

13; Lady Vivien.

Chapter Thirteen- "Lady Vivien".

Isabella Montague.

My finger drummed the steering wheel of my car, Hailee Steinfeld's song End This L.O.V.E blaring through the speaker as I pressed down on the peddle, the car speeding up as my hand turned the steering wheel to take a sharp corner down the lane of my family mansion.

I didn't slow down on my speed as I approached the sturdy gate, made of wrought iron and lined by the sides by the imposing stone walls, adorned with intricate carvings and ornate details, knowing it would open without me having to worry, and it did even before I approached, giving me enough way to drive into the mansion.

I was instantly welcomed by the meticulously landscaped lawns that stretch elegantly into the distance, the expanse green spaces maintained ardently, mirroring the prestige of the centuries standing mansion passed down from one generation of Montagues to the next. Tall, ancient trees stand as silent sentinels, providing both shade and a sense of enduring wisdom.

The surroundings are adorned with vibrant flowers,

13; Lady Vivien.

carefully arranged to perfection in manicured beds adding a burst of color to the lush greenery, not a speck of color out of place. Roses, tulips and lavender adds to the visual splendor, creating a picturesque scene that changes with passing months, giving it a natural transition. Workers move around, all in uniforms, maintaining every bit of it and ensuring nothing stands out, or gets out of place.

Water fountains grace the estate, their gentle cascades adding a soothing melody to the atmosphere. Elaborate stone fountains, adorned with intricate sculptures and classical motifs serve as focal points amidst the carefully planned gardens. The sound of trickling water during one's strolls creates a tranquil ambiance—the one of the few things I actually enjoy about the suffocating air in the mansion.

Overall, my family mansion has this air of refined elegance of old money, a testament of a bygone era which my family wishes to uphold its tradition regardless of the time transition to the 21st century. It has an architectural mastery impossible to be found in this century, sprawling landscapes and timeless elegance intertwined befitting of a legacy to be passed onto generations.

My Ferrari LaFerrari hums softly as I drove over the cobblestone paving, lined by the sides by ancient towering trees that form a majestic canopy

13; Lady Vivien.

overhead, creating a natural archway. The driveway meanders gracefully, allowing a glimpse of the sprawling lawns. And as I approached the mansion, the driveway widens, revealing a circular courtyard adorned with a finely crafted fountain at its center.

The car came to a halt once in front of the mansion. I turned it off and stepped out, handing my keys to the awaiting valet. My boots clad feet took a few steps up the staircase leading to the entrance. I was dressed in a Burberry overcoat with a subtle check pattern that subtly nods at the brand's heritage, the rich camel color adding a touch of aesthetic to it all.

Beneath, I don a cashmere sweater, paired with tailored Ralph Lauren trousers, to provide a classic silhouette to align with the timeless style I was aiming for. For footwear, I chose a pair of knee-high leather boots by Jimmy Choo, the one of the three of the latest collection. With sleek lines and subtle gold accents, it stands as an evident of the elite collection.

I accessorized the whole look with a pair of oversized tortoiseshell sunglasses by Chanel perched on my nose, shielding my eyes from the sun while simultaneously adding a touch of elegance to my whole.

I didn't put much effort into my outfit, at least, it's

13; Lady Vivien.

nothing out of my ordinary ensemble. However, I may or may not have purposely paired up paired it like that knowing I would be returning home, and there are a couple of people I would meet that would or not judge my attire.

My hair, I left it in its natural curls, flowing down my back, courtesy of Amy—whom had went straight to her home to meet Nona while I chose to drive myself back to my family home straight from the airport having arrived back in England an hour ago.

Besides, I like the sense of freedom that comes with driving myself. I need something to take my mind off everything, and driving myself just happens to be what I want—getting the fresh air and inhaling it. Keeping those thoughts out of my mind, I tried to focus on my current task in hand.

The grand double doors were opened for me by the guards standing there, whom gave a curt nod as she they said their greetings. I offered them a smile back, returning the greeting as I stepped into the grand halls of the mansion—instantly welcomed by the distant sound of classical music being played somewhere in the near distance.

Yup, sounds like home alright.

With a destination in mind, I maneuvered the halls with the knowledge of everywhere like the back of my hand. On the way, I met and was greeted by

13; Lady Vivien.

the countless guards, whom I all offered a curt nod back and a response.

Upon reaching my destination, I stepped in, my boots clicking against the marble floor while my lips slanted into the widest grins I could possibly plaster. "Good morning, family." I stepped into the

Ads-free >

dining room, where my so called family were dining together, having breakfast.

The minute my voice came, almost all of them reached out, the air becoming tensed almost immediately—the glares I'd pretty much anticipated shooting in my direction but I paid no heed to it. Rather, my gaze was set on a particular

13; Lady Vivien.

someone, the only one I am genuinely excited to see.

I all but skipped to where his seat is, before leaning down to wrap my arms around him. "Hey, dad." I greeted my old father, leaning into his warm embrace.

My father, the old aristocrat with nothing but grey hair placed a hand on my arms, patting it adorningly, his own lips slanted into a warm smile. "Vivien." He called out my second name, it being the only name he addresses me with. "I'm glad you're back. Come, sit, let's have breakfast together."

He turned his head in the direction of the seat to his right, where someone I wasn't particularly excited to see was seated. "Sebastian, move over." His tone became stern—the same voice everyone else knows him with. He didn't need to elaborate, that simple statement as enough to not be messed with.

Sebastian, my half-brother shifted his gaze from my father, then to me, his expression hardening. "Of course, Father." His tone, it was as grave as his expression. His eyes were narrowed at me, as he stiffly rose from the seat he knew would never be his, and yet somehow, he never fails to stop trying to occupy and move to the next seat.

Two of the maids standing waiting by the sides

13; Lady Vivien.

moved to take his untouched food and mugs of tea to the seat he had transitioned to. He threw them a glare that had them shuddering, their heads head low as they moved back to their earlier positions.

I removed my arms from around my father and then occupied the now empty seat, flashing him a smile which he reciprocated. When I lifted my gaze to stare directly across me, I was welcomed with another face I'd rather not see in a thousand years, but I have no choice but to stick to.

Her expression was blank as a canvas, though upon meeting my gaze, her lips slowly curled upwards into what one would think is a sweet, genuine smile but I knew otherwise. "Vivien." She spat the name, with a sickly sweet smile. "Good to have you back." Believe me, if there's to be a female devil, then it would be this woman.

Still, I forced myself to hold up my smile, mirroring her expression. "It feels good to be back as well."

She nodded slowly, then slanted her gaze behind me. "Serve Lady Vivien, do you need to be told twice?" She directed her order to the maids. She then slanted her gaze in my direction, her smile returning.

They didn't need to be told twice, they were quick to place a new plate in front of me, with the breakfast served already. They went ahead to

13; Lady Vivien.

place a cup of tea beside me, made to perfection and having the same scent. It looks beautiful no doubt, its appealing to the eyes.

"Try it." Josephine, my step mother, urged, that smile never disappearing from her baked face. "I made it with love."

I hummed, staring at it longer than necessary before lifting my gaze to meet hers. "I can tell." I then shifted my gaze to the man seated beside her, never once sparing me a glance. In fact, he was acting as if there's no one there to begin with, ignoring my existence as a whole.

I didn't comment on it, in no mood to get involved with him. I'd prefer it if it remain that way. My gaze moved to the woman seated beside him, the living version of an England Barbie doll in human form.

"—Victoria must've helped as well." I said, referring to her daughter-in-law, Alexander's wife of two years. Yet another person with the same attitude as them all. "I can practically feel the love bouncing off her as well."

Victoria looked up from her meal, unbothered to even put up a smile, but she did narrow her eyes at me in slits. She didn't say a thing though, knowing I'm intentionally poking her...she's a terrible cook. She'd burn down the kitchen if allowed in it. It's something she's sensitive about, and I intentionally brought it up.

13; Lady Vivien.

The air became more tensed if possible due to my words, everyone knowing what I did but no one spoke of it, or called me out—simply because my father is there, and they knew better than to stir up a fight with me in front of him.

Instead, Josephine steered the conversation back to the earlier point. "Try it." She said gesturing to the food. "It's your favorite if I remember, right?"

I hummed, my fingers moving to the cutlery. I tried to hide it, but my fingers were slightly shaking as I reached out to take the spoon. I forced it to stop though, as I held the spoon firmly, and against my growing nerves and curling intestines, placed the spoon into the soup and brought it to my mouth.

I forced it down my throat, my eyes stinging as I felt nauseous almost instantly, but I blinked back repeatedly to hide it. After a few seconds, I flicked my eyes open and placed it on Josephine's awaiting ones—her lips curled into a satisfied smile. "It's good." I forced out, my voice sounding clearer than I feel internally. "As always."

She chuckled, then carried on with her breakfast, satisfied with the reaction she got from me. We continued the breakfast quietly, with me forcing the food down even though I yearned for nothing more than to do otherwise. At least, it was quiet until Sebastian broke then tense air, with a

13; Lady Vivien.

question that's been on their minds all no doubt.

"So..." He started, his head now in my direction. "...
you're screwing Kingston now."



Mia Jay.

"

[#vote#](#) and check out my other book [The
Alpha King's Redemption](#)

"



Comments



Vote



Watch videos get points (1/20) >