

Million-Dollar 191

Chapter 191

Leopold wanted to run, but Jerry had him by the collar, leaving him no chance to escape.

Jerry squinted his eyes, radiating a dangerous aura. "You had the guts to help that womanizer steal away our Mystic Mistress, huh?"

"I swear, I didn't know!" Leopold pleaded. He was basically on the verge of tears. "I swear, I had no idea that Vivienne was the Mystic Mistress!"

When the Mystic Mistress was on the mountain, she never revealed her real name. He only knew her as the Mystic Mistress.

Moreover, when he first met the Mystic Mistress, she was only nine years old.

Unlike his disciples, he only stayed on the mountain for two years before leaving, so he had no idea what the Mystic Mistress looked like when she grew up.

"Stand straight!" Jerry commanded coldly, and Leopold promptly stood upright.

"Tell me, how far have things gone between the Mystic Mistress and that womanizer?" Jerry asked, his face stern.

Leopold, hearing Jerry refer to Mr. Ellington as a womanizer, felt like crying.

Hey!

Mr. Ellington was his dear friend.

He had apparently forgotten his recent vow to castrate Mr. Ellington.

"Just...just..." Leopold hesitated for a long moment. Under the intimidating gazes of his disciples, he reluctantly confessed. "They're...living together."

"What?! They're living together?!" Eight men roared in unison, causing Leopold to shrink back.

"I don't believe it!" Donald shook his head in disbelief. "Our aloof and unapproachable Mystic Mistress would never agree to live with a womanizer!"

"Beast!" Larry glared at Leopold. "That Percival is simply a beast. The Mystic Mistress is only nineteen!

How could a man almost in his thirties take advantage of her?!"

"What?! The womanizer is that old?!" Gary exclaimed, "Shameless!"

Dawson disagreed inwardly. Was twenty-eight old? He was thirty and didn't think he was old.

Just as he was about to defend older bachelors, Jerry turned and gave him a smack on the head.

"Useless! The Mystic Mistress was in Havenwood, and you had no idea she was living with that

womanizer?!"

"I never thought that our usually haughty Mystic Mistress would suddenly become blind and be deceived by that scoundrel Percival." Dawson felt wronged, wishing he could tear Percival to pieces.

"That womanizer must have sweet-talked the Mystic Mistress!" Eric gritted his teeth.

"Right!" Brian agreed, also gritting his teeth. "The Mystic Mistress is soft-hearted. That scoundrel must have used some unspeakable means. Otherwise, how could she possibly live with him?!"

"Tell us!" Jerry demanded, glaring at Leopold. "How did that womanizer deceive the Mystic Mistress into living with him?!"

"Ah...well..." Leopold cowered, his neck nearly disappearing into his shoulders. "Could it be possible that Mr. Ellington didn't deceive her? Maybe the Mystic Mistress was worried about him when he got stung by a bee, and she decided to move in with him."

"Impossible!" The eight disciples unanimously disagreed. "The Mystic Mistress would never take the initiative. It must have been that womanizer using some unspeakable means."

"You call that womanizer 'Mr. Ellington'?" Dawson squinted at Leopold. "Are you two close?"

"No!" Leopold, feeling the pressure of Dawson's gaze, quickly shook his head. "Absolutely not! My

relationship with Percival is terrible. He's always bossing me around. I've been waiting for you guys to have my back."

"Heh, really?" Gary slung an arm around Leopold's neck, squeezing so tightly that Leopold thought he might snap it.

"Really! As real as gold!" Leopold quickly assured.

"Then prove it to us." Jerry had a sinister smile on his face.

"How...how do I prove it?" Leopold felt a chill run down his spine. He was afraid Jerry might force him to castrate Percival.

He wasn't sure he could do it, even if he wanted to. He was more likely to end up like a eunuch. He would become a sister to his disciples.

"Heh, that womanizer lured the Mystic Mistress to live with him, huh?" Daniel sneered. "Then just destroy his house. Let's see how he convinces her to live with him then."

"Alright, no problem!" Leopold sighed with relief. Demolishing a house seemed like an easier task than castrating Percival. "I'll go and tear down his penthouse in Bay Estates right away."

"Heh." Brian chuckled, seeming to find amusement in Leopold's naive demeanor. "Do you really think wrecking one of his properties will do the trick? The heir to the Ellington Empire, next in line to head the family, must have quite a portfolio of real estate, don't you think?"

"If you destroy one place, he'll just sweet talk Mystic Mistress into moving with him to some other mansion." Eric added, his grin mischievous.

"You guys aren't really planning to make every single one of his homes uninhabitable, are you?"

Leopold looked at his eight older disciples, his face a mask of horror. "Isn't that a bit too ruthless?"

"That's why, little Leo." Donald slung an arm around Leopold's neck as Gary mirrored his action on Leopold's other side, threateningly saying, "You better come clean. Spill every detail about that scumbag's real estate holdings."

"Not a single one can be left out." Larry wagged a finger in front of Leopold, his voice a warning hiss.

Under the intense scrutiny of his eight disciples, Leopold could only feel a cold sweat trickling down his back.

'Mr. Ellington, please don't blame me. It's every man for himself, and I have to save my own skin.' He thought to himself.

...

Back at the mansion.

Isolde, who had just been saved, had already taken a hot bath under the care of Cecilia and the housemaid. She was now sitting obediently on her pink bed, dressed in a clean nightgown, letting Vivienne give her a medical check-up.

Vivienne first examined Isolde's minor injuries, finding them to be mere scrapes. She then checked Isolde's pulse, while Cecilia anxiously asked, "How is she? Is Isolde okay? Those bastards... they've poisoned her once before; could they have..."

"It's okay." Vivienne shook her head and interrupted Cecilia in a soothing tone. "They probably thought Isolde was a goner this time around, so they didn't resort to other means."

Chapter 192

Cecilia let out a sigh of relief.

Vivienne ran her fingers through Isolde's soft hair and asked her, "Isolde, do you blame me for not choosing to save you first?"

Isolde shook her head earnestly and said, "Vivienne, I don't blame you. I know whatever decision you

make is the right one. Plus, the thought of sacrificing more than forty lives just to save me is too cruel and terrifying. If I were in your shoes, I would've made the same choice."

Vivienne's eyes became moist. She felt comforted by Isolde's understanding, but also a bit bitter. Isolde had experienced too much at such a young age and had learned about sacrifice and duty too early.

"Vivienne." Cecilia said in a comforting tone, "At first, I was a bit resentful when I heard about what happened. But then I realized that if it wasn't for you, Isolde would have been gone long ago because of the poison."

"Besides, I don't think I could have chosen Isolde over more than forty lives of high school students ready to take their college entrance tests."

She patted Vivienne's shoulder and added, "I believe Percival feels the same way. We won't hold this against you."

"Thank you." Vivienne nodded, feeling even more touched. Actually, she was the one who brought about this disaster. The students from Class Eighteen and Isolde's family could all blame her, and she wouldn't have anything to say in her defense.

But they didn't. They chose to stand with her.

After giving Isolde some calming medicine, she gave Isolde a slice of cake that Percival had prepared.

"Wow, cake!" Isolde's eyes sparkled as she excitedly reached for it.

"Too much will give you cavities." Cecilia warned and stopped her.

Isolde pouted at Cecilia, looking at her with an expression of distress as if she had just been very cruel.

"Let her eat a little to fill her stomach." Vivienne said with a smile, helping Isolde open the cake box.

"She needs to take her medicine later, and it's not good to take it on an empty stomach."

"Alright." Cecilia reluctantly agreed.

Isolde's lips immediately curled up into a smile, and she silently made a "yay" gesture at Vivienne.

After watching Cecilia coax Isolde into eating the cake and taking her medicine, Vivienne left Isolde's

room. She was still worried about Matthew, who had been taken to the hospital, and wondered if Jerry

and the others had everything under control.

Worried that Isolde might have trouble sleeping after today's scare, Cecilia insisted on staying with her

despite Isolde's protests.

When Vivienne saw Isolde complaining about Cecilia but clinging tightly to her waist. She couldn't help

but smile.

It was late, and most of the servants in the villa had already gone to bed.

Isolde's room was on the second floor. When Vivienne went downstairs to the living room, she saw

Percival sitting upright on the leather sofa.

Thomas was standing next to him, looking as if they were about to face a great enemy.

A pot of freshly brewed coffee and ten cups were placed on the coffee table in front of Percival. The

ceiling light cast a soft glow on his face, highlighting his striking features.

Vivienne stood by the stairs for a moment, admiring the view. Percival was indeed a handsome man;

even his posture while drinking coffee was pleasing to the eye.

But was there really a need to sit so upright just for coffee? It was as if he was negotiating with

someone.

And...

"Are you having a coffee party with ghosts?" Vivienne asked, raising an eyebrow at the ten empty cups.

Percival struggled to respond.

Could he tell her that he was actually waiting for Leopold and her eight disciples to come knocking, so

he had set everything up in advance?

But after waiting for so long, no one showed up.

"Didn't your disciples say they were coming to see me?" Percival asked casually.

"Huh?"

Vivienne was puzzled. She knew her disciples too well. They wouldn't just let Percival off the hook that easily, let alone not even enter his house.

She needed to check with Jerry about Matthew's condition. Even though Matthew had taken her life-saving pill in advance and was not critically injured, she still needed to make sure he was alright.

"Forget about them." Although Vivienne found it strange, she didn't want to think too much about it. "I have a friend in the hospital. I need to go there first."

"I'll go with you. We can head back to Bay Estates afterwards." Percival stood up, ready to ask Thomas to prepare the car. Just then, Thomas' phone rang.

Thomas answered the phone, and his face changed after hearing the first sentence. "What?! Someone broke into Bay Estates and demolished two houses? Who dares mess with Mr. Ellington's property?!"

Vivienne and Percival were both taken aback.

Before Thomas could ask more, another call came in. "What?! Mr. Ellington's villa at Blossom Manor was attacked with a stink bomb?!"

Before he could react, more calls came in. "The apartment in West Sand District was attacked with a wasp nest?!"

"The mansion in East District was infested with bedbugs?!"

"The pipes in the flat on Ring City Road were broken?!"

"Eastpeak Mountain's villa is overrun with pigs?!"

Vivienne and Percival stood silently. Their expressions transitioned from initial frowns to eventual numbness.

"Er, Mr. Ellington..." Thomas finally ended all the calls and looked at Percival with a troubled face. "All your residences in Havenwood have been vandalized."

"Heh." Vivienne couldn't help but laugh. She knew her disciples wouldn't let Percival off so easily.

"I can guess who did this." Percival rubbed his temples, his voice a mix of anger and resignation. "Are our people just eating their paychecks? They just watched my houses get trashed?"

"Ah well..." Thomas laughed awkwardly, unable to cover up the truth anymore. "It was Leopold himself who led the attack. Who would dare stop him?"

No one could have anticipated that Leopold himself would lead an attack on Percival's properties, so there was no defense prepared.

"Heh." Percival let out a chilling sneer. "Very well, he's really pulled a fast one."

Chapter 193

A shiver ran through Thomas as he looked at the smirk plastered on Percival's face. He couldn't help but feel sympathy for Leopold deep within his heart.

"Let's stay here for tonight." Percival quipped as an icy laugh escaped his lips. "We can settle the scores tomorrow."

Vivienne showed no objection, merely shrugging her shoulders as she was about to ask Percival which room she would be occupying when his phone suddenly buzzed.

Percival took out his phone and glanced at it. The name "Leopold" was boldly displayed on the screen.

A slow, sinister smile spread across his frosty lips.

Interesting!

It was quite audacious for him to call at this time.

Percival answered the call. He put it on speakerphone. His voice was curt and to the point. "Speak."

"Percival!" Leopold's voice on the other end was full of bravado, but it was clear that there was an underlying tremor of uncertainty.

"Cough cough... We, the nine disciples of the Emerald Monastery, are giving you an ultimatum. You must return the Mystic Mistress immediately and not allow her to stay at Mrs. Cecilia's mansion.

Otherwise, you won't even be able to save the mansion, and both Mrs. Cecilia and Isolde will have to sleep on the streets with you tonight!"

Percival only chuckled cryptically, replying in a slow, deliberate tone. "Leopold. You! Are! Something! Else!"

Leopold, who had been forced to make this call under the pressure of his eight disciples, could hear the gritting of teeth in Percival's voice, causing a chill to run down his spine. He almost wanted to beg for mercy.

But under the stern gazes of his disciples, he had to maintain a tough facade. "In any case, do as we say, or face the consequences!"

As soon as he finished, he was about to hang up in fear, but Vivienne suddenly interjected. "Wait."

"Um, Mystic Mistress..." Leopold stumbled over his words, finding it hard to reconcile the imposing figure of the Mystic Mistress with Vivienne.

"How is Matthew doing?" Vivienne asked.

Leopold was taken aback and turned to look at Jerry, who was equally stunned. They exchanged puzzled looks with the other seven disciples. They had been so focused on settling scores with Percival that they had completely forgotten about Matthew.

"You seem to have a lot of free time." Vivienne's tone was indifferent, but it inexplicably sent a chill down the spines of the nine disciples.

Dawson quickly snatched the phone, unable to respond to Vivienne but yelling at Percival instead.

"Just do as we say, Percival! Or else you'll regret it!"

With that, he abruptly ended the call and then kicked the visibly shaken Leopold. "What are you scared of? What can that Percival do compared to us? We could easily crush him with a single kick!"

Of course, they were not scared.

After they had finished bullying Percival, they would just dust off their hands and walk away.

Even if they offended Percival terribly, they still had the Mystic Mistress as their safety net.

But privately, Leopold had a deep personal relationship with Percival. Officially, he was Percival's subordinate.

Once they had had their fun and left, wouldn't Percival take out all his anger on him?

Leopold was on the verge of tears. The more he thought about it, the bleaker his future seemed. He even considered just ending it all right there.

"What are you waiting for?" Jerry shot Leopold a cold glance. "What's with the daze?"

"Where are we going?" Leopold was still coming to terms with his emotions.

"Of course, we're going to keep an eye on Percival and see if he does as we say!" Daniel rolled his eyes at Leopold, leading the way to his sports car. "We can't let that scoundrel trick us!"

"No way!" Leopold was forcefully pulled into Donald's SUV by Gary.

"If he doesn't comply, are you really going to destroy Mrs. Cecilia's mansion?"

"Don't worry." Donald casually brushed back his hair, admiring himself in the rear-view mirror. "We'll leave a room for the mother and daughter to sleep in."

With that, he pressed the accelerator, leading the way out, with the other two cars following closely behind.

Leopold was thrown back into his seat from the sudden acceleration, cursing his disciples as devils in his heart.

Devils were nothing compared to them. Nothing was more terrifying.

He had forgotten that if Vivienne's lover wasn't Percival, he might have been more devilish than them.

...

Back in the mansion.

Vivienne raised an eyebrow as she heard the call being disconnected.

Percival, however, maintained his smug grin throughout, causing Thomas to feel increasingly uneasy.

He decided it would be wise to start planning how to handle Leopold's body discreetly.

"Let's go to the hospital." Vivienne suggested, rubbing her temples with a hint of frustration. These nine men were nothing but trouble.

"Sure." Percival directed Thomas to start the car.

However, shortly after they left the mansion, they noticed three cars trailing them.

"Mr. Ellington, there are three cars following us." Thomas noted as he glanced at the rear-view mirror.

"It seems to be Ms. Hawthorn's disciples."

"Hmm." Percival responded nonchalantly. He had noticed it earlier but chose not to mention it. "Let them follow."

True to his words, the three cars followed them all the way to the hospital.

As they exited their car in the hospital parking lot, Percival spotted the nine figures not too far away. In

a deliberate move, he took Vivienne's hand and raised it to his lips, planting a gentle kiss.

Vivienne felt the soft press of his lips on the back of her hand. The warmth made her heart flutter, and

she instinctively tried to withdraw her hand, but Percival held it firmly, giving it a gentle bite. His smile

sent her heart racing, and she was instantly reminded of their passionate kiss, causing her cheeks to

flush.

Percival's gaze lingered on her flushed cheeks, finding some comfort from the annoyance caused by

Leopold and his crew.

He held Vivienne's hand and led her towards the elevator.

"How dare he?! He dared to kiss the Mystic Mistress's hand?! I'll kill him!" Dawson was livid as he stormed towards Percival.

Leopold failed to hold him back, watching helplessly as the other seven disciples followed suit, their eyes burning with rage.

He cursed at Percival for choosing such a time to make his move. When the fight broke out, whose side would he take?

However, they were too slow. By the time Dawson reached the elevator, Percival and Vivienne had already stepped in. All he could do was watch the elevator doors close on Percival's nonchalant smile.

When they finally reached the upper floor of the hospital, Matthew's room was empty except for the nurse.

After seeing the nine men storming into the room, Matthew, who was lying on the hospital bed, was taken aback. "What... what are you guys doing?"

"Where is the Mystic Mistress?" Dawson demanded through gritted teeth.

"She... she left." Matthew said while looking bewildered. "She saw that I was okay and left with Mr.

Ellington."

"Mr. Ellington?" Daniel chuckled darkly. "So, Matthew, it seems you knew about the Mystic Mistress's engagement all along."

Chapter 194

Matthew shivered under their icy glare.

"The Mystic Mistress said that the engagement was bound to be broken sooner or later, so there was no need to let too many people know about it." He said.

Although he now felt that this engagement was surely not going to be broken, given Vivienne's importance to Percival.

But upon looking at the menacing look on Dawson's face, he realized he could not say this thought out loud. If he did, he wouldn't make it out of this hospital room alive.

Thankfully, after hearing Matthew's response, the faces of Dawson and his men seemed to lighten up a little.

Donald snorted coldly, flicked his bangs, and said, "I knew that the Mystic Mistress wouldn't be so blind. The engagement must be a sham."

Dawson turned to Leopold, asking icily, "Why didn't you say their engagement was a sham earlier?"

Leopold was speechless. All he could do was chuckle awkwardly.

He had no idea whether Vivienne was truly intent on continuing their engagement. But he knew that Mr.

Ellington's affection for Vivienne was genuine.

Even if Vivienne wanted to break off the engagement, Percival would surely not agree.

"Regardless, you should not have kept it to yourself." Jerry pointed at Matthew coldly. "We'll settle this later."

They stormed out of the hospital room, continuing their pursuit of Percival and Vivienne.

The nurse, who had been too frightened to speak since the men barged into the room, finally breathed a sigh of relief. She stuttered, asking Matthew, "Sir, did you offend some kind of underground force?"

"Worse than that." Matthew sighed heavily.

He hoped that Percival could distract these men for a while longer, so they wouldn't remember him and come looking for trouble.

Meanwhile, after visiting Matthew, Vivienne and Percival took the elevator down to the underground parking lot.

Originally, Vivienne planned to stay with Matthew for a while, but Percival urged her to leave, assuring

her that his men would take good care of Matthew.

She knew what Percival was anxious about, so she left with him.

Once they got in the car, Thomas backed out of the parking space and asked Percival, "Mr. Ellington,

where to?"

The car fell silent for a moment.

Percival's properties in Havenwood had all been destroyed, and he was certain that if he took Vivienne

to a hotel, those nine men would likely cause a ruckus there as well.

"Take me home." Vivienne said flatly.

She had planned to return to Tranquil Estates today anyway.

And it was time for her to move out of Percival's place.

She had moved in initially to investigate why he had her mother's pendant. Now that everything was

clear, there was no reason for her to stay.

Thomas glanced at Percival in the rear-view mirror. Seeing no objection, he drove out of the parking lot,

heading towards Tranquil Estates.

He never thought that Mr. Ellington would compromise and begin living separately from Vivienne.

...

Tranquil Estates.

It was almost midnight, but Dorian and Cordelia hadn't slept due to the day's events.

They were still worried, despite knowing that Vivienne was safe. Thus, they sat silently in the living room.

When they heard the doorbell, Cordelia was restless, fearing that something else had gone wrong. But when they saw Percival and Vivienne standing outside, the couple looked stunned.

"Vivienne, Percival?" Cordelia quickly opened the door. "What brings you here so late?"

"I'm moving back." Vivienne said succinctly.

"Good, good." Dorian replied as he broke into a beaming smile. "It's about time you moved back."

He had never been in favor of Vivienne living with Percival. If it weren't for Cordelia's insistence that their daughter was old enough to make her own decisions and that they shouldn't interfere too much, he would have brought her back home long ago.

He always felt uncomfortable when he thought about his well-raised daughter living with a man.

However, Percival wasn't just any man. He was a golden pig.

As he spoke, Dorian stepped aside to let Vivienne in.

Vivienne walked in, sat on the sofa, and poured herself a glass of water.

When she looked up, she saw that Percival had followed her in.

She raised an eyebrow at him, her eyes questioning why he came in.

"Dorian, Cordelia, I'm afraid I'll have to crash here tonight as well," said Percival, his tone polite.

Vivienne looked at Percival in surprise.

Percival gave her a hook-lipped smile.

He knew exactly what he was doing.

Those nine disciples had the guts to destroy his house, but would they dare destroy Vivienne's house?

They refused to let them live together?

They could dream on!

"Huh?" Dorian looked at Percival, his face a picture of suspicion.

His daughter had just moved back home, and this man had the audacity to want to stay as well?

Percival explained with a smile. "My house has been infested with nine mice. It's too noisy to live in, so

I have to trouble you."

"Nine mice?" Cordelia frowned. "Is the sanitary condition of your neighborhood that bad? Do you want

me to recommend some mouse poison?"

"If you could, that would be great." Percival replied seriously.

Vivienne almost spat out her water.

She looked at Percival's serious expression in astonishment.

He wasn't actually planning to use mouse poison on her nine disciples, was he?

"Don't you have any other properties in Havenwood?" Dorian asked skeptically.

"Nine pesky mice have messed up all my houses." Percival replied with a poker face.

Even Cordelia didn't believe him at this point, exchanging a wary glance with Dorian.

They thought maybe it was because Vivienne and Percival had a spat. Vivienne wanted to move back

home, and Percival came along to make amends.

But since Percival insisted on staying, Dorian couldn't just kick him out. He nodded to Cordelia. "Alright

then. Get a room ready for Percival."

"No need to trouble yourself; I can sort it out." Percival said with a grin.

Cordelia still helped him set up a guest room.

Thankfully, it was summer, so they didn't need many blankets; otherwise, they wouldn't know what to give him.

Vivienne didn't pay much attention to the matter. She felt a bit peckish and had been craving Cordelia's pasta for a while.

After hearing that Vivienne wanted her pasta, Cordelia let Dorian help Percival and went to the kitchen to whip up a late-night snack.

Dorian wasn't too happy about Percival's stay. While dusting off a blanket, he covered Percival in dust.

However, Percival didn't mind; he let his father-in-law vent his minor irritation.

Once the room was sorted out, Cordelia's pasta was ready.

Except for the already sleeping Thaddeus, the four of them sat around the kitchen table, enjoying the late-night snack. The atmosphere was surprisingly harmonious.

Just as Vivienne was about to go for a second helping, Percival's phone rang. He took it out and saw Leopold's name on the screen.

Since Dorian and Cordelia were there, he didn't put it on speaker. He walked to the guest room to answer the call, keeping it short.

"Speak."

"Percival! You dare stay at the Mystic Mistress's house?!" The voice that came through wasn't Leopold's, but an extremely angry and unfamiliar male voice.

"Hmm." Percival let out a cold chuckle. "So? What can you do to me?"

"You!" Dawson was almost fuming, but he really couldn't do anything to Percival.

They could mess with Percival's houses, but they couldn't touch Vivienne's place.

That damn Percival! He had blocked their way!

"Percival! You're digging your own grave!" Dawson spat out through his gritted teeth. "Get the hell out of her house now!"

Chapter 195

Percival casually hooked a smile on his lips and stood with one hand tucked inside his pocket. His tone was nonchalant as he said, "What if I don't?"

Dawson clenched his teeth. "If you don't leave, I'll break your bones."

"Well then, let's wait until you're actually capable of doing that." Percival retorted, pausing before

adding, "By the way, thanks to you all, I've found a legitimate reason to move into my in-laws' place. A

perfect opportunity to bond with Vivienne and win over my in-laws."

"Percival!" Dawson roared. He was about to curse, but Percival cut him off by hanging up the phone.

Before he did, he left a message. "Tell Leopold that the cost of the house renovation is on him."

Leopold, who was already feeling down, slumped even more.

Goodness, his millions were gone just like that, with no way to claim them back. Why did he have to

suffer like this?

"What do we do now?" Gary glared at Leopold, refusing to back down.

Feeling the intensity of Gary's gaze, Leopold looked up to find the seven other men staring at him. He

stuttered, "Why are you asking me?"

Larry sneered. "Because you're in cahoots with that scumbag. You've betrayed us..."

"Stop!" Leopold interrupted him.

"You know him best, so you must know his weaknesses." Jerry stated. "Tell us, and we might consider forgiving your betrayal."

This was getting out of hand. Leopold racked his brain for an answer.

Finally, he said weakly, "Mr. Ellington, er, Wolf's only weakness might be the Mystic Mistress?"

"What do you mean? Are we supposed to target the Mystic Mistress? Are you trying to mislead us?"

Donald scoffed. "You want to make us cross the Mystic Mistress so Wolf can have her all to himself?"

The others were ready to punch Leopold after Donald's accusation.

"No, no, absolutely not!" Leopold denied it. "But Percival doesn't really have any weaknesses."

If Percival had any obvious weaknesses, he would have never become their leader. As for Vivienne, she could be considered a weakness, but she was the Mystic Mistress.

Leopold could understand their resentment towards Percival, as Vivienne was truly outstanding. The fact that Percival had her to himself was undoubtedly frustrating.

"Then what's the plan?" Brian grabbed Leopold. "Unless we break up the Mystic Mistress and Wolf, I guarantee that you won't have a moment's peace!"

"Well, why don't we all move into this house?" Leopold suggested.

"Finally, a sensible idea..." Daniel slapped Leopold's head. "The Mystic Mistress's house is too small for all of us!"

Dawson, however, laughed. "I have a solution."

...

Tranquil Estates.

After their late-night snack, Dorian was about to go to bed when he received a call from his boss,

Dawson, who was seemingly unusually friendly. "Dorian, I apologize for calling so late, but I have a proposition."

"Mr. Dawson, please, go on." Dorian replied.

"We have a new batch of villas for sale from our real estate development division." Dawson explained,

"Our marketing team thought of a new promotional strategy involving a real family living in our villas.

We've decided to invite your family."

"I see." Dorian was surprised. "But I'm not involved with the real estate division."

"That's exactly why we chose you. We feel like you would have a more genuine experience." Dawson

was quite convincing over the phone. "You have a wife and two children. The perfect family for our campaign.

"We're asking you to temporarily move into one of our villas in Jade Garden Residences for a month. In return, the company will reward you handsomely. You won't just get a bonus, but we can also offer you the villa you lived in at an employee rate. What do you think?"

The price of real estate in Havenwood was astronomical, especially in the city center where Jade Garden Residences was located. The price per square foot was even higher than their current home in Tranquil Estates.

Keeping in mind the employee rate that Mr. Dawson had proposed, the price for the entire villa was less than a third of their current apartment's worth.

With his annual salary at Alliance Enterprises, Dorian could easily afford the mortgage for such a villa.

Not to mention, given the location of the villa, it was sure to appreciate in value. Even if he were to resell it later on, he was certain to make a hefty profit.

His daughter Vivienne was engaged to Percival, and it wouldn't be long before they tied the knot.

As the father of the bride, he couldn't keep living in a rented apartment forever.

And his another daughter, Astrid, was seeing someone too, so he had to keep up appearances for his girls' sake.

Thus, Dawson's proposal truly moved him.

He even wondered if his boss engaged in sleep talking because it felt surreal. It was truly like a dream.

And so he hurriedly agreed to Dawson's proposition.

Dawson was quite pleased with Dorian's cooperation, but he kept emphasizing something weird.

"Remember, your daughter has to move in too."

"Sure, sure, Mr. Dawson, you can count on me." Dorian quickly replied.

After hanging up, he sat on his bed in a daze.

His wife, Cordelia, who was already lying down, looked at him curiously. "What did your boss say that has you so stunned?"

Dorian gave Cordelia a vacant look and suddenly planted a big kiss on her cheek. "We're moving into a villa!"

For most of his life, he had been held down by Beatrice, which nearly crushed his spirit. He thought he

was destined to live an unremarkable life, unable to provide a good life for his family.

Little did he know that Lady Luck had other plans. He had stumbled upon gold.

“Stop fooling around!” Cordelia dodged his advances, feeling embarrassed. “We haven't even gone to bed yet, and you’re already talking in your sleep.”

“I'm not talking in my sleep.” Dorian grabbed her and showered her with kisses.

Outside, Vivienne stopped in the corridor, listening to the indescribable sounds of Dorian and Cordelia's intimate conversation.

She swore she wasn't eavesdropping. It was just a coincidence.

She silently moved towards the foyer, quietly opened the door, and slipped out.

After she left, Percival's door opened silently. His tall figure stepped out, looking at the now empty foyer, deep in thought.

Chapter 196

The following day.

The news of Vivienne's heroic act during her live stream spread like wildfire throughout the town.

Last night, when the masked man started the live stream, someone began recording it. By the end of the night, the video had been shared countless times. Praises for Vivienne flooded the internet.

"Holy moly! What kind of luck does Class Eighteen have to land a teacher as amazing as Vivienne?"

"I stayed up all night researching Vivienne, and, boy, was I surprised. Not only is she the renowned perfumer, Master Q, but she's also the international fashion designer, Charles, and the legendary hacker, Shadow Wolf. What else don't I know about her?"

"That's not all. She's also skilled in medicine. And most importantly, she can defuse a bomb. Her speed and skill were nothing short of impressive."

"Don't forget that she's a genius. She earned two doctorate degrees at sixteen. She's the youngest PHD holder in Veridia."

"I'm in love. Who wouldn't love a teacher like her? Class Eighteen truly hit the jackpot."

The praise for Vivienne online was overwhelmingly positive.

...

Meanwhile, at the Brooks family's residence in Havenwood.

Arabella watched the viral videos of Vivienne with eyes filled with jealousy and spite.

Why?

Vivienne was just a country girl. Why did she deserve all this admiration?

Back when they were at the Hawthorn family household in Havenwood, Arabella could swallow her feelings of inadequacy towards Vivienne.

But now, even as the heiress of the Brooks family, she still found herself overshadowed by Vivienne.

Even the party she had meticulously planned was ruined by Vivienne.

A sinister glint flashed in Arabella's eyes as she watched Vivienne's videos.

Hmph!

Vivienne, do you think you've won?

...

On the outskirts of town, at the potter's field.

A skinny figure was frantically using a flashlight, searching for something. After following the location indicated on her phone, she finally found an unmarked cross tombstone.

The grave was obviously freshly dug with new, loose soil. Moreover, there were several tubes inserted into the ground.

"Are you... Are you in there?" Arabella asked nervously as she placed her ear next to one of the tubes.

Her entire body shook in fear of a zombie suddenly popping out.

"Stop talking and start digging!" A cold voice answered from below.

Arabella trembled. His voice was the stuff of nightmares. She hadn't thought to bring any tools, so she picked up a thick stick from the side and started digging.

Fortunately, the soil was not packed tightly. Despite her struggle, she managed to dig it out quickly.

Underneath was a thin box.

The person who buried the box didn't want the occupant to die too quickly, so they not only left the soil loose but also made air holes in the box and inserted tubes.

Arabella managed to open the box, revealing Felix's deathly pale face. She screamed and stumbled backward.

"What are you afraid of?" Felix's hands and feet were broken, and he lay immobile in the box, coldly staring at Arabella. "Hurry up and get me out of here!"

Arabella hesitated for a moment. She realized that Felix was severely injured. She could just leave him there, or even kill him. But she couldn't because Felix had something on her.

So, gritting her teeth, she helped Felix out of the box and, with great difficulty, began to guide him towards her car parked outside the potter's field.

She never thought she would see this devilish man again. When she saw him as the substitute teacher for Class Eighteen at Cloudcrest High School, she knew she was doomed.

Felix was the man in black who had used her to frame Dorian.

After using her, he discarded her like a used tool, making her the target of public hatred.

Every promise he made to her was broken. If she hadn't become the daughter of the Brooks family, she would have been ruined forever.

She wanted nothing more than to slice him to pieces.

But Felix had her explicit photos and videos. She had no choice but to succumb to him, or he would expose them all.

Today was no different. This devilish man had anticipated his own trouble and had installed a tracking system on her phone. He instructed her to come find him if he didn't contact her after ten o'clock.

He told her that he had uploaded her explicit photos and videos on various internet platforms and set them to be shared publicly.

If she didn't come, her scandalous photos and videos would be all over the internet by tomorrow, and she would be truly ruined.

Even as the heiress of the Brooks family, she couldn't suppress this scandal, and she would be shunned by the Brooks family.

So, she had no choice but to come.

And there was another reason she was willing to save Felix.

The enemy of an enemy is a friend.

Since he was determined to oppose Vivienne, whom she hated the most, she naturally wanted to help him.

Arabella helped Felix into her car and drove him to a secluded farmhouse in the suburbs, following his instructions.

The farmhouse gate was open, with a sign that read "Farmstead Inn."

Arabella helped Felix to the door of the small, lit cabin. As she pushed the door open, the sight inside made her almost drop Felix in shock.

In a log cabin, a woman sat beside a square wooden table. She was wearing a ghastly mask, and her gaze was chillingly indifferent as she watched them.

It was the same woman from N&S Psychiatric Hospital, the one who had casually carved holes in her belly with a man with glasses!

Chapter 197

Arabella's face turned as white as a sheet as she remembered the horrific day and night she endured at the N&S Psychiatric Hospital. It was a nightmare that still haunted her.

In the dead of night, she would wake up countless times from the brutal torment she suffered there. For a long time after her rescue, she doubted if the man with glasses had really planted a bomb inside her.

More importantly, the aftermath of that ordeal was still plaguing her.

She unconsciously placed a hand on her belly.

Vivienne looked up slightly. Her cool gaze swept over Arabella, who had turned pale with fright, and landed on Felix, who was propped up by her and looked rather ragged. She didn't say a word.

Felix was also sizing up Vivienne. Despite her ghost mask, he could tell from her slender neck and delicate skin that she was quite young.

Ten years ago, a miracle healer known as Specter Healer emerged and shocked countless people with

her ability to bring the dead back to life. Even Brody, who had been practicing medicine for three years longer than her, was defeated.

Many people wanted her help, but they couldn't even get a chance to see her.

There were many rumors about her on the Dark Web. Some said she was a frail old man, some said she was an ugly middle-aged man, and others said she was a disabled woman.

It turned out that she was a young lady.

"Specter Healer?" Felix asked with some doubt.

Vivienne nodded lightly, her manner cold.

Arabella paused.

During her time at the N&S Psychiatric Hospital, she hadn't heard how the man with glasses had referred to this woman.

All she knew was that this woman, who wore a ghost mask, was a brilliant doctor.

She was the Specter Healer that the Brooks family had been searching for. Ever since Percival injured Tristan with a basketball, he had been paralyzed, and no doctor could help him. Scott had been trying

to contact Specter Healer to save him.

If she could get the elusive Specter Healer to come back with her, wouldn't the Brooks look at her with newfound respect?

Arabella remembered how Judith had looked at Vivienne with gratitude at the family reunion banquet, and she felt a surge of resentment.

What did it matter if Vivienne was a good doctor?

If she could build a relationship with Specter Healer, invite her to treat Tristan, and even become her apprentice, wouldn't she be able to outclass Vivienne in the future?

Many influential people longed to meet Specter Healer but couldn't. If she could leverage this, those people would become her allies and connections. What would Vivienne be then?

With Specter Healer backing her, she wouldn't even have to worry about the Four Prominent Families of Rivenwood.

Arabella felt a thrill of excitement at the thought and began to fidget.

She cast a glance at Felix. He might have lost to Vivienne, but he was still formidable. How else could he have met such a character? She wondered if she could make use of him.

Felix had no idea about Arabella's scheming. He took a deep breath, ignoring the pain in his limbs, and

asked, "Do you remember the favor you owe me?"

Back when Specter Healer posted a message on the Dark Web saying that anyone who could give her

a Star Grass and Seven-Poison Flower would earn a favor from her, Felix happened to have a Star

Grass.

Little did he know that the favor he earned back then would save his life now.

"I always keep my word." Vivienne replied, disguising her voice as she spoke coldly.

Back when Percival was poisoned, she needed a Star Grass and owed a favor to Omen, the leader of

GTO. She wouldn't forget that.

At that time, she had even suspected that Omen was Felix. She had been wondering when he would

come to claim his favor.

She didn't expect that he would wait until now.

Would he still ask for that favor if he knew that she was Vivienne and that his current predicament was

all her doing?

"Heal me." Felix requested. "And we'll be even."

"Lie down." Vivienne's eyes flickered with deep meaning as she gestured to a crude wooden bed nearby.

"What are you waiting for? Help me over there!" Felix ordered Arabella impatiently.

He didn't know what kind of drug Percival had fed him, but he believed that Specter Healer's medical skills could cure him and heal his broken limbs.

Arabella didn't say a word. She helped Felix over to the bed, taking care of him as he lay down before turning to Vivienne with a request of her own. "Are you the Specter Healer? I have a cousin who is seriously injured. I want to ask you to treat him. Name your price."

Vivienne didn't even glance at her. She stood up and walked over to examine Felix's broken limbs.

Percival's men didn't show any mercy. Felix's rolled-up sleeves and trouser legs revealed broken bones.

Vivienne only took a quick look.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" Arabella was annoyed when Vivienne ignored her. Her anger was overcoming her fear.

After all, within the walls of N&S Psychiatric Hospital, her true tormentor was the bespectacled man.

Thus, after the initial shock, she wasn't particularly fearful of the woman who had once operated on her abdomen.

Besides, she was no longer the pitiful creature with nothing to her name. She was the heiress of the Brooks family, so she now had more money.

She naively thought that as long as the price was right, even the legendary and highly respected doctor Specter Healer could be swayed by her wealth.

She watched as Vivienne operated on Felix, not even sparing her a glance. She even attempted to pull Vivienne's hand.

Vivienne raised her eyelids slightly, giving her a cold glance.

Arabella's hand froze mid-air, and her knees suddenly buckled, causing her to fall heavily to her knees.

The fall was so hard that she felt a searing pain in her knees, as if they were about to shatter.

Yet she didn't move, maintaining her kneeling position. She looked at Vivienne with a surprised and angry expression. "What did you do to me?!"

"You are very noisy." Vivienne's tone was icy-cold.

It was so cold that Arabella's heart couldn't help but shudder. The eyes she saw behind the woman's mask were cold and merciless, sweeping over her as if she were already a corpse.

Her mouth trembled, and she didn't dare speak again.

In an instant, she realized how naive her previous thoughts had been.

If Specter Healer could easily be swayed by money, then why hadn't the Brooks family, despite their wealth, been able to secure an appointment?

This wasn't someone she could disrespect casually.

If she angered the woman, she might not face death but a fate worse than death, like Felix lying on the bed.

"Shut up if you don't want to die!" Felix also glared at Arabella, then asked Vivienne, "How bad is my wound? How long will it take to heal? What poison is in it?"

He trusted Specter Healer's medical skills completely; hence, his query was not whether he could be cured, but when.

Vivienne, her eyebrows slightly raised beneath her mask, let go of Felix's wrist, and while he was still

speaking, she shoved a pill into his mouth.

Percival's intention was for Felix to languish and die slowly, so the poison he used wasn't fatal. That was easy enough to take care of.

"Cough, cough, cough..." Felix nearly choked on the pill, coughing for a while before swallowing.

Wisely, he didn't question Vivienne about what she had given him.

Chapter 198

After tending to Felix's wounds and seeing to his poison, Vivienne skillfully reset his broken bones by touch alone.

She then applied a cooling balm to his exposed injuries. It was a blessing in disguise that his wounds were open, saving her the pain of having to make any further incisions.

Once she'd finished, Vivienne set about splinting Felix's limbs, wrapping them securely.

Although Vivienne hadn't given him any pain relief, Felix felt considerably less pain once his bones had been reset.

The balm she'd applied to his wounds was soothing and cooling. If he weren't immobilized, he'd have believed himself to be well on the road to recovery. He couldn't help but be in awe of the highly revered

Specter Healer's medical prowess.

"How long before my injuries are completely healed?" He couldn't resist asking again.

Vivienne gave him a meaningful glance before replying. "Under normal circumstances, you should be back on your feet in a month."

But these were not normal circumstances.

While she'd been setting his bones, she'd surreptitiously planted a tiny needle in his vein.

"Oh, great Specter Healer, can you save my cousin?" Arabella, scared from her previous insolence towards Vivienne, asked timidly. Upon hearing that Felix's injuries could heal in a month, she couldn't help but think of her paralyzed cousin, Tristan.

Arabella's concern for Tristan wasn't out of deep affection, but rather because he was obedient to her.

He was a loyal servant. It would be a waste if he remained paralyzed.

As long as there was hope, she would try to save him.

Putting on her usual pitiful facade, Arabella tearfully pleaded with Vivienne. "My cousin was hurt defending me from villains and is now confined to his bed. All the doctors we've consulted have said they can't help him. You're his only hope. He's a good man, yet he suffers so. It's heart-wrenching to

see him in such a state. Please save him!"

Vivienne looked down at Arabella, finding the situation rather amusing. If Arabella knew that she was one of the 'villains' responsible for Tristan's current state, her reaction would be priceless.

Unfortunately, Vivienne had no plans to reveal her identity just yet.

"Save him?" Vivienne asked with a smirk. "I can, but for a price."

"Name it! I'll do anything!" Arabella replied earnestly. "Even if it means serving you and fetching your water, I'm willing!"

Arabella's last sentence was purposefully suggestive. She was hoping that the Specter Healer would take her in. If she couldn't become a disciple initially, she was sure she could win her favor eventually.

If only she knew that the woman she was trying to impress, the woman she hoped to call her master, was Vivienne. She would be mortified.

"No need for all that." Vivienne glanced at Felix, who was lying on the bed. "Just kill him, and I'll save your cousin."

"What?!" Arabella was shocked. She looked up and realized that she could now move.

She stood up. Vivienne gestured towards the knife on the table, the one she'd used to treat Felix's wounds. "The knife's right there. He can't move. He won't put up a fight."

"Specter Healer, what is the meaning of this?!" Felix demanded while glaring at Vivienne.

Vivienne remained silent while looking at Arabella. "What's the matter? Can't do it?"

Arabella looked at Vivienne, then at Felix, and finally at the knife still stained with Felix's blood.

After weighing the benefits of having the Specter Healer come back with her to the Brooks family to save Tristan, she clenched her teeth, picked up the knife, and walked towards Felix.

"Arabella, you want to kill me?" Felix's face was grim as he warned Arabella. "Think carefully!"

Suddenly, Arabella remembered the compromising photos and videos Felix held over her head. If she killed him now, those would be plastered all over the internet.

The knife dropped from Arabella's hand with a resounding clatter. She covered her face as tears began streaming down her face. "I...I can't do it. I can't kill someone..."

"It seems you don't care much for your cousin." Vivienne scoffed.

Arabella lowered her eyes to conceal the resentment in them.

Tristan was nothing more than a faithful servant to her. How could she risk her reputation and future for

him?

Her compromising materials were in Felix's hands. She couldn't kill him now.

For her sake, she had to sacrifice Tristan.

"Get out." Vivienne looked down at Arabella, who was half a head shorter than her. "You're in my way."

"But...but..." Arabella glanced at Felix, hesitating.

"If you don't leave, would you prefer to kneel here forever?" Vivienne asked coldly.

Arabella trembled, not daring to say another word. She turned and fled.

"Specter Healer, what was that all about?!" Felix questioned her once Arabella was out of earshot.

"Omen, you're a bit thick." Vivienne replied with a soft laugh. She picked up a clean piece of cloth from the table and began to delicately clean the blood and residual ointment from her fingers.

The dim light in the cabin cast a warm glow on her slender fingers as she cleaned them meticulously.

The sight of her, with her head bowed as she worked diligently, was strangely captivating.

Felix furrowed his brows in confusion, his gaze landing on the unfinished splints on the wooden table. A

chill ran through him. "How did you know I was buried in a graveyard?"

Vivienne paused, turning her face towards him with an enigmatic smile.

His heart sank under her gaze.

"And how did you know my limbs were broken? How could you have prepared the splints and medicines in advance?"

"You're not entirely clueless, it seems." Vivienne conceded, discarding the soiled bandage. She slipped one hand into her pocket as the other pulled off the eerie mask she wore, revealing her face to Felix.

His pupils constricted. Shock and anger now radiated from his glare at the unmasked woman, whose face was filled with mockery.

"Vivienne! It was you all along!"

He had never suspected that the renowned Specter Healer was none other than Vivienne.

For the first time, Felix felt the cold grip of fear. He had assumed that he held a favor from the Specter Healer, and thus he had remained calm when Percival had him sealed in a coffin and buried underground. He had believed that, with the Specter Healer owing him, he would never die.

But now...

"You... you can't kill me!" Felix tried to move, but his broken limbs wouldn't cooperate. "Don't forget that

you owe me a favor! You have to save me! If you break your word, everyone will know you're a fraud!"

"I always keep my promises." Vivienne responded. A meaningful smile graced her lips as she looked at

Felix. "I've already fulfilled your request."

Chapter 199

Felix's heart skipped a beat as he realized the implications of his previous words. He had told Vivienne

to treat him, not necessarily to heal him.

Vivienne, her hands in her pockets and the smile gone from her face, turned her piercing gaze towards

him. "You should be grateful that I owe you a favor. It is the only reason you're getting off this easy."

With that, she turned to leave.

Felix, seething with rage, tried to call out to her but found that he was voiceless. He struggled to follow

but ended up collapsing to the ground, left to watch helplessly as Vivienne walked away.

Outside the cabin, Vivienne emerged into the darkness where Draven had been waiting. She issued a

cold command. "Lock the door."

"Understood." Draven obediently responded.

As Vivienne left the farm, she looked up at the night sky, where stars twinkled like scattered diamonds, a sight she couldn't enjoy in the light-polluted cities.

"You still love stargazing, huh?"

In the shadow of the trees outside the farm, a black Lincoln was parked. Percival, leaning against its body, was barely visible in the darkness. His eyes shone brighter than the stars as he watched Vivienne.

"And you still love following me?" Vivienne quipped, tilting her head to look at him with a smile.

Percival walked over to hold her hand as they both looked at the sky, pointing to the five stars in the shape of an M above the North Star. He asked, "Do you remember?"

"Cassiopeia. Mr. Wolf, you taught me." Vivienne replied while looking at the stars. "Quite ironic that the queen only became truly perfect after losing her beauty."

"Vivienne." He squeezed Vivienne's hand. "I can't claim to be a perfect man, but I promise to be your perfect lover."

Taken aback, Vivienne found herself wondering how they had gone from talking about the stars to him professing his love for her.

Percival, however, didn't wait for her response. Instead, he gently led her towards the Lincoln,

thoughtfully opening the backseat door for her.

"Ms. Hawthorn." Thomas, sitting in the driver's seat, greeted Vivienne with a somewhat weary expression.

After a long day and an exhausting night due to Leopold's interference, he was tired and just wanted to sleep. Yet he had been roused by Mr. Ellington to tail his fiancée.

However, he didn't dare voice his complaints and put on a cheerful front when Percival got in the car.

"Mr. Ellington."

"Back to Tranquil Estates." Percival ordered.

The car started, and perhaps because of Percival's presence, Vivienne felt secure enough to relax and fell asleep on the seat.

As she dozed off, her head tilted to rest on Percival's shoulder.

Percival looked down at her peaceful sleeping face and couldn't help but smile. He lightly kissed her forehead and pulled her closer to him, allowing her to sleep more comfortably.

Upon reaching Tranquil Estates, Vivienne still hadn't woken up.

Percival, not wanting to disturb her, carefully carried her upstairs.

As he was carrying her to her room, he realized that Vivienne's unusual compliance was a sign of her complete trust in him.

He used the passcode Vivienne had given him to enter the Hawthorn family's apartment and silently carried her to her room, gently placing her on the bed.

After making sure that the air conditioning was at the right temperature and tucking her in under a blanket, he turned around only to find his future father-in-law, Dorian, standing in the doorway with a shocked expression.

Percival, not wanting to wake Vivienne, quietly stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him.

"You, you, you actually sneaked into Vivienne's room in the middle of the night?!" Dorian pointed at him, his hand trembling.

Cordelia, who had come out of her room to use the bathroom, was taken aback by Dorian's words and froze in the hallway.

"Speak up!" Dorian demanded, glaring at Percival with a malicious look. "What stage have you and Vivienne reached?"

"We're at a stage where we can get married." Percival ambiguously answered.

Dorian misunderstood, and his eyes widened in shock and anger.

"Don't just stand here; let's go to the living room to talk." Cordelia suggested, not wanting to wake Vivienne and Thaddeus, as she shot Percival a look.

Percival's eyes glinted with amusement as he obediently followed Dorian and Cordelia to the living room.

Once they were seated, Dorian and Cordelia turned their stern gazes towards Percival.

Cordelia asked, "Now that you and Vivienne have crossed the line, what are your plans?"

"I plan to marry Vivienne as soon as she turns 20." Percival answered with a smile. "Don't worry, I'll give Vivienne the grandest wedding."

After hearing this, Dorian's expression softened a little, but he still looked at Percival as if he were a beast. "Vivienne is so young; how could you..."

How could he take advantage of her?

His little girl was now truly taken by this man.

"I couldn't help myself." Percival responded seriously.

"Well, since you have made up your mind, that's fine. Vivienne's 20th birthday is only half a year away."

Cordelia sighed, then added a little awkwardly, "But Vivienne is still young. Don't rush to have children after getting married. Make sure to take precautions."

"Don't worry, I will." Percival assured them.

Vivienne had no idea that, as she innocently slept, Percival, in cahoots with her father and stepmother, had already fixed the date for their wedding.

...

The next day.

Vivienne was awakened by Draven's call. He was succinct and straight to the point. "Felix passed away this morning."

"Um, make sure to clean up all traces of him." Vivienne replied nonchalantly before hanging up the call.

Since she was still dressed in yesterday's black attire, she decided to freshen up and change into new

clothes.

Just then, Cordelia came knocking at her door. "Vivienne, are you up? Breakfast is ready."

"I'm up." Vivienne answered, opening the door to meet Cordelia's unusually complicated gaze.

Cordelia scrutinized her meticulously, her eyes reflecting a mix of relief and regret. Finally, she let out a soft sigh and made her way to the dining room.

Vivienne was puzzled.

By the time she got to the dining room, Percival was already there, setting the table. After seeing her, he shot her a warm smile.

Dorian, who was seated on the side, had a similarly complex look on his face as he watched Vivienne.

One part frustration, one part reluctance, one part melancholy, and a touch of relief. He let out a heavy sigh and said, "Sit down. You're all grown up now, so it's about that time."

Vivienne was now even more puzzled.

She felt as though she had missed something.

When she looked questioningly at Percival, he simply smiled and ladled porridge into her bowl without

a word.

Vivienne sat there, sipping on her porridge with a perplexed expression, feeling as though Percival's

grin was loaded with the satisfaction of a successful schemer.

Chapter 200

Almost done with breakfast, Dorian remembered a call he got from Dawson yesterday.

"Oh, right, there's something I need to tell you guys." He continued. "We're moving house today. We're

moving to a villa in Jade Garden Residences."

"Mr. Hawthorn, you bought a house?" Vivienne frowned.

The prices in Jade Garden Residences were even higher than in Tranquil Estates. If it was a villa, it

would cost millions.

"No, but I might in the future." Dorian couldn't help but grin at the thought of this unexpected good

fortune.

"See, Jade Garden Residences is a real estate development by our company, and their planning

department wants to use real-life experiences as a promotional strategy for the villas. Somehow, they

chose our family."

"My boss, Dawson, told me yesterday that as long as our entire family lives in their model house for a

month, not only would they give me a bonus, but they would also sell me the villa we're living in for a

much lower price than market value. I thought it was a great opportunity, so I agreed."

After hearing that it was Dawson's scheme, Vivienne decided not to interfere.

"You handle it. I have no objections."

Percival, on the other hand, was looking skeptical. He felt that there was something odd about it.

"Dorian, Cordelia, I've been looking for a place to stay lately. You wouldn't mind if I joined you for this

experience, would you? I'm also considering buying a villa in Jade Garden Residences."

Dorian was about to refuse, but Cordelia shot him a look, and he relented.

With Vivienne and Percival getting along so well, it would be good to give the couple some space to

nurture their relationship.

So he reluctantly nodded.

"Dad, will we get to live in a big house from now on?" Thaddeus asked, his eyes sparkling with

excitement.

"Yes." Dorian answered as he patted Thaddeus' hair affectionately.

Upon seeing his son's expectant eyes, he decided that he had to buy the villa. Besides, he might not get another chance to take advantage of such a bargain.

"Since we're only going to be staying there for a month, we'll just take some essentials. You don't have to worry about the moving."

"Alright." Vivienne agreed. She had other things on her mind, and after finishing her breakfast and cleaning up her dishes, she said, "I'm off to school."

"I'll come with you." Percival offered.

"What are you going to do at school? There's no PE class this week, and you're a PE teacher."

Vivienne teased.

"I'm also looking for the person you're looking for, so why not go together?" Percival replied simply.

Vivienne's gaze flickered. She was indeed going to school to look for someone.

Anna.

She had noticed the girl's skills on the basketball court, and after witnessing her defusing a bomb, she was sure that Anna was the child she had been looking for.

When Vivienne and Percival arrived at Cloudcrest High School, they learned from Lysander that Anna

had transferred to Rivenwood overnight.

"The kidnapping must have scared her. That's probably why she decided to transfer suddenly."

Lysander said with a frown. He couldn't understand why Anna would choose to transfer to Rivenwood a week before the college entrance exams.

But then, Anna had scored sixth in the whole grade in the last exam. Even if she transferred to Rivenwood, she should be able to get into a good university.

Vivienne stayed silent. She and Percival had been looking for Anna for so long, hoping to learn the truth about her mother's last mission and the potion incident. And now, she had just disappeared like that.

Just then, her phone buzzed. She took it out and saw a message from an unknown number: [Ms.

Vivienne, I know you have many questions. Come find me at Rivenwood. I'll be waiting.]

Anna!

Percival saw it too. They exchanged a glance, both wondering about Anna's intentions.

Was her sudden transfer a way to escape someone, or was she using herself as bait to lure Vivienne to

Rivenwood?

...

Meanwhile, Dorian and Cordelia had hired a moving company for their big move to Jade Garden

Residences.

Dawson had told them that all the furniture, appliances, and household items in the villa were already prepared, so they only needed to bring their clothes and necessities.

When they were led to the designated model villa by the property management, Dorian thought they had made a mistake.

The villa was not only located in the best part of Jade Garden Residences, but it was also the biggest.

Which real estate company would use their best house as a model home?

However, the property management confirmed that there was no mistake and handed them the keys.

Dorian and Cordelia moved their belongings into the villa, both astonished and puzzled.

As soon as they stepped inside, they were stunned by the luxurious European-style interior.

Custom-made crystal chandeliers from Veloria, handcrafted leather sofas, dining tables, and coffee tables with surfaces made from large pieces of jade.

Even the carpet was a handwoven piece from an international luxury brand.

The total value of the interior design and furniture could easily buy another villa of the same size.

"Does your company always go all out on these model homes?" Cordelia was flabbergasted. She felt

cautious about where to step, afraid she might break something and have to pay for it.

"Did Mr. Dawson really say he'd give us all this furniture and decoration?"

"Uh-huh, that's what he said." Dorian was just as stunned.

"Is Mr. Dawson some kind of rich idiot?" Cordelia expressed her perplexity.

Before they could recover from their shock at the opulence of the villa, the doorbell rang unexpectedly.

"It must be the real estate agents. They must have given us the wrong house." Dorian hurried to

answer the door, mumbling, "I knew it couldn't be this one..."

But as soon as he opened the door, he was greeted by Dawson's smiling face.

"Mr. Dawson?"

When he looked past Dawson, he saw eight handsome men, each with their own unique charm,

standing in line. He instantly had an inkling of what was going on.

"Mr. Dawson, this is your house, isn't it? I'm so sorry, the property management must have made a mistake and led us here. We'll move our stuff out immediately."

"No, no, no, there's no mistake." Dawson immediately intervened. "I'm not here to kick you out. Your daughter, Vivienne, has some disciples from the Emerald Monastery who came to visit her in Havenwood. But since they couldn't reach her, they contacted our company, and I helped bring them over."

"Disciples?" Cordelia came over, looking at the eight men standing behind Dawson. They looked old enough to be Vivienne's uncles, so how could they be her disciples?

"Hello." Jerry, as the eldest among them, naturally stepped forward to represent the group. "We joined the Emerald Monastery later than the Mystic Mistress, so technically, we are her juniors."

Cordelia nodded in understanding, although the strong aura the man exuded made her feel a bit uncomfortable.

She and Dorian exchanged glances, guessing that Dawson wouldn't bring eight bad guys to their house. Since they claimed to be Vivienne's disciples, they let them in.

The couple was also curious about Vivienne's life at the monastery during the past decade since she

always glossed over it and refused to go into detail.

And so Dawson and the eight men, with reluctant Leopold in tow, made their entrance into the house.