

Chapter 775 Murder

Laura and Marina froze in annoyance. The initial excitement and hopeful anticipation that had accompanied their visit were now shattered by the lawyer's words.

Laura's face was contorted into an unflattering expression as she left the law office with Marina in tow.

Money that had seemed so close had now turned out to be totally out of reach. Laura's anger and frustration erupted in a torrent of curses, "I never thought that old hag had such a cunning streak in her! She has been playing us for fools time and time again. Does she really think we're that easy? Let's go back to the hospital. Today, she must cough up all her private assets, whether she likes it or not."

When the mother-daughter duo finally returned to the hospital, Liza's eyes ignited with fury the moment she saw them, and her chest began to heave agitatedly.

"Old woman," Laura said to her with a sneer, "it's time for you to come with us to the law office and hand over your private assets!"

But Liza retorted through gritted teeth, "Don't even think about it, you evil woman! I'm telling you, this is murder! I'll call the police on you two!"

When Laura heard this, she reluctantly released her grip on Liza's arm, but her face showed no hint of remorse or fear whatsoever. Instead, she coolly responded, "Go ahead and report, old woman. But don't forget that right now, Marina and I are your only family, and we are also your legal guardians. Do



you know why I endured all your provocations and served you with unwavering dedication these past few days? It's because I wanted everyone to see how devoted I was as your daughter-in-law, so there would be no trace of suspicion."

Liza's eyes widened in shock and a chill ran down her spine.

But Laura continued with a sneer, "If you want to blame someone, blame yourself for your usual arrogance and temper. Everyone knows you have a volatile personality, and you often lash out at both Marina and me. Now, if you report me to the authorities and accuse me of attacking you, I can simply claim that you deliberately injured yourself just to frame me. Who do you think they'll believe?"

Liza began to feel a growing sense of dread as she listened to all these. She recalled how she had sought help from the nurses before, but they never took her seriously. They simply told her to relax and not to overthink things, and even praised Laura as a dutiful daughter-in-law who loved her so much.

Laura's lips curled triumphantly as she continued, "I've been quite subtle with my actions, haven't I? There's been no evidence left behind. Even if you tell people that I assaulted you, they'll likely just think you've become senile. No one will believe you."

Liza's complexion paled and her eyes clouded with tears that she dared not shed. She had lost her voice to retort at her wicked daughter-in-law.

She was now witnessing firsthand just how ruthless her daughter-in-law could be when it came to money. For the sake of gaining wealth, Laura was capable of anything!

Realizing how helpless and isolated she was, Liza had no choice but to yield to Laura's demands. "Okay. You're right. All my money will be yours in the future. I'll give you the money as long



as you treat me well and take good care of me. Then after I'm gone, you can consider it as your inheritance."

Laura was quite satisfied with this, and her face lit up in a smile, but she pointed out, "Words alone won't suffice. You need to make a will. After all, you've already deceived us once. What if you trick us again and leave us with nothing in the end?"

Liza's face stiffened, and she chuckled weakly, "How would I..."

But Laura cut her off by producing a prepared will and handed it to her, saying, "Mom, sign this now."

Liza's heart sank as she realized how unwavering Laura's determination was. She was now even more scared for her life than ever. But with a sigh of resignation, she took the pen and signed the will, her hands trembling all the while.

Laura gazed at the signed will with a triumphant smile and then handed it to Marina. "Marina, go and give it to the lawyer immediately," she instructed.

Marina joyfully accepted the document and hurried out of the room.

When she was gone, Laura looked at the old woman with disdain and taunted, "Old witch, you sure were cunning enough to deceive me into taking care of you all these days."

"But I've already promised to leave you the inheritance," Liza replied stiffly.

"Well, that's only fair, isn't it?" Laura shrugged. "If you hadn't driven Marco away back then, Bryant Group wouldn't have gone bankrupt, and Marina and I wouldn't have ended up penniless. Besides, we won't even be able to spend this money until after you're gone."

After saying this, Laura suddenly fell silent. Noticing this, Liza had a premonition. Though her skin prickled with fear, she mustered all her strength to reach for the bedside bell.

But her efforts were thwarted by a restraining hand.

Laura told her, with a cruel smile on her face, "You may as well meet your end right now."

Then she grabbed Liza's IV and deftly blocked the tube, making it appear as if it had accidentally snagged when Liza tried to shift.

"Marina is the only blood relative you have left in the Bryant family. Leaving your inheritance to her fulfills your duty in life. After all, you've always placed great importance on blood ties, haven't you?" Laura chuckled wickedly.

At this point, the IV tube started flowing the opposite way, drawing a small amount of blood. Liza's terror grew exponentially. Her eyes were locked on the knotted end of the tubing as she strained with all her might to withdraw her hand. But she found herself powerless due to the contorted position Laura had twisted her into. She could only watch in horror as her blood was gradually drawn backwards into the tube.

As her sight started to become hazy, she saw Laura leaving the room with a triumphant smile on her face.

Regret welled up in Liza's heart as she shed tears of remorse. In these final moments, she thought of Marco who had always been obedient and understanding since his childhood.

She bitterly regretted her decision to forsake his filial devotion and deep emotional connection for the sake of so-called blood ties which made her choose instead the treacherous Marina.

Chapter 775 Murder

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But in the fast fading light of her consciousness, she knew it was way too late for regrets and remorse.



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Chapter 776 It Was Murder!

After a while, a nurse came on her routine rounds. When she saw the elderly woman on the bed, lying motionless and unattended, a sense of sadness washed over her.

It was said that this elderly lady was the matriarch of a prestigious and wealthy family, but unfortunate circumstances had befallen them, forcing them into bankruptcy, and as a result, the elderly woman fell ill.

The young nurse vividly remembered how her daughter-in-law tirelessly cared for her for several days. But their relationship seemed to have taken a turn for the worse when the elderly lady accused her daughter-in-law of mistreatment.

As the nurse approached the bed to check on the lady and replenish her medication, her expression suddenly changed. She quickly leaned forward and put a finger near the elderly lady's cold nose, and then she gasped in shock.

Not long after, Marco, who was undergoing rehabilitation at home, received a phone call from the hospital.

Loraine was also at home, taking a rare break from work. As she came in with a glass of water, she saw him standing there, frozen in place with his phone near his ear. His face looked pale and bewildered.

"Marco, what's wrong with you?" she asked anxiously.

His eyes slowly shifted and he fixed them on her. "Grand... Liza's gone," he murmured flatly.

Lorraine was stunned for a moment. She could understand how he felt and she quickly tried to comfort him. "I'm sorry, but everyone has his or her time. You shouldn't be too..."

But Marco quickly shook his head and said, "The hospital staff said she passed away because she was all alone and accidentally pulled out her IV line when nobody was around. Her body has been left unclaimed in the morgue for about a day now, and they couldn't reach any of her family members through the contact information that was provided. That's why they contacted me to see if I could come and claim her."

A strange feeling was sweeping over him. It wasn't grief, rather it was a feeling of surrealism.

In his memory, Liza had always been a strong and elegant figure, living a respectable life. Yet, here she was, having passed away in a hospital, with no one to claim her body.

Lorraine silently held him in her arms and gently stroked his back comfortingly. "Do you want to go?" she asked softly.

Marco's mind was filled with conflicting emotions, but he told her immediately, "I don't want to get involved with the Bryant family anymore, but..."

Lorraine couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

She knew that he was kind by nature, otherwise he wouldn't have saved her all those years ago, which was also the reason why they were brought together now.

Besides, there was no point in holding a grudge against a dead person.

"Marco, she has already passed away. The past can't be changed. Just go and claim her body, and at least see her one



last time to say your final goodbye," she urged him.

Marco nodded, his eyes looking into the distance. Then suddenly, he pulled Loraine into a tight embrace.

She could feel his body trembling slightly as he buried his face in her hair. "Loraine, thank you," he said in a hoarse voice.

He was thanking her for understanding and supporting him, and for encouraging him whenever he felt lost.

Loraine responded by returning the embrace. There was no need for words. After hugging each other for what seemed like forever, they finally got up and then she drove him to the hospital.

The hospital staff, accustomed to seeing life depart, saw the source of grief that could crush a family as nothing more than a pale, lifeless body in the morgue.

After completing the necessary formalities, Loraine arranged for Liza to be buried at a cemetery nearby.

Marco stood silently for a moment. Then after a while, he went in search of the nurse who had taken care of Liza so he could inquire about the cause of her death.

The nurse explained to him all she knew in as much detail as she could. Marco listened attentively until she had finished speaking. Then he went back to the morgue and stared at Liza's lifeless body thoughtfully.

When Loraine came in, she thought he was still grieving, so she offered a few comforting words, "Marco, don't be too upset. Death happens. It's inevitable."

Marco raised his eyes to meet hers, his gaze profound and steady. "I'm not sad," he said with a shake of his head. "I just

feel... her death is strange."

Loraine was taken aback by this statement, and she quickly moved closer to him. "Why do you say that?" she asked with a serious expression on her face.

Though she felt a twinge of sadness at Liza's passing, considering the old woman's advanced age and the past conflicts between them, Loraine hadn't dwelled on it much. But now that it seemed Marco had seen more than the ordinary, she was curious to hear what he was thinking.

"It's just a gut feeling though," Marco said in a low tone as he gazed at the pallid face of Liza. "And where are Laura and Marina? Even though the Bryant Group went bankrupt and they no longer wanted to take care of Liza, it's unlikely that they would just lose contact with her completely."

"Could it be that Laura and Marina had done something to her in order for them to inherit the family property?" Loraine offered.

Marco's expression darkened when he heard this. "It's possible," he nodded. "Despite the fall of Bryant Group, Liza still had personal assets of her own."

Loraine didn't say anything in response. She immediately left the room and got on the phone with her subordinates, ordering them to check Liza's visitation records while she was in the hospital.

Before long, her subordinates had come up with a result. When Loraine saw it, she was stunned. Clearly, Marco's intuition was correct!

During the period leading up to Liza's death, Laura and Marina had visited the hospital frequently. In fact, even in the hour just before Liza's passing, Laura was with her in the hospital room.



Shortly after she left, it was discovered by hospital staff that Liza's condition had deteriorated.

Marco's face turned cold and his fists clenched tightly as Loraine read this to him.

Loraine also felt very angry. To think that the mother and daughter had done such a thing for the sake of money made her sick to her stomach!

Immediately, she called the police.

This was not an accident. It was simply murder!



Chapter 777 Exposed Crime

The moment Loraine mentioned murder, the police leaped into action. They quickly gathered initial details and decisively closed off Liza's hospital room, summoning the forensic experts.

Laura's actions were puzzling. Either she was too confident, assuming Liza's death would go unnoticed, or she was blissfully unaware. It was astonishing to observe her disregard for even basic safety measures.

Soon, the forensics team completed their analysis. They discovered Laura's fingerprints on the tampered IV line. Additionally, they found hidden injuries on the deceased, indicating Liza had suffered physical abuse prior to her demise.

The police promptly issued warrants for their arrest. Unbeknownst to them, Laura and Marina were at a law office, holding Liza's will and jubilantly celebrating their acquisition of the old woman's substantial inheritance, worth over twenty million dollars, initially meant for Liza's future expenses.

They were completely indifferent to the hospital situation. They believed no one would bother with Liza's funeral or investigate her death, thinking dumping her body in any cemetery would conclude the matter.

Afterwards, they rushed to the bank to access the funds. Marina, seeing the balance, shouted excitedly, "I'm getting the latest designer bag! My old ones are so outdated! And those jewels and gems grandma owned, still in her possession and not seized, I want those as well!"

Laura, glowing with pride, fulfilled Marina's every wish, transferring half of the inheritance to her and proclaiming, "My daughter deserves a life free of struggle."

Overwhelmed with excitement about her newfound wealth, Marina exclaimed, "Now I can't wait to see Bella and others stop ridiculing my financial struggles!"

Laura, bubbling with joy, prepared to shift the rest of the money into her account.

Yet, she faced a startling twist when the bank card was suddenly blocked.

Puzzled, Laura furrowed her brow, pondering the unexpected turn of events. She was sure there shouldn't be any limitations on Liza's card. As she watched the transaction halt, uneasiness crept in. Determined to resolve the issue, Laura decided to seek help at the bank counter.

But before she could take a step, the piercing sound of police sirens from outside seized her attention.

Laura, burdened by a guilty conscience, was easily rattled by even a glimpse of law enforcement. The immediate proximity of the sirens sent a jolt of fear through her, making her wonder if they were after her. In a rush of panic, she quickly seized Marina and headed straight for the exit.

Their swift exit did not go unnoticed. A team of police officers swiftly surrounded the bank lobby, causing a stir among the staff. Curious, the bank employees emerged to understand the situation.

One officer, with a concerned look, shared, "We've been tracking a large transaction from a monitored account and raced here to intercept it. Seems we might have just missed our chance."

The investigation had centered around Liza's missing bank card, leading to immediate police action. They arrived as the transaction was being flagged, but Laura and Marina had already vanished from the scene.

Meanwhile, Laura, panting and shaking, led Marina through a labyrinth of back alleys and obscure exits, desperate to escape.

After a considerable distance, Laura came to a stop, her body still quivering with fear. She glanced back anxiously to make sure they weren't being followed. Exhausted, she collapsed to the ground, gasping for air.

Meanwhile, Marina, unaware of the complexities surrounding Liza's bank card, was utterly baffled by Laura's strange actions. She complained, "Mom, what's wrong with you? There was just a police car passing by. Why are you freaking out?"

Laura, her nerves still rattling, responded, "It wasn't just any passing car. They might have been coming for us, especially after we tapped into the old hag's inheritance."

Marina, failing to grasp the seriousness of their situation, asked, "What's wrong with us using her inheritance? Didn't grandma's will leave it to us? It's ours by right!"

Looking around nervously, Laura decided to hide the truth from Marina. She said with a tone of irritation, "Blame it on that unfortunate old hag. She had to die at the worst possible time, forcing us to care for her until her last breath! Now, they probably think we're involved in her death!"

Laura regretted her impatience in not waiting a few more days. She hadn't expected someone to alert the police so quickly. Had she known, she would have bided her time, considering that Liza seemed close to death anyway.

A shadow of concern crossed Marina's face as she hastily asked, "Why would they suspect us? Grandma died from her illness, right?"

But her confidence faded as she remembered Laura's threats and abuse of Liza. If this information were to surface, Liza's death would cause them a lot of trouble.

Recognizing the peril they were in, Marina cast aside her concerns for appearances and urged, "Mom, we have to run! Hurry up!"



Chapter 778 Mother-Daughter Fugitives

Originally, Laura had a simple plan. Once they secured the funds, they planned to flee the country, or at least Vagow. This way, even if their secrets were exposed, tracking them would be futile.

But their strategy crumbled. The police were actively searching for them, effectively sealing off all escape routes from the city. They barely managed to elude police capture several times.

Escaping had become an unfeasible option. Trapped in the city, the mother and daughter were forced to continually shift their hiding spots. With hotels and motels off-limits, they had no reliable refuge.

Their circumstances led them to spend nights on street corners, resembling homeless individuals. Fortunately, the mild weather made their plight slightly more tolerable.

After enduring a day of this hardship, the pair were in a dire state, indistinguishable from the homeless around them, covered in filth.

Marina, despairing at her grim condition, felt an overwhelming misery, worse than death. She burst out, "How long must we continue hiding like this? We didn't cause grandma's death!"

Laura, silent in response, noticed a worn-out inn nearby. She clung to the hope that they might bypass strict identity verification there and, perhaps with some extra cash, secure a temporary haven.

It was a far cry from their usual accommodations, but under the circumstances, they had little room for choice.

Upon entering the inn, they encountered a desk receptionist deeply absorbed in her TV show, snacking on popcorn. She barely glanced at them, instructively muttering without raising her head, "Book your room through the app."

Laura remained silent, her attention caught by a wanted poster on the counter.

It displayed her photo, branding her a murderer and offering a reward for information leading to her arrest.

Marina also saw the poster and turned to Laura in alarm. "Mom, what is happening?"

Laura's complexion whitened, a wave of panic washing over her. She blurted out in haste, "I've figured it out. It has to be Marco, and probably Loraine too. They're scheming for the old lady's fortune, trying to pin it on me so they can cut me out of the inheritance!"

The receptionist, catching snippets of the turmoil, glanced up in confusion. Laura, spotting the attention, swiftly grabbed Marina and made a hasty retreat to avoid recognition.

Huddled in a secluded corner, the mother and daughter took deep breaths to calm themselves. Marina, her eyes brimming with tears, voiced her fears, "Mom, what do we do now? Shouldn't we go clear this up with the police?"

Laura's expression tightened before she gently shook her head. She placed a comforting hand on Marina's shoulder and reassured, "There's no need to worry. The wanted poster only lists my name, not yours. Your account is flush with cash. You don't have to go through this with me. Take the money and flee."



Just leave Vagow, go anywhere safe."

Marina turned ashen, confusion and fear evident on her face. She stammered, "But, Mom, what about you?"

After a brief pause, Laura's face hardened with resolve. "Perhaps it's best we separate. If I'm captured, so be it. But don't worry. Once you're safe, find someone who opposes the Torres family. They'll have reasons to aid us. Only if they stand up to the Torres family can I be released."

Overwhelmed, Marina saw no other choice. Tears streaming down her face, she gave a firm nod, assuring, "Mom, don't worry. I'll definitely save you."

The mother and daughter split up, with Marina giving all her cash to her fleeing mother, Laura.

As they each dodged the police, elsewhere, Liza's funeral unfolded.

Her final resting place was a suburban cemetery, picked by Loraine and Marco.

The once-revered Liza's ending was solitary, her goodbye attended by just two. The pair stood quietly together, their mixed emotions unreadable.

A strikingly handsome man stood there, his eyes downcast, masking a storm of feelings.

Marco, gazing at Liza's headstone and her solemn portrait, managed a bitter smile.

He had once been trapped in the Bryant family to repay them for raising him. But Liza had cast him out for her bloodline's sake.

Yet, in a twist of fate, her own family, lured by inheritance, had caused her demise. Now, he and Loraine, unconnected by blood, were her final farewell.

The irony wasn't lost on him. Marco wondered if Liza had felt any regrets in her last moments.

Loraine, leaning on him, silently offered support. Her feelings about Liza's death, sorrow or relief, were ambiguous.

Once, she resented Liza for mistreating Marco. Liza, perhaps, met a fitting end.

At last, Marco bowed slightly, murmuring, "Grandma, consider this my repayment for raising me. I'm now free from the Bryant family."



Chapter 779 Doris' Arrival

Liza had left the world behind, her absence stirring little more than a fleeting disturbance in the lives of others.

Life returned to its usual pace after her funeral, with Loraine falling back into her familiar pattern of shuttling between her job and home.

Yet, on this day, her mundane routine was pierced by a piece of extraordinary news.

The innovative surgical robot from the Solar Company was soon to be delivered to Vagow!

Jeroy, the project's leader, courteously ironed out the details of the customs process with Loraine over the phone. "Miss Torres, we're just short of wrapping up the customs paperwork. Could we have someone from your end join us for a meeting tomorrow afternoon?" he inquired.

A radiant smile lit up Loraine's face as she agreed, her mood soaring.

The impending arrival of the robot held the promise of a successful operation for Ariadna.

Throughout Marco's stay in the hospital, Loraine was a constant visitor to Ariadna's side.

Their connection grew through messages and calls during the hours permitted by the doctors, and even Tillie's frosty demeanor had thawed over time.

Upon hearing that the robot was on the way, Loraine's heart swelled with joy, eager to pass on the uplifting update to Ariadna.

It was during Ariadna's break when she responded immediately, her voice crackling with enthusiasm, "Is that true? That's wonderful! Thanks so much, Lorrie! After my operation, I'll take you to my favorite singer's concert, and..."

Listening to Ariadna's voice messages, Loraine's smile grew tender, her replies echoing the young girl's infectious excitement, a testament to their deepening affection.

The following morning, at the customs office, a young, blond-haired man with sharp blue eyes was diligently navigating the complex customs process. This was Jeroy, responsible for overseeing the surgical robot's transfer.

Soon after, a team of bodyguards arrived, accompanying the robot. Jeroy gestured to signal his presence when a woman, seemingly appearing out of nowhere, hindered the bodyguards.

Her flowing, seaweed-like curls trailed behind her, enhancing her fair complexion, while a pair of sunglasses adorned her face. The elegant arch of her nose and the richness of her red lips only heightened her allure.

Adorned in a scarlet gown that swept the floor, she stood with a poise that amplified her already impressive stature.

The towering heels she navigated with grace, clicking rhythmically against the marble, spoke of her ease with such height.

Even the most stunning female celebrities would lose their shine in her presence. Along with her striking allure, there was a genuine sense of pride and nobility that surrounded her.

Caught off guard by her appearance, Jeroy stepped forward with a query, "Miss Hoffman, weren't you stationed at headquarters? When did you make your way to Kitay?"

Her unexpected presence in Vagow was indeed a surprise.

At that moment, the enigmatic Miss Hoffman took off her sunglasses, unveiling herself as Doris.

Her lips, as inviting as a glass of aged wine, lifted into a smile as she announced, "I'm overseeing this operation now."

Jeroy, with a crease of confusion, retorted, "I wasn't notified by our superior."

Ever the dedicated and tenacious employee, he wasn't one to yield easily, even before Doris, who acted as the boss' stand-in in authority.

Doris remained undisturbed, her smile barely there as she explained, "The upcoming dealings are with Universe Group, correct? J, you're only a department head. It's understandable that you're not included in the top executives' strategies. Otherwise, what purpose would my visit serve?"

Jeroy paused, then asked, "Is it okay if I check with the boss for confirmation?"

Doris looked at him, her demeanor shifting subtly, her voice growing colder and more commanding as she answered, "You know how crucial this project is."

After a brief pause, she added with a hint of menace, "This is the first partnership between Solar Company and a local firm, and the boss is away on leave. If we miss this chance because you're waiting to get in touch, can you handle the fallout?"

Doris, as the deputy in command, assumed the highest authority in their boss' absence, and her word was unquestioned. Despite Jeroy's imposing size, he felt a chill and stepped back.

He knew he couldn't bear the burden of such a task. And Sullivan had been explicit: the boss was tending to vital affairs in Kitay, and he was not to be disturbed without a substantial reason.

Jeroy relented, lowering his head, "I shouldn't have doubted the executives' decisions."

Doris' expression softened into a smug smile, pleased with Jeroy's submission. Taking charge, she began instructing the security guards on the next steps.

With the surgical robot's significance and the boss' strong interest in mind, despite Doris attributing it to executives, Jeroy couldn't shake his uneasiness. He walked closely, prepared to provide a gentle reminder.

"Miss Hoffman, the Universe Group's delegates are arriving today."

Doris' laugh was tinged with assurance and pride, her face radiating triumph.

"Now that I'm overseeing this, do you really think I'd overlook the need for talks?"

At her response, Jeroy held his peace, following her and the guards in silence.

Doris stepped out of the airport, slid off her sunglasses, and looked intently in a certain direction, her smile turning icy.

Chapter 779 Doris' Arrival

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She had long awaited this moment, ready to unveil the true character of the woman who dared to cling to Marco.



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