

The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan #Chapter 11 - Read The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Percival didn't see it coming that the person he'd been searching for would turn out to be in the Hawthorn family. What was her connection with the Hawthorns?

Vivienne was also taken aback to bump into the guy she'd helped out before right here. "Mr. Ellington, meet my granddaughter, Vivienne." Beatrice introduced them, pointing at Vivienne.

Percival's fingers, which were resting on his wheelchair, stopped abruptly. His deep gaze fell on Vivienne and his handsome face revealed a look of surprise.

She was the heiress of the Hawthorns? Vivienne? A smile unconsciously spread across Percival's face. If his fiancée turned out to be her, then that'd be...

Beatrice then introduced Vivienne to the rest of the guys. This is the head of the Ellington family, Richard, and the guy next to him is his grandson, Percival, your fiancé."

Upon hearing Percival's name, Vivienne looked a bit shocked. Her eyes moved to his legs and she let out a small smile. Percival caught her meaningful gaze and rubbed his temples in resignation. The person he wanted to call off the engagement with turned out to be his lifesaver. And she even knew he wasn't really disabled.

Vivienne moved her gaze away from Percival and greeted them politely, "Nice meeting you, Mr. Richard, Mr. Ellington."

Percival responded politely. Then, he suddenly spoke up, "Ms. Hawthorn, I think you might've misunderstood me. What I said that day was, don't call off the engagement."

Vivienne was taken aback. What a cheeky guy!

Leopold and Thomas were also speechless. Mr. Ellington's change of attitude was truly astonishing. They'd clearly heard him say that he wanted to call off the engagement.

Richard looked at Percival and burst out laughing. To get Percival to agree to an engagement with the Hawthorns' daughter, Richard had used all sorts of tricks to barely lure him here to the Hawthorns' place. Now after finding out that the Hawthorns' eldest daughter was Vivienne, he wasn't throwing a fit anymore. He was even willing to marry her himself.

Richard looked at Vivienne, a meaningful smile playing on his lips. This real daughter of the Hawthorn family was much harder to deal with than Arabella. If his grandson dated her, he'd probably get a taste of her tough side.

Richard snapped out of his thoughts and got up with a smile. "Vivienne, we came here today to discuss whether we could possibly not call off the engagement?"

Compared to Arabella, Richard obviously preferred Vivienne, and admired her more.

Because when she entered the room and saw Percival, and found out who he was, there was no contempt in her eyes. She was straightforward. He could even tell that her calling off the engagement had nothing to do with Percival being disabled.

Arabella was different. All she had for Percival was contempt and disgust.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Richard. I'm too young and I'm not ready to think about marriage yet. Mr. Ellington is so outstanding, I'm sure he'll find someone who's perfect for him." Vivienne said calmly. "Let's just call off this engagement."

"I'm disabled and can't find a good partner. Now I have this great opportunity for marriage, I can't give up. Ms. Hawthorn, would you accept me?" Percival spoke very slowly, his voice slightly weary.

Vivienne was silent.

Leopold and Thomas had their eyes wide open, staring at Percival in disbelief. What?!! He could actually speak so bluntly one day?

Richard's eyes were narrowed into slits from laughing. His grandson finally got it.

Vivienne had been through a lot, but she quickly said, "Then let's get engaged in five days. But I hope this marriage can be arranged by the Hawthorn family. I don't know if you guys have any thoughts?"

"We'll go with your arrangement. Percival was in a good mood and his tone was somewhat cheerful.

After that, they all left. As they were leaving, Leopold felt someone's gaze on him. He looked up and met Vivienne's clear eyes, which made his face turn red. It wasn't until they left the Hawthorn family that Leopold snapped back to reality. He turned to Percival and said, "Percival, did you notice that Miss Hawthorn was staring at me the whole time?"

Percival cast a glance at him, "I noticed."

Hearing that, Leopold got all excited, "Do you think she might have feelings for me?"

Percival's eyes narrowed, and a sharp gleam passed through them, like a sharp knife.

Leopold shrunk back a bit, but still asked bravely, "So why do you think Miss Hawthorn was staring at me?" "Because you're not good-looking." Percival said, his face expressionless.

Leopold was speechless.

Back at the Hawthorn family's mansion.

After Percival and the others left, Dorian turned to Beatrice, "Mom, who gave you the right to decide for Vivienne? I told you that she won't marry Percival."

Beatrice slouched back in her chair, throwing him a casual glance. "Don't say I'm not considerate," she said nonchalantly. "There are still five days until the engagement. I'm giving you time to think it over."

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She looked up, her voice calm and composed. "Don't blame me for not warning you. Without the protection of the Hawthorn family, I have no clue how you would survive. By the way, Thaddeus's kindergarten was arranged by me. I heard their school is having some sort of assessment this year. Kids with mediocre abilities like Thaddeus might not be on their enrollment list.

Dorian suddenly looked up, "He's your own grandson. Mom, do you really have to be this ruthless?" "That's why I'm giving you time to think," Beatrice replied. She took a sip from her tea cup, "Alright, I'm tired. You can leave now."

Dorian tried to say something else, but Beatrice had already started to ignore him. He had no choice but to leave with Cordelia and Vivienne.

After they left, Arabella came over to Beatrice's side, lightly massaging her shoulder. "Granny, do you think dad will agree?" she asked in a low voice.

Beatrice closed her eyes, enjoying the soothing sensation on her shoulder. "He will, she replied lightly. "Without a place to live or a job, how would he provide for his family? Arabella, you should know that no matter how proud a person is, they have to bow their head to survive."

A cold light flashed briefly in Arabella's eyes. "What if dad has got a place to live?"

"Well, do you think with the money he had, he could find anywhere to live?" Beatrice sneered, "Also, I've sent the words out. Most people in this city wouldn't dare to go against me."

Arabella felt a bit relieved inside.

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the following days, Dorian sent out resumes online everywhere, but no company was willing to hire him. All because he was Beatrice's son.

Dorian was greatly discouraged and had been feeling down for the past few days. Meanwhile, Vivienne had been shuttling back and forth to the Hospital treating Isolde. After several days of treatment, coupled with her medication, Isolde's health improved significantly.

After the treatment, she packed up her acupuncture kit and said to Isolde, "Starting tomorrow, we're ditching the needles and using cintments. This is the crucial part, it might hurt like hell, and we do not have painkillers. You gotta tough it out."

Isolde bit her lip and gave a solemn nod, Vivienne, don't you worry, | can handle it." To avoid worrying the people who cared about her, she would endure the pain no matter how intense it was.

Vivienne gave a nod, then turned to Eartha, Whip up some light food for her in the morning, and make sure she's downing plenty of water

"Alright." Eartha didn't quite get why she agreed so easily to help Vivienne treat Isolde, and even cover it up from Percival. But over these few days, she had seen Isolde's condition getting better.

Maybe Vivienne really could cure Isolde.

After giving her instructions, Vivienne took off.

Half an hour later, Percival, Thomas, and Leopold returned. Isolde was by the window watching cartoons. "You're back?" Isolde looked up at Percival, her voice full of delight.

Percival pushed the wheelchair over and gently touched her head, "How're you feeling today?"

Feeling great, | think I'll be back to normal in no time." Isolde blinked and said with a smile.

She wanted to tell her brother about Vivienne treating her. But she had promised Vivienne not to tell anyone else.

Seeing her in high spirits, Percival felt a lot more at ease. He was silent for a moment, then said to Thomas, "Go ask Bruce if Isolde can be discharged." "No discharge" Isolde said anxiously upon hearing this.

Don't you hate hospitals?" Percival slowly raised his hand and gently touched Isolde's face, his tone gentle, "It's too noisy here, not good for your rest. Even though it was a VIP ward, it was still a hospital, and not quiet enough.

"But I like it here." Isolde blinked her bright eyes and grabbed his arm, pouting, "Can we not go home, please?" If they went back, Vivienne wouldn't be able to treat her.

Percival looked at Isolde, his slender fingers drumming on the edge of the wheelchair, as if pondering something. After a while, he said, "Alright."

"Thanks" Isolde smiled sweetly.

After she fell asleep, Percival called Eartha out. At the door of the ward, he asked in a low voice, "Why does Isolde suddenly want to stay in the hospital? Has she met any strangers?"

Isolde had always hated hospitals because of her illness; she even hated Bruce who treated her. She usually wouldn't cooperate if he wasn't there. There must be something fishy about her sudden request to stay in the hospital.

Eartha saw Percival's deep gazes, and felt a bit guilty, but still tried to stay calm, "She keeps mentioning Ms. Hawthorn who saved her. Perhaps she wants to wait for her here."

Eartha thought to herself: He should be able to accept this answer, right?

Percival thought of Vivienne, if she was the one who saved Isolde...

Suddenly, Percival shuddered. Ms. Hawthorn?! Vivienne was also the young lady of the Hawthorn family. Could it really be her? He gathered his thoughts, and looked up at Eartha, "Do you remember what Ms. Hawthorn looks like?"

Eartha's heart skipped a beat. Oh no! Could the young master find out and want to give Ms. Vivienne a hard time? He couldn't know this. Ms. Vivienne just said that the Isolde's treatment tomorrow was crucial, if because of him, Ms. Hawthorn stopped treating her, then the young miss...

Thinking of this, Eartha hurriedly said, "I can't recall." Percival was silent for a moment, nodded, and didn't ask further.

After Eartha went back into the ward, Leopold glanced at Percival, "Mr. Ellington, why didn't you ask Arabella to treat Isolde when we were at the Hawthorn family's house the other day? Maybe she could really cure Isolde."

Even though in his heart, no one could match the medical skills of Mystic Mistress, but Isolde's condition was serious, and she might only have a few months left.

He couldn't find Mystic Mistress for now. Even if Arabella couldn't cure Isolde, prolonging her life was also possible, at least they would have more time to find someone else.

Percival slightly lifted his narrow eyes and said softly, "Are you sure the one who saved Isolde was Arabella?" Leopold was taken aback, then said, "Who else could it be, apart from Arabella?" Thomas raised his eyes and said lightly, "Mr. Sterling, the Hawthorn family has another daughter who just returned."

"Vivienne? Leopold widened his eyes, "How is that possible? Hasn't she been living in the countryside? | heard she didn't even graduate from high

12:50 Chapter 12 school." Of course, these were all said by Beatrice.

Percival gave him a sidelong glance, then took out his phone from his pocket, found the call Vivienne made to him that day, and dialed it. "Ms. Hawthorn, this is Percival."

Tranquil Estates.

Upon receiving Percival's call, Vivienne raised an eyebrow, "Mr. Ellington, ready to call it quits?" Percival on the other end was speechless. She set the direction of the conversation the moment she opened her mouth.

He cleared his throat, "Ms. Hawthorn, you're such a rare gem of a wife. How could | bear to part ways with you? I'd like to invite you to dinner."

"| don't have time." Almost the moment Percival finished his sentence, Vivienne flatly rejected him. She paused then added, "Or, we could have a farewell dinner before you, Mr. Ellington, call it quits."

"| found a pendant at Emerald Mountain, thought it was yours. But now it seems you didn't lose anything, so | won't bother you anymore."

Before he could finish, Vivienne flinched, murmuring, "Send me the restaurant's address."

Percival cracked a smile, "Sure."

Half an hour later.

Graceful Hotel, VIP room.

Vivienne pushed the door open, Percival was already waiting inside. This time, he wasn't in a wheelchair. Vivienne just gave him a blank look, and walked up to him, "Where's the pendant?"

Percival took out a brightly colored, intricately carved pendant from his high-end suit pocket. Vivienne reached out to get it, but he quickly put it back his pocket, "Is this pendant important to you?"

Vivienne looked at him coldly without saying a word.

With a subtle hint of red on his lips, Percival exuded elegance and sophistication in every move. A faint smile hung on his lips as he said, "Shall we have dinner first?"

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Vivienne's gaze darkened slightly as she fixed him with a cold stare before finally taking a seat across from him. Then she turned to the waiter, "I'll have one of everything... the most expensive stuff you've got."

The waiter was taken aback for a moment, then gently reminded her, "Miss, we have over a hundred dishes here and none of them are cheap. It's just the two of you. Isn't that going to be a bit much?"

Vivienne looked up, her red lips curling into a faint smile. Her delicate fingers pointed at Percival across the table, her voice melodious, "Bring us your top three signature dishes first. The rest can be packed up and sent to Tranquil Estates. He'll pick up the tab."

The waiter couldn't help but look at Percival. A smirk tugged at Percival's lips as he pulled out a bank card and handed it to the waiter, "Do what she says." With a nod, the waiter walked away.

Soon all three signature dishes were served. Without any hesitation, Vivienne picked up her cutlery and began to eat.

Percival poured her a drink, then filled his own glass with wine, raising it in a toast, "Ms. Hawthorn, I am grateful for your help back in Emerald Mountain."

He never got the chance to repay her. He could pretty much guess that as soon as he mentioned repayment, she would demand the cancellation of their engagement as her reward.

Vivienne's beautiful eyes lit up with amusement, narrowing into a slit as she laughed, "As for the repayment, just cancel our engagement." Percival nearly lost control of his expression.

"I do owe you a favor." Percival took a sip of his wine, his voice smooth and lingering, "Maybe I could offer myself as payment. How's that?" "Not interested."

Vivienne looked him up and down. He was handsome, just a bit shameless.

"Well then..." Percival took out the pendant again, his fingers gently caressing it, still wearing that gentle expression, "how about using this pendant to secure our engagement?"

Vivienne's face darkened, a chill settling in, "Are you threatening me?"

"It's a repayment." The smile on Percival's lips grew wider, "Good deeds should be rewarded. I found your pendant. Don't you think you should repay me?" Vivienne had the urge to punch Percival. If she had known he was such a scoundrel, she would have left him to be dog food back in Emerald Mountain. She raised her eyes to look at him, then suddenly laughed, "This pendant isn't that important to me. If you don't want to give it back, then just throw it away."

Percival's lips twitched at the corners, this girl... was a hard nut to crack. He placed the pendant in front of Vivienne, "I have one of these pendants too."

Vivienne suddenly looked up, her expression stern as she stared at him. "How did you get this pendant?"

The only people who had this pendant were her and her deceased mother. But after her mother's death, while sorting through her belongings, she found her mother's pendant missing. She remembered the news she had received, that after her mother's death, Percival had also went to their home, looking for something.

Was he looking for a person or a thing?

Vivienne's gaze darkened, an aura of threat radiating from her. If this pendant didn't belong to Vivienne, he wouldn't insist on keeping the engagement. Just because he had found her pendant, and she was his fiancée, the Hawthorn family's lady, they couldn't cancel the engagement.

Vivienne looked down at the pendant on the table, seemingly deep in thought. After a while, she collected the pendant, saying, "I will reconsider this

matter." "Alright," Percival smiled gently, "I'll wait for your decision."

Vivienne didn't say anything more and got up to leave, but Percival seemed to suddenly remember something and asked, "One more thing, I need your help to save my sister."

Vivienne's eyes narrowed slightly, her lips curving into a wicked smile, "Mr. Ellington, do you think because I saved you, I'm some kind of saint?"

Just as Percival was about to speak, Vivienne suddenly leaned in close, her face just a foot away from his, a small dagger suddenly appearing in her hand, pressed against his throat. Her lips brushed his ear, her voice sounding like a siren, "I can save you, but I can also kill you."

Her warm breath tickled his ear, making his blood run hot. Percival's body tensed, his long fingers rested on the sharp dagger, he gently took it away from his neck, leaping in to close the distance between them, "Vivienne, are you trying to kill your fiancée?"

Vivienne's cheeks flushed at his sudden closeness, her eyes avoiding his, appearing somewhat uncomfortable.

Percival's hand wrapped around her waist from behind, pulling her even closer, his voice deep and captivating, "I still have some fight in me. Do you really want to kill me?"

His voice was like a spell; especially his eyes, they were like a jolt to Vivienne's heart. What was happening!?

After a moment, she felt frustrated with herself. She, who was usually so composed, had unknowingly fallen into his trap. She stood up, putting some

distance between them, slowly sheathing her dagger, "You're too good-looking. It would be such a waste if I killed you."

Percival's smile deepened, "So Vivienne, will you help me save my sister? I promise there will be a reward."

Vivienne composed herself, smiling slightly, "You've got the wrong person. I don't have any medical skills. Someone else treated your injuries that day!" Percival was stunned. Before he could respond, Vivienne spoke, "As for whether we cancel the engagement, it depends on your behavior"

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With that, she turned and left.

Vivienne hopped off the cab back at Tranquil Estates. She barely stepped foot in the neighborhood when she spotted Dorian and Cordelia bolting towards her car, looking panicked.

"Quick, to Eastern Star Nursery..."

Vivienne furrowed her brows, stepping out of the car. "Dad, what's going on?"

Dorian suddenly turned his head and, upon seeing Vivienne, froze in place. "Vivienne?"

Vivienne nodded, "Where are you rushing off to?"

"Your brother's school called. He got into a fight with some kids and hurt someone, and they want us there ASAP."

Tears welled up in Cordelia's eyes, "Thaddeus is usually such a good kid, timid too, but then he suddenly threw a punch, I'm really worried."

Dorian turned to Vivienne, "Vivienne, you go home, Cordelia and I will go to the school." Vivienne's expression darkened. After a slight pause, she softly said, "Let's go together." Eastern Star Nursery.

Principal's office.

"This kid is both poor and uneducated. We shouldn't let him into our school."

As Vivienne and the others reached the door, they heard a shrill and biting voice. Dorian might be a bit soft-spoken, but he fiercely protected his own kids. He especially couldn't stand someone bad mouthing his kids. As soon as he heard this, he blew his top, bursting through the door, "Who are you calling uneducated?"

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In the office, there was this thirty-year—old woman, all decked out in designer gear, looking all posh and fancy. Next to her was a five-year-old boy, smugly looking up at another little boy cowering in the corner.

Across from this posh lady were the kindergarten principal and a teacher

"Thaddeus!" Cordelia spotted the boy in the corner and dashed over, her anxiety even pushing her to tears, "Oh my God! What happened to you? Why is your nose bleeding?" She quickly pulled out a tissue to wipe the blood off Thaddeus' nose.

Vivienne shifted her gaze to Thaddeus, her expression cold, a chill emanating from her. Did he get into a fight? She saw Thaddeus' swollen face and still—bleeding nose. How could she think this was just kids fighting?

Thaddeus' state had Dorian's face turn red. He turned to the principal and teacher, demanding angrily. "You just stood there and watched while a kid got beaten up like this?"

The principal sighed, "Well, Mr. Hawthorn, we couldn't really do anything. Thaddeus just suddenly started hitting Dino. When we got there, he even had a knife in his hand."

She glanced at Dorian and continued, "This is serious. We had to notify the parents. Dino's parents arrived before you. They're insisting we give them an explanation. We've been dealing with this..."

"4 didn't hit anyone." Thaddeus whispered from Cordelia's arms. He must be so scared. He hid in Cordelia's arms, his small body trembling

Dorian felt heavy—hearted. His mother didn't like him, nor did she like Thaddeus. Since he was little, Thaddeus had been bullied in the Hawthorn

family. which made him become shy and introverted, even to the point of not liking to talk. After what happened today, he might not want to speak at all. Thinking about this, Dorian gritted his teeth, “I know my son. He’d never hit anyone. He’s the one who got hurt. His nose is still bleeding. Can’t you see that? Couldn’t you have called a doctor to check him over? Couldn’t we have dealt with this after we arrived?”

Before the principal could respond, the posh lady interrupted angrily, “What kind of attitude is this? Your son hit my son, and instead of apologizing, you are blaming us? I’m telling you, if anything happens to my son, I won’t let you off.”

She finished, glaring at Thaddeus, seething, “So young and already knows how to use a knife. Will he become a murderer when he grows up? A child like this, might as well drown him in the toilet.”

Cordelia, who was comforting the emotionally unstable Thaddeus, couldn’t stand it anymore, angrily retorting. “You’re downright evil! You’re accusing my son before the truth is out! Do you know how much psychological trauma your words can cause him?”

“Do I care what you think?” The haughty lady retorted, “In any case, Thaddeus hit my son. He must compensate, and he must be expelled from kindergarten. Otherwise, I’ll expose this and let everyone see the kind of child you’re raising — a murderer!”

“You!” Cordelia was too angry to speak.

Dorian also clenched his fists, his face full of anger, but he was unable to speak. They insisted that Thaddeus hit someone, and there was no way to refute it.

Standing aside, Vivienne raised her eyebrows, casually asking. “You say he hit someone. Do you have proof?” With her hands in her pockets, she looked completely at ease. The naturally falling hair at her temples added to her allure.

Hearing this, Dorian snapped back to reality, “Right! The school has CCTV. I want to see the footage.”

As soon as he spoke, the posh lady and the principal looked uncomfortable, "The CCTV broke last week." Their expressions didn't escape Vivienne's eyes. Her gaze turned icy.

Dorian was taken aback: The CCTV broke? What a coincidence!

Vivienne gave a slight smile, casually saying, "It's broken? No problem, I can fix it."

The posh lady and the principal looked uneasy. Dorian and Cordelia were also shocked. Vivienne can fix CCTV? Didn't she even skip college?

Vivienne took in the principal and the posh lady's expressions, turned to Dorian and asked. "Do you know where the CCTV room is?"

Dorian hadn't fully recovered from what she had just said about repairing the surveillance, so he nodded blankly upon hearing this. "I do."

"Lead the way" Vivienne said, heading towards the door

The principal and the posh lady were both taken aback. The posh lady moved to block Vivienne's path, "No! The CCTV is already broken, who knows if you will tamper with it to frame my son?"

The principal also chimed in, "Our CCTV room is off-limits to outsiders." Vivienne lowered her eyes, her expression indifferent, "So you want to call the police?"

The principal was stunned. How could they let the police come? If the police came, they would uncover the truth, and she would be in trouble too.

At this point, the teacher pulled the principal aside, whispering, "Maybe we should let her take a look. The CCTV footage has already been deleted, and she's so young, she probably can't fix the CCTV. Maybe she's just trying to scare us."

The principal thought for a moment, then told Vivienne, "Alright, I'll take you there."

A few minutes later, the principal led them to the CCTV room. Without saying anything, Vivienne motioned for the security guard to stand up, and she

took his seat. She first looked for today's footage, but the content of half an hour before they arrived was missing. She turned to the principal, asking calmly. "The CCTV isn't broken. Care to explain?"

The principal blushed, squirming slightly. "The security guard said it was broken earlier, but I was too busy to check if it had been fixed"

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Vivienne didn't bother to respond to her. Instead, she was hammering away at the keyboard with her delicate fingers. She was so fast that nobody could make out what she was doing.

Dorian and Cordelia were gobsmacked at the sight of her masterfully working the computer. They did not realize that Vivienne was such a whiz with computers. She was so efficient that she could easily outstrip the tech engineers from the Hawthorn family's company

The faces of the principal, the posh lady, and the class teacher turned ghostly pale.

Holy cow! She really knew how to use a computer. If she managed to retrieve that surveillance footage, they'd be in deep trouble.

With that thought, the posh lady blurted out, "What the heck are you guys up to? You hit someone and you can't even apologize, and now you're here wasting my time? I warn you, I...

Before she could finish her sentence, she saw the surveillance footage on the computer screen. Her mouth hung open, but she couldn't say another word.

Vivienne turned around, giving her a chilling stare, her voice as cold as ice. "What do you wanna do?"

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When the posh lady met Vivienne's gaze, she instinctively took a step back. What a terrifying look it was. It was like staring into the eyes of death. "1" She was left speechless under Vivienne's intense gaze.

The principal and teacher were also left stunned by Vivienne's overwhelming aura

Dorian, watching the scene through the surveillance footage, roared in anger, "This is too much! It was clear that Dino was the one who attacked my son unprovoked, yet you all are ganging up to frame him! He's only five and scared speechless by you guys. Don't you have any humanity?"

His outburst left the principal and the posh lady trembling. "Mr. Hawthorn, this is a misunderstanding the principal quickly apologized, trying to smooth things over with a forced smile. I didn't properly investigate. I only saw Thaddeus holding a knife and assumed he had attacked Dino, I apologize."

"If apologies really worked, would we even need cops?" Vivienne replied, cocking her head to the side.

Cordelia, already fuming, quickly picked up on Vivienne's words and blurted out, "Dorian, call the police! We must seek justice for our son!"

Dorian immediately pulled out his phone to make a call. The principal went into panic mode and tried to stop him. "Mr. Hawthorn, please give us another chance. I promise this will not happen again."

The posh lady quickly added, "I apologize, it was all my fault. I blamed Thaddeus without asking for the full story. I can pay compensation. Is fifty thousand dollars enough?"

Dorian gave her a cold stare, without saying a word.

"One hundred thousand dollars? Or you could name a price. I'm willing to pay anything I can afford." The posh lady was truly desperate now. They had a reputation to uphold in Havenwood. Being taken away by the police would tarnish their image and affect her family's business. Her mother-in-law would surely blame her.

"Do you think money solves everything?" Dorian asked emotionlessly. "Can money make up for the wrongs my son suffered today? Who can compensate for the mental trauma he's been through?"

"...I can explain." the posh lady stammered. "Beatrice from your family made me do it. My husband has a contract to sign with your company. Beatrice

wanted me to find a way to get Thaddeus expelled from the kindergarten, and I...

The principal nodded in agreement. "Yes, Beatrice ordered it. I didn't want to do it, but she threatened me. She said if I didn't comply, I wouldn't be allowed to be the principal anymore."

Dorian was shocked. He hadn't expected Beatrice, in her ambition to marry Vivienne off to Percival, would go as far as to harm her own grandson.

Vivienne's eyes flickered. So, Beatrice really wouldn't stop until she got what she wanted. She glanced at the posh lady and the principal, and said in a calm voice, "Let's leave it to the cops." With that, she turned to leave.

The posh lady fell to her knees in front of them, sobbing. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I promise I won't do it again."

Vivienne turned around to look at her, her face impassive. "If I hadn't recovered the surveillance footage, would my little brother have been wrongfully blamed?"

"..." The posh lady was at a loss for words. Indeed, if there was no surveillance footage, Thaddeus would have been the one to bear the blame.

Vivienne gave a small smile. "So, you need to face the consequences." She paused, then turned to the principal. "By the way, we've decided to withdraw Thaddeus from school."

After leaving the kindergarten, Dorian took Thaddeus straight to the hospital. Vivienne wanted to say it wasn't necessary because she could care for him, but considering Dorian might not trust her, she kept silent.

Thaddeus only had minor injuries, but his nose was hurt quite badly. Dino had really packed a punch. After the checkup, the police came to take their statements. Vivienne handed over the surveillance video she had copied from the kindergarten. She didn't bother with the rest.

By the time they arrived home at Tranquil Estates, it was already evening. Cordelia led a timid Thaddeus to Vivienne and whispered, "Thaddeus, this is Ms. Hawthorn."

Thaddeus looked down, not daring to meet Vivienne's gaze. He was a bit scared but still managed to mumble, "Ms. Hawthorn."

His timidity and fear touched Vivienne. She used to be this scared when she and her mom were hunted. She lightly touched Thaddeus' face, her voice softer than usual. "Does it hurt?"

Thaddeus looked up at Vivienne, with his eyes wide in surprise. She was so gentle. Although he had a sister who was also very kind, the sister in front of him was even kinder. He shook his head. "It doesn't hurt anymore."

Vivienne hummed in response and went to her room to grab a few things. She gave one of them to Thaddeus. "This is a gift for you."

It was a set of anime figures.

"Wow!" Thaddeus exclaimed in delight. "This is the latest anime model. I love it. Thank you."

"Glad you like it."

Then she handed the other two gifts to Dorian and Cordelia. "Dorian, Cordelia, these are my gifts to you."

She had planned to buy them gifts when she went shopping last time, but she forgot due to Isolde's sudden illness. So, she went shopping again.

She wasn't sure what they would like, so she bought Dorian and Cordelia a set of clothes each. She had something for Astrid too, but she hadn't seen her yet, so she kept it for now.

Dolan looked surprised as he accepted the clothes. "This is from Elegance Wave? Each piece costs at least a thousand dollars. Where did you get the money?"

Vivienne rubbed her temples. "I spent my own money. Is there a problem with that?" Dorian quickly handed the clothes back to her. Then I can't accept this gift. You must have worked hard to earn that money. It's better if you keep it. You should return these clothes and keep the money"

Vivienne paused for a moment. "Just take it, it only cost me a hundred bucks. I did a favor for the shop owner the other day, and he gave me a 90%

discount.” “Really?” Dorian was skeptical “Cross my heart.” Vivienne sighed, looking like she was getting tired of fibbing to convince people to accept her gifts.

Dorian happily accepted the clothes and immediately went to try them on. Cordelia held the clothes in her hands, feeling all warm and fuzzy inside. Soon, they emerged in their new clothes, and their faces lit up with joy. The clothes fit them perfectly and flattered their style.

“Thanks, Vivienne, we love it.” Dorian could not stop laughing heartily while feeling the material of his clothes.

Vivienne gave a small smile and seeming to remember something, asked, “Mr. Hawthorn, other than Eastern Star Nursery in Havenwood, are there any other good kindergartens?”

“The best one would be Imperial Blossom Nursery, but it’s super tough to get a kid in there. Even if you throw a ton of money at them, it’s no guarantee. They gotta pass a test first,” said Dorian. “Thaddeus is out of luck. He didn’t pass the test. I’ll check out other kindergartens in a few days.”

Vivienne nodded, “Alright, got it.” Back in her room, Vivienne took out her phone and called Matthew. The call was picked up quickly. “Mystic Mistress.”

“Can you sort something out for me? I’ve got a kid | want to enroll in Imperial Blossom Nursery.”