

Million-Dollar 111

Chapter 111

After a few days of treatment, the scar on Faye's face had faded a bit, but it still looked quite shocking.

Despite this, the girl plucked up the courage to return to school.

When she saw Vivienne, Faye was stunned. She thought Vivienne was also a student at Cloudcrest

High School and immediately smiled at her. "Ms. Hawthorn, are you a student here too?"

"She's your homeroom teacher." Lysander told Faye with a grin.

He was very satisfied with Class Eighteen's exam results. He knew that, as long as Vivienne was

willing to come, she would definitely meet his expectations.

And according to the current situation, it was likely that the entire class could get into college,

exceeding the mission he gave her of trying to get one student into college.

When he first invited Vivienne, many people questioned his decision. Now, he was gleefully proving

them wrong.

So lately, Lysander was always grinning from ear to ear while singing Vivienne's praises wherever he

went.

"My teacher?" Faye was taken aback.

Lysander nodded and said to Vivienne, "Why don't you take her to the class?"

Vivienne nodded and took Faye to Class Eighteen.

On the way to Class Eighteen, Faye was a little dazed.

She never imagined that this girl, who was about the same age as her, not only had great medical skills but was also the legendary new homeroom teacher who had managed to tame the unruly students of Cloudcrest High School, Class Eighteen.

"Scared?" Vivienne suddenly asked while leading the way.

Faye stopped in her tracks while following Vivienne's gaze. She saw the unusual expressions on the faces of the students they passed by. She guessed that they were commenting on her scar, calling her ugly, scary, and disgusting.

This was what she feared the most.

But now, as she looked at the calm and composed Vivienne, she felt an inexplicable sense of courage.

"Not scared." She shook her head and smiled. "Didn't you say you don't treat the weak? I won't be weak anymore."

Vivienne nodded while giving her a slight smile, and she led Faye into Class Eighteen.

Math class had just ended, and the students of Class Eighteen were all focused on their books or discussing math problems. There was no noise or disturbance.

The results of the exam shocked not only outsiders but also themselves.

They never thought their grades could improve so much.

At first, many of them were skeptical about the special training. But the exam results gave them confidence.

So, after the results came out, the students of Class Eighteen threw themselves into studying with even more enthusiasm than before.

Initially, Faye had prepared herself to face the strange looks and sneers from the students of Class Eighteen. She had heard of their notorious track record.

However, when Vivienne introduced her as a new transfer student and assigned her a seat next to the class president, Charlotte, none of the students did anything other than applaud to welcome her, and then they went back to their books.

On the way back from getting her uniform, Faye couldn't help but ask Charlotte, "Aren't you guys going

to make fun of my scar?"

Charlotte tilted her head and looked at her. "Why should we care about your scar? Can your scar help us solve math problems? No, right? So we'd better stick to our books."

Faye was taken aback. Was this really the notorious Class Eighteen?

Even students from Class Eighteen were dedicated. What excuse did she, who had been out of school for so long, have for not buckling down and studying?

However, Charlotte seemed to like gossiping. As they walked, she asked Faye, "I heard your family is suing Arabella?"

Faye nodded. "Yes, she almost killed me, so she should be in jail."

Ever since Arabella was taken away by the police, her mother, Doreen Baker, had provided the police with various pieces of evidence, hoping to increase Arabella's sentence.

The Hawthorn Group had gone bankrupt. Beatrice and her two sons were running from creditors every day. They even sold the Hawthorn Mansion. They had no energy to take care of Arabella.

Without the help of the Hawthorn family, Arabella couldn't even afford a lawyer.

But Doreen was still not satisfied. So she bribed the inmates in the same cell as Arabella to beat her up three times a day.

In the few days she spent in the detention center, Arabella was tortured so much that she barely looked human.

After hearing this, Charlotte felt a sense of satisfaction. She was about to ask something else when her expression changed. She stared at a frail figure in the distance and asked, "Isn't that Arabella?"

Faye turned around in surprise and looked at Arabella in the distance. "Isn't she in the detention center? How did she get out? Did the Hawthorn family bail her out?"

She clearly remembered her mother saying that the Hawthorn family was too preoccupied to care for Arabella.

Arabella also saw them. After a few days in detention, she had lost a lot of weight. Her previously well-fitting uniform was now loose on her, but her face was still beautiful.

She approached them with a gloomy smile on her face. "Ms. Faye, we meet again."

"Why aren't you in the slammer?" Faye was a bit rattled by her grin. It felt like she had transformed from a proud peacock to a terrifying vulture since their last encounter.

"I got off scot-free. No more jail for me." Arabella answered while still wearing her somber smile.

"Are you pulling my leg?" Charlotte, never one to be intimidated by Arabella, shielded Faye behind her and exclaimed, "What gives you the right to show your face here? You were kicked out. Don't you know that?"

"Why would they boot me out when I haven't done anything wrong?" Arabella countered with a smirk.

Charlotte was dumbstruck by her shamelessness. "How dare you play innocent! You think the school would let a troublemaker like you hang around here?!"

"Mind your words, Charlotte." Arabella retorted icily. "The court hasn't convicted me of anything, so what gives you the right to judge me? Watch out, or I'll sue you for defamation!"

"You!" Charlotte was about to blow her top when Arabella suddenly looked up. Her grin vanished without a trace.

On the third floor of the school building, Vivienne was looking down at them with an impassive expression.

The sight of Vivienne's indifferent face nearly made Arabella lose control.

She thought about all the humiliations she had suffered in jail. The daily beatings were brutal, and the female prisoners forced her to kiss their feet and eat rotten food off the floor. Her desire to tear Vivienne to shreds intensified.

She wouldn't let Faye and Doreen, the mother-daughter duo, off the hook either.

But Elijah was right. She needed to calm down now. Underestimating Vivienne previously made her act recklessly and fall into Vivienne's traps.

This time, she wouldn't make the same mistake.

With that thought, she took a deep breath, flashed Vivienne a smile, and then, ignoring Charlotte and Faye, she turned and took off.

Chapter 112

Vivienne was slightly taken aback. She watched Arabella walk away, noticing that all the other students gave her a wide berth like she was some sort of plague and were busy gossiping about her.

Lysander had talked to her before Arabella came back. In fact, Vivienne had received the news before Lysander.

Today, a Dr. Caleb turned himself in, admitting that he had stolen Dr. William's prescription. He was the one who taught Arabella to treat Faye and hired people to make trouble for the Hawthorn family.

Arabella had just been misled by him.

So, Arabella was at most misled. Although she had done wrong, she hadn't committed a crime, so she was let go.

Since she was innocent, the school certainly couldn't expel her.

It was impressive that they found a perfect scapegoat. Dr. Caleb was actually Dr. William's protege, so it made sense that he could have stolen Dr. William's prescription.

But Arabella's situation really surprised her. She thought Arabella would crumble like an ant, but she turned out to be a cockroach that was still wriggling around even after being crushed.

Just then, Draven called. "Boss."

She asked simply, "Results?"

"It's GTO. Their base is at Golden Club."

"I meant the results of the drug experiment."

Draven paused, then cautiously said, "I'll have it sorted out for you tonight."

"Dump the body at the Golden Club. The more conspicuous, the better, and then call the police."

Vivienne said coldly.

If she didn't teach these people a lesson, they would really think she was a pushover and mess with her even more.

"Won't this alert them and make them change their base?" Draven hesitated.

"They won't just have one base." Vivienne said indifferently.

"Got it." Draven added. "I looked into Arabella's case. There's a perfumer named Elijah helping her. I've sent you the information."

"Mmm." Vivienne responded faintly, hung up the phone, and started carefully examining Elijah's information.

Elijah was a twenty-one-year-old man who studied in Graslandia, the city of perfumes. After graduating from Cloudcrest High School three years ago, he apprenticed under Master Q, the most famous and mysterious perfumer in the world.

Master Q became famous worldwide five years ago for a perfume named "Hallucination."

This perfume, from the user's perspective, started off bold and passionate, then turned seductive. The base notes were the most special thing about the perfume. Once put on, they suddenly disappeared,

leaving only a faint, lingering scent.

It was like being led on during a romantic date, and when you couldn't resist any longer, the other person suddenly left, leaving you to savor the moment in regret.

Therefore, this perfume was even placed in a perfume museum.

After "Hallucination" made its debut, countless brands came knocking, seeking cooperation with Master Q, but Master Q was mysterious and elusive, and not interested in money.

So far, no one had seen Master Q's real face, and even Master Q's gender was unclear. In the past five years, he has only released three perfumes. "Hallucination," "Abyss," and "Fading Dream."

But with just these three perfumes, he has earned the world's respect and was regarded as a master perfumer.

Because Master Q was hard to get in touch with, when Elijah, who claimed to be Master Q's student, appeared, major brands immediately proposed cooperation.

Elijah was really talented. Although his perfumes were not as famous as Master Q's, they were still

loved by many. Combined with his handsome looks, he was affectionately called "The Perfume Prince"

by fans.

The reason he helped Arabella was because he had a deep crush on her since childhood.

Before he went abroad, he pursued Arabella for several years, but Arabella rejected him because he had no background and was an orphan.

Then he went abroad and didn't come back for three years.

Unexpectedly, when he came back, he had a chance to help Arabella out of her predicament.

Vivienne looked at the photo of Elijah in the information and then at the young man walking into the school with Lysander not far away. He had short hair and wore gold-rimmed glasses, just like the person in the photo.

Elijah seemed to feel her gaze. He lifted his head, and their eyes met from afar.

"Vivienne." Percival appeared behind her out of nowhere. He leaned close to her as his breath warmly brushed against her ear. "You can't secretly look at other men."

Vivienne glanced at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes as she jokingly said, "Don't worry, Mr. Ellington. He's not as handsome as you."

After hearing this, a sweet smile spread across Percival's face. "Do you like handsome guys?"

"Of course!" Vivienne answered seriously. "I like handsome guys."

Hearing this, Percival beamed with a warm, sunny laugh. "Then since I'm handsome, will you marry me?"

Vivienne looked at him, and after she took a good look, she said, "No!"

Percival raised an eyebrow. "Why not?"

"You don't have abs." Vivienne propped her chin and pouted. "And you're too skinny. I'm worried about your, um, performance."

Percival fell silent.

Vivienne gave Percival a friendly pat on the shoulder as she laughed. "Mr. Ellington, you just keep doing your thing. When the time is right, we'll call off our engagement."

Percival thought to himself. "Is this really the best time to be talking about calling off their engagement?"

He pulled Vivienne into his arms and whispered in her ear. "Vivienne, I've changed my mind. I don't want to call off our engagement."

His breath brushed against her ear, sending her emotions into a whirl. She looked up at him with a serious gaze. "Don't tell me you've fallen for me?"

"If I did fall for you, would you consider us getting married for real?" He met her gaze with earnest eyes.

Vivienne blushed as she stared at him.

She blinked and cleared her throat awkwardly. "I need to get back to the office."

For some reason, looking into Percival's eyes stirred something inside her.

She wasn't sure what this feeling was.

Percival had confessed his feelings for her, and it didn't seem like he was faking it.

She didn't understand why he'd fallen for her. Nothing particularly special had happened between them.

There was no deep, profound love.

She thought she'd agreed to marry Percival not because she had any feelings for him but because she wanted to find out why her mother's pendant ended up in his possession and whether he had anything to do with her mother's death.

But every time she was alone with him, she felt a strange emotion.

She had never experienced love. She didn't know what it felt like to be in love or to love someone. But

she knew one thing for sure. She would never fall for Percival.

Yes, that must be it.

Chapter 113

Elijah was invited to Cloudcrest High School as an honored alum to give a talk, all thanks to Lysander.

Over the years, his perfume brand had gained international prestige, and naturally, his fame in the country was sky-high.

When the news spread that the founder of this internationally renowned perfume brand was coming to the school for a talk, the guys were chill about it, but the girls were all over it.

On the night of the speech, the girls who were waiting to give Elijah flowers even blocked the school's entrance.

Not only were the students from Cloudcrest High School present, but girls from other schools also flocked here upon hearing that Elijah was coming. Just for a glimpse of him.

Among all the girls in the school, only the girls of Class Eighteen were the exception. They were all busy studying and had no plans to attend the lecture.

However, Charlotte was still shocked by the bustling crowd in front of the school auditorium. She said

to Faye, "Elijah's comeback this time has caused quite a fuss. You might not know, but he once had a thing for Arabella, but she was totally not into him. Now Arabella's reputation has hit rock bottom while he is making big waves. I wonder if Arabella will regret it."

Before Faye had a chance to respond, a cold laugh came from behind.

"Ha."

They turned around, and it was Arabella.

She looked at Charlotte and Faye with a smirk and then headed towards the auditorium.

"She's such a fake saint. She moves like a ghost." Charlotte mumbled under her breath after her.

"Forget it. Let's go back to the classroom and hit the books." Faye pulled Charlotte away.

...

School auditorium.

Vivienne could have chosen not to attend Elijah's speech, but she was curious about his intentions, so she came anyway.

As soon as she sat down, Percival plopped down next to her and naturally took her hand.

Vivienne was initially engrossed in her phone and didn't react, but after a while, she realized that she

seemed to have gotten used to Percival's hand-holding. When he held her hand, she didn't feel uncomfortable or repulsed. In fact, she felt like it was right, as if they were meant to be that way.

She was startled by her own thoughts and abruptly tried to pull her hand away.

Her action was so sudden that Percival didn't react in time and got scratched by her nails.

Both of them were stunned.

Vivienne looked at the scratch on Percival's palm and felt guilty.

Because of this guilt, when Percival took her hand again with a pitiful face, she couldn't refuse and even felt helpless.

"Heh."

A cold laugh came from behind.

Vivienne turned around, and saw that Arabella was sitting two rows behind her.

Even though Dr. Caleb confessed his crimes and Arabella was released due to a lack of evidence, it was a fact that she had framed Vivienne.

Almost all the students in the school had seen the video from the hospital room that day. Arabella, out

of jealousy, attempted to kidnap Vivienne and even tried to kill her with a knife.

Even though this incident did not physically harm Vivienne, and Arabella got off the hook because other people took the blame for her other crimes, the fact that she could turn into a killer at any moment frightened everyone.

Therefore, other students did not want to have anything to do with her, including Coral, who once considered her a close friend. Even though the auditorium was packed, nobody was sitting near Arabella.

When Vivienne looked at her, Arabella laughed coldly as her eyes greedily landed on Percival. "You and Mr. Ellington seem to be very close."

However, today, Vivienne felt annoyed to see Arabella staring at Percival. It was as if something that belonged to her was being coveted.

At this moment, she didn't realize that this was the possessiveness she had for Percival.

"Vivienne, let's move. This place is a bit filthy." Percival didn't even glance at Arabella. He pulled Vivienne away and changed seats.

Upon hearing what Percival said, Arabella's face twisted, but she quickly calmed down and quietly

waited there.

She had no room for mistakes.

But given the chance, she would snatch Percival back from Vivienne.

That man was supposed to be hers.

Soon, the students in the auditorium welcomed Elijah on stage with thunderous applause.

As soon as Elijah appeared, the girls in the audience immediately let out screams. "He's so handsome!"

Elijah on stage obviously heard this, and a smug smile appeared on his face. He enjoyed being adored by the crowd.

After delivering a passionate speech, he suddenly said, "Today, I came to Cloudcrest High School to take a fellow alum as my student."

The auditorium quieted down instantly at this statement, followed by gasps of surprise. People knew that many had wanted to be Elijah's student in the past, but Elijah had always refused, saying it wasn't the right time.

Now, he was openly announcing that he was taking an apprentice.

Everyone was guessing who this lucky person that Elijah had his eyes on might be.

Everyone knew that Elijah was not only the internationally famous Perfume Prince but also a student of

Master Q.

To be accepted as his student was like having a connection with Master Q.

As long as this student wasn't a complete dud, it would be a piece of cake to make them famous.

This student was destined for great things if they continued on the path of a perfumer.

While sitting in the audience, a smug smile spread across Arabella's face upon hearing Elijah's

declaration.

The next moment, Elijah, mic in hand, announced the name of the lucky student. "The student I'm

going to take under my wing is Arabella."

"What?!"

"How could it be Arabella?"

"Has Elijah lost his marbles? Why would he choose someone with such bad behavior as a student?"

"Elijah must have just gotten back from abroad. He doesn't know what Arabella has done. She's fooled

him!"

The auditorium was filled with a commotion as everyone's gaze shifted to Arabella. At Elijah's signal, she rose from her seat and nonchalantly made her way to the stage.

After seeing the bewildered expressions on the faces of the students below, Arabella's heart was filled with satisfaction and joy.

This was something she and Elijah had planned in advance. Even though they had pinned the blame on Dr. Caleb, her previous false accusations against Vivienne were still undeniable.

To wipe the slate clean of her past mistakes, she needed to overshadow them with greater glory.

If she could become the one and only student of the Perfume Prince, her past errors could be chalked up to youthful ignorance.

The only thing people would remember would be the fact that she was about to become a perfumer with boundless potential.

Upon hearing the doubtful voices of the students below, Elijah raised his hand to quiet everyone down.

"Please settle down. I haven't been hoodwinked by Arabella. I know she's made some mistakes in the

past."

Chapter 114

Suddenly, the auditorium was in an uproar.

"Why the hell did you take her as your student?"

"How on earth is she worthy enough to be your student?"

He gave a slight smile and picked up the microphone, sincerely addressing the puzzled looks from the

crowd.

"I know it's hard for you guys to wrap your heads around this. I had my doubts too, but perfume

blending not only needs talent but a keen sense of smell too. And Arabella is the most gifted person

I've met in this respect.

I couldn't bear to waste her talent, and I don't want to discredit her just because she screwed up when

she was young and dumb. Think about it. Who hasn't screwed up when they were young? When I was

thirteen, I skipped school to play video games, got chased, and was smacked by my parents."

At this point, laughter erupted from the crowd. His easygoing humor led everyone to accept Arabella's

past deeds.

Nobody's perfect. Who could say that they've never messed up?

They were all still young, weren't they?

As long as it was not something terribly wrong, they should be forgiven and get a second chance.

The shift in the students' attitudes made Elijah satisfied. He continued, "So, I've decided to give

Arabella a chance. I'll properly teach and supervise her. If she screws up again, I'll personally kick her out of the perfume world."

A chilly smile appeared on Vivienne's face. So, this was Elijah's plan.

It was indeed perfect. He first got someone else to take the fall for Arabella, then covered up Arabella's flaws with his little speech about the stupidity of youth and made her his student.

With the halo of being Elijah's student, even if she did get kicked out by Dr. William, Arabella could still continue being the beauty of Havenwood.

"I'm deeply ashamed of what I've done." Arabella took the microphone after Elijah gave her a signal. "I know my actions have tarnished the reputation of Cloudcrest High School. I'm here to formally apologize to everyone."

She bowed deeply to the crowd and sincerely apologized. When she straightened up, she looked at

Vivienne. "Vivienne, I know I owe you an apology most of all. I'm sorry, I was wrong. I hope you can accept my apology."

After saying that, she bowed deeply to Vivienne, masking the coldness and hatred in her eyes.

"What if I don't accept?" Vivienne's lips curled slightly, revealing a faint smile.

Arabella, still bending over, smiled slightly. She knew Vivienne would say that.

When she straightened up, her face immediately turned pitiful. "I really know I was wrong. Everything I did was because you're so great that I was jealous and lost myself. But we're family. Can't you forgive me?"

She looked incredibly beautiful, and she had lost a lot of weight after being in custody, so she looked very frail on stage.

After hearing Elijah's "youthful ignorance" excuse, a small portion of students immediately felt sympathy for this beautiful girl.

Perhaps Elijah had touched the dark side of these young people's hearts. They also had various human weaknesses, so when they put themselves in Arabella's shoes, they naturally hoped that others could easily forgive them for their mistakes.

So some people started whispering about Vivienne.

“Yeah, they’re family. It’s not a big deal. Arabella has apologized, so why keep going after her?”

“Vivienne, as Arabella’s sister, should be more forgiving. It’s okay for Arabella to make a mistake once, as long as she doesn’t do it again.”

Vivienne just smiled as she looked at Arabella, not saying a word.

“Oh, moral kidnapping?” Percival leaned back in his chair while casually adjusting his clothes. He appeared indifferent, but his tone was cold.

After hearing this, most of the sensible students started to mock Arabella.

After all, the video of Arabella threatening Vivienne with a knife in the hospital to forgive her was still circulating online.

Moreover, Arabella had cried for sympathy at Cloudcrest High School many times before, and they were fed up with it.

Someone even shouted at Arabella on stage. "Arabella, why didn't you kneel this time? Is it because you don't have a knife? Do you need to go down and get ready, then come back and do it again?"

Arabella's face twisted for a moment, but she quickly covered it up. Ignoring the ridicule from the crowd, she looked at Vivienne seriously and said, "I really am apologizing to you. What can I do for you to forgive me?"

She looked at Elijah timidly. "If... If you could forgive me, I'm willing to give up the opportunity to become Master Elijah's student to you."

The auditorium was suddenly in an uproar. Everyone thought Arabella had gone crazy. What a rare opportunity it was to be a student of the Perfume Prince Elijah, and she was giving it up?

The Hawthorn Group had made a big splash in Havenwood because of its perfume. Although the Hawthorn Group was now bankrupt, with Elijah's support, it would definitely not be hard to rise again with new funding.

Arabella still had the chance to become the beloved daughter of the Hawthorn family again.

But if Vivienne became Elijah's student, Vivienne definitely wouldn't help the Hawthorn Group because the person who caused the Hawthorn Group's bankruptcy was her fiancé.

At this moment, they immediately felt that Arabella was really trying to apologize to Vivienne.

"Arabella." Elijah's face became serious as he took a couple of steps towards her. "I chose you

because you have talent. You can decide not to be my student, but I'd never take your sister under my wing."

With a sneer, he glanced at Vivienne in the crowd. "Not just anyone can become my student."

Arabella was instantly touched.

After Elijah finished, a chill radiated from Percival, making everyone around him shiver.

His eyes narrowed as a cold glare flashed in them. Just as he was about to speak, Vivienne stopped him, gently squeezing his hand. The subtle warmth of her fingers instantly soothed his anger.

He turned to look at her profile. She was sitting steady and was just smiling as she watched the drama unfold on stage.

Elijah was looking at her too. He wanted to see anger, humiliation, and hatred in her eyes. But all he saw was a faint mocking smile, as if the one being humiliated wasn't her but him.

Elijah was provoked by her gaze, and anger burned in his heart. He sneered. "But, Ms. Vivienne, even though you lack talent and aren't fit to be my student, if you're willing to forgive Arabella, I don't mind letting you be a gofer."

Arabella was thrilled inside. This was exactly what she wanted. Now it was her turn to make Vivienne feel the same humiliation.

And this was just the first step in defeating Vivienne. She would keep pushing Vivienne down. Every humiliation she had suffered, Vivienne would have to endure too.

"You want to be my teacher? You think you're qualified?" Vivienne sneered in response.

Chapter 115

Elijah's face suddenly changed.

Arabella stepped forward, reprimanding Vivienne, "I know you can't be Elijah's student, and you're bitter about it, but you're so arrogant!"

"You're just a fame-seeker." Vivienne looked at Elijah as if he were some sort of joke as her right index finger gently tapped on the armrest of her chair. "We've only met a few times at school, and you think you can judge whether I have a talent for perfume blending?"

She laughed again with an expression full of mockery. "How did you figure that out? Psychic powers? Brainwave detection?"

The air in the hall became oppressive and then erupted into laughter like thunder.

One guy shouted, "I finally get it. Elijah's here to pick a fight with Ms. Vivienne. Ms. Vivienne is a double

PhD holder. Why would she want to be your student?"

Another guy chimed in. "I was wondering why this whole thing was so weird. If you don't want to take a student, then don't. Ms. Vivienne never once said she wanted to be his student. He and Arabella are acting like Ms. Vivienne is dying to be his student. And he says he can see talent? What an idiot!"

Everyone turned to look. It was Logan and Oberon.

The students from Class Eighteen didn't come to Elijah's talk tonight, and neither of them planned to.

They were just hungry during evening self-study, so they went to the snack bar next to the school auditorium.

When they passed the main entrance of the auditorium and heard that Elijah was taking Arabella as his student, they decided to go in and see.

The auditorium was packed, so they didn't sit down. They just stood by the aisle and listened.

Who would have thought they would hear Elijah insult Vivienne so much? The more they listened, the angrier they got. In the end, they couldn't help but speak up.

After their exposure, everyone also felt that Elijah and Arabella's actions were too deliberate. On the

surface, they said they were apologizing to Vivienne, but in fact, they were using the student-teacher relationship to humiliate Vivienne.

Elijah's true intentions were exposed so blatantly. In an instant, he was embarrassed on stage, and his face turned ugly.

He suddenly regretted his actions and felt that he shouldn't have been so arrogant. Arabella only pleaded with him a couple of times, and he agreed to help her humiliate Vivienne with the student-teacher relationship, but now he couldn't get off the stage.

"But Vivienne, you don't have any talent for perfume blending. Our grandmother tested it herself."

Arabella saw Elijah had been rebutted and was speechless. She was immediately nervous and quickly came up with a remedy.

"Our grandmother has always made me learn perfume blending since I was little. She favors me because of my talent for perfume blending. But you were dissatisfied with our grandmother because of this, so you took revenge on me and drove Hawthorn Group to bankruptcy."

She cried as she spoke, looking utterly sincere, as if she were heartbroken for Beatrice.

She completely blamed the bankruptcy of the Hawthorn Group on Vivienne's jealousy of her and

glossed over the things she herself had done.

Some people actually believed all this. After all, outsiders did not know what was truly going on. From their point of view, Vivienne was the biological daughter of the Hawthorn family; no ordinary person would drive their own family to bankruptcy because of an adopted daughter.

For a while, many people began to privately discuss about how Vivienne was being an ungrateful person.

"Yes, it was Beatrice who told me about your talent differences." Elijah found a topic and quickly echoed it. "Not long ago, Beatrice contacted me. In order to carry on the Hawthorn family's perfume business, she wanted me to take a student between the two of you. I saw Arabella's talent and chose her. But I didn't expect you to become jealous and drive the Hawthorn Group to bankruptcy."

The two of them were turning things upside down, but they spoke with such certainty that you would almost think that they were telling the truth. Vivienne couldn't help but laugh.

"Whether I have a talent for perfume blending or not is not up to Beatrice or you, but the works I create." She originally wanted to see what big moves they were going to make tonight.

Was this it?

She immediately lost patience.

"What do you mean?" Elijah wondered if he misunderstood. "Are you challenging me? Want to have a perfume blending contest with me?"

"Are you scared?" Vivienne raised her eyebrows and retorted.

She always disliked trouble. But when trouble came knocking, she didn't mind making the other party lose gracefully.

"Do you think you can beat me?" Elijah thought Vivienne was overestimating herself and also felt that she underestimated him. He burst into laughter.

"Vivienne, have you lost your mind?" Arabella pretended to be shocked, but in reality, she was very

happy. She just wanted to use Elijah's fame to humiliate Vivienne and vent. She didn't expect Vivienne to challenge Elijah and make trouble for herself.

But she still put on a worried look for Vivienne. "How can you beat Elijah? Just apologize to Elijah now.

Act like you never said that."

Others also thought Vivienne had gone mad, and they looked at her in surprise.

Vivienne ignored Arabella, only looking at Elijah with a challenging smile.

"Fine! I'll help you dig your own grave!" Elijah snorted coldly, not taking Vivienne seriously at all. "And don't say I'm bullying you. I'll give you a week. A week later, we'll have a perfume-blending contest here at Cloudcrest High School. I'll invite renowned perfume experts to judge our creations."

"No need, let's do it tonight."

"No way." Elijah refused hastily with panic in his voice. "This is totally out of the blue! How am I supposed to get a renowned perfume critic on such short notice? And let's get one thing straight.

Nobody but top-tier connoisseurs get to smell my perfume."

"Oh, but I heard that world-famous perfume critic, Mrs. Dunhill, just happens to be in Havenwood."

Percival said as he lifted his head nonchalantly. "She's here with her international friend, Henry White, a renowned perfume critic from Graslandia. Are they not good enough to judge your perfume?"

"It's not just about the critics; I'll need time to get all my ingredients and equipment ready. Perfume-making is an art that requires inspiration. Only amateurs like you would think something good could be whipped up out of the blue. I said one week, and I meant it!"

Vivienne nodded slightly in agreement. "Alright, you've got a week."

Elijah, for some reason, felt a surge of unease at Vivienne's rapid and confident response.

After a moment of contemplation, he said sternly, "I heard that your late mother was also a perfumer with a lot of perfume recipes left behind. You wouldn't be planning to use her recipes against me, would you?"

"Scared, are you?" Vivienne's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Absolutely not!"

Vivienne let out a satisfied laugh and then slowly but confidently uttered a warning to Elijah.

"Remember, I'm the one doing you a favor here. You're the one who needs the week."

Whispers filled the hall as people pointed at Elijah on the stage.

Everyone could see it. Elijah was scared.

At least in terms of spirit, he had already lost.

Elijah's face went through a range of colors. He cursed himself for letting Arabella get to him and embarrass him like this. He shot Arabella a venomous look before storming off the stage.

Arabella, shocked, hurried after him. As she passed Vivienne, she sneered. "Don't lose too badly,

Vivienne."

Just then, Lysander called, apologizing profusely to Vivienne. "I'm so sorry, Vivienne. I didn't expect

Elijah to do something like this."

He had a meeting that night and had to leave halfway through his speech, leaving the rest to his staff.

As soon as the meeting was over, he heard that Vivienne had been publicly humiliated by Elijah.

He was furious, but there was nothing he could do.

"It's fine."

After learning that Elijah was a student of Master Q yesterday, she bought all his perfumes.

She had to admit that they were stunning and unique. But the style was familiar, because it belonged to

someone else!

After watching Elijah's retreating figure, her suspicion grew.

Chapter 116

Midland Villa.

"Are you guys sure this Vivienne chick doesn't know jack about perfumery?" Elijah cast a doubtful

glance at the Hawthorn family members standing in front of him. Not only was Arabella present, but

Beatrice, Michael Hawthorn, and Joseph Hawthorn were all present too.

After the Hawthorn Group went belly-up, they were cornered by their creditors. They originally planned to lean on Dorian, but Elijah surprisingly popped up, cleared their debts, and even promised to help the Hawthorn Group rise from the ashes.

So now, they were all over Elijah with gratitude. They followed his orders to the letter.

Upon hearing his question, Beatrice rushed to shake her head and answer. "No way! Her mom might have known about perfumery, but she kicked the bucket when she was just nine. How much could she have taught her? She grew up in a convent, so there's no way she had a chance to learn about perfumery."

"Why would she challenge me then?" Elijah asked, looking puzzled.

"She must be relying on the perfume formula her mom left behind." Beatrice replied.

Elijah had the same thought, but he still asked, "Didn't you say the formula your third son gave you was the last one?"

"He said so, but I think that's bull." Beatrice scoffed. "Evelyn made eight perfume formulas when she was with the Hawthorn family. She's always been one to cover her bases, so why would she only leave

one formula for my son? It's just that he refuses to cough it up!"

Even the one that he did was only given on the condition that they cut ties.

Thinking about the perfume formula in Dorian's possession made a hint of greed and coldness flash in

Elijah's eyes.

He waved at the Hawthorn family. "Alright, take a hike."

"But Mr. Elijah, our company..." Beatrice hesitated to ask.

"I've told you that as long as you follow my lead, I guarantee the Hawthorn Group will rise again." Elijah

dismissed Beatrice nonchalantly.

Beatrice pursed her lips in discontent but didn't dare say anything more and left with the other two.

"Arabella, stay." Elijah suddenly spoke up.

Arabella, who was already at the entrance, stiffened. She turned to Beatrice pleadingly. But all Beatrice

whispered was, "Do whatever it takes to get on Elijah's good side. The future of the Hawthorn family,

your future, might depend on him."

The Hawthorn Group was bankrupt. If Elijah hadn't publicly taken Arabella as his apprentice today, her

reputation would have been toast.

Beatrice had always hoped to use Arabella's beauty and talent to gain a higher status or profit. But

now, with Arabella like this, all plans and ambitions were moot. It was already a blessing that Elijah was

interested in her.

After watching Beatrice and the others leave, Arabella bit her lower lip, unable to hide the hatred in her

eyes.

"What? Not happy to stay with me?" Elijah sneered.

"No, not at all." Arabella quickly turned around and approached Elijah.

Of course, she wasn't happy. Although Elijah now had an extraordinary status, she still remembered

how he had once groveled to win her over.

Even if Elijah was talented, he was still far from matching Percival.

She had always hoped to snatch Percival back from Vivienne. How could other men possibly catch her

eye?

"Have you forgotten? If it weren't for me, you'd still be rotting in jail." Elijah squinted his eyes, pulling

her onto the couch. "What's the matter? Am I not good enough for you?"

"No, it's not like that." Arabella was unhappy inside, but she plastered on a pleasing smile and softened

her body against his. "You've been so good to me, and I haven't even had a chance to thank you yet."

"Ha! That's not what you said when you were rejecting me before." Elijah was instantly irked at the

thought of his past unsuccessful pursuit of Arabella. His grip on her waist tightened.

"At that time, you were such a big shot. The daughter of the Hawthorn family, the talented beauty of

Havenwood. You were so stuck up."

"I was shallow then." Arabella felt the pain in her waist from his grip but didn't dare show it on her face.

Beatrice was right; everything depended on Elijah now. Until she could use him to completely change

her fate, she had to submit to him.

"If you hadn't kicked up a fuss today by insisting on having Vivienne as my apprentice, I wouldn't be in

this mess." Elijah was visibly upset when bringing this up.

"With your abilities, there's no way you'd lose to Vivienne." Arabella spoke softly to soothe him. "You're

the famous Perfume Prince after all."

Elijah's eyes flickered, his expression darkened, and he pushed Arabella down under him.

"Not here. There are people around!" Arabella screamed and struggled, glancing at the bodyguard close by.

"You guys, out." Elijah followed Arabella's cue and shooed everyone else out.

Then he began to forcefully make out with Arabella on the couch.

Little did Elijah know that their every move was being watched by another person.

Vivienne was hiding in a storage room under the staircase, peeping through the door crack at the scene in the living room.

Arabella kept pleading throughout, but Elijah showed no mercy.

Five minutes later, the commotion stopped.

Vivienne raised an eyebrow slightly. That was quick.

Elijah's phone started to buzz. After catching a glimpse of the caller ID, his expression changed instantly, and he shoved an untidy Arabella to the ground. "Out!"

Arabella sat on the floor with her cheeks burning with embarrassment. Not only had she made a fool of herself, he had the nerve to humiliate her like this.

Yet she could not defy him, so under Elijah's icy stare, she made a beeline for the door, fixing her

clothes on the run.

Once he answered the call, it seemed like the other end had news for Elijah.

"There is indeed a formula. I'm not sure if it's related, but I'll get my hands on it." His response carried a hint of respect.

Vivienne pondered in silence. Were they talking about her mother's perfume formula?

She waited quietly. Once he hung up, she saw Elijah heading to the basement of the villa.

She could follow him down there.

The basement of the villa was converted into a secret room, which Elijah had already entered.

She observed the door for a while, noticing that the lock had not only a pass code feature but also iris recognition.

She took out a small spray bottle, gently misting it over the pass code lock, revealing clear fingerprints.

She memorized the six numbers imprinted by fingerprints, planning to work out the pass code later and then consider how to crack the iris lock.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps at the entrance of the basement room. She immediately hid, scaling the

wall like a gecko. Even though there was nothing to hold onto, she managed to ascend easily, making her way up to the ceiling and watching the situation below.

A bodyguard came into view, scanned the place, and then left. He should count himself lucky for not looking up; otherwise, he might be dead by now.

Once the coast was clear, Vivienne, like a ghost, evaded all surveillance equipment and left the villa.

As she was about to leave, she glanced at the massive banyan tree in the villa. No one but her noticed the figure hidden among its dense branches and leaves.

Chapter 117

It seemed like Vivienne had a tail on her even before she reached Midland Villa. She was on high alert, trying to figure out this man's game plan, but he never showed his face.

She grinned while reaching into her fanny pack, where she casually snatched a wasp's nest while climbing over a wall earlier.

The wasps she had drugged were mostly awake by now and were stirring in the bag.

She opened the bag and, as she passed a tree, tossed the wasp's nest onto the mysterious guy, and quickly bolted.

The wasps caused quite a ruckus, but surprisingly, the guy didn't flinch.

She stood outside the villa's wall, listening for a while, only hearing the bodyguards shouting about wasps but no mention of an intruder.

She smirked and disappeared into the darkness, laying low.

...

In the basement.

This was no secret lab or prison cell.

It was a fragrance room piled high with spices and glassware. Even the ventilation system was top-notch to prevent the scents from mixing up.

Upon entering, Elijah saw a young man in a white coat playing with toys with a little girl around twelve.

The girl sat on the floor, quietly focusing on her toys.

Both of them had striking Eurasian features.

After Elijah's entrance, the little girl didn't look up. Instead, the young man turned to glare at him.

They had been held captive by Elijah for over a year.

Elijah ignored his hostility and examined the half-completed perfume on the fragrance table.

"I need her to create a new perfume within a week." Elijah ordered as his gaze rested on the quiet little girl.

He placed nine bottles of perfume in front of them. "The perfume she creates must surpass these nine scents."

The bottles were perfumes that Beatrice originally had Evelyn create. He suspected Vivienne would use Evelyn's recipe to challenge him, so he needed a scent that could outdo Evelyn's.

"You were trained in perfumery. You should know that coming up with a new scent requires inspiration."

The young man paused and responded coolly, "I can't guarantee Riley will have new inspiration within a week. Besides, perfume is subjective. You can't just compare them willy-nilly."

"If you two don't want to die, you'd better do as I say." Elijah chuckled. "I believe in her. Isn't she the master perfumer, Master Q? Her creations 'Hallucination,' 'Abyss,' and 'Fading Dream' prove she can create a perfume that surpasses all others."

Their argument was heated, but the girl seemed oblivious. She was still engrossed in her toys.

"I've told you already that Riley is not Master Q." The young man, full of anger, retorted. "Master Q is

Riley's mentor."

"Raymond Fairfax, you still deny it after all this time." Elijah didn't believe a word of it.

"When I was in Graslandia, I started investigating. The house you two siblings lived in was where

Master Q resided. When you two left Graslandia, Master Q vanished from Graslandia. Moreover,

Master Q only made twenty bottles of 'Hallucination.' Each bottle has an owner, so why do you have a

bottle?"

Only twenty bottles of the infamous 'Hallucination' perfume were made, causing much disappointment

to those who couldn't get their hands on one in the perfume world.

"Most importantly..." Elijah's eyes fell on Riley Fairfax's ring. "Why is she wearing Master Q's ring?"

Master Q, the legendary perfumer, never showed his true identity. The only clue was the unique ring he

wore.

"Also, if Master Q is really her mentor." Elijah sneered. "Why has Master Q never denied it when I

claimed to be his disciple for over a year?"

When he first suspected that Riley might be Master Q, he was thrilled. He knew his chance had come.

A deaf-mute girl with a knack for creating extraordinary perfumes and her average brother could be

easily manipulated once under his control.

For the past year, he rose to fame in the perfume industry as Master Q's disciple, but all the perfumes he produced were actually Riley's creations.

Raymond remained silent in response to Elijah's questions.

Master Q was an enigma, taking Riley as the disciple on a whim, partly due to her exceptional talent and partly out of sympathy for the siblings' dire circumstances.

After leaving Graslandia, they hadn't seen Master Q. They were even worried something might have happened to Master Q.

"Do you think by purposely lowering her standards and creating perfumes that are lesser than

'Hallucination,' 'Abyss,' and 'Fading Dream' that I would believe you?" Elijah snorted. He was about to say something else when his phone rang.

He answered impatiently and listened to his subordinate's report. "Elijah, there's a wasp's nest in the yard. A lot of us got stung."

"Get to the hospital then, idiot!" He hung up. He was not in the mood to argue with Raymond anymore

and stormed off.

Before leaving, he turned to Raymond. "Remember, one week. If it's not done, you know the consequences."

...

Tranquil Estates.

After leaving Midland Villa, Vivienne returned home and was about to rest after freshening up when she got a call from Isolde.

"Vivienne, you gotta help my brother!" The little girl's sweet voice was tinged with sorrow. "He got stung

by a wasp!"

Vivienne was dumbfounded.

What on earth was going on?

Isolde was crying pretty hard, so Vivienne comforted her. "Don't worry, I'm on my way."

After ending the call, Vivienne was about to head out when she remembered something. She turned around, took out her suitcase, and packed a few sets of clothes.

As she was about to pull her suitcase out the door, Dorian and Cordelia, who had been woken up by the noise, looked at her in surprise and asked, "Vivienne, it's so late. Are you packing because you're going far away?"

"Percival got a little hurt, and I promised Richard I'd take care of him, so I decided to stay with him for a few days." Vivienne said calmly.

"Oh, well..." Dorian hesitated a bit. "Isn't it a bit inappropriate for a guy and a girl to be alone together?"

He felt like someone else was about to eat the cabbage he had grown.

"I think it's quite good." Cordelia glared at Dorian and spoke with a smile. "It's a good thing for two young people to spend time together and develop their feelings. I believe they're both sensible kids."

Vivienne fell silent.

Of course, she wasn't moving into Percival's house to develop feelings for him.

She had never found the opportunity to investigate why her mother's pendant was in Percival's possession.

Now, the opportunity had come.

Chapter 118

When Vivienne showed up at Percival's apartment in Bay Estates, it was Leopold who opened the

door.

His eyes widened in surprise when he saw Vivienne hauling a suitcase. "What are you up to?"

Vivienne ignored him and just wheeled her suitcase inside. She spotted Percival lounging on the couch, with Thomas tending to him.

Isolde was sitting on the side, covering her mouth and giggling as she watched his hand.

Vivienne had heard Isolde crying her eyes out earlier, so she assumed Percival must have been stung by a wasp pretty badly. But now she saw it was nothing more than a swollen right hand.

"What on earth possessed you to get stung by a wasp?" She asked Percival, chuckling as she waited for his explanation.

Why on earth had he gotten stung today of all days?

Was he stalking her? Why didn't the wasp just kill him?

"Bad luck." Percival answered, avoiding her gaze.

He hadn't actually planned on stalking Vivienne. It was his surveillance team that stumbled upon her while tailing Elijah.

Though she was masked, he knew her too well. He recognized her instantly from the photo they sent him.

Somehow, he just found himself following her.

Looking back, he was probably too impulsive. Vivienne might have noticed him and might have been angry. He wasn't sure how to smooth things over.

He glanced at Vivienne's suitcase. Vivienne shrugged, inspecting his hand that looked like a swollen pig's trotter, and said boldly, "You're injured. I figured you might need help, so I'm moving in to take care of you."

Percival was taken aback. Had he mentioned that it was just his hand when he hinted for Isolde to call Vivienne?

"Not up for it?" Vivienne angled her head to ask.

"As if! It'd be fantastic if you were willing to take care of me." Percival said with a slight smile.

Suddenly, getting stung by a wasp didn't seem so bad. Although he suspected Vivienne had ulterior motives for moving into his apartment.

She was probably investigating the pendant around his neck. He also wondered if tonight's incident played a part in it.

He didn't mind though.

"Alright, enough with the teasing. Do you think because Thomas and I are single, you can just make fun of us?" Leopold couldn't take it anymore and gestured at Percival's right hand. "Just treat him ASAP. I don't want his hand to become useless."

Vivienne set down her suitcase and sat next to Percival. The wound wasn't big. The problem was that the wasp was too venomous and caused severe swelling.

She picked up the ointment she prepared in advance and started applying it on him.

"Percy's hand looks even more like a pig's trotter after applying the ointment." Isolde couldn't help but laugh as she looked at Percival's greasy-looking hand.

"I'll have Thomas take you to Mom's place." Percival coldly shot back at her.

"I won't go!" Isolde immediately rejected that idea, hugging Vivienne's thigh. "If Vivienne is staying here, I want to stay here too."

Percival just stared at his bratty sister, wondering why she couldn't understand the need for him and

Vivienne to have some privacy.

Vivienne watched the siblings bicker and finished applying medicine to Percival's hand. To prevent him from smearing the ointment when moving, she carefully bandaged it with gauze.

Percival was fixated on her lowered eyes, realizing that this girl looked beautiful from any angle. Her long eyelashes fluttered and tickled his heart.

Leopold watched the two, feeling like they were basking in pink bliss. He felt like he, Thomas, and Isolde were third wheels.

With a straight face, he asked Thomas, "Can you smell the love in the air?"

Thomas rolled his eyes, ignoring him.

"Never mind, Mr. Ellington has his fiancée to take care of him. I'll just look after myself." Leopold lazily pulled out his phone, about to order some takeout.

Suddenly, he turned to Vivienne with a sly grin. "Vivienne, since you're going to take care of Mr. Ellington, you must know how to cook, right?"

"Yeah, what's up?" Vivienne glanced at him while cutting off the medical tape in her hand.

"So, it's getting late, and we're all pretty hungry. Why don't you cook dinner for us and let us taste your culinary skills?" Leopold suggested with a smile.

"No problem." Vivienne packed up the medicine and gauze, then asked Percival, "Do you have ingredients in the kitchen?"

"Yes, everything's there. I've checked." Leopold answered on behalf of Percival.

Vivienne nodded. "So, I'll make you guys some pasta. Any dietary restrictions?"

The three men all said they weren't picky.

"As long as Vivienne makes it, I'll love it." Isolde also raised her hand.

Satisfied with their responses, Vivienne went into the kitchen to start cooking.

Leopold, being the curious cat, snuck over to the kitchen doorway with Isolde to sneak a peek.

They saw Vivienne cooking pasta and adding shrimp for flavor. It was clear she knew what she was doing.

He immediately sidled up to Percival, nudging him with his elbow. "Your fiancée is a catch, man. She

can heal and cook, plus she's the youngest double-degree holder ever in our country. You're one lucky

dude."

"Leopold, that's stating the obvious. Of course my Vivienne can do everything." Isolde snorted in disdain at Leopold.

Percival never imagined that one day Vivienne would be cooking for him. He always thought this girl seemed a bit aloof. He thought she was someone who needed a lot of pampering in certain ways.

But now, watching Vivienne bustle about in the kitchen, a sense of peace washed over him.

He suddenly realized that if there was someone by his side who would take care of him when he was sick and cook for him when he was hungry, then he would have a pretty sweet life.

Fifteen minutes later.

Thomas helped Vivienne dish out five plates of pasta onto the table. The pasta were white and sprinkled with chopped parsley. They were also topped with large shrimp and were steaming hot. The look of it alone made people's mouths water.

Leopold, without any hesitation, was the first one to dig in. Thomas also picked up his utensils, and Isolde started eating too.

Percival, unable to use his right hand, smiled at Vivienne and said, "Vivienne, I'm having trouble with

my hand. Could you feed me?"

Almost all the pasta were in his mouth when Leopold couldn't resist rolling his eyes at Percival first.

The others might not know, but he was well aware that Percival's left hand was quite dexterous. He just watched Percival's performance without saying a word.

Vivienne didn't refuse. She took the utensils, picked up a forkful of pasta, put it into a spoon, and fed it to Percival.

Percival had just happily tasted a mouthful when his face instantly changed.

Leopold, who was sitting next to him, was so shocked that he spat out the pasta in his mouth. Thomas was also speechless, and Isolde's face had turned pale. She really didn't expect that the pasta cooked by the seemingly omnipotent Vivienne were so "special."

"Vivienne, how much salt did you add?" Leopold complained while looking for water to drink.

"What's wrong? Doesn't it taste good?" Vivienne frowned as her gaze fell on Percival. She thought it looked pretty tasty.

Percival, with difficulty, swallowed the overly salty pasta in his mouth, not knowing what to say.

"Why don't you taste it yourself?" Leopold thought he had never eaten anything so terrible in his life

and suddenly started to feel sorry for Percival's future.

Chapter 119

Vivienne took a glance at the pasta in front of her, deciding it might be better to let someone else be the guinea pig.

She stood up, carrying five plates of pasta to the kitchen to dump them out. "I'll give it another shot."

Though it was her first time cooking pasta, she had often watched Cordelia cook. She should be doing things right.

However, fifteen minutes later, Percival and the others were once again staring speechlessly at the pasta in front of them.

"Did you add too much vinegar this time?" Leopold grimaced, struggling to understand the overwhelming sour taste.

Vivienne's face fell. "I'll try again."

"No!"

Before the others could stop her, she was back in the kitchen.

Throughout the night, she was in a competition with herself, continuously cooking pasta. Percival and

the others were forced to be her testers, tasting until they were pale and miserable.

"I'm tired, and I'm not hungry anymore. Can you ask Thomas to take me to my mom's?" Isolde was the first to surrender, wishing she could have left earlier.

"I'll take you!" Leopold immediately stood up, afraid Vivienne might stop him, and he quickly left with Isolde.

"Ah, I just remembered, the boss' car needs gas. There's a fifty percent discount at the gas station by the east gate. I need to fill up before midnight." Thomas made up an excuse, clearly upset that Leopold had taken his chance, and left as well.

Soon, only Vivienne and Percival were left at the table.

Upon seeing Vivienne staring at the pasta with a look of determination, Percival couldn't help but chuckle. It was amusing to discover something this girl wasn't good at.

"I'll teach you." He stood up, wrapping his uninjured left arm around her waist from behind. His smile was radiant as he leaned on her shoulder.

"You know how?" Vivienne glanced at him, looking somewhat unconvinced.

Percival led her into the kitchen, directing her to light the stove, start the pot, make the soup, and add

sliced beef and vegetables. He grabbed her left hand and cracked two eggs into the pot, guiding her step by step to make two plates of pasta.

When it came to seasoning, he noticed Vivienne mistook sugar for salt and quickly stopped her. He then saw her about to add pepper to the pot.

He shook his head and finally understood why her pasta tasted so weird.

After stopping Vivienne's "bold" attempts several times, the pasta were finally ready.

Back at the dining table, Vivienne cautiously eyed the plates of beef pasta in front of her. It looked delicious, but so did the pasta she had made before, which Percival and the others claimed were awful.

She pushed the pasta towards Percival. "You eat first."

She had decided not to try it herself.

"Alright." Percival found her childish gesture amusing.

If he had known Vivienne would be different after moving in, he would have convinced her to move in sooner.

He said okay but didn't move his fork.

Vivienne knew what he meant. Although she had seen how nimble his left hand was in the kitchen, she didn't call him out. Instead, she picked up some pasta with her spoon and fed him.

After eating, Percival opened his mouth to indicate he wanted more.

"You're not tricking me, are you?" Vivienne skeptically fed him another bite. "Is it really edible?"

"Why don't you try?" Percival used his left hand to pick up a couple of pasta, feeding them to Vivienne.

"This is the first meal we've cooked together. If you don't try it, I'll be upset."

Vivienne hesitated for a moment and then reluctantly took a bite.

Five seconds later, her eyes lit up. She nodded at Percival, indicating she wanted more.

Percival gave her a doting smile, feeding her another mouthful. The two of them took turns feeding each other until they finished the two plates of pasta.

When she put the dishes in the dishwasher, Vivienne felt a bit more confident about cooking. "Cooking is like making pills. There's no difference. I can do it more often."

Percival watched her from the kitchen doorway with a mix of amusement and disbelief on his face. If she continued to season the way she had, she could ruin any delicious meal.

After cleaning up the kitchen, Vivienne dragged her suitcase around and looked around Percival's large

apartment.

Percival's apartment at Bay Estates was a duplex located on the top floor, occupying the entire floor with over a dozen rooms.

The decor was a black, white, and gray Nordic style. The floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room offered a stunning view of most of Havenwood's nightlife.

"Where am I staying?" Vivienne looked around. There were indeed many rooms, but none were fully furnished.

Percival led her upstairs to a room, indicating she could stay there.

Vivienne took a look. The room was spacious and tidy; even the bed was neatly made with not a wrinkle on the sheets. There was a large balcony on the north side.

She set down her suitcase, opening the glass door to the balcony. From there, she could see the green trees and lake of Bay Estates and the bustling crowd and lights of the bar street, which was a completely different view from the living room.

"Do you like it?" Percival asked from behind her. "Though no one has lived here before, it's cleaned

every day."

He didn't tell Vivienne that since the day they got engaged, he had prepared a room like this in all of his residences.

They were cleaned and freshened every day, waiting for her to move in.

"Why this one?" Vivienne turned to look at him as the night breeze blew through her hair, carrying her scent straight to Percival's nose.

She had seen two spacious rooms along the corridor.

"My room is next door." Percival involuntarily stepped closer to her.

Vivienne paused and then gave him a faint smile. "Are you planning to sneak into my room in the middle of the night, Mr. Ellington?"

Percival was speechless.

Was he really that bad in her eyes?

He cleared his throat, his face suddenly turning red. "Vivienne, it's kinda risky around my place. For safety's sake, why don't you crash next door? That way, I can protect you whenever."

Vivienne fell silent.

Did she look like she couldn't handle a knife?

It seemed like everyone thought she was just a frail woman.

Sigh...

It was all because she had been too busy enjoying life since she got off the mountain, not focusing on

her career. Now everyone thought she needed extra protection.

"Any other rooms?" Vivienne didn't really care where she stayed. But Dorian was right. It was better for

a man and woman to keep a certain distance when they were alone.

Who knew what Percival might pull in the middle of the night?

It wasn't like she would actually let Percival force her into anything, but even so, she found it

necessary. She preferred not to stir things up. That was how she did things.

"Other than this room that has a quilt, only my room's left." Percival reached out, pulling her into his

arms by the waist and taking in her hair's sweet scent. "So, Vivienne, you wanna share a bed with me,

huh? I didn't think you'd be that forward."

Chapter 120

He was so close that his scent filled her nostrils. Her heart started racing, and her delicate face flushed

slightly. She took a step back, looking at him seriously. "Mr. Ellington, has anyone ever told you that you're too cocky?"

Percival smirked. "No, I'm just confident in my looks. That's not cocky."

Vivienne looked up at him, agreeing that he was indeed handsome. He had sharp and distinct features.

His high nose, beautiful eyebrows, and sexy, thin lips were so inviting that she wanted to give them a bite.

He exuded an aristocratic air, and every move he made was elegant.

Vivienne was entranced. When she snapped out of it, Percival suddenly pulled her into his arms.

"Vivienne, have you fallen for me?"

His voice was like a melodious song that made her heart flutter.

They were too close. Vivienne felt a bit flustered. Lights were twinkling behind him, and the warm light from the room fell on his face, revealing the deep affection and tenderness he had for her in his eyes.

"You're overthinking." Vivienne turned her head, feeling her heart beating out of rhythm. She couldn't calm down and decided to go back to her room. She opened her suitcase and started organizing her clothes to hide her panic.

Percival leaned casually against the glass door of the balcony, watching Vivienne try to calm herself down by hanging up her clothes. He noticed that she seemed shy.

Suddenly, a pink package fell out of Vivienne's suitcase and rolled to Percival's feet.

He picked it up and took a glance. Vivienne immediately snatched it back and stuffed it into her suitcase.

Percival chuckled softly. He had seen the words "tampon" on the pink package.

"What are you laughing at?!" Vivienne wished she could find a place to hide.

Coughing lightly to cover his laughter, Percival looked at Vivienne's waist. "Are you on..."

"No! I just like to be prepared!" Vivienne quickly replied, realizing that she might be suggesting that she was ready for anything, which sounded quite enticing.

Blushing, Vivienne gave up on organizing her clothes. She closed her suitcase and pushed Percival out. "Out! I'm going to change and take a bath."

Vivienne saying "like to be prepared" played on an endless loop in Percival's mind. He realized that

Vivienne intended to stay for a while. Feigning helplessness and with a pitiful look on his face, he said,

"I need to take a bath too, but I only have one hand now. It's really inconvenient."

Vivienne fell silent.

Did he think she was buying his act?

"Do you need someone to help you take a bath?" Vivienne asked, somewhat speechless.

"If someone is willing to, that would be great." Percival said innocently, "I've been tired all day, and I'm a clean freak. I can't sleep if I don't take a bath."

"Alright." Vivienne also laughed, pushing him towards his room. "Then go to the bathroom first; I'll be there in a moment."

Percival obediently left, not taking Vivienne seriously.

But when he walked into the bathroom and started filling the bathtub, he heard a noise behind him.

After turning around, he saw that Vivienne had actually followed him in.

"Are you serious?" Percival was taken aback.

"Aren't you going to undress? How are you going to take a bath with your clothes on?" Vivienne watched him smugly with her arms crossed.

Percival snapped back to reality, realizing he was being teased. Unfazed, he began unbuttoning his

shirt in front of her.

His slender fingers were well-defined with a faint pink hue. He slowly undid each button from top to bottom.

The heat that had just faded from Vivienne's cheeks rose again, and she began to avoid his gaze.

"Stop dawdling. Don't waste time."

"Are you in a hurry?" Percival asked as he tossed his shirt into a laundry basket. He then put his hand on his belt, unbuckled it, and unzipped his pants.

Vivienne, still an inexperienced girl, couldn't handle it. She quickly pulled the shower curtain between them, telling him to call her when he was undressed, and left the bathroom.

She sat on Percival's bed in a daze, feeling that things were going off track. She was supposed to tease him, so why did it feel like she was the one being teased?

"Shy?" Percival's laughter echoed from the bathroom. "You said you'd help me take a bath. You can't go back on your word."

"Don't worry, I always keep my word." Vivienne retorted with a playful smile on her face. "Just get

undressed and wait for me."

In the bathroom, Percival shook his head, amused. His Vivienne was still a little girl.

He didn't really believe her. He just wanted to tease her.

But when he was undressed with his swollen right hand covered with a waterproof bag and ready to

step into the bath, he heard Vivienne calling him from outside the bathroom. "Are you undressed yet?"

He raised an eyebrow. Was she really going to help him take a bath?

"Yeah." He replied.

The next second, the bathroom door swung open. He looked up, expecting to see Vivienne. Instead, he

saw the honest face of a middle-aged man. "Who are you?"

"I'm the 007 serviceman from the Golden Slate Bathhouse." The man greeted him with a flattering

smile. "I received your order for a home service. I'm here to help you take a bath."

"Get out!" Percival's face turned sour.

"Oh, sir, don't worry. I've been professionally helping others bathe for twenty years. My skills are top-

notch. I promise to wash you thoroughly and make you feel refreshed and clean." The man stepped

forward, selling his service enthusiastically.

"Vivienne!" Percival couldn't take it anymore.

"What's up?" Vivienne casually sat cross-legged on Percival's bed, responding slowly.

"Get him out of here now!" Percival said angrily. If he weren't buck naked right now, he would've thrown

this guy out of his apartment himself.

Vivienne walked up to the bathroom door, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed over her chest. "Didn't you say you couldn't take a bath by yourself and needed someone to help? I handpicked him. His service skills and attitude are top-notch. I guarantee you'll be satisfied."

Her laugh was even more carefree. "You didn't seriously think I would help you take a bath, did you?"

"Sir, how can that young girl compete with me?" The middle-aged man was still buttering him up. "Her bathing skills are definitely not as good as mine. Don't be shy; just give it a try."

Before he could finish, Percival kicked him out of the bathroom and slammed the door shut with a bang.

The middle-aged man looked at the forcefully closed door, rubbed his nose, and shrugged at Vivienne, whispering, "Ms. Hawthorn, your fiancé sure has a big temper."

"Alright, go back." Vivienne laughed lightly, then gave him an order in a low voice. "Keep surveillance on Elijah's villa. Tell Draven to figure out how to crack the basement's password and iris scan."

Cracking the password wouldn't be a problem for her.

But she just wanted to enjoy life right now. Let others take care of the brainy stuff for a while.

"Don't worry, Ms. Hawthorn." The middle-aged man dropped his earlier sycophantic expression, and his simple demeanor instantly became shrewd.