

Million-Dollar 181

Chapter 181

Charlotte came to her senses. She had a look of bewilderment on her face as she walked towards

Vivienne. It was only when she held the paper in her hands that she realized what had happened.

She, Charlotte, had achieved the highest score in the city.

"Yippee!" Charlotte jumped with joy. She wrapped her arms around Vivienne and planted kisses on her

face.

"Vivienne! Thank you, thank you! You've changed my life! I can't thank you enough!"

"Cough, cough." Vivienne looked a bit taken aback. "You can let go of me now."

"Oh!" Charlotte remembered Vivienne's dislike for physical contact and chuckled awkwardly. "Sorry, I'm

just so happy."

Vivienne rubbed her temples, gesturing for her to sit down before addressing the class. "This was just a

test. It doesn't determine your college entrance scores, but if you can maintain this performance in the

college entrance tests, you all can go to college."

As her words sank in, the students of Class Eighteen rose to their feet with tears welling in their eyes

as they chorused, "Thank you, Ms. Vivienne!"

There were no grand speeches. It was just a simple thank you. But those two words held so much gratitude.

After being doubted, feared, and considered outcasts, Class Eighteen had proven everyone wrong.

It was all thanks to Vivienne.

It was she who guided them from the darkness and welcomed a new dawn in their lives.

They could see a bright future ahead.

They could stand tall and be proud.

They could embrace their dreams.

They did not simply feel gratitude towards Vivienne. They admired her.

Vivienne's heart softened as she watched her students.

One of the best decisions she made after leaving her hometown was coming to Cloudcrest High School

to teach Class Eighteen.

She had experienced darkness, so she knew the value of light.

She might not have supernatural powers, but she could do her best to show these students the light.

That was enough.

Vivienne raised her hand, signaling everyone to sit. "You don't need to thank me. Your success today is due to your hard work."

The students of Class Eighteen remained silent.

They knew no amount of words could express their gratitude towards Ms. Vivienne.

Vivienne glanced at her students and announced, "Tomorrow is Saturday, and you all have the day off."

The students were surprised. "Ms. Vivienne, don't we usually have classes on Saturdays? And the college entrance tests are just a week away. We want to study more. We don't want a day off."

"Tomorrow evening, there's a Stephen concert in the school gymnasium. I've booked the entire place just for you." Vivienne said with a slight smile. "Those who don't want to go can attend the regular classes."

Dead silence.

All Vivienne could hear was the sound of their breaths.

After what seemed like an eternity, someone finally broke the silence with a scream that pierced the quiet atmosphere.

"Oh my God! Stephen! It's Stephen! Ms. Vivienne has arranged a private Stephen concert just for us!"

"I'm so happy that I could faint! Stephen's schedule is booked solid until next year. Who would have thought we could see him perform before the college entrance tests?!"

"Absolutely, Stephen is so hard to book. It's not easy to even get a glimpse of him. Not only did Ms. Vivienne manage to book him, but she also arranged a private concert for us. Being Ms. Vivienne's student is like winning the lottery! I'll brag about this for the rest of my life!"

Class Eighteen erupted in excitement.

The entire school echoed with their cheers, attracting attention from other classes.

Unfortunately, no one else knew what was going on.

Amid the cheers from Class Eighteen, Vivienne quietly left the room.

...

Back in the staff room.

When Vivienne walked in, Percival was lounging on the couch, engrossed in his game.

A twitch crossed her lips. "Mr. Wolf, I seriously doubt you're here to do any work."

He had been here for a while and hardly had any physical education classes today.

Instead of leaving when he didn't have classes, he stayed in the office, waiting for her.

Was he comfortable earning a monthly salary of twenty thousand for doing nothing?

Percival put away his phone and pulled her into his arms, stroking her head lightly. "I'm here to help you out."

"Don't you have anything else to do?" Vivienne was slightly exasperated.

She remembered him being quite busy before. He used to have lots of things to take care of.

Recently, it seemed like he didn't have anything to do.

Was he spending all day wooing her?

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Vivienne opened the door to find Leopold and Thomas rushing in.

"Mr. Ellington, there's been an incident at Rivenwood. Our base has been..."

Leopold glanced at Vivienne. He was not sure how far her relationship with Percival had progressed, so he didn't elaborate. "Our base has been attacked. We've lost a lot of data."

Percival looked at Vivienne with a hint of helplessness in his eyes. "Vivienne, do you have a knack for

jinxing things?"

Vivienne didn't respond.

Percival stood up, gently patting Vivienne's head. "I need to get back to Rivenwood. You should go back to Tranquil Estates. I don't feel safe leaving you alone."

Vivienne could tell the situation was urgent, so she didn't say much. "Okay, you go ahead."

Percival didn't waste any more time. He promptly left with Leopold and Thomas.

As they reached the door, Vivienne suddenly called out to him. "Mr. Wolf! Take this with you."

Vivienne handed him a small bottle.

Percival wrapped an arm around her waist, hoisting her up as he pressed a tender kiss to her forehead.

His voice was full of affection as he murmured, "Thank you, Vivienne."

She had just given him a whole bottle of medicine. He was already in her debt from the last bottle, and

now he owed her another one. But he couldn't refuse. His team needed it.

Leopold, on the other hand, was anxious. There was no time for these two to be lovey-dovey. Just as

he was about to nudge Percival, Percival let go of Vivienne and turned to leave.

...

At Alliance Enterprises.

Seated in the CEO's office, Dawson had just finished his paperwork for the day and was feeling rather bored. Remembering that his father-in-law was still around in the enterprises, he decided to pay him a visit.

In the meantime, Dorian, who was free from his project, was watching a video of Vivienne playing the piano at the Brooks family's banquet the night before.

The video, uploaded anonymously, garnered fifty million likes overnight, making Vivienne the talk of Havenwood.

Watching Vivienne's graceful and elegant performance made Dorian feel a sense of pride. But his smile soon faded.

Vivienne looked too much like Evelyn. Every gesture and move she made reminded him of Evelyn.

The more attention Vivienne attracted, the more he worried. He wanted to protect her, but he felt powerless.

When Vivienne asked him about any belongings Evelyn might have left behind, he knew what she was

hinting at. But he couldn't tell her.

Evelyn had been clear that the particular item could only be given to Vivienne when she was strong enough.

Dawson entered the room just as Dorian was engrossed in the video. Trying to figure out his father-in-law's interests, he sneaked a peek, only to see Vivienne playing the piano.

Before Dawson could say anything, Dorian spotted him and quickly stood up. "Mr. CEO!"

Dawson cleared his throat. "Dorian, what are you watching?"

Noticing that Dawson looked calm and not angry, Dorian replied, "I'm watching a video of my daughter playing the piano. She left when she was nine, and I never thought she would return and amaze everyone."

As the conversation turned to Vivienne, Dorian became more talkative. He showed Dawson the video.

"Look, isn't my daughter beautiful? And she plays the piano so well. It's such a pity she's engaged. I was hoping to keep her around for a couple more years."

"What?!"

Dawson's eyes widened in shock. "What did you just say?! She is engaged? To whom?"

Which audacious brat had dared set his sights on Vivienne?

Was he asking for trouble?!

Chapter 182

Dawson's eyes were ablaze with fury. It was as if he were about to devour someone.

His beloved Mystic Mistress had been whisked away by some audacious man.

And he was kept in the dark?

Dorian couldn't quite understand why Dawson was so upset about his daughter getting engaged.

Did Vivienne know him?

Dorian's silence made Dawson get impatient. He grabbed Dorian's arm and squeezed it with force.

"Who did Vivienne get engaged to?"

Dorian winced at Dawson's grip. He was a little speechless, but due to Dawson's position as the

chairman, he had no choice but to answer, "Percival."

"Percival? Who the hell is that brat?" Dawson's eyes were practically spitting fire.

Dorian was at a loss.

Didn't the Chairman of Alliance Enterprises know that Percival was Richard Ellington's most cherished

grandson?

Apparently, he didn't.

Since Dorian was struggling to speak, Dawson waved his hand dismissively. "Never mind, I'll find out myself!"

He stormed back to his office and called for his assistant.

"Find out everything about this Percival. Birth date, habits, everything. I want to know every detail."

Dawson gave out this order with a stern face.

The assistant was taken aback. "Are you referring to Percival, the fiancé of Vivienne Hawthorn?"

The Hawthorn family had long gone bankrupt; their glory days were over.

Although Vivienne was still referred as Miss Hawthorn, this name no longer carried any weight.

Dawson froze. "You know Vivienne?"

"Of course! Everyone in the Havenwood elite circle knows about Vivienne and Percival."

The assistant looked at him strangely.

What was going on? Why was the chairman suddenly interested in Vivienne and Percival?

Did they offend him?

Was he planning to bankrupt Vivienne and the Ellington family?

Dawson frowned, not liking this at all.

Everyone in the Havenwood elite circle knew about Vivienne and Percival, yet he, as the fifth disciple of the Vivienne, didn't know a thing.

He rested his fingers on his expensive office desk as he narrowed his eyes. "Tell me everything you know about them."

"Vivienne is the daughter of Dorian Hawthorn, the third master of the Hawthorn family, and Percival is the seventh master of the Ellington family of Rivenwood. He was disabled but miraculously recovered.

Percival and Vivienne had a marriage contract, but everyone thought it was with Arabella, the talented maiden of Havenwood."

"But then Dorian found Vivienne, and she became the betrothed. However, I heard that Vivienne was raised in a rural monastery, and the old lady of the Hawthorn family disapproved. There were some incidents, and there were even videos online, but they were removed for some reason. The real cause of the rupture between Vivienne and the Hawthorn family was..."

Dawson's cold gaze scared the assistant. He subconsciously backed off a step before continuing.

"Faye Churchill was disfigured in a car accident. Doreen asked Arabella for help, but Arabella almost killed Ms. Faye. It was Vivienne who cured her, but Arabella claimed that Vivienne stole her credit. Her fans defended Arabella, angering Percival. Then the Ellington family stepped in, and the Hawthorn family went bankrupt."

He continued. "Later, Arabella falsely accused Dorian of assault and misconduct. Vivienne found the evidence and exposed her. The incident was widely reported. Chairman, didn't you know?"

Dawson clenched his teeth, fuming. "That Arabella!"

He was too busy to keep up with gossip, and he had no interest in it.

Who could have imagined that the usually low-profile Vivienne would become a hot topic in Havenwood?

Dawson's eyes flickered with a hint of ruthlessness. "What happened to that Arabella?"

"She was recently acknowledged by the Brooks family. She is the long-lost daughter of the Brooks family head, Scott."

"I see." Dawson scoffed. "She's quite lucky."

He leaned back in his leather chair as his fingers drummed on the desk. He took out his phone, opened his social media app, and sent a message to a long-quiet group.

"The Mystic Mistress has been tricked into getting engaged."

As soon as the message was sent, the group erupted.

Second disciple, Jerry replied, "Who's courting death?"

Third disciple, Daniel replied, "Huh? My fists haven't seen action in years; they're getting rusty. This is the perfect chance to test if that bastard's head is hard enough."

Fourth disciple, Eric also chimed in. "We're out of lab rats. Might as well use him for drug testing."

"I haven't had a job in six months. Hmm, let's tie him up and use him for a ransom to break off his engagement!" Sixth disciple, Donald was also furious.

"My dog's been starving for ages. He needs food, so none of you better try to steal him from me."

Seventh disciple, Brian typed his message with nothing but malice in his heart.

"Fariana Isle needs coal miners desperately. Anyone who tries to take him from me is in for a fight."

Eighth disciple, Larry also had plans for this man.

Ninth disciple, Gary was beside himself with anger. "I need some new guys for my business. This one's mine!"

Tenth disciple, Leopold was seething. "Damn it! Who the hell dares mess with my Mystic Mistress?"

Dawson, name and address. I'm going to crush him!"

Dawson simply replied, "Havenwood."

The eldest disciple gave out an order. "Everyone, assemble! Coordinate: Havenwood!"

...

On the expressway to Rivenwood.

Leopold looked at the message on his phone and was stunned for a moment.

It took him a while to react, then he suddenly stood up.

Unfortunately, his movement was too abrupt, and he bumped his head, causing it to throb.

Percival glanced at him. "What's gotten into you?"

Leopold rubbed his head, excitedly saying, "Damn it! My Mystic Mistress is in Havenwood!"

Percival paused as his fingers drummed on his thigh. "Your Mystic Mistress?"

Leopold often mentioned the Mystic Mistress, but he didn't even know her real name or what she looked like.

Percival had always assumed that she didn't exist.

"Yes! The Mystic Mistress!" Leopold's eyes lit up. "I can't believe I didn't know she was in Havenwood.

Damn it! She got tricked into an engagement by some bastard! How dare he?!"

He was grinding his teeth, and his eyes were filling with fury. "Once I settle the Rivenwood matter, I'm heading straight to Havenwood to crush that bastard!"

The Mystic Mistress was such a remarkable woman. How could she be tricked by that bastard without their knowledge?

Just thinking about it made him heartbroken.

Thomas, who was driving, looked at Leopold through the rear-view mirror and asked, "Mr. Sterling, isn't it a good thing that the Mystic Mistress is engaged? She has to get married eventually, so why are you so angry?"

"You don't understand!" Leopold retorted. "The Mystic Mistress is our goddess! A goddess should not be tarnished! Not just me; my eight senior disciples are also on their way to Havenwood. That bastard

is done for!"

Leopold's teeth were grinding. "I need to think about how I'm going to torture that bastard."

Percival glanced at him. For some reason, he felt like his ears were getting hot.

Chapter 183

Saturday.

The word was out that Vivienne had booked the local stadium and invited the students of Class

Eighteen to watch Stephen's solo concert.

The news spread like wildfire.

In response, Principal Lysander had arranged for a school bus to transport Class Eighteen to the

stadium.

In just three months, Class Eighteen had shown remarkable progress, and Principal Lysander couldn't

have been happier.

So, he was all in for their relaxation before exams.

As for the other classes...

Well...

It wasn't that he was playing favorites, but he simply couldn't afford to invite Stephen for them.

The entire school was green with envy that Class Eighteen was going to watch Stephen's solo concert.

With college entrance exams just around the corner, the school was going to give them a break next week to relax and prepare for the rough days ahead.

But for them, the best way to unwind was to watch Stephen's concert.

After seeing the radiant smiles on the faces of Class Eighteen, the students couldn't help but wonder why they hadn't been in Class Eighteen.

...

The concert started at seven in the evening.

By six o'clock, students had started gathering at the school.

In addition to Vivienne, Mr. James' team also came along.

They were not going to be teaching next week, as they were heading back to Rivenwood. Having witnessed the students' growth, Mr. James felt a sense of accomplishment and decided to watch the concert with the students before leaving.

On the way to the stadium, Mr. James turned to Vivienne and expressed his satisfaction. "Inviting you

to be the homeroom teacher for Class Eighteen was the best decision ever."

Vivienne glanced at the ecstatic students in the bus as her red lips curled up into a smile. "I think so too."

"What are your plans for the future?" Mr. James asked, "After the college entrance tests, do you plan to continue teaching at Cloudcrest High School?"

Before Vivienne could answer, Mr. James continued. "Though it's great for the students to have a teacher like you, your talent shouldn't be limited to this."

Vivienne smiled. "After a while, I'll be heading to Rivenwood too. I won't be teaching anymore."

Lysander had mentioned that in the future, there won't be any divisions of classes into top and bottom tiers.

Starting next year, Cloudcrest High School will no longer have advanced classes.

"You're going to Rivenwood?" Mr. James blinked in surprise. "Are you planning to settle down in Rivenwood?"

"I promised something to Atticus, remember?" Vivienne asked.

"Oh." Mr. James looked at her and suddenly smiled. "You're not just going to Rivenwood for Atticus, are you? You have other plans!"

From the day Vivienne became his student, he knew she was no ordinary person.

Vivienne's eyes darkened, but she didn't respond.

Of course, she was not going to Rivenwood just for Atticus.

She was going to meet the leader of the group her mother belonged to back then.

Besides, she had to uncover the truth.

The truth about why her mother had to leave Scott even when she was pregnant.

Yes!

She didn't acknowledge Scott because she harbored resentment for him in her heart.

This resentment came out of nowhere.

In the days before she turned nine, she had a tough life with her mother.

Back then, she didn't know that her mother was trying to conceal her identity. All she saw was her mother's hardship. And she didn't receive any love here.

Later, she and her mother were forced to flee and were hunted down. She watched her mother die in

front of her. Her world turned dark.

When she found out that Scott was her biological father, she was filled with hatred for the powerful Brooks family, who couldn't protect her mother.

Even if her mother chose to leave, wasn't he supposed to love her?

This intense hatred was like an obsession. It was gnawing at her every night, especially after finding out that Arabella had taken her place after Scott found her. This hatred was like a raging storm.

She was always waiting.

Waiting for them to find her.

But she didn't expect that what she was waiting for was for him to find a fake daughter.

Ha!

He claimed to love her mother so much, but he didn't even realize that the daughter he found was a fake.

Since he wanted a fake daughter so much, she would let him enjoy the love of a fake daughter.

"We're here." Someone's shout pulled Vivienne back from her thoughts.

She realized that she had almost lost control of her emotions because of Scott.

She suppressed her emotions and got off the bus with everyone else.

Everything was ready in the stadium.

All the support banners and glow sticks were in place.

The moment the students entered, the concert began.

Stephen was performing his unreleased album today. As the concert started, the students were cheering wildly.

During the concert, Stephen invited the students to interact.

Everyone had a blast.

Their enthusiasm also put Vivienne in a good mood.

The concert lasted for over two hours.

At the end, Stephen took pictures with everyone and gave each student a copy of his new album.

As they were leaving, Stephen came down from the stage to greet Vivienne. "Boss! Long time, no see!"

This address as "boss" made the students of Class Eighteen gasp in surprise.

"Holy crap! Ms. Vivienne is Stephen's boss? Is this real? Am I dreaming?"

"I remember that Stephen works for Rainbow Entertainment, one of the top entertainment companies in

the country. If Ms. Vivienne is Stephen's boss, that means she's the chairman of Rainbow

Entertainment."

"Oh my God! What kind of amazing teacher is this? I can't believe I met her in my lifetime!"

In the midst of the students' frenzied stares, Vivienne gave Stephen a nod. "Alright. Time to head

back."

"Hey, is that how you treat your employees? You use me and then send me off? At least let us grab a

bite together."

He then turned to the excited students nearby. "Invite them along."

The students' eyes widened in sheer disbelief.

Having a meal with Stephen, the rock king!

What a blissful occurrence!

Yet, under the anticipatory gazes, Vivienne calmly said, "They need to prepare for their college

entrance tests. I don't have the time either."

There was a limit to entertainment. One shouldn't indulge in it excessively.

After the college entrance tests concluded, she could arrange for Stephen to have a meal with the students. But for now, it was unnecessary.

Stephen sighed in disappointment. "Alright."

Despite their own disappointment at not being able to dine with Stephen, the students agreed fully with Vivienne.

Being able to witness a concert by Stephen before their tests was more than satisfying. It was an opportunity many yearned for but couldn't obtain.

What followed was their unified determination to achieve good results and make Ms. Vivienne proud.

After a brief chat with Stephen, Vivienne left with the students. The students were taken back by the school bus.

After everything was settled, Vivienne hailed a taxi to return home.

Dorian, Cordelia, and Thaddeus were watching TV in the living room. Vivienne greeted them before retiring to her room.

After taking care of some work, she went to take a bath.

After exiting the shower, she noticed ten missed calls on her phone. They were all from Lysander.

While leaning on her bed, she returned Lysander's call.

The moment the call connected, Lysander's frantic voice came through. "Ms. Vivienne, there's been an incident involving Ivan. How are you and the students? Is everyone okay?"

Vivienne abruptly sat up, her eyebrows furrowing as she asked, "What happened?"

"About ten minutes ago, Ivan called to inform me that the school bus was attacked. Ivan was injured and left on the road leading to school. I've been trying to reach you ever since." Lysander's voice was filled with worry.

He had been trying to reach Vivienne to no avail, and the same went for the students on the bus. His worry was palpable.

Chapter 184

Vivienne rose from her seat. Her aura had now taken a dark turn.

She changed into her clothes, her face stern. "Have the police been informed?"

"They've been alerted. The cops are at Ivan's place, querying the situation." Lysander replied.

"I see." Vivienne hung up the call.

As she made her way out, she dialed Jaylan Lockwood's number, speaking concisely, "I need all the surveillance footage from the stretch between Havenwood Gymnasium and Cloudcrest High School."

The school bus of Cloudcrest High had been hijacked, and Jaylan, as the head of the local detective unit, was on the case in no time.

After hearing this from Vivienne, he was initially taken aback but quickly understood. "Alright."

Vivienne was the young Mistress of the Nine Mystics Society.

When her students were in trouble, she couldn't possibly sit idle.

Jaylan was quick. He sent the surveillance data to Vivienne's phone within two minutes.

In the living room, Dorian and Cordelia looked up to see Vivienne exiting. Her face was stormy, and she was making calls as she walked.

Vivienne dialed another number. "Matthew, gather all disciples. Tell them to meet here in Havenwood and seal off all entrances and exits."

On the other end, Matthew, upon hearing Vivienne's call, realized something was wrong.

He hurriedly responded, "Yes. I'll arrange it right away!"

After a pause, Vivienne gave him another order. "Pick me up at Tranquil Estates."

"Affirmative."

After hanging up, Vivienne dialed another number. "Draven, issue an Order of the Nine Mystics Society.

Everyone must seal their city entrances, including all major mountain roads. Block all exits from

Havenwood!"

Draven looked horrified. "Mistress, what happened?"

This was the second time the young Mistress had issued an Order of the Nine Mystics Society. The last

time was against the Hawthorn family, but only a portion of the members were mobilized.

This time, she was mobilizing everyone and blocking all exits from Havenwood.

Draven could sense the gravity of the situation.

"My students have been kidnapped."

She only said a few words, but Draven could sense Vivienne's simmering rage.

He knew better than anyone how protective their young Mistress was of her own!

Even if she couldn't remember all their names, she would protect anyone under her.

Not to mention those students whom Vivienne personally cared for.

Who dared to mess with her students?

“I understand. I'll arrange it right away.”

As Vivienne stepped out of the house, Dorian and Cordelia were left aghast.

Did they just hear something about blocking all roads?

What was going on?

What was Vivienne up to?

Before they could react, the door had already shut.

At the entrance of Tranquil Estates, as soon as Vivienne stepped out, Matthew's car drove up.

In fact, Matthew stayed close to Vivienne. He was ready to act at a moment's notice.

Vivienne climbed into the car and quickly switched on her phone, transforming it into a minicomputer.

If anyone else was there, they would be amazed. This was the latest minicomputer developed by

Alliance Enterprises. It was not yet available on the market.

Vivienne quickly made a few moves on the computer, soon finding the footage of the hijacking.

The culprits, all masked, acted swiftly. After stopping the bus, they stabbed Ivan and threw him off

without mercy.

Then they seized control of the students with their weapons.

This was the footage from the outside of the bus; the inside was blurred.

Vivienne's face turned grimmer as she closed the surveillance, continuing to operate on the computer.

Soon, the inside surveillance footage appeared on her computer.

Just as Vivienne hacked into the surveillance, a man in a golden mask waved at the camera. "Hi,

friend, I knew you would find me. I've been waiting for you."

Vivienne squinted, and her body began emanating an icy aura.

"How about we play a game? Let's see if you can find me and rescue your students." The man propped

his chin up with his finger as a playful glint appeared in his eye. "My original task was to get something

from you, but I'm a competitive guy. You hacked my computer last time, and that bothered me. Let's do

this. If you can rescue them from me, we'll call it even."

Vivienne stared at the surveillance footage as her lips curled into a smile.

So, it was the same man who had helped Arabella frame Dorian online, the one whose computer she

had hacked, the one whose back was all she had seen.

Another attack from GTO.

Interesting! She hadn't even gone looking for them, and here they were.

Relentlessly trying to bring her down.

"Oh, and you have to not only save them but also your fiancé's sister. What was her name? Isolde?"

Yes, that's it!"

The smile froze on Vivienne's face as she quickly pulled out another phone and dialed Cecilia.

As soon as the call connected, Vivienne asked, "Cecilia, where's Isolde?"

"Isolde has been kidnapped!" Cecilia was crying hysterically on the other end. "Vivienne, what do we

do? If anything happens to Isolde, I won't be able to live!"

Vivienne's face grew colder. She now looked as cold as a glacier in the arctic. She suppressed her

rage and spoke with patience. "Tell me what happened first. How was Isolde kidnapped?"

"We were just about to hit the hay last night when, out of the blue, some thugs broke in and snatched

Isolde." Cecilia's voice was trembling.

Vivienne furrowed her brows. "Didn't Mr. Ellington arrange for your protection?"

"Yes, but they were too many. Initially, they targeted me, so Percival's men were too busy fending them off to notice Isolde. They took advantage of the chaos, grabbed her, and made a quick exit. We couldn't catch up."

Vivienne pinched the bridge of her nose. "Go to my place for now. There will be people to protect you. Leave the rest to me."

She hung up and glanced at the surveillance video footage inside the school bus.

The man seemed to know that Vivienne would check on Isolde's safety, so he kept silent.

When he thought enough time had passed, he began. "This is a multiple-choice question, my friend.

Let's see, would you save your students or your fiancé's sister? I'm quite impressed with myself for coming up with such an exciting game. Tick-tock. But you'd better hurry; you only have thirty minutes.

Once the time is up, the game is over."

The man finished, and the screen went black.

Vivienne closed her laptop with a poker face.

Matthew pulled up in front of a club and turned to Vivienne. "He probably has your students and Isolde in different locations. We only have half an hour. We can only save one. What do we do? Who should

we save first?"

Vivienne didn't answer. Her fingers were speeding over her phone.

She had to save them both.

But she had to save her students in Class Eighteen first.

If it came down to the wire and someone had to die, she could not let forty-five students perish.

It was a tough choice.

But she had to make it.

Soon, two locations popped up on her computer screen.

Vivienne got out of the car.

Suddenly, eight formidable figures approached.

"Mystic Mistress! Where is your so-called fiancé?" Dawson stormed over, looking ready to tear Percival

apart.

Vivienne didn't have time for idle chatter. She ordered curtly, "Jerry, you and your team block the south

city exit. Daniel, you take the north. Donald, Brian, you guys head to the city gate."

Her gaze landed on Eric. "You wait here. Someone will come to you. Go to this location."

She handed Eric the coordinates for Isolde's location.

Eric was a skilled medic and a fighting master. Vivienne felt relieved after entrusting him with Isolde's safety.

As she left, she added, "Remember, keep her safe at all costs, until I get there."

The eight men instantly grew serious. "Yes!"

Chapter 185

All hands were on deck. Every soul she could mobilize was on the move.

Draven arrived just in time. He joined forces with Eric to save Isolde.

Vivienne slid back into the car, and Matthew steered towards the coordinates displayed on her laptop.

But by the time they got there, there was no one to be found.

The same was the case for Isolde.

Several spots were checked, all with the same result.

Matthew knitted his brows. "Vivienne, they're playing us. These coordinates are a decoy."

Vivienne remained silent with her brows furrowed.

She had not only traced everyone's phones but also pinpointed their locations via satellite.

Her adversary was a master hacker too.

Moreover, they had the upper hand in numbers and were frequently changing locations, making it extremely difficult to track them down.

However, Isolde's location was consistent.

Suddenly, Matthew's phone rang. After a brief conversation, he hung up and quickly opened a live streaming app.

"Damn, Vivienne, look at this! They've started a live stream!" Matthew exclaimed.

Vivienne quickly snatched the phone. The man in the golden mask was back on screen, with all the students from Class Eighteen tied up. Each student had a gun pointed at them.

The man in the golden mask was sitting on a chair with his legs crossed, exuding nonchalance. "Hello there, my dear friends. Welcome to my live stream."

As the live stream began, only a handful of viewers were present.

"Is this a game of truth or dare? Why are they all tied up?" One commented.

"They look like students from Cloudcrest High School. I recognize their uniforms."

"This can't be a kidnapping, can it? Are those real guns or toy guns?"

The man in the golden mask seemed to be reading the comments. After a few moments of silence, a wicked grin spread across his face. "You're right, pal. This is a kidnapping. I have Class Eighteen from Cloudcrest High School. I'm playing a game with their teacher to see if she can save them from me."

He glanced at the time, then leaned into the camera, causing his face to fill the screen. "Vivienne, you have fifteen minutes left. To help you find me, I've started this live stream. Let's see who you choose to save. Your fiancé's sister or your students?"

"Better hurry; I'm waiting." He lit a cigarette and sat back. He looked extremely comfortable and relaxed.

To prove the legitimacy of the live stream, the students' gags were removed.

Immediately, the students started crying and shouting. "Let me go! I don't want to die! Someone save me!"

Oberon Harper shouted, "I'm from the Harper family! You touch us, you're done for!"

The man in the golden mask tutted. "Such bravery. You're just like me when I was young. But in front of me, your bravery will be your downfall."

He commanded one of his men. "Add some spice to the situation. Let's get our friend here quickly."

The man walked up to Oberon and hit him on the head with a gun. Blood started pouring out from the wound, and Oberon passed out.

Viewers who initially thought this was a prank to gain popularity suddenly started panicking when they saw Oberon bleed out and lose consciousness.

"Oh, my God! This is a real kidnapping! Call the police!"

"I've called the police, but where are they? Can the students wait till the police arrive?"

"Everyone, try to figure out where this is happening, so we can help the police."

The viewers in the live stream shot up to fifty thousand and were still increasing.

Vivienne watched the live stream with a stern expression.

She quickly booted up her laptop to trace the location of the live stream but found herself stumped for the first time ever.

"What's wrong? Can you trace the location?" Matthew asked, looking concerned.

"No, the IP is virtual. I can't locate it." Vivienne answered, her eyes cold.

Her adversary had anticipated this move and had used a virtual IP from the start.

She was good, but her adversary was not far behind.

This was a game of cat and mouse, so time was of the essence.

But she wasn't going to lose. A wicked grin spread across her face as she began to type furiously on her laptop.

Using an anti-virtual IP method, she broke through the adversary's firewall in a few swift moves and located the source of the live stream.

"An abandoned factory in the south of the city!"

As soon as Vivienne mentioned the location, Matthew hit the gas pedal.

As Vivienne headed towards the south of the city, the elite of Havenwood were in an uproar.

All the students in Class Eighteen were from wealthy backgrounds.

The news of their kidnapping and the live stream spread like wildfire, and within a few minutes, everyone had received the news.

...

The Redwood family.

Mrs. Redwood watched the live stream and cried uncontrollably. "Charlotte! My Charlotte! Why did they

have to take her?!"

Mrs. Redwood clutched Anthony Redwood's hand in desperation. "Dear, we need to save Charlotte.

Negotiate with the kidnappers. Give them whatever they want!"

Anthony's face was grim. "I've tried contacting them, but they're not responding."

"What do we do now? If anything happens to Charlotte, I won't be able to live!" Mrs. Redwood was on the verge of fainting.

Anthony gripped her hand reassuringly.

"Don't worry, I've called the police as well." He said, trying to soothe her frantic fears. "The teenagers taken are from the elite class of Havenwood. Their families are influential here, so the police won't dally."

"But..." Mrs. Redwood was interrupted by Clara before she could voice her concerns.

"Let's worry about Vivienne first." She suggested.

Mrs. Redwood blinked in surprise. "What about Vivienne? She's safe, isn't she?"

"Didn't you hear the kidnapper? He was aiming for Vivienne. And judging by his tone, they've also taken Percival's sister. They're trying to force Vivienne into a catch. But I think she'll try to save those students alone. How is she supposed to free them from those kidnappers?"

Mrs. Redwood froze. The gravity of the situation was finally dawning on her. "We need to call Vivienne.

She can't go there. It's too dangerous. The police will handle it."

Clara sighed. "Knowing Vivienne, she won't sit idle."

"What can we do then?" Mrs. Redwood asked, her concern palpable. Vivienne had saved her mother and completely transformed Charlotte. She genuinely didn't want anything bad to happen to her.

Anthony, who had been in deep thought, chimed in. "You guys stay at home. We're running out of time.

The kidnapper said we only have fifteen minutes. I'll gather my security team, and we'll head out to the location he mentioned. Every little bit helps."

In this situation, time was of the essence.

Chapter 186

Tranquil Estates.

Dorian and Cordelia had an uneasy night. They were worried sick since their daughter Vivienne was

out and hadn't returned. They had made several calls, but she never answered. They only ever heard the busy signal.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Dorian rushed to answer it and was taken aback when he saw Cecilia.

"Cecilia? Why are you here so late?"

It was already past ten; Cecilia should be sleeping. Why was she visiting them at this hour?

Moreover, her eyes were red. It looked like she had just cried.

Cecilia tried to force a smile, trying to maintain her composure, but she couldn't help but explain,

"Isolde has been kidnapped, and Vivienne has gone to rescue her."

"What?!"

"What?!"

Dorian and Cordelia stared at Cecilia with disbelief written all over their faces.

Cordelia was the first to snap out of her shock. She grabbed Cecilia's arm and asked nervously, "You just said Vivienne went to rescue her? How could she do that? She's just a nineteen-year-old girl! She doesn't know any fighting skills; how could you let her go?"

Dorian also chimed in. "Your daughter has been kidnapped, and you let my daughter go to rescue her?"

That's not fair, is it?"

He was worried about Isolde's kidnapping, but Vivienne was his daughter.

No father would want his daughter to be in danger.

Cecilia didn't expect Dorian and his wife to question her like that. She became flustered. "I'm sorry, I

wasn't thinking clearly. I'll call Vivienne and tell her not to go. I've already called the police."

After Isolde was kidnapped, she reported it to the police immediately, then called the Ellington family.

But Percival's phone was always busy.

Just then, Vivienne called, and in her anxious state, she told Vivienne everything.

For some reason, when Vivienne said she would handle it, she felt a strange sense of relief but forgot

that Vivienne was only nineteen. She was a girl who knew nothing about fighting skills.

If anything happened to Vivienne, not only would Dorian and his wife not forgive her, but her own son

wouldn't forgive her either.

Cecilia quickly took out her phone and dialed Vivienne's number, but it was still busy.

She didn't dare look Dorian in the eye. She whispered, "I can't get through."

Dorian was speechless for a while.

Just then, his phone rang.

It was his coworker. He didn't want to answer at first, but thought about it and picked up.

As soon as he answered, his coworker said anxiously, "Dorian, quickly open your phone. Check the live stream app. Someone kidnapped your daughter's students, and they want her to rescue them. The live stream has over a million viewers. You should watch it."

After Vivienne's piano performance at the Brooks family banquet went viral, Dorian had been bragging about his daughter to his coworkers.

So, everyone knew his daughter was Vivienne.

Dorian didn't hesitate. He opened his phone immediately.

The number of viewers on the golden masked man's live stream was increasing rapidly. The chat was flooded with pleas not to harm the students.

But the man in the golden mask sat leisurely in his chair.

"Friends in the chat, what do you think I should do with these students if Vivienne doesn't arrive within the time I've set? Oh right, and her fiancé's little sister. She's quite cute; it would be a shame to kill her."

After a moment of thought, the man in the golden mask continued, "How about I send her to Fariana

Isle's Golden Grotto? She'll be quite the looker when she grows up."

As soon as he said this, the chat filled with insults.

"Madman! Beast! You're worse than a pig or a dog! How could you lay a hand on such a young girl?"

"Release them immediately! You can't escape the long arm of the law!"

"You're scum! How could your mother give birth to something like you? Release them now, or I'll dig up your ancestors' graves when you die!"

The man in the golden mask completely ignored the chat. "As for the students, they are already grown up and sensible, so they are not easy to handle. So how about I dismember them? I've read a novel where ancient emperors punished criminals in this way. I quite like this punishment. Coincidentally, I just bought a few horses. I haven't ridden them yet, so I might as well try out this dismemberment method."

The chat filled with more insults.

Cordelia watched the man's ruthless behavior on the live stream and nearly fainted. Dorian had to

support her so she didn't collapse.

The man continued to spout nonsense, but Cordelia couldn't take it anymore. She clung to Dorian's

arm. "Dorian, Vivienne will definitely go to rescue them. What do we do? We have to help her!"

She didn't spend much time with Vivienne, but she already considered Vivienne as her own daughter.

She knew Vivienne was capable and resourceful; ever since they brought her back, she had continually surprised them.

Vivienne knew how to use medicine; even if she didn't know fighting skills, she would use this knowledge to rescue the students.

She knew Vivienne wouldn't stand by and watch her students be hurt, especially by such a cruel man.

Tears streamed down her face. She wanted to help Vivienne, but she was powerless.

Cecilia listened to the man in the golden mask with her lips pursed.

Vivienne's students and Isolde were caught because they were targeting Vivienne. They wanted

Vivienne to make a choice.

Although she shouldn't be thinking about what choice Vivienne would make at this time, she already had a certain answer in the depths of her heart.

But Dorian was staring at his phone without a word.

After a long while, he looked at Cordelia and said very seriously, "They're after that thing."

Cordelia was taken aback, and her lips began trembling. "You mean they..."

Did they discover Vivienne's identity?

Dorian moistened his lips, taking a moment before he spoke. "Let's give it back. If protecting this thing means Vivienne losing her life, I'd rather let it go."

Cordelia was in quick agreement. "Right! Nothing is more important than Vivienne!"

She paused before saying, "Try to get in touch with that man through the live stream."

Dorian nodded, opened the man's profile, and clicked on private messages. "I have what you want.

Spare Vivienne."

He sent the message, but there was no response.

Suddenly, Cordelia let out a cry of alarm. "Vivienne!"

Dorian quickly looked over to see Vivienne appearing alone in the live stream.

After seeing Vivienne's lonely and proud demeanor, Dorian's eyes narrowed, and his fingers clenched

tightly around his cell phone.

After a moment, he exited the live stream and opened his contact list, dialing a number without any notes attached to it.

The call was quickly answered, and without waiting for the other party to speak, he began, "The person who gave me this number is K."

The person on the other end paused, then asked, "What do you need?"

"There's a live stream in Havenwood of students being kidnapped. I need the address of that live stream."

"I'll send it to you in five minutes."

After hanging up, Dorian turned to Cordelia. "I'm going to find Vivienne. I failed to protect her once, and even if I still can't protect her, I have to go. Even if I die, I want to be with her."

Cordelia grabbed his hand. "I'm coming with you! We'll bring Vivienne home together, no matter what."

"Alright."

After the two made their decision, they turned to Cecilia. "You..."

Before they could finish, Cecilia interjected. "I'm coming with you. Vivienne is my daughter-in-law, and

Isolde is my daughter. If anything happens to them, I'll die too."

Chapter 187

In the abandoned factory on the south side of the city.

As Vivienne walked in, the man wearing the golden mask was still talking in his live stream room.

Matthew was following her closely.

Dorian didn't see Matthew on his phone because the camera didn't capture him.

The man in the golden mask looked up and saw Vivienne standing not far away, her expression cold.

His face changed, and he stood up abruptly. "How did you find me?"

He admitted that Vivienne was a skilled hacker, but he considered himself equally competent. That was

why he started a live stream, confident that Vivienne wouldn't be able to track him down.

But only ten minutes had passed since he started his live stream.

Even if Vivienne drove, she couldn't have arrived this fast.

"Was it supposed to be hard to find you?" Vivienne's icy eyes lifted slightly as her crimson lips curled

into a cold smile. "Felix!"

Indeed, it would normally take twenty minutes to drive from the club to the south side of the city.

But for her, ten minutes was enough.

The man in the mask was taken aback. He stared at Vivienne in shock. "How did you know?"

He had disguised himself so well. How did she know?

Vivienne smirked. "Didn't you know that 'Shadow Wolf' recently developed an indiscriminate facial recognition system?"

Felix looked at Vivienne incredulously. "Shadow Wolf? You are Shadow Wolf?"

Of course, he knew about the indiscriminate facial recognition system.

This system was Shadow Wolf's latest development and was owned by the Veridian government.

The indiscriminate facial recognition system was something that many criminals feared. Even if you were wearing a mask, it could identify your face.

He never imagined that Vivienne could be Shadow Wolf.

And at this moment, the live chat room exploded.

"Oh my god! Shadow Wolf! My idol, Shadow Wolf, is Vivienne! I'm so surprised!"

"Can someone explain what Shadow Wolf is? Why are you all so excited?"

"Shadow Wolf is a legendary figure. My boss once offered a fortune to hire Shadow Wolf for our

company, but we couldn't even get in touch with her."

"Not only that, she is the top hacker in the world and very patriotic. Once, when foreign hackers tried to invade our national website, Shadow Wolf set up a defensive wall that they couldn't breach. Plus, Shadow Wolf counterattacked and crashed their network."

"Also, Shadow Wolf has developed several highly advanced systems and donated them to the government for free. She is truly my idol. She's nothing short of a superstar! I never thought I'd get to see Shadow Wolf in person. I feel like I'm dreaming!"

The chatroom was flooded with messages.

Vivienne had recognized the man in the golden mask as Felix, her face expressionless. She glanced at the students from Class Eighteen. Apart from Charlotte, Logan, and Anna, who were still a bit on edge, the rest were just crying and trembling all over. They were terribly scared.

Charlotte, Logan, and Anna wanted to say something, but their mouths were gagged and they couldn't make a sound.

Vivienne lifted her gaze to Felix; her lips parted slightly, and she spoke in a calm tone. "Would you

prefer to lose a hand or a foot? That's what happens when you play with the wolf. So, tell me, how do you want to die?"

Felix finally recovered from the shock of the Shadow Wolf revelation. Upon hearing this, he burst into an evil and wild laugh. "Hahaha! You're still threatening me?! What if you are Shadow Wolf? Can you rescue them from me?"

Vivienne lifted her hand, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear as her lips curled into a charming yet chilling smile. "Let's find out."

As she finished speaking, Vivienne moved, throwing silver needles from her hand and charging forward.

Matthew moved at the same time she did.

They moved so fast that they were now like gusts of wind, making it impossible to see their figures.

The men who were pointing guns at the students didn't even have the chance to react before their acupuncture points were sealed by the silver needles, leaving them unable to move.

Felix was completely astonished. He never imagined that his handpicked men, whom he had trained for many years, would be incapacitated by Vivienne before they even had the chance to react.

Before he could recover, Vivienne had already kicked the man who was pointing a gun at Logan down.

She then punched him hard in the stomach.

The man couldn't even scream before he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Matthew did the same.

Their actions were extremely swift, not giving them any chance to react. In just two minutes, all of them were subdued.

All except for Felix.

He was standing far away.

At this moment, Vivienne and Matthew's priority was to free the students before dealing with Felix.

After dealing with the men, Vivienne and Matthew started to untie the students.

As she removed the cloth gagging Charlotte's mouth, Charlotte yelled, "Vivienne, run! There's a bomb!"

Matthew also removed the cloth from Logan's mouth. He shouted, "Ms. Vivienne, you need to get out of here. These freaks put bombs on all of us. We can't run!"

Vivienne's face instantly turned cold.

Meanwhile, Felix had finally recovered. He grinned ominously. "Shadow Wolf, you surprised me. Truly!

I've never admitted defeat in my life, but I admit it to you. But the game has started, so someone has to pay for it."

He raised the remote in his hand. "The bomb is set for five minutes. You're a skilled hacker, but are you skilled at defusing bombs? I'm quite looking forward to it."

Vivienne stood up. Her face was grim as she watched him. Suddenly, she flicked her finger, and a silver needle flew out.

Quickly, Vivienne's brows furrowed.

The silver needle couldn't stop Felix.

Felix seemed to catch on to her action, chuckling lightly. "Save your effort, love. I'm wearing a custom bulletproof vest. Your little silver needle isn't going to do a thing."

Vivienne narrowed her eyes as her fingers twitched slightly.

But soon, her face fell.

Her poison was useless against Felix.

This was the first time her silver needles and poison had both failed.

"I know you're a skilled medic, and I'm aware of your poison tricks. So, I had my men take an antidote before coming here." Felix's laughter echoed arrogantly around them. "Oh, by the way, the antidote was developed by your mother."

The silver needle was unexpected. He knew Vivienne was a skilled medic, but he only knew her expertise in poison. He hadn't anticipated the silver needles.

That was why he didn't have his men wear bulletproof vests.

Felix lifted the remote in his hand and pressed the start button. "Let the game begin!"

Vivienne's face shifted as her gaze landed on the students. She couldn't see the exact time on the bombs hidden under their clothes; all she could hear was the beeping.

She had no idea how much time Felix had set. She had to act fast.

Without a moment's hesitation, Vivienne sprinted towards the nearest student, flipping open their jacket.

Her eyes widened in shock.

Three minutes?!

Damn it!

"Matthew!" Vivienne snapped. "Scissors!"

Chapter 188

On the freeway to Havenwood, a luxury sedan was speeding along.

Inside, Percival's face was grim. A tense aura was radiating from him.

His fingers were flying over his laptop keyboard.

Leopold, sitting in the front row, was watching Felix's live stream on his phone.

He urged the driver anxiously. "Thomas, hurry up! We only have three minutes left."

They were originally heading to Rivenwood when they were ambushed on the road.

Their attackers didn't confront them directly. They just delayed them.

Percival, sensing that something was wrong, immediately ordered a helicopter to Havenwood.

On the helicopter, they turned off their phones, so they were clueless about what was happening in

Havenwood.

Luckily, they were close to Havenwood and reached there within half an hour.

As soon as they landed, Cecilia called, telling Percival that Isolde had been kidnapped.

At the same time, their subordinates reported that the students of Class Eighteen had been kidnapped

too. The kidnappers were live-streaming and demanding Vivienne to make a choice.

By the time they rushed to Havenwood, Vivienne had already appeared on the live stream.

They were beside themselves with worry.

"We're almost there! Just a few hundred meters!" Thomas said, accelerating the car.

Screech.

The car came to a sudden stop, followed by two more vehicles fully equipped with armed men.

Once they got out of the car, they stood in front of Percival, waiting for his command.

Percival closed his laptop and coldly gave out orders. "Thomas, you take some men and rescue Isolde.

Leopold and the rest will come with me to save the students."

Percival looked around, assessing the terrain. They outnumbered their opponents, but in order not to

alert them, they parked the cars three hundred meters away from the factory.

Percival raised his hand, signaling for an attack. "Move out!"

Two dozen men, like arrows released from their bows, sprung into action.

...

Meanwhile, Matthew pulled out a pair of scissors and handed them to Vivienne.

He was a bit unusual. He always carried sharp and dangerous tools like hammers and scissors.

Vivienne took only a glance at the bomb's wiring and quickly cut one of the wires.

Time stopped.

The viewers in the live stream and the students of Class Eighteen were stunned.

Even Felix was flabbergasted.

How did she disarm the bomb so quickly?

Before he could react, Vivienne immediately untied the bomb from the student and pushed him towards

Matthew. "Get him out of here!"

Without wasting time, Matthew quickly led the student out of the factory.

Vivienne, without any hesitation, began disarming the second student's bomb.

But Felix had finally snapped back to reality and smirked. "If I let you disarm all the bombs, wouldn't

that mean I've lost?"

With that, he lunged at Vivienne.

Vivienne was entirely focused on the bomb and didn't dodge when she saw Felix attacking her.

Time was of the essence. With less than 3 minutes left, she had to disarm all the students' bombs as soon as possible.

So when Felix kicked her, she took it head-on.

Matthew had just settled the student when he walked in and saw this. His face turned pale, and he quickly attacked Felix.

With Matthew's help, Vivienne had time to continue disarming the bombs.

But Felix's target wasn't Matthew. He picked up his gun and fired at Matthew.

No matter how skilled Matthew was, he couldn't dodge a bullet.

The bullet went through him, and he fell to the ground, looking at Vivienne with worry. "Get out of here!

If you don't, you'll die too!"

Vivienne glanced at Matthew, then focused on the task at hand.

Felix walked towards Vivienne with his gun, but she had no time to deal with him.

Her hands moved rapidly, and within a few dozen seconds, she had disarmed two more bombs.

She caught Felix approaching her from the corner of her eye and said to the students in a low voice,

"Get out. Now."

The students started to run, but halfway through, they stopped and looked at Vivienne with tears. "Ms.

Vivienne, you..."

"Go!" Vivienne shouted.

The students were heartbroken, but they knew that the best way not to hinder Ms. Vivienne was to get away as fast as they could.

They ran with all their might.

Felix glanced at them as a cold smile appeared on his face. "Trying to escape? The one who got away was an accident. Now, no one is leaving."

With that, he aimed his gun at the two students. But at that moment, Vivienne kicked him.

She was so fast that Felix didn't have time to react.

He was about to pick up his gun again when Vivienne kicked it away.

Furious, Felix attacked Vivienne with his bare hands.

While fighting off Felix, Vivienne moved back towards the students, disarming the bombs with her other hand.

Felix's rage burned as he watched Vivienne disarm the bombs under such circumstances.

His attacks became fiercer.

"Ms. Vivienne, disarm mine first. I'll help you!" Anna, who was a meter away from her, suddenly shouted.

Vivienne's eyes narrowed, and she quickly moved towards Anna.

Vivienne took the opportunity to cut the wire on Anna's bomb.

Because she was focused on the bomb, Felix managed to kick her in the back. He put all his strength into the kick, and Vivienne knelt on one knee as blood trickled from her mouth.

"Ms. Vivienne!" Logan and Charlotte were frantic.

Charlotte was crying. "Vivienne, forget about us. Just run!"

Vivienne swallowed the blood in her mouth. Her face was pale but determined. "I am your teacher, and

I will protect you. Today, unless I die, I will get you out of here!"

With a solemn expression, Vivienne glanced at the bomb's timer. Her brows furrowed in worry. There

was only a minute and a half left, and many of the students' bombs hadn't been disarmed yet.

Vivienne composed herself and turned to Anna. "Are you confident you can handle this?"

"As long as you can distract him for a minute, I can get it done." Anna declared while starting to disarm the bomb.

Without wasting any more time, Vivienne lunged at Felix before he could react.

Uninhibited, her movements were fierce and ruthless.

Felix struggled to keep up.

After a brief skirmish, Felix was knocked to the ground.

Vivienne didn't have the luxury to deal with him. She was about to join Anna in disarming the bomb when Felix suddenly pulled out a syringe and injected each of the fallen people on the ground.

Immediately, they all seemed to have received a shot of adrenaline, breaking free from Vivienne's pins and attacking her like wild beasts.

"Miss Vivienne!" Anna called out in worry.

Vivienne shot a glance at her. "Focus on your task!"

With that, she threw herself back into the fray.

Her movements were swift, accurate, and ruthless. The silver pins in her hand targeted their vital points

with deadly precision. Under normal circumstances, none of them would have stood a chance.

However, whatever Felix had injected them with seemed to render Vivienne's attacks useless.

Her expression was grave. Vivienne didn't have time to figure out why. She could only do her best to fend them off.

The first bombs Anna managed to disarm belonged to Logan and Charlotte. She instructed them,

"Throw all those weapons out."

Upon being freed, Logan and Charlotte knew what to do. Logan would dispose of the weapons, while Charlotte would assist Vivienne.

"Vivienne, I'm here to help!" Meanwhile, the factory door was pushed open as Percival and his crew barged in.

Felix's face changed. He scowled at Vivienne as he stood up. "It seems I've lost this round. Well then,

let's all go to hell together!"

Chapter 189

Felix's fingers hovered over the remote control. He was about to push the button when the expressions of Vivienne and Percival simultaneously darkened.

With lightning speed, they lunged towards Felix.

Vivienne, being closer, managed to grab Felix's hand just as he was about to release the button, pressing his hand firmly.

Frustrated, Felix lashed out with a kick to Vivienne's midsection.

Meanwhile, Felix's henchmen all focused their attacks on Vivienne.

With both hands occupied holding the remote, Vivienne couldn't fight back. If she were to release her grip, even for a moment, they were all doomed.

"Vivienne!" Percival's face twisted with worry as he sprinted towards her.

At the same time, led by Jerry, the eight disciples from the Emerald Monastery arrived.

Upon seeing the situation, they all roared in unison. "Mystic Mistress!"

"Save the students!" Vivienne ordered sharply. "Don't worry about me!"

Percival skidded to a halt under Vivienne's icy stare. He tightened his grip on his own hand, turned to his men, and commanded, "Save the students!"

With that, he moved to the nearest student, expertly cutting wires and defusing the bomb.

Jerry and the others rushed to Vivienne's side, driving back the henchmen attacking her.

One by one, the students were rescued. Percival's team tried to lead them away, but they refused to leave.

"Ms. Vivienne! We'll help you!"

Everyone joined Jerry and his group, attacking Felix's men.

Even with their drug-induced strength, Felix's men were not invincible. Despite the onslaught, they remained standing.

For now, Vivienne had no time to worry about them. She could only keep pressing Felix's hand, her concentration at its peak.

With Percival's help, all the students were rescued.

Now that every student was safe, Felix sneered. "You think you've won? Hahaha!"

A sense of foreboding filled Vivienne as Felix pulled another remote from his pocket. Her face went pale as she yelled, "Get out! There's another bomb!"

She had no hands free to stop Felix now.

But in this critical moment, a figure darted forward.

Percival gripped Felix's wrist with one hand as his other hand pressed on the remote control. His deep, icy eyes bore into Felix, and his voice was as cold as winter frost. "You're going to pay!"

Felix, pinned on both sides by Vivienne and Percival, was immobilized.

Even after realizing that his defeat was inevitable, he still laughed wildly. "Haha! I may have been careless this time, but you'll never find the second bomb. Keep me here... If you dare!"

Vivienne ignored him and turned to the students of Class Eighteen. "Get out of here!"

"We're not leaving!" Logan stepped forward, his face serious. "Ms. Vivienne, you gave us hope and made us believe that there are people who care for us in this world. We won't leave you to face the darkness alone."

"Yeah, we're not leaving! If we die, we die together!" Even the unconscious Oberon woke up, joining the students in fighting Felix's men.

But they were only students; their combat skills were no match for Felix's men.

So, in order not to drag Jerry and the others down, the students of Class Eighteen had retreated to one side.

Now, when Vivienne wanted them to leave, they refused.

Vivienne was deeply moved by Class Eighteen. Even in the face of death, they wouldn't abandon her.

The rest of Class Eighteen echoed in unison. "We're not leaving!"

Vivienne was exasperated with these stubborn kids.

She looked at Jerry and the others, who were still fighting Felix's men.

She knew their strength. They could easily handle ten men each, but now the eight of them were struggling against Felix's men.

The drugs Felix gave them were the same ones her mother had taken years ago.

Her mother had told her that all the drugs were destroyed except for the ones she had. How did Felix get them?

Vivienne turned her gaze back to the situation at hand. After seeing Leopold dazed, she ordered, "Find cages. Lock these men up and arrange for someone to take the students back. Jerry, you and the others follow Mr. Ellington's men and find the bomb."

Even though she and Percival could restrain Felix and prevent him from triggering the remote, they couldn't continue like this forever.

Leopold, pulled back to reality by Vivienne's voice, was completely baffled.

How did his other eight disciples end up here?

And why was Jerry calling Vivienne 'Mystic Mistress'?

What was going on?

Lost in his thoughts, Jerry walked over and slapped him across the forehead. "What are you dazed for?

Didn't you hear what the Mystic Mistress said?"

"Ah? Oh, oh!" Leopold snapped back to reality. Ignoring his confusion about why Jerry was calling

Vivienne 'Mystic Mistress.' He quickly dialed the Havenwood Divisional Administration.

They had been live streaming for so long, and yet the Havenwood Divisional Administration hadn't arrived. The only explanation was that they hadn't been able to trace the location of the live stream.

But the situation was urgent now. The warehouse was huge, and they didn't have enough people to thoroughly search for the bomb.

...

Soon, led by Jaylan, the personnel from the Havenwood Divisional Administration arrived, surrounding the warehouse.

They had also watched the live stream. When they received Leopold's call, they arrived as quickly as possible, even bringing over forty cages.

Joining them were Dorian and Cordelia.

Upon receiving the address, they hurried over, but Tranquil Estates was a considerable distance away.

By the time they arrived, they ran into Jaylan and his crew.

Cecilia was supposed to come along too, but when she was given two addresses, she guessed that the other might be where Isolde was kept. Hence, she decided to check it out.

When the police arrived, Jerry and his gang stopped their attack and worked with the officers to corner the men. They gripped the bars of the cage. Their faces twisted with anger as they shook it violently.

No one had the time to pay them any attention though.

The police forcibly removed the students, leaving only Vivienne's group and Percival in the warehouse.

Vivienne and Percival faced each other, while Felix watched them with a scowl on his face. "Shadow

Wolf, why are you interested in a loser like Percival? With your skills, you should rejoin our

organization."

Percival glanced at Vivienne. He was as surprised as everyone else to find out she was Shadow Wolf.

For years, he'd only had one rival: Shadow Wolf.

Their fights had always been evenly matched, with their victories split straight down the middle.

Who would've thought that Shadow Wolf was none other than his own Vivienne?

Suddenly, Felix leaned in close to Vivienne with a wicked grin on his face. "I know you guys are more

than capable of finding the bomb, but Vivienne, you can't escape your past. Your mother destroyed the

drug our organization spent years developing. She paid for her mistakes, and now it's your turn. No

one who steals from us gets to live a peaceful life."

Vivienne lifted her icy gaze to meet his as a chilling aura surrounded her.

Felix didn't seem to care. "You've seen what the drug can do. We've already developed a new reagent.

The one you have is irrelevant. Vivienne, you better prepare yourself for my organization's judgment."

Vivienne's red lips curled into a wicked smile. "Don't worry, before I die, I'll make sure you know what

it's like to wish you were dead."

Felix smirked. He was truly unbothered. "I've accepted whatever fate I may face."

"Is that so?" Vivienne's eyes gleamed with a mysterious light. "This ending won't be what you wanted."

Felix glanced at her but said nothing more.

Chapter 190

Leopold, with a team at his disposal and the full cooperation of Jaylan, swiftly located the bomb.

Felix had planted it underground.

Moreover, not too far from the bomb was a hidden tunnel. If things took a turn for the worse, Felix could

escape through the tunnel while activating the bomb.

It was clear that this was not a last-minute plan. Felix must have had the tunnel dug out a long time ago.

When Felix saw the bomb being discovered, he was already calm.

From the moment this plan started, he anticipated all kinds of unexpected situations. His failure was also within his calculations.

What he did not account for was how powerful Vivienne was.

Not only was she Shadow Wolf and a fighting master of high caliber, but her bomb-dismantling skills were top-notch too.

Of course, another thing he did not foresee was that the supposed good-for-nothing heir of the

Ellington family was far from being a waste.

Once the bomb was defused, Vivienne and Percival set Felix free.

Felix glanced at them as his eyes closed resignedly. "I lost. If you want to kill me, just do it."

His failure was his own doing. Even if Vivienne and Percival did not kill him, his organization would.

The task given to him by the organization was to get the reagent.

The reagent he had injected his subordinates with was indeed the latest innovation of the organization,

but it was far from perfect.

It had many drawbacks. For example, those subordinates would soon die in a violent explosion.

But after Vivienne breached his firewall last time, a knot formed in his heart. He wanted to play this

game to prove the strength of his hacking skills.

Alas, he lost.

Vivienne took out a tissue and wiped her hand that had touched Felix. A cold glimmer filled her eyes. "I

told you that death is not the outcome you will get. I will make you wish you were dead."

She was about to make her move with a silver needle in hand when Percival stepped in front of her. He

caressed her head gently and said in a doting tone, "Let me handle this. Don't dirty your hands."

Vivienne paused, and for the first time, someone was standing in her way, protecting something pure inside her.

She lifted her head and showed a smile as warm as a spring breeze. "Alright."

Percival lifted his hand, and soon a man came up to him. "Break his arms and legs, feed him the drug, and dump him in the potter's field."

Vivienne looked a bit surprised.

After seeing her look, Percival smiled and asked, "Too lenient a punishment?"

"I initially thought of throwing him into the wolf den." Vivienne half-closed her eyes, her smile bright yet chilling.

Percival's cold lips curled up in a smile. His voice was melodious and pleasing to the ear. "Don't spoil the wolves' stomachs."

Vivienne's smile grew even brighter. "Yes, your punishment is better than feeding him to the wolves."

Their conversation was casual, but Felix shuddered at their words. "Vivienne! Just shoot me!"

Even with his strong mental fortitude, after being mutilated and left in the potter's field, he would surely

break down.

Vivienne lifted her eyes. She placed her hands in her pockets and slowly approached him, still showing a chilling smile. "Death is never the worst punishment."

With that, Vivienne turned around to feed an unconscious and injured Matthew a pill, then gave out an order to Jerry and the others. "Take him to the hospital."

She had checked, and the bullet hadn't pierced Matthew's heart.

Her pill could save his life, and the hospital just needed to remove the bullet.

Percival didn't even spare Felix a glance. He turned around, took Vivienne's hand, and left with her under the moonlight with everyone watching.

The only sounds left were Felix's horrid screams.

Those who were watching Vivienne and Percival leave, like Jerry and the others, felt like they were watching a beautiful painting. The two figures in the lead were ethereal. They were almost inhuman.

After a while, Dawson was the first to snap back to reality. "Damn! The Mystic Mistress and her man are gone!"

The rest quickly snapped out of their daze and chased after them.

After a few steps, Dawson remembered Vivienne's order and had Leopold's men take Matthew to the hospital, then he too chased after them.

The men were unsure why they were being ordered around. But it was clear these people were with their captain, Leopold.

Matthew lying on the ground was seriously injured, so they lifted him and left.

Leopold also shook himself out of his daze, quickly gave a few orders, and hurried off.

But by the time they got to their cars, Vivienne and Percival had already driven off.

They quickly got into their cars and followed.

Meanwhile, Dorian and Cordelia were still at the original place, looking confused.

What happened?

Why did their daughter leave?

Just as Dorian was about to call Vivienne, her call came in. "Mr. Hawthorn, I apologize, but I need to go save Isolde. You guys head home first; I'll be back once I'm done."

With that, she hung up the phone.

He sighed helplessly as he looked at the disconnected call, frowning as he realized he didn't have the chance to say a word.

"Let's go. Vivienne still has to go save Isolde." He said to Cordelia.

Cordelia said worriedly, "She's going? It's so dangerous; why didn't you try to dissuade her?"

Dorian gave a bitter smile. "Who can stop her? We've underestimated Vivienne. She's much stronger than we could ever imagine."

She was just like Evelyn.

Cordelia sighed, said nothing more, and left with Dorian.

On the road, Percival drove at top speed. His and Vivienne's expressions became very serious.

Once the car started, Vivienne called Draven. "How are things on your end? Have you rescued Isolde?"

"We saved her!" Draven responded. "It seemed like those guys anticipated that you would prioritize

saving the students of Class Eighteen. There were only a few guards at Miss Isolde's side. Eric and I

took care of them. But Miss Isolde was a bit shaken up. We're planning to take her back to Mrs.

Cecilia's mansion."

Vivienne felt her tension ease a little. "Okay, I got it."

Percival finally slowed down.

After ending the call, Vivienne turned to Percival. "Isolde is shocked. Is there still a bakery open at this hour?"

She did owe Isolde this time.

But if she had to choose again, she would still save the students of Class Eighteen first.

She could not trade over forty lives for one.

"I'll have the chef bake one right now."

With that, Percival dialed a number.

They headed towards Cecilia's mansion.

The car behind them followed at a leisurely pace.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the mansion's entrance.

Percival and Vivienne got out of the car, immediately noticing the three cars that had followed them.

Percival frowned and turned to Vivienne. "Are they here for you?"

He remembered that back at the warehouse, those guys seemed to be calling Vivienne 'the Mystic

Mistress.'

Vivienne gave him a mischievous smile. "I think they're here for you."

Percival was stunned. "For me?"

Vivienne casually put her arm around his shoulder, giving off a buddy-buddy vibe. "They're my disciples. They're here to force you to cancel the engagement."

Percival fell silent.

So, these eight were planning to steal his bride on their first meeting?

Percival turned his head, glanced at them, and deliberately held Vivienne's hand, striding towards the mansion.

The guys behind them looked extremely displeased.

Dawson stared at their intertwined hands. He pointed at them as his nose almost went crooked in anger. "That bastard! What is he doing? Who gave him the right to hold the Mystic Mistress's hand?"

Damn it! I'll chop his hand off!"

"He's doomed!" The others squinted their eyes as they exuded a dangerous aura.

Leopold, who had followed them, glanced at them but didn't say anything. He silently followed them inside.

However, after only a few steps, he was yanked back by the collar by Jerry. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Hey, hey! Jerry, what are you doing? We're civilized people, so no violence, please!" Leopold struggled to continue walking inside.

By now, if he didn't understand what was happening, he might as well be called a fool.

All along, Mystic Mistress had been by his side, and he hadn't noticed at all.

If it weren't for the eight senior disciples learning about the Mystic Mistress's engagement and coming to Havenwood to confront the bastard, he might still be oblivious.

And the man he had been swearing to castrate was...

Ah!

Just thinking about it gave him a headache.