. Her breath hitched as fresh tears welled in her red-rimmed eyes. "You sent me to prison yourself...."

As Lauren's voice cracked, tears streamed down her face in fat, glistening drops. She raised her fist in the air, shaking it feebly. "Do you even know? Just because you said you'd protect me, I worked so many jobs, saved every cent, **and put** you through university. Do you know, I was afraid of hurting your pride, so I

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Chapter 95 Under the Silver Veil

place and confess to a crime I didn't commit? Why?"

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The night was like water, the moonlight pouring over the bridge and cloaking everything in **a soft**, silvery

veil.

Lauren stood there with her face streaked with tears, glimmering under the moon's gentle glow.

“Don’t cry,” Felix said softly, his voice unusually patient

“I want to cry,” Lauren choked, wiping at her tears with the back of her hand. “I don’t need your fake kindness.”

She pushed him away again, staggering a few steps before she stubbornly steadied herself. ‘Lucas, I’ll never forgive you. Not in this lifetime. You’re a **bastard**.

A breeze swept past them, lifting the strands of hair from her forehead and carrying away the tears on her cheeks.

Felix stood there, watching her quietly. His **normally cold**, sharp expression softened, if only slightly. He didn’t speak. He simply waited until she had cried herself hoarse and her strength ebbed away,

Then, he finally stepped forward. With slow, careful movements, he bent down and slid his arms beneath her legs and back, lifting her easily into his embrace.

Lauren was small-sized, barely over five feet tall, and painfully thin. She felt light in his arms, almost fragile. Her head lolled against his broad chest, stray locks of hair falling messily over her tear-streaked face.

The moonlight stretched their shadows long across the bridge, intertwining on the ground beneath them.

Inside the car. Josh was driving in silence when he suddenly heard his boss speak.

“You told Grandma?” Felix’s voice was mild, unreadable

Josh flicked his gaze to the rearview mirror, sneaking a glance. His boss’s expression was calm, like he had only asked out of casual interest. But Josh knew better. His boss’s thoughts were never so easy to grasp.

He laughed nervously. “Mr. Brooker, I just wanted to ease Madam Kate’s worries.”

Felix’s voice turned cold. “You talk too much.”

Still grinning, Josh shrugged. “How is that talking too **much**? I’m concerned about you, Mr. Brooker.”

After his explanation, he glanced at Lauren again through the mirror. With her delicate face and slender frame, she and Felix really did make a striking couple. If only she were **not** so small-sized and thin....



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## Chapter 96 Fractured Bonds and Unrelenting Blame

“Mr. Brooker, you don’t like it?”

Felix shot a sharp glare over.

Josh quickly shut his mouth and focused on driving.

Lauren’s breathing gradually steadied, though faint sobs still escaped from time to time.

Felix sat beside her, frowning slightly. He reached out and gently patted her, trying to comfort her.

However, Lauren seemed unaware. She mumbled a few unclear words in her sleep.

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Finished

Felix watched her for a long time. Whether it was because of her emotions or something else, his mood was noticeably sour tonight.

Feeling irritable, he instinctively reached for a cigarette Just as he was about to light it, he paused.

Glancing at the fragile Lauren beside him, Felix put the cigarette back in its case and turned his head to look out the window.

The lights of Hoverdale streaked past rapidly, like countless twinkling stars flowing in reverse. Under the glow of the streetlights, Felix’s profile appeared especially cold and severe.

“Josh, find out everything about her by tomorrow.”

“Alright, Mr. Brooker.”

Elliot, Lucas and Kenneth spent the entire night searching for Lauren, yet there was still no sign of her.

When they returned to Lauren’s ward, only to be met with an empty bed, their emotions erupted.

Kenneth’s face turned red from pain and guilt.

Like a raging beast, he stormed toward Elliot step by step, then swung his fist hard across Elliot's face.

"It's all your fault!" Kenneth roared furiously. "If your Bennett family hadn't treated her like an outsider all this time, would Laurie have lost hope? Would she have left the hospital alone in the middle of the night? Everything that's happened to her, it's all because of you!"

Just yesterday, she had nearly jumped off a building. He couldn't bear to imagine what irrational thing Lauren might do after leaving the hospital alone in the dead of night.

Caught off guard, Elliot staggered back a few steps, blood immediately trickling from the corner of his mouth.

His eyes reddened with rage, and without hesitation, he swung back, landing a hard punch on Kenneth's face.

"You think you're any better?" Elliot shot back. "Sure, Bennett didn't treat Laurie well, but at least she lived safely and healthily with us for three years. And you? You're the one who let her be abused in prison! All

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Thu, Mar

Chapter 96 Fractured Bonds and Unrelenting Blame

Finished

**As** Elliot spoke, **his** chest tightened painfully, like countless needles stabbing straight into his heart.

*He knew he was wrong. He had already made up his mind to be a good brother and make things right with her.*

But now... how had she suddenly *disappeared*?

Kenneth's forehead bulged with veins as he shouted, "I didn't do it!"

His voice thundered through the ward, raw with frustration and pain.

How could he? He *loved* Lauren so *deeply*, *how could he ever bear to let her suffer in prison?*

Elliot sneered coldly, his face twisted with mockery. "Can't even own up to what you've done? What kind of man are you?"

"I said I didn't do it!" Kenneth roared again, this time swinging his fist and landing a hard punch on Elliot's face.

Elliot refused to back down. Gritting his teeth, he kicked Kenneth hard in the side, and within seconds, the two men were locked in a furious brawl.

Elliot's eyes were bloodshot, tears threatening to spill as his punches grew harsher and more desperate.

Kenneth's eyes reddened too, and he struck back just as fiercely.

Neither was willing to stop, as though they believed this brutal exchange was the only way to punish themselves.

Lucas, panicked and anxious, rushed forward, desperately trying to pull apart the two men locked in their relentless struggle.

He reached out to grab Elliot's arm, but in his frenzy, Elliot violently shook him off and struck Lucas hard in the chest with his elbow.

Lucas let out a muffled grunt, stumbling back several steps.

Before he could steady himself, Kenneth's fist accidentally swung out in the chaos, landing heavily on Lucas's shoulder.

Lucas staggered, pain flashing across his face. Frustration and anger surged within him.

"Have you both lost your minds?" Lucas bellowed.

Elliot turned, his eyes burning with rage as he jabbed a trembling finger at Lucas. " weren't you who grew up with Laurie? How could you send her to prison with your own hands? How could you...."

the one

Every word cut like a jagged knife, slicing deep into Lucas's heart.

His face went pale, memories of that dark past crashing over him like a relentless tide.

"Shut up! Shut up!" Lucas roared, as if those words had struck his most painful nerve.

His eyes reddened, and in a blind fury, he lashed out, driving his fist hard into Elliot's face.

That nunch carried all of his strength and blood once again trickled from the corner of Elliot's mouth.

2/3

## Chapter 96 Fractured Bonds and Unrelenting Blame

49%

Finished

The hospital room, already in disarray, was now in complete chaos. Debris littered the floor, the IV stand Tay toppled over, and shards of broken glass were scattered everywhere.

"Fcking...!"

19

260

M

, ? Views, Released

## Chapter 97 Flames of Agony and Unseen Foes

49%

Finished

The three of them grappled fiercely in the cramped room, their clothes wrinkled and dishevelled, their **faces** and bodies bearing fresh bruises and scratches.

In the chaos, none of them noticed a figure standing quietly at the doorway.

Marilyn stood there, her expression cold as she watched the scene unfold. The absurdity of it all struck **her** hard.

Ms. Bennett must have the worst luck imaginable to end up entangled with these lunatics.

*All three of them had once been people that Ms. Bennett had cared for deeply, yet their way of repaying her had been five long years of unjust imprisonment.*

*Never once did they reflect on their own mistakes, instead, they just kept shifting the blame onto **others**.*

Marilyn had already heard from Anna that Lauren had been found. She had only come to the ward to pack up Ms. Bennett's belongings and handle her discharge procedure.

She hadn't expected to witness the three of them spiralling out of control like this.

Marilyn turned away coldly, deciding not to tell them that Lauren had been found.

Because they didn't deserve to know.

Once the chaos settled, Elliot slumped into a nearby chair, burying his face in his hands, his

trembling slightly.

Kenneth leaned against the wall, gasping for air, his vacant gaze fixed on the floor.

shoulders

Lucas stared out the window, his entire being seeming hollow, like a man who had lost his soul.

At the Brooker's villa.

Felix stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, holding a thick stack of documents in his hand.

Josh had worked efficiently, digging up Lauren's entire life history in just one night.

After reading through the documents, Felix's expression darkened, his face heavy with grim contemplation.

The contents of the report were heart-wrenching, each word carrying the weight of endless suffering.

*At just twenty-three years old, Lauren had barely seen a day of peace in her life.*

*Her childhood was spent in foster care, never knowing the warmth of a real home. When she finally reunited with her biological family, thinking she'd found her place, she faced three years of cold neglect instead.*

*After enduring it all and finally graduating high school, she was on track to attend Northcrest University, but then **she** was falsely **accused** and thrown in prison.*

**21:48** Thu, Mar 27E BỐ B!

Chapter 97 Flames of Agony and Unseen Foes

**She** dominated physics competitions, consistently placing first.

Her SAT score was an impressive 1590.

Finished

With such impressive achievements and remarkable academic talent, she would never have been just an average student, even at Corwynale's top institution, Northcrest University.

It's a *pity*...

Felix was a cold and emotionless man, yet after reading Lauren's story, even his sharp brows furrowed tightly.

Behind him, Josh sensed the heavy pressure radiating from Felix, and his own face turned grim as well.

*Ms. Bennett's **life** had been nothing **short** of tragic. He couldn't imagine how such a frail young woman had managed to endure it all.*

*It wasn't just for a day or two, it had been twenty-three long years.*

Just as he was fuming over the injustice, Kate entered the room, accompanied by Anna and Marilyn.

Felix quickly handed the documents to Josh.

"Put these away. Don't let Grandma see them," he instructed.

Josh swiftly tucked the papers away.

"Grandma, what brings you here?" Felix asked.

Kate's face lit up with excitement. "Felix, where's Laurie?"

"She's still asleep," Felix replied.

"It's almost ten o'clock, and she's still not up?"

Kate clearly worried, hurried upstairs to check on Lauren.

Felix didn't think much of it, assuming Lauren was just sleeping off last night's drinks.

But moments later, a panicked cry echoed down the stairs. "Laurie! What's wrong? Don't scare me like this!"

Startled, Felix rushed upstairs.

Lauren was curled up on the bed, her face flushed bright red, her entire body burning like she'd just been pulled from a furnace.

Her lips were dry and cracked, and painful whimpers escaped her mouth. She clutched tightly at the bedsheets as if the pressure might somehow ease the overwhelming discomfort ravaging her body.

Kate stood nearby, frantic and helpless. Anna and Marilyn were teary-eyed, hearts breaking as they watched Lauren in such agony, as if a knife were slicing right through them.

Felix stormed in, decisively scooping Lauren into his arms and racing downstairs.

2/3

**21:48 Thu, Mar 27.**

Chapter 97 Flames of Agony and Unseen Foes

49

Finished

**He** could feel the intense heat radiating from her body burning so fiercely it seemed like it might scorch his skin.

To the hospital!" Felix barked, his voice sharp and firm

The group hurried downstairs and piled into the car.

Midway, Marilyn suddenly remembered something and urgently spoke up. "Don't go to Skyline Medical Center, go to Westhaven Medical Center instead!"

*The Bennett family, along with Lucas and Kenneth, were all at the Skyline Medical Center, a group of unstable individuals who constantly brought disaster upon Ms. Bennet. Every encounter with them seemed to spell misfortune for her.*

This time, no matter what, Marilyn was determined to keep Lauren away from the Bennett family.

Josh floored the gas pedal, and the car shot forward like an arrow loosed from its bow.

In less than twenty minutes, they arrived at Westhaven Medical Center.

At this moment, Jeffrey and his colleagues had just finished an academic conference at Westhaven Medical Center and were preparing to return to Skyline Medical Center.

260

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Mar **27**

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Chapter 98 Secrets Unveiled and Unforgivable Betrayal

They walked along, discussing the content of the conference.

Finished

Despite Jeffrey's usual arrogant and carefree demeanor he was a core physician at Skyline Medical Center with remarkable expertise in the medical field.

As a result, he was often invited to attend academic conferences and symposiums as an outstanding doctor representative.

Just as they were chatting and laughing, about to exit the hospital building, Jeffrey noticed Felix rushing past him, carrying Lauren straight toward the emergency. Behind them, Kate, Anna and Marilyn followed breathlessly.

In that instant, Jeffrey's steps noticeably faltered, and a flicker of surprise and confusion flashed across his

eyes.

Instinctively, Jeffrey turned his head to look back, but all he saw was Felix's tall and imposing figure gradually disappearing down the hallway. The woman in his arms had long hair that swayed gently with his hurried steps.

Jeffrey frowned. Could he have been mistaken?



*How could Lauren possibly end up being carried into Westhaven Medical Center?*

*Westhaven Medical Center was located on the outskirts of Hoverdale, far from downtown. The Bennett family would only go to Skyline Medical Center, which **was** conveniently situated in the city center.*

Shaking his head, Jeffrey dismissed the thought. Perhaps he was just overtired and seeing things.

He brushed it off and turned back to his colleagues, re-joining their lively conversation as the discussion shifted back to the earlier case study.

Meanwhile, inside the emergency room, the doctors were busy examining Lauren.

After a flurry of activity, one of the doctors, frowning deeply, walked over to Felix.

“Are you the patient’s husband?”

Felix froze for a moment at the doctor’s question. “I’m not...”

“Yes! Yes, he is her husband! And I’m her grandmother. Doctor, how’s my granddaughter-in-law doing?” Kate interjected anxiously.

Hearing this, the doctor immediately launched into a scolding.

“I have to ask, what kind of family are you? Knowing the patient only has one kidney, how could you let her drink so much alcohol? Are you trying to kill her? With just one kidney, her ability to metabolize alcohol is already compromised. On top of that, she consumed a dangerously high amount. If her remaining kidney weren’t so healthy, her weakened condition could have easily led to multi-organ failure and death. Fortunately, you brought her in just in time, so the damage isn’t irreversible. But the patient’s condition is still extremely critical, we’ll do our best to stabilize her.”

Kate nearly collapsed upon hearing the news, and Anna hurried to support her.

1/3

**48 Thu, Mar 27**

Chapter **98** Secrets Unveiled and Unforgivable Betraya

**Marilyn’s eyes** widened in shock; her entire body frozen on the spot.

## ***One kidney?***

*How could **Ms.** Bennett possibly have only one kidney?*

70

Finished

After the doctor returned to the emergency room, Kate turned to Marilyn with an exhausted expression. "Marilyn, how could Laurie have only one kidney?"

Marilyn, still reeling from the shock, stammered, "That's impossible... When Ms. Bennett went to prison five years ago, her body was perfectly healthy."

That one sentence was like a bomb dropped into still waters, sending ripples of unease through the room.

Pupils of Kate, Anna and Felix all contracted in shock.

*Healthy before prison, yet missing a kidney afterward, this could only mean her kidney had been taken while she was serving her sentence.*

The air turned deathly still.

Felix's mind flashed back to the report he'd read that morning.

**Josh** hadn't uncovered anything about Lauren losing a kidney but given the suffering she had endured over the years) it wasn't hard to **connect** the **dots**.

*Her missing kidney was likely tied to those who had hurt her.*

*What kind of hatred, what kind of twisted grudge, could drive someone to do something so cruel to such a frail young*

*woman?*

Felix considered himself ruthless, but even he wouldn't go this far.

The waiting felt unbearably long, each minute dragging by like an eternity, tormenting everyone's hearts.

Kate clasped her hands over her chest, praying endlessly for Lauren's safety.

Anna and Marilyn quietly wept, their tears falling for the pain and hardship Lauren had endured.

No one knew how much time had passed when the emergency room doors finally swung open. The doctor emerged, weary but composed. Removing his mask, he said, "Her condition is stable for now, but she'll need to stay in the hospital for observation. We'll have to monitor her closely for any changes."

Everyone let out a long breath of relief, their heavy hearts easing just a little.

At Skyline Medical Center.

Elliot's face was unshaven, his eyes hollow with exhaustion and endless regret. The once confident and charismatic man was now a shadow of his former self.

He walked absentmindedly toward David's ward.

Just **as** he reached the door Sharon Swift stepped out from inside.

2/3

21:48

Ma

Chapter 98 Secrets Unveiled and Unforgivable Betraya

Finished

Perhaps **it** was due to the warmth of the room, but her face was noticeably flushed, and her lips appeared slightly swollen.

Startled to see Elliot suddenly at the door, she flinched her gaze flickering with obvious guilt. "Mr. Elliot, what a surprise," she stammered.

Elliot barely acknowledged her with a distracted "well." His mind was consumed by thoughts of Lauren. Those tangled emotions twisted around him like vines, suffocating him, leaving him barely able to breathe.

260

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**21:48** Thu, Mar 27

The Heiress Revived from the Ashes

Finished

## Chapter 99 Shattered Bonds and Buried Truths

Elliot didn't even spare Sharon a glance before walking straight into the room.

David's injuries were on his arm, shoulder, and backside. Although he'd lost a fair amount of blood, none of the wounds were life-threatening, so he was in relatively stable condition.

When Elliot entered, David was just finishing pulling up his pants, a satisfied expression on his face.

Elliot didn't think much of it, assuming David had just returned from the restroom. At the moment, he didn't have the energy to dwell on anything else.

He moved slowly to a nearby chair, slumped down, and seemed utterly drained, as though every ounce of strength had been sapped from his body.

Seeing Elliot in such a state, David frowned. "That little tramp Lauren still hasn't turned up?"

Elliot's face darkened instantly, anger and disbelief flashing in his eyes. "Dad, Laurie is your daughter. How can you keep calling her that?"

David scoffed coldly. "She tried to kill me. I don't have a daughter that ungrateful."

Elliot's frown deepened. "Dad, Laurie's life is uncertain right now. Can you stop being so stubborn?"

David snorted dismissively, his expression cold and indifferent. "She's better off dead. Saves me the headache of dealing with her."

Elliot's face darkened. "Dad, no matter what, Laurie is still your biological daughter. Don't you care at all whether she lives or dies?"

David sneered, irritation written all over his face. "That useless girl? Even if she threw herself at Mr. Brooker, he wouldn't want her. Worthless trash, dead or alive, what difference does it make?"

"Forget about finding her. Why don't you focus on finding a few pretty girls in Hoverdale to send to Mr. Brooker? As long as we keep him happy, securing a deal with the Brookers family won't be a problem."

Elliot stared blankly at his father, feeling as though the man before him was a complete stranger.

The father he once knew, a man who, despite his flaws, had always carried a trace of authority and warmth, now seemed utterly cold-blooded and unrecognizable.

Elliot's face grew even darker. He took a deep breath, trying to steady himself, but his voice was already trembling.

"Dad, Laurie's missing, and you're still thinking about working with Mr. Brooker? If you had given Laurie even a fraction of the care you show to Willow, would she have been driven to such despair? Dad, tell me, who is your real daughter?" He practically spat out each word through gritted teeth.

David's expression twisted with fury. He slammed his hand on the table beside his hospital bed and roared, "So just because that disgrace went missing, our lives are supposed to stop?"

"It's not my fault she's gone! If she wants to die somewhere, let her! At least if she's out of sight, I can finally have some peace!"

**6647**

1/2

21:49 Thu, Mar 27

Chapter 99 Shattered Bonds and Buried Truths

to this house, I haven't had a single day of peace!"

Finished

David's chest heaved with heavy breaths, his tone turning more resolute. "I hope she never comes back. Whether she's dead or alive has nothing to do with me. What matters now is the Bennett family's business."

The cold indifference in his eyes was chilling, as though, he had severed all ties of fatherly affection.

Hearing David's merciless words, Elliot felt as if a bucket of ice water had been poured over him, freezing him to his core.

He stared at his father without blinking, his lips trembling slightly as he finally voiced the question that had been weighing on his heart all night.

"Dad... you knew five years ago that it wasn't Laurie who pushed Elaine down the **stairs**, didn't you?"

Elliot's eyes locked onto David's face, scrutinizing every twitch and flicker of expression.

David's expression stiffened. For a fleeting moment, panic flashed across his face, but he quickly regained his composure.

"What do you mean by that?" David's voice was cold and guarded.

"So... I was right?" Elliot's voice trembled, a mix of disbelief, anger, and disappointment. "You knew all along that it wasn't Laurie who did it?"

David fell silent for a moment before replying with an icy tone, "That's all in the past. There's no point digging it up now. Elliot, what matters most right now is finalizing the deal with Mr. Brooker for the Eastgate development project. Everything else is small matter."

"Small matter? Hahaha-" Elliot suddenly burst into laughter, a harsh, bitter sound that echoed through the room. His laughter was **so** strained and mocking those tears welled up in his eyes.

"You knew Laurie was innocent," Elliot's voice trembled, but his words were sharp as a knife. "Yet you still insisted that she was the culprit. You forced me to stand in court and testify against her, my own sister! What did Laurie ever do to deserve this? She's your daughter, yet you pushed her into the abyss... and dragged me down with you."

"She's my sister... my own blood." His voice broke. "Can you imagine how hopeless she must have felt, betrayed by her own brother in court? No wonder she couldn't forgive me after she got out of prison... No wonder... Hahaha-"

Elliot kept laughing, but the pain in his voice cut deeper than any sob.

"Enough!" David's furious voice barked across the room, his eyes flashing with warning. "Now's not the time to dwell on the past. Get a grip!"

19

260

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Chapter 100 Fractured Ties and Desperate Truths

Finished

Elliot's eyes were bloodshot, his chest rising and falling violently as he glared at David. Gritting his teeth, he said, "You ignored Laurie's life and let her take the blame for a crime she didn't commit. You let her endure unimaginable torment in prison. Aren't you afraid of facing retribution?"

David trembled with rage, pointing a shaking finger at Elliot. His voice quivered as he barked, "You... How dare you speak to me like this? Everything I did was for the sake of the Bennett family's reputation! Lauren? She's a worthless girl, what does it matter if she had to sacrifice herself?"

"Sacrifice?" Elliot let out a bitter laugh. "Laurie was beaten in prison, her leg was broken, and she had one of her kidneys removed. Doesn't that make you feel even a shred of guilt? Doesn't your conscience bother you?"

For a brief moment, David's face stiffened at the mention of Lauren losing a kidney, but he quickly regained his composure. "She was always a troublemaker. If she got beaten in prison, she probably brought it on herself. As for losing a kidney, well, maybe she got hurt in a fight, and they had to remove it. Serves her right."

"Stop making a scene," David snapped. "The most important thing right now is securing the Bennett family's business deals. Didn't I tell you to get Mr. Brooker's number? Have you found it yet? If you have, call him and set up a dinner meeting."

Elliot slowly stood up, his eyes filled with disappointment. "Dad, I've always respected you and followed your lead. But on this matter, I can't agree with you and I won't obey. I'm going to find out what really happened back then and clear Laurie's name."

With that, he turned and walked away, his steps firm and resolute.

"Stop right there!" David bellowed from behind him, furious. "If you dare to investigate, then don't bother calling me your father anymore and forget about having any say in the Bennett family's affairs!"

Elliot ignored him. His mind was focused on one thing finding Lauren, making things right, and clearing her name.

Just as Elliot was about to leave, Willow walked in carrying a thermos.

Her face lit up with a sweet smile as she spoke softly, "Dad, I made you some chicken soup myself."

Only then did she notice Elliot standing there, his face grim with anger.

Recalling yesterday's events, a wave of anxiety washed over her. But then she remembered how Elliot had defended her, and her nerves eased. She smiled warmly at him. "Oh, you're here too, Elliot. Would you like to join Dad for some soup?"

Elliot said nothing. His face remained dark as he stepped closer to Willow, grabbed her shoulders tightly, and stared at her with eyes full of accusation. "Laurie's missing, are you happy now?"

Willow's face turned pale with fright at his sudden outburst. Her voice trembled as she stammered, "Elliot, I didn't..."

"You still dare say you didn't?" Elliot's voice was low and strained, as if he was forcing the words through clenched teeth. "Laurie was missing, and now you're the only daughter of the Bennett family. Isn't that exactly what you wanted?"

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**21:49 Thu, Mar 27.**

Chapter 100 Fractured Ties and Desperate Truths

49%

Finished

Willow looked as though she'd just suffered a **huge** injustice. Tears welled up in her **eyes** as she choked out **her** defense.

"David, how can you think that about me? We've been siblings for over twenty years. Don't you know what kind of person I am?"

In Elliot's mind, Willow had always been a sweet, gentle and harmless little sister, kind-hearted and pure.

It was because of that belief that he'd always favored her.

When Elaine *fell down the stairs and ended up in a coma, he hadn't doubted Willow for a second. Instead, he'd immediately pinned the blame on Lauren.*

*But everything that had happened yesterday was screaming at him, he'd been wrong.*

*Although he had managed to stop Elaine from accusing Willow, anyone with half a brain could tell something was off.*



With a sudden burst of anger, Elliot grabbed Elaine and shoved her hard against the wall. The impact made her back throb with pain, and she let out a pained grunt.

Her tears streamed down in large droplets, and her eyes were filled with fear and helplessness.

"Brother, you're hurting me," she whimpered.

Seeing his precious daughter being mistreated, David's heart ached with rage.

Ignoring his own injuries, he struggled out of bed. The sudden movement tugged at his wounds, making him hiss in pain, but he gritted his teeth and endured it.

With fury, he slapped Elliot hard across the face.

"You little punk! Let go of Willow right now!"

Elliot's head snapped to the side from the force of the slap.

Just then, Jeffrey walked in and saw the heated confrontation between the three of them.

He'd returned to the hospital after hearing that David and Alice had been injured, intending to check on David's condition. But instead, this chaotic scene greeted him.

Quick

"Elliot

stepping in, Jeffrey grabbed Elliot and pulled him out of the ward, his tone firm with reproach.

"Your dad's still hurt. Why are you causing a scene here?"

Elliot's eyes were red as he fought to keep his emotions from boiling over. With a strained voice, he briefly explained what had happened the day before.

Then, he added, "Jeffrey, you know how weak Laurie is, her leg isn't fully healed, she's already lost a kidney, and her health's been deteriorating. I'm really worried about her..."

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