

The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan

#Chapter 21 - Read The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Before Jaylan could react, the other end of the line went dead. He furrowed his brows, still trying to wrap his head around the situation, when his phone rang again.

“Boss, we’re in deep shit, the voice on the other end of the line said. “The girl we arrested today, she’s got a complicated background. The bigwigs already know about it. They’ve made their decision. If we don’t let her go, we’re gonna be in a world of trouble. You better get here ASAP”

Jaylan was dumbstruck. The bigwigs knew about it? What the hell was going on? Wasn't it just a petty theft case?

Jaylan took a moment to collect his thoughts before responding. “So what if she’s well-connected? We're supposed to be fair and just. We didn’t frame anyone. As a suspect, it’s her duty to cooperate with the investigation.”

“Damn suspect! We've already contacted your mom. She said she didn’t lose her bracelet.” The voice on the other end informed him. “Also, Ms. Hawthorn isn’t just a tenant of Tranquil Estates. She’s the owner. She bought a place there not long ago at triple the market price.”

“What?” Jaylan exclaimed. The bracelet isn’t lost?” A dreadful thought occurred to him, and his face turned dark. “Herman is pissed off. I'm calling you on the sly. You better get your ass here.”

After hanging up, Jaylan stormed out of his room, storming over to where Coral was

“Slap!”

Coral was chatting with Arabella when she was suddenly slapped across the face. She covered her cheek and stared at Jaylan in disbelief. “Jaylan, why did you hit me?”

Jaylan glared at her, his face livid. Tell me the truth, did mom really lose her bracelet?"

He had always found his sister to be obedient and sensible, so when she said someone had stolen their mom's bracelet, he didn't question it. And when he got back, their mom wasn't home, so he didn't ask further.

Coral blinked. "It really was lost." "Slap!"

Jaylan slapped her again. "You dare to lie to me again! Coral, is this how I raised you? Framing others for this? Are you trying to bring down the Lockwood family?"

Coral went pale. "You know everything?" Looking at her foolish expression, Jaylan was beyond furious.

Thinking of what Herman had said on the phone, he grabbed Coral's arm. "Come with me to clear things up. I'm warning you, if you dare to mess up again, I'll kick you out of this house."

Before Coral could even say anything, she was dragged away by Jaylan. Arabella, who was left behind, looked on in shock, completely taken aback.

Police station.

Jaylan rushed to the police station with Coral. From a distance, he could see Herman, red in the face and blowing his top. The officers around him were catching hell.

Jaylan hesitated for a moment before walking over. "Herman."

"So you finally showed up! I thought you would just piss off after causing trouble!" Herman barked the moment he saw Jaylan. "Do you think this is your own house? That you can do whatever you want? Jaylan, is this how you usually handle cases?"

Jaylan was left speechless by the onslaught.

Seeing him silent, Herman glared at him. "What are you still doing here? Go apologize to Ms. Hawthorn. She was brought here because of you, and now she refuses to leave! You have ten minutes to get her out of here, or you can get the hell out of here!"

Upon hearing this, Jaylan immediately headed towards the interrogation room. He pushed open the door to see Vivienne sitting there, her face expressionless. He cleared his throat and forced a smile. "Ms. Hawthorn, | apologize. | made a mistake. | blindly believed in my sister's lie and brought you in without any investigation."

Vivienne crossed her arms and smiled at him, a chilly smile. Although Jaylan had no clue about Vivienne's powerful background, her gaze alone was enough to make him nervous. He immediately turned to Coral. "What are you still doing standing there?! Apologize to Ms. Hawthorn."

Coral was extremely unwilling. She didn't want to apologize to Vivienne at all. But seeing Jaylan's stern face, she reluctantly spoke, "I'm sorry, Ms. Hawthorn. | misunderstood you. We found my mother's bracelet. It turns out our maid misplaced it. | thought it was lost."

That was what Jaylan had told her to say on their way "So, am | innocent now?" Vivienne asked in a challenging tone

"It's our mistake. You are not guilty. Jaylan quickly responded. "We will compensate for the misunderstanding. I'll drive you home right away"

"I have no plans to go home, Vivienne said indifferently. "I feel quite comfortable here." Jaylan was at a loss for words.

Hearing this, Herman burst into the room, saying with a forced smile, "Ms. Hawthorn, | promise to offer you a satisfactory solution to this incident... We're all rather busy. Would you mind going home now?" If Vivienne didn't leave, it would have been him who had to leave.

Vivienne leaned back in the chair, smiling. "What solution do you have in mind?"

Caught off guard, Herman said after a moment, "Ms. Lockwood will be detained and investigated for false accusations and defamation. Jaylan will be suspended for three months due to negligence, and the others for two months. How's that?"

Vivienne smiled slightly. "We're all busy, so | won't be a bother"

With that, Vivienne stood up, took a look at Coral, then turned and exited the room. Coral bit her lip, her face filled with rage Herman let out a sigh of relief, T'll walk you out."

At the entrance of the police station.

As Vivienne and Herman walked out, they saw Dorian, Cordelia, and Thaddeus, who had rushed over. "Vivienne!" Dorian caught sight of her and rushed over. "You okay?" Vivienne looked at his worried face and felt a warm feeling in her heart. T'm fine."

Cordelia gave her a once-over, making sure she wasn't hurt, and let out a sigh of relief. "Thank god, we saw the news, and it scared the living daylights out of us. Are you hungry? | can whip up something when we get back?"

Vivienne gave a small laugh. "Yeah, | could eat." "Great, I'll fix you something when we get home" Vivienne asked suddenly. "Wait, | was on the news?"

Cordelia nodded. "Every media outlet in Havenwood is buzzing about it. The Hawthorn family's daughter was arrested for theft. Your dad and | came as soon as we saw it."

Vivienne replied, "Got it."

Not too far from the police station, A black sedan was parked. Thomas took a glance around before turning to Percival. "Mr. Ellington, should we go over?"

Percival's fingers were resting on the edge of the window. His eyes squinted slightly as he thought for a moment before saying. "No need, let's go."

His fiancée was full of surprises. She got Herman to escort her out personally. There were only a handful of people in Havenwood who could pull that off. In the car, Percival said slowly, "Teach the Lockwood family a lesson."

Thomas asked in confusion, "Are you implying we should back Ms. Hawthorn up?"

"She's my fiancée. They shouldn't mess with her." There was a palpable chill in Percival's voice.

Inside the crib of the Hawthorn fam Chapter 22

in the hall, Beatrice, Joseph, Michael, and Arabella were all seated, looking all serious. They were all glued to the phone in Arabella's hand.

Herman personally cleared Vivienne's name, saying she didn't steal anything, and Coral was now under arrest for making false allegations. Plus, Jaylan and three other cops had been suspended because they screwed up the case.

Arabella thought she had finally shaken off Vivienne's shadow, but in a few short hours, Vivienne was released. Even the big shot Herman stepped in to clear her name.

"Gran, did the Ellington fam bail Vivienne out?" Arabella pocketed her phone, her eyes losing their resentment. She was all sugar and spice. "Didn't expect the Ellingtons to care that much about Vivienne"

Her voice was filled with bitterness, and she was feeling all sorts of uncomfortable. She didn't believe Percival had the juice to get Vivienne out of the police station. In her eyes, he was just a loser. Except for Richard from the Ellington family, she didn't think anyone else could've pulled it off. But she just couldn't wrap her head around why the Ellingtons would still bail out Vivienne after she was exposed for theft.

Did they really care about Vivienne that much? Who in their right mind would be interested in Percival, that loser? Even if some were, they probably didn't come from fancy homes.

The Hawthorns were a pretty decent catch. So, naturally, Richard wouldn't want Percival to miss out. With that thought, Arabella's mood brightened up a bit

"Now that Vivienne is released, and the Ellingtons didn't call off the engagement, we've got to stick to the plan." Beatrice never thought Vivienne would be let out.

She already contacted the media, planning to make a big fuss about it. But before she could even start, Vivienne was released. All her plans were messed up, and it was getting on her nerves.

"But what can we do if Dorian and Vivienne are dead against it?" Michael furrowed his brows

"Yeah, they've already rented a place at Tranquil Estates, so housing is no problem. They would never agree to it now," Joseph chimed in.

"Yeah." Michael complained. Hospital.

Vivienne was supposed to apply an ointment for Isolde yesterday, but Arabella and Coral's mess got in the way, so she couldn't make it.

Today, she got there bright and early. Usually, at this time of the day, Isolde's family wasn't around. Just as she got to the hospital entrance, she ran into Percival and Leopold.

"Ms. Hawthorn?" Leopold was a bit surprised. "You're at the hospital this early? Not feeling well?" It was just eight, and the outpatient doctors had just started their shift.

Vivienne looked up, her voice barely above a whisper, "What did you call me?" "Ms. Hawthorn? Is there a problem?" Leopold was clueless. The girl didn't seem so happy.

Vivienne gave him a long, hard look, her lips tightening into a thin line. After a long silence, she finally said, "No problem. Good job!"

Ignoring his elders! Arrogant and rude! Good! She now had a bone to pick. Leopold, "Is this Ms. Hawthorn a bit off her rocker?"

Percival was sitting in his wheelchair, his gaze drifting between them. His narrow eyes were cold. His fiancée and his brother were ignoring him? "Do you feel unwell? Need me to call a doctor?" Percival's voice was incredibly soothing, and the cold look in his eyes had disappeared

"No need! I'm not here to see a doctor!" Vivienne said and was about to walk in. Percival suddenly stopped her. "Ms. Hawthorn!"

Vivienne stopped, and turned around to look at him. "What's up?"

"What's your decision about the engagement?"

Vivienne slightly composed herself, then looked up at Percival, and said in a whisper, "Agreed! Let's postpone the engagement by half a month."

No celebrations until then.

The reason she agreed to the engagement with Percival was that she wanted to find out how he got the pendant. Did he steal it or snatch it from her mother? As for his claim that it was a gift from a friend, she wasn't buying it!

Percival's lips curled up into a smirk, "Sure, as you wish."

Vivienne glanced at him, her lips curving into a smile. She then moved closer to Percival, her voice filled with a wicked tone, "Mr. Ellington, watch out, I'm toxic!" After saying that, she turned around and left.

Percival watched her retreating figure, his smile deepening Toxic? Indeed. Someone who could effortlessly defeat a world-renowned assassin was definitely toxic.

But she reminded him of someone. Even their appearances were somewhat similar. If it weren't for the fact that she's a Hawthorn, he would've thought Vivienne was that person's daughter. Suddenly, Percival's gaze changed. He pulled out the pendant from his pocket, and a vague emotion filled his eyes "Mr. Ellington, there's a response from the other side. They still couldn't find any leads on the kid." Thomas looked serious. "There's too little information

12:52

about the kid. After so many years, her appearance has changed, and it's difficult to track her down."

With a slight pause, Thomas added, "I've asked around the neighborhood where they used to live, but no one knows where the kid is now. They were using fake names back then, so I didn't find any useful information."

They walked to the car, with Leopold and Thomas helping Percival get in. Out in public, Percival was always seen as a 'cripple', so he couldn't get in the car by himself.

Percival sat in the back seat, Thomas drove, and Leopold sat in the passenger seat. Once the car started, Leopold turned to Percival and asked, "Mr. Ellington, do you reckon that girl is dead by now?"

"They were being hunted down years ago. Her mom is dead. Where could a nine-year-old girl run off to? I bet she was caught by those people long ago."

Leopold continued, "I think you should stop looking for her. The priority now is to treat Isolde's illness. Plus, the higher—ups have given us orders to find that drug ASAP. If GTO gets to it first, it's gonna be a disaster."

Percival leaned back in the seat, closing his eyes. He didn't say anything, seeming lost in thought. After a moment of silence, he slowly opened his eyes. his voice hoarse. I might have found her."

Both Leopold and Thomas were shocked. They stared at him in disbelief. "Found her? Who?" Percival lowered his head, looking at the pendant in his hand, "I'm not sure yet."

He put the pendant in his pocket, rolled down the window, and looked outside with squinted eyes. His voice was flat. "The last place the drug appeared was in Havenwood. Send someone to check it out. Thoroughly investigate every outsider that has shown up in Havenwood in the past twenty years."

Inside the VIP ward

Chapter 23

Vivienne took out the pre prepared ointment and asked Eartha, "Are you sure she hasn't eaten or drank anything since yesterday?"

"Nope," Eartha replied. "She has been very obedient. Even when she's starving, she's determined not to eat a thing"

Vivienne nodded, then turned to Isolde, her tone as gentle as she could muster. Tm about to start applying the ointment now. You need to hang in there. If the pain gets unbearable, you can bite me"

Isolde seemed pretty nervous, but she gritted her teeth and said, "Don't worry, Vivienne, I'll hang in there."

Without saying anything more, Vivienne had Isolde undress and began applying the medicine. Starting from her face, Vivienne covered her entire body with the ointment. At first, the cool sensation of the ointment made Isolde feel quite comfortable. She gave Vivienne a sweet smile. "Vivienne, are you trying to scare me? This ointment feels so comfortable on my skin... Ah!"

Before she could finish her sentence, Isolde suddenly let out a scream. But as if realizing something, she quickly shut her mouth. Her body was completely covered in ointment, making it impossible to see her expression. Her body was shaking, and more and more moisture appeared on her skin, soaking the ointment.

Isolde was in so much pain she couldn't even speak. She didn't dare to scream, and could only bite on a pillow to endure it. Eartha looked on with deep concern. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine... it's just... a bit painful!" Just saying that seemed to drain all her strength. She was in extreme pain, it felt like thousands of bugs were biting her. She wanted to endure it, but she was barely holding on.

Seeing her state deteriorating, Eartha quickly asked Vivienne, "Ms. Hawthorn, she's not in trouble, is she? She seems really uncomfortable, and her breathing is difficult." She was worried. If anything happened to Isolde, how would she explain it to Mr. Percival? Should she call him?

Vivienne took a look at Isolde's condition, and asked softly, "Can you hang in there?"

"Vivienne, I can't... Ah!" Isolde could no longer bear the pain. She couldn't hold on any longer. The pain had her rolling on the floor, filling the room with her screams. Luckily, this ward wasn't in the general ward area, there were no other patients, and it was soundproofed.

After checking the ointment, Vivienne said to Isolde, "Can you hang on for just one more minute?" Eartha was about to send a message to Percival when she heard Vivienne's words, so she put away her phone.

Isolde felt like she was about to pass out, but for some reason, hearing Vivienne's voice made her feel somewhat reassured. Even though the pain was unbearable, she gritted her teeth, trying not to make a sound.

Vivienne had asked not to let others know she was treating herself. So she couldn't attract attention because of her.

A minute later, Isolde finally stopped feeling pain, and she let out a long sigh of relief. After the pain subsided, she felt extremely comfortable, like she was soaking in warm water. She cracked a smile. "Vivienne, did I do okay?"

Her face was still covered in ointment, and when she smiled, only her white teeth were visible. Vivienne gently patted Isolde's head, laughing heartily. "You did great! Most people can't tolerate this ointment."

She'd treated similar poisons for others before, all requiring this ointment, and even grown adults in their thirties and forties found it hard to endure. So, she often had to change treatment plans. Though various methods can detoxify, using this ointment gives the best results.

Vivienne stood up and said to Isolde, "Let's go, I'll take you to bathe." Isolde obediently followed her into the bathroom. Vivienne had Isolde sit in the tub, then took out the medicine she'd prepared and dripped it into the bath.

Confused, Isolde asked, "Vivienne, don't I need to shower first?" Wouldn't the water get really dirty with all the ointment on her body?

"No need," Vivienne answered softly. "The ointment needs to combine with my medicine for the cure to be complete.*"

Isolde nodded and obediently sat in the tub. As the water temperature gradually increased, Isolde slowly fell asleep. She didn't know how long she'd slept, only that she felt like she was in a hot spring, and it was very comfortable.

"Isolde? Wake up!" Vivienne gently woke her. Suddenly, she heard a soft voice next to her ear. Isolde slowly opened her eyes, looking at Vivienne in a daze. "Did I fall asleep?" Vivienne smiled, her voice still soft. "Go look in the mirror."

Confused, but still obedient, Isolde went to the mirror. When she saw herself in the mirror, her eyes widened, and she suddenly screamed, "Ah!"

The loud scream scared Eartha, who was outside the bathroom, her heart pounding as she rushed into the room. But when she saw what was happening in the room, her mouth dropped open. "Your face, your body..."

Eartha was so surprised that she was speechless. She could hardly believe her eyes. Was this still the extremely ugly Isolde that people despised?

Could this be someone else? But the bathroom was only so big, and the ward was on the fifteenth floor. How could a five-year-old child come to the fifteenth floor to replace Isolde?

Eartha looked at Isolde, then at Vivienne. Then she carefully walked over to the window and peeked out. She wanted to see if there was a child who had fallen to their death below. But there was nothing.

Eartha was momentarily stunned. She went back to Isolde, and cautiously asked, "Isolde? Is that you?" Snapping out of her shock, Isolde grabbed Eartha's hand, excitedly shouting, "Eartha, it's me. I'm cured. I'm really cured!"

Chapter

Isolde jumped up excitedly. "Did you see? The person in the mirror is me. I'm beautiful, aren't I?" Saying that, Isolde suddenly started crying. "I'm not ugly. Everyone said I was ugly. I..." Eartha was also teary-eyed, hugging Isolde tightly. "Yes, you are not ugly. You are the most beautiful child in the world."

Vivienne watched them happily, didn't interrupt, packed up, and left straight away. It was only when Vivienne had left that Isolde asked, "Where's Vivienne?"

Eartha suddenly realized, smacking her forehead, and said, "Oh shoot, Ms. Hawthorn already left." "Eartha, go find her quickly, I haven't thanked her yet," Isolde urged.

Eartha nodded and immediately went out to find Vivienne. But as soon as she opened the door of the ward, she saw Percival, Leopold, and Thomas

coming in. "Eartha, why are you in such a hurry, did something happen to Isolde?" Leopold asked.

Leopold looked into the ward, and only saw a beautiful little girl, but didn't see Isolde. He rushed in immediately, and asked, "What's going on? Where's Isolde? Where did she go?"

Eartha was just about to speak when Leopold grabbed her arm and asked in a low voice, "Spit it out, what happened to Isolde?" Leopold, I'm here!" Isolde said with a sweet smile,

Leopold was startled, looking at Isolde. "That's Isolde's voice? Where is she? Why can't I see her?"

Chapter 24

Percival whipped his head around, and his gaze landed on the little girl beside Eartha. His fingers clenched around the edge of his wheelchair, and to his surprise, he found himself standing up. His eyes fixated on her, his throat felt tight, and it took him a moment before he stuttered, "Isolde?" He was usually in control of his emotions, but right now, he could barely get his words out

Isolde walked over to Percival, smiling sweetly at him. "Percival, it's me. I'm Isolde

Leopold and Thomas' eyes bulged out of their heads, disbelief written all over their faces as they looked at Isolde. The air seemed to tighten in an instant. After a while, Leopold finally snapped back to reality. He gave Isolde a once-over, barely containing his excitement. "Are you really Isolde? You're not pulling our leg, are you?"

Isolde laughed at his shocked expression Leopold, it's really me. I didn't trick you guys! I'm all better now, and even prettier. Are you happy for me?" Leopold was at a loss for words for a moment.

Happy! Of course, he was happy for Isolde. How much effort had they put into treating Isolde's illness over the years?

Percival even blamed himself every day. But now, Isolde was suddenly all better. How could he not be overjoyed? How could he not be excited? He was so excited that he couldn't even speak.

Percival crouched down, pulling Isolde into his arms, and gently stroking her head, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. After a while, he sat back down in his wheelchair, his gaze shifting to Eartha. "What's the story here?"

Eartha knew she couldn't keep it from Percival any longer. "Miss Hawthorn was the one who cured Miss Isolde." "Miss Hawthorn?" Leopold asked, confused. "Arabella?"

Eartha didn't know Vivienne's real name. Hearing Leopold say it, she could only explain. "When Miss Hawthorn saved Miss Isolde at the mall entrance, she came to visit her once. She said she could cure Miss Isolde, but we had to keep it a secret from everyone, including her family."

Eartha lowered her head, speaking softly. "Miss Isolde trusted Miss Hawthorn. She begged me to keep it a secret. I also wanted Miss Isolde to get better, so I helped Miss Hawthorn keep it from you. Every morning, after you left the hospital, Miss Isolde would text Miss Hawthorn, and she would

come to treat her."

After finishing, Eartha quickly added, "Sir, I was wrong to keep this from you. Please don't fire me. I've cared for Miss Isolde like my own child these past few years. I...

Eartha started to cry, afraid that Percival would be angry and fire her. Others might not have understood Percival, but she did. In the Ellington family, Percival was the decision maker. People thought he was useless because of his disability, but he wasn't. No one knew that the Ellington family's current status in Rivenwood was actually supported by Percival in the shadows. Only Richard and Eartha knew about this.

Percival's gaze drilled into her face. He paused for a moment before slowly saying, "Eartha, you were handpicked by me. You should know what you should and shouldn't do!"

This time they were lucky, that girl was just trying to cure Isolde. If it were someone with ulterior motives, he didn't dare to imagine the consequences Eartha quivered, quickly apologizing. "I'm sorry"

Seeing his mood shift, Isolde grabbed Percival's hand, her voice soft. "Percival, don't blame Eartha. I was the one who kept crying and begging her. I was mocked for being ugly, and I was upset. Eartha didn't want me to be sad, so she agreed to keep Ms. Hawthorn's secret"

Isolde pouted, saying earnestly. "And Ms. Hawthorn is not a bad person She's very nice and very gentle. She wouldn't hurt me. So, can you forgive Eartha?"

Looking at Isolde's delicate and beautiful face, Percival pursed his lips and finally sighed. "Fine, I won't pursue it this time, but there can't be a next time." Eartha sighed in relief. "There won't be a next time."

Percival diverted his gaze, then ordered in a low voice, "Thomas, call Bruce over. Have him check Isolde!" Even if Isolde had regained her looks, he still had to ensure her physical health.

Soon, Bruce arrived. He conducted a full body check on Isolde, growing more and more shocked as the examination went on. After he had finished the check, Bruce excitedly said, "The poison is completely gone, and her organs have recovered. Mr. Ellington, when did you find this doctor? How come I didn't know?"

Before Percival could respond, Bruce continued, his eyes sparkling. "Introduce me to them. This person is really amazing. In just a few days, they were able to cure such a severe poison."

Hearing that the poison was completely gone, Leopold's mouth dropped open, and he couldn't close it for a long time. While Bruce was doing the check, he was thinking that even though Isolde's appearance had recovered, the poison could have still been there. If it was easy to cure the poison, Bruce wouldn't have spent years without any solutions.

But now, Isolde's poison was really gone. This was truly shocking.

"Arabella's medical skills are really amazing, aren't they?" Leopold couldn't help but exclaim. "I hate to admit it, but it seems like she's even better than Mystic Mistress."

Percival leaned back into his wheelchair, his slender fingers tapping on the edge of the wheelchair. His dark eyes slightly narrowed, but he didn't say anything

Leopold thought for a second, then blurted out, "But what's the deal with this Arabella chick? If she could cure Isolde, why did she do it all hush-hush? The word on the street is, that Isolde is your grandpa's darling granddaughter. If she healed her, she'd be in for a big payday, but Arabella didn't say

squat."

Suddenly, Leopold seemed to have a light bulb moment. "Could it be she didn't want to get engaged to you, so she did it that way?"

The more he thought about it, the more he thought he was onto something. "That's it, I bet my bottom dollar. Arabella didn't want to marry you and was

worried that if she cured Isolde, you'd see how awesome she is and wouldn't let her slip away But being Dr. William's apprentice, she couldn't bear to see a patient suffer, so she secretly treated Isolde

"Oh man!" Leopold exclaimed, "Mr. Ellington, you've got a pretty lousy rep. Look how you've scared this girl. She'd rather give up the hefty reward than marry you." Percival gave him a cold glance, and Leopold quickly zipped it. Now he'd done it! Percival was pissed! Percival turned his gaze away, then ordered, "Get the gifts ready, we're going to pay a visit to the Hawthorn family"

Hearing this, Isolde quickly approached, "Brother, are you going to thank Ms. Hawthorn? Can I come too? I want to thank Vivienne in person, I didn't get a chance to thank her just now"

Percival fell silent for a moment, then said, "You rest first, I'll take you to see Ms. Hawthorn in a few days."

Isolde looked a bit disappointed, but obediently nodded. "Okay, I'll listen to you."

Chapter 25 At the Hawthorn's residence.

Arabella just got home from school, in a great mood. As soon as she walked in, she ran up to Beatrice, handed her the test paper, and said, "Granny, I got my mock exam results. I ranked sixth in my grade and twentieth citywide. My teacher said I might be able to apply to Prospera University."

"Really?" Beatrice took the test paper and looked at the score, her face lighting up, "Awesome! We're finally going to have the first Prospera University student in our family."

Arabella smiled and said, "I'll work even harder. I hope to be the top student in Havenwood."

"Good! That's my granddaughter, you should have this spirit!" Beatrice said happily.

Right then, the maid walked over and said, "Ma'am, Percival and Leopold are here."

Beatrice's face changed, "They must be here for tomorrow's engagement, but we haven't sorted out Vivienne's problem yet."

Arabella pursed her lips and whispered, "Granny, don't worry yet. The engagement is tomorrow, right? We still have a chance tonight at Octavia's birthday." "That's correct." Beatrice adjusted her expression and said to the maid, "Let them in."

In a bit, the maid led Percival and his party in. Percival was still in his wheelchair, pushed by Thomas. Leopold, a rich kid, was standing casually to one side.

Beatrice glanced at them with a flash of disdain in her eyes, but she plastered on a smile. "Mr. Ellington, what brings you here today?"

"I came specifically today to thank Miss Arabella for saving my sister's life." Percival's tone was softer than usual.

Beatrice and Arabella both blinked, sharing a puzzled look. Beatrice wisely remained silent. Arabella didn't speak either. Her lips were tightly closed as if she was contemplating something.

Then it dawned on Arabella. He was talking about the girl at the mall entrance, Percival's sister. But Isolde's condition was severe. Could it be that Vivienne accidentally cured her?

Before Arabella could speak, Percival gave Thomas a look. He immediately brought out the prepared gifts. "We heard Miss Arabella is studying medicine, so we specially prepared some medicinal herbs, over ten kinds of rare herbs..."

Before Thomas could finish, Arabella's eyes lit up.

Oh my god! These were herbs that money couldn't buy, and they were extremely rare. Who would have thought Percival would be so generous and give them all to her?

No, wait! It must have been Percival's grandpa who was generous! Isolde was Percival's grandpa's favorite granddaughter!

"Here's a check for five million." Thomas handed a check to Arabella. "If you need anything else, let us know, and we'll do our best to accommodate you."

Arabella looked at the check and the precious herbs in her hand, dumbstruck. It took her a while to recover, then she smiled and said, "Dr. William always teaches me that doctors should have a heart of kindness. Treating patients is a doctor's duty, so I don't need the check...."

Before she could finish speaking, Beatrice suddenly stood up and shouted at her, "Arabella!"

Did she know what she was doing? This was a check for five million! This was money that could help the Hawthorn family through their hardship.

Arabella turned her head and gave Beatrice a reassuring look. Although Beatrice wasn't satisfied, she didn't say anything more.

Arabella turned back and continued, "Mr. Ellington, could you give us a price for those herbs, so we could buy them? I'm a medical student, and those herbs are very important to me."

Percival glanced at her, the corner of his stern mouth lifting in a smirk. "The Ellington family doesn't take back what they give." Arabella smiled, appearing content. "Mr. Ellington, there's no need..."

Before she could finish, Percival said to Beatrice, "Speaking of which, my engagement party with Ms. Vivienne has been postponed to ten days later."

Upon hearing this, Arabella's smile froze. What did he mean? Did Percival think she was awesome since she cured Isolde, so he didn't want to marry Vivienne and wanted to marry her instead?

Was he going to use these ten days to woo her? What was going on? Beatrice also didn't expect Percival to suddenly postpone the engagement and asked anxiously, "Why?" Percival said nonchalantly, "There are some matters that need to be taken care of."

Hearing this explanation, Arabella became more anxious. Percival must have not wanted to marry Vivienne anymore. That was why he was making

excuses. What should she do? Should she tell Percival that it wasn't her who cured Isolde? But looking at those precious herbs....

Although everyone knew Dr. William took her as a student, they didn't know she was only an auxiliary student and what she could learn was limited.

Arabella clenched her fists but didn't speak up in the end. She needed the herbs! Percival had to marry Vivienne!

"But..."

Before Beatrice could say more, Percival said his goodbyes, "I have other business, so I won't intrude any longer."

After Percival left, Beatrice finally turned to look at Arabella. "Arabella, what's the deal here?" Percival suddenly showing up to thank Arabella for saving his life, and the engagement party being postponed had Beatrice all jittery.

Biting her lip and looking as pale as a ghost, Arabella replied, "Grams, I think it's because I helped Mr. Ellington's sister get better, and now he's got it in his head to marry me! What should I do? If he tries to force me into marriage, then I..."

"No way!" Beatrice abruptly stood up. "You can't marry him!"

Sure, Percival might have dropped a cool five million, but he was still a good-for-nothing. Arabella should be with the best, someone who can bring even more prestige to the Hawthorn family. Her sights weren't set on Havenwood, but Rivenwood!

Arabella was her trump card! She planned on using Arabella to kick the Hawthorns out of Rivenwood! "But..." Arabella mumbled, looking down, "Mr. Ellington's been giving me the eye. He might have already made up his mind."

Beatrice's face turned sour as she began to pace back and forth. Arabella didn't interrupt her. After a while, Beatrice stopped and turned to Arabella. "Let the two of them tie the knot."

Arabella looked shocked. "Grams, what are you saying?"

"Get on the horn with Mr. Ellington and invite him to your sister Octavia's birthday bash," Beatrice said.

"Do you think Mr. Ellington will show?" Arabella was skeptical.

"If someone else invited him, he might flake. But you saved Isolde, so he'll definitely make an appearance." Beatrice was certain.

Seeing this, Arabella nodded. "Alright, got it."

