

Million-Dollar 251

Chapter 251

A flicker of darkness passed in Calista's eyes.

Damn that Vivienne!

She was always picking at her sore spots.

If she had known that Vivienne would pull out an Emperor Green worth a billion, she wouldn't have made this plan in the first place.

Judith, understanding what Vivienne meant, glanced at Calista and raised an eyebrow. "Oh? So it seems Vivienne did manage to unveil an Emperor Green, thanks to you."

Calista's smile was stiff. "Judith, you flatter me. I can't take the credit. It's just that since Vivienne just returned to Rivenwood, I wanted to help as much as I could."

Judith gave her a meaningful look and said no more.

Vivienne followed Judith inside, then turned to Thomas. "Take the stone to my room."

"Yes." Thomas immediately ordered the large stone to be moved to Vivienne's room.

Mila, standing nearby, concealed a smirk. She turned to Paula, feigning confusion. "Why is Vivienne moving the jade to her room? Wasn't it bought with the Brooks family's money?"

Paula's face darkened. She understood what Mila meant.

Enraged, she turned to Vivienne. "Vivienne! You're breaking the rules! You bought the jade with the Brooks family's money, so it should belong to the family. How can you keep such a precious jade for yourself?"

Vivienne, seated next to Judith, raised an eyebrow. Her voice was steady as she said, "What? You want to take it?"

"What are you talking about?" Paula frowned. "Why would I, as an elder, quarrel over something with you? Shouldn't you willingly hand it over?"

Before Vivienne could answer, Paula continued, "The Brooks family's money didn't just fall from the sky. This time you were lucky to uncover an Emperor Green with 30 million. But what if you weren't lucky? You would have lost everything. So, you must hand it over."

Vivienne laughed. Her laugh was dazzling yet dangerous, like a beautiful thorny flower. She turned to Percival, her eyes teasing and her voice coy. "Tell me, do I have 'big sucker' written on my forehead?"

Percival's mouth twitched, and he cleared his throat. "You, Vivienne, are very pretty, and your face is

very clean. There's nothing written on it."

Vivienne tilted her head as her gaze fixed on Paula. "Then it's strange! Why does it always seem like people think I'm an easy target?"

Paula slammed the table. A burning fury could be heard with every breath she took. "Vivienne! Is this how you treat your elders? You not only disrespect me, but you also dare to taunt me?"

She turned to Scott and spoke in an ice-cold tone. "Brother, is this your precious daughter? Look at her behavior!"

Scott frowned, his expression stern. "My daughter's behavior is not your concern, and it's certainly not your place to critique or educate her."

"Am I trying to educate her? I'm asking her to hand over what belongs to our family. She's just a country girl. Can she really hold onto the Emperor Green? Besides, this was bought with the Brooks family's money. Is there anything wrong with what I said?" Paula's face was pale with anger.

"That's enough!" Judith's face mirrored Paula's anger. "The money I gave to Vivienne is hers to spend as she pleases. I, as her grandmother, have no complaints. You, as an aunt who barely knows her, have no right to comment."

"Mother!" Paula shouted, "You're spoiling her. The stone is worth at least a billion. She will waste all that money. And remember, Vivienne isn't your only granddaughter. What about Kala and Ashley? When have you given them this much money?"

Paula pointed at Ashley.

"You just gave Vivienne a bracelet this morning, and then gave her 30 million in the afternoon. Look at Ashley; she only picked out a jade worth half million. Isn't that unfair?"

Ashley lowered her head in silence. She was a bit jealous, but she didn't want to compete with Vivienne.

At least since Vivienne had returned home, they had managed to get along well, unlike the irritating Arabella.

"You!" Judith was livid, and she slammed the table with rage. "What kind of nonsense are you spouting? Have I ever treated them unfairly in all these years? Whenever there is something good, don't I think of them first?"

"Vivienne has been wandering who knows where for nineteen years, enduring all kinds of hardships.

We owe her. The 30 million is my compensation to her. Ashley and Kala have no complaints, but you, as an aunt, seem to have a lot to say!"

Paula was indignant. "Do you think I'm doing this for myself? Isn't it for our family? Without our family's 30 million, how could she have gotten the Emperor Green which is worth a billion? Is it wrong for me to ask her to give it to us?"

"Who told you that Vivienne used your family's money?" Percival sipped his coffee leisurely as his deep eyes fixed on Paula.

Paula was stunned by his gaze, and she took a step back unconsciously.

Once she regained her balance, she frowned at him. "Not our family's money?"

"The stone, purchased by Vivienne, was paid for with Mr. Ellington's money." Ronald pointed out, much to Paula's disdain.

Vivienne had just returned home, and while Paula might have been upset with Vivienne, it was unbecoming to push her so.

After all, it wasn't easy for Vivienne to secure such a fine piece of stone, and yet Paula still wanted her to hand it over.

Regardless of whether it was Vivienne's good luck or not, the stone, now in her possession, was rightfully hers.

The Brooks children often participated in auctions, and whatever they acquired was theirs to keep.

There was no precedent of them having to give their winnings to the family.

Paula's irrational anger towards Scott was now unfairly being redirected towards Vivienne.

"What?" Paula's face stiffened. "Mr. Ellington's money? How could it be? Where would you get such a huge amount?"

Sure, the Ellingtons were wealthy, and Percival had been set as Richard Ellington's heir, but he was a ne'er-do-well until recently. He was not known to have much money.

30 million wasn't something you could just pluck out of thin air. Especially since this money was supposedly used to buy the stone for Vivienne.

Percival set down his cup on the table, leaned back in his chair, and, with a casual lift of his eyes, said,

"I wasn't aware that the Ellingtons were so poor that we couldn't spare 30 million."

The corners of the Brooks' mouths twitched.

If the Ellingtons were poor, then where did their family stand?

Paula was furious. "Stop playing games. I know the Ellingtons are wealthy, but that doesn't prove that you paid for it. How do we know you're not just saying this to help Vivienne?"

She was determined to make Vivienne hand over that stone.

Why should Scott's daughter be allowed to spend recklessly while her own daughter was suffering somewhere unknown?

Whether it was Scott or Vivienne, as long as they were unhappy, she was content. Their discomfort was her balm for the deep wounds she'd nursed over the years.

Chapter 252

"Huh?" Percival rested his hands on the arms of his chair, leisurely adjusting his cuffs, before rising to his feet and sauntering towards Paula.

He exuded a powerful aura, and with each step he took, Paula felt as if a weight of a thousand pounds was pressing down on her chest, making it difficult to breathe.

Percival frightened Paula, but she was not willing to back down, so she raised her voice even higher.

"What do you think you're doing? This is our home; it's not your place to cause trouble!"

After looking at Paula's panicked expression, Percival curled his lips into a charmingly wicked smile.

"Don't worry, I'm a bit of a neat freak. I don't lay hands on mad dogs!"

"Percival!" Paula's face turned red with anger.

This insolent man! He dared to call her a mad dog!

Percival nonchalantly slipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out his phone. "I'm not one for settling matters diplomatically, but my dear Vivienne prefers a more civilized approach, so we'll do things her way."

With that, he dialed a number.

The call connected immediately, and Richard's voice echoed through the phone. "Percival, you finally remembered to call me! Where did you take my granddaughter-in-law? Hurry up and bring her to see me!"

"Grandpa." Percival's eyes flicked upward as his gaze swept casually over the faces of the Brooks clan.

"I've invested 30 million for Vivienne to purchase a piece of gemstone, and now the Brooks family wants her to hand over the gemstone. They think I can't afford the sum and that Vivienne and I have been lying."

The entire Brooks family fell silent.

Was he really tattling on them again?

Did he have no shame?

Couldn't he just let things be?

Was it a habit for him to always snitch?

"Rubbish!" Richard's voice roared over the phone. "My grandson might be broke, but my

granddaughter-in-law, Vivienne, absolutely cannot be! 30 million is nothing! I can afford a hundred

billion!"

"You people have some nerve. You expect Vivienne to hand over her hard-earned gemstone to you?

Keep dreaming!"

"What are you trying to do? You take Vivienne in, then harass her? You don't like the sight of her? You

think I, Richard, am dead?"

"Wait! Just you wait! I'm coming to get Vivienne right now!"

"Sweetheart, you're not staying in that godforsaken house any longer. Grandpa is sending a car over

for you right away!"

"No way! I'm so angry, I can't breathe! I need to go to the nursing home to curse Baron to death!"

The Brooks family was once again rendered speechless.

Without giving them a chance to respond, Richard hung up the phone.

The entire Brooks family was utterly dumbstruck.

Why was Richard so explosive? Was he a lit firecracker?

Was he sick or what?

Every time something happened, he'd run off to find Baron. If he went again, Baron would surely tear them apart.

Judith massaged her temples, feeling a headache coming on. She turned to Paula. "Are you satisfied now?"

Paula shrugged. "I did nothing wrong."

She couldn't care less whether Vivienne stayed at the Brooks Mansion. All she wanted was to make Scott miserable.

Judith was annoyed, but there was nothing she could do about her daughter.

For the past few years, because of her missing daughter, Paula would often return home and cause trouble for the family.

Everyone had been putting up with her to some extent because of what happened in the past, but now she was becoming more and more unreasonable.

Forget it!

She was beyond control. They'd just have to wait for Richard to deal with her.

Judith looked at Vivienne apologetically. "Vivienne, don't mind your aunt. She doesn't think before she speaks. I'll talk to her later."

Then she turned to Percival. "Percival, please put in a good word for us with your grandpa. Regardless of whether you're the one who paid for the stone, I never intended for Vivienne to hand it over to us."

Percival leaned back in his chair, his expression indifferent. "Judith, you misunderstand me. I'm not capable of making decisions; the one who can is my grandpa. As for Vivienne and my little household, she's the one in charge."

Judith was left speechless.

It was clear now.

He was just a tattletale.

...

At the Ellington family's home.

After hanging up the phone, Richard roared, "Ivan, get the car ready!"

Cecilia had just come downstairs when she saw Richard fuming. She hurried over and asked, "Dad, who upset you? Why are you so angry?"

"Who else could it be? It's those damn Brooks!" Richard spat out, donning his coat as he spoke.

"The Brooks family?" Cecilia paused. "What did they do to you?"

"They didn't do anything to me, but they bullied my granddaughter-in-law, your daughter-in-law!"

At that moment, Ivan pulled the car up to the entrance of the house.

As Richard strode towards the car, he filled Cecilia in on what had happened.

"What?!" Cecilia was instantly enraged. "They dared to bully my daughter-in-law? Do they think I,

Cecilia, am just for show? Dad, wait up; I'm coming with you to pick up Vivienne!"

Instead of heading towards the Brooks Mansion, Richard first made his way to see Baron.

As soon as he arrived and saw Baron, he didn't give him a chance to speak. He immediately launched into a tirade. "You old fool! Look at what kind of people you've raised! They don't have any skills, so they bully my granddaughter-in-law, Vivienne, huh?"

"Do you think I'm too old to fight back? Does everyone think they can walk all over me? I hardly have time to pamper Vivienne, and yet your family bullies her? Do you think your lives are too long? I'll send you to the grave!"

"Listen here, Baron. I'm heading out right now to pick up Vivienne. I don't have the best temper, you see, and if I accidentally hurt someone, don't come crying to me for medical bills. I'm broke as a joke!"

Richard rambled on, letting off a string of profanities, while Baron didn't utter a single word. When he was done, he just stormed off with Cecilia, leaving without a backward glance.

It took a while for Baron to process what had just transpired, and when he finally did, he cursed under his breath. "Richard! You ever-loving pain in the ass! Can't you give me a moment's peace?"

Remembering his priorities, he quickly yelled, "Steven, Steven! Get the car ready. We're headed back home!"

Over at Brooks Mansion, the moment Richard announced he was coming to fetch Vivienne, everyone

was on high alert. They huddled in the living room, waiting anxiously.

Richard was notoriously bullish. His tantrums were legendary.

They had no idea how to handle him when he arrived.

Aside from Paula, Mila, and Calista, everyone else was on edge.

Paula looked indifferent as she provocatively stared at Scott and Vivienne.

Mila's gaze kept wandering to Scott's face. Every look she gave him made her fall for him even more.

Calista, on the other hand, was fixated on the sight of Percival and Vivienne's intertwined hands. The

jealousy and bitterness in her eyes were practically tangible. She clenched her fists so tightly that her

sharp nails dug into her soft skin, but she seemed unaware of the pain.

Suddenly, the sound of a car horn broke the silence, and everyone in the Brooks family sprung to

attention.

Soon, a deep voice echoed from outside. "Vivienne, your granddad's here to take you home!"

Chapter 253

Richard strode in, making a beeline for Vivienne.

"Vivienne, let's go. Let's head back home. I've had it with these godforsaken Brooks!" Richard barked.

"Once you're with the Ellingtons, no one would dare cross you. I'd break their legs if they tried!"

"Unlike this bunch of hypocrites who claim to love you but let others treat you badly! Pretentious snobs!

We won't play their game."

Scott and Judith were dumbfounded.

He might as well have named them outright.

Scott coughed. "Richard, you've misunderstood..."

Before he could finish, Richard cut him off with a tirade. "Misunderstood? Do I look like a fool to you?

Can't I see whether you're genuinely kind to Vivienne or just making life difficult for her? Scott, you

pleaded with Vivienne to come back for what? Do you see what is happening now? Is your love and

fatherly persona already worn out now that she's back?

As long as I am alive, I won't let anyone bully Vivienne. Isn't she better off with the Ellingtons, where

she can live in the lap of luxury? Why should she stick around here and put up with your crap? Today, I

am taking Vivienne home! No ifs, ands, or buts about it!"

Scott fell silent. He didn't even get a chance to speak.

The rest of the Brooks family members didn't dare utter a word.

Richard's temper was even more volatile than their old man's.

Speaking up at this moment was tantamount to walking into a minefield.

"Richard!" Paula scowled. "This is the Brooks family residence, not the Ellingtons! You can't just barge in here and hurl insults. That's way out of line!"

She glanced at Vivienne, icily adding, "Vivienne is only engaged to Percival. Whether they'll even get married is still up in the air. So, stop referring to her as your granddaughter-in-law. A Brooks daughter isn't obliged to marry into the Ellington family. She is a Brooks, so she has no reason to go back with you!"

"Oh?" Richard turned to Paula as a grin slowly played on his lips. "I haven't even started with you, and you're already getting defensive?"

Paula arched an eyebrow, unflinching under Richard's gaze.

"SMACK!"

Richard wielded his cane, striking Paula without hesitation. He then began another tirade. "Who the hell do you think you are? Who gave you the audacity to lecture me? Just because you have a mouth

for swearing you think can talk to me? Is it filled with maggots or crap?

You're not getting any younger, and you're still so ugly! Always running back to your parents' house and causing them trouble! Only a coward like Baron would tolerate you. If you were my daughter-in-law, I would've broken your damned legs!"

"You!" Paula's face was twisted with rage.

This damned old man.

He got a foot in the door and thought he owned the place?

"Really? Have the Brooks family rules gone topsy-turvy? A married daughter is just causing a ruckus in her parents' home, and no one can rein her in?" Richard glanced at Judith, who was standing silently off to the side, and huffed. "If you can't handle her, have Baron give me a call. I'll take care of it for you!"

With that, he hit Paula again with his cane as he barked like a vicious Pitbull. "I'll make sure she learns her lesson!"

"Enough!" Paula roared, "What happens in this family is none of your business! Get out!"

"SMACK!"

No sooner had Paula finished speaking did Judith slap her hard across the face, shouting, "Shut up!"

Paula, her hand on her cheek, looked at Judith in disbelief. "Mom, you hit me?"

Judith had never laid a hand on her before. Now she had slapped her in front of all these people?

"I've pampered you too much! You've lost all sense of respect! Richard is your elder, and you tell him to get lost?! Is that the etiquette of a Brooks daughter?" Judith's face was stern. "We've been patient with you because we knew you were hurting after losing your child, but that's no excuse for your reckless behavior.

If you're upset with your brother, take it up with him. Why are you taking it out on Vivienne? She's only just arrived, and you've been causing trouble. She hasn't complained, but today, you've clearly crossed the line. I am utterly disappointed in you!"

"But I was..."

Before Paula could argue, Judith glared at her. Then she turned to Richard with a smile. "Richard, I apologize for the misunderstanding today. I assure you that we will make it up to Vivienne. She is a Brooks, so she has no reason to go back with the Ellingtons. Don't you agree?"

Richard scoffed. "I disagree! She is my granddaughter-in-law, so she should go back to the Ellingtons!"

If your family is going to bully her, why should she stay here? To be a punching bag?"

Judith fell silent yet again.

This old man didn't mince his words.

She forced a smile, saying, "I promise, this won't happen again."

"Your promise is worthless. Get Baron on the line!"

Feeling helpless, Judith turned to Cecilia, who had come with Richard. "Cecilia, our two families have been close for many years. Could you please talk some sense into Richard? This hostility isn't good for either family."

Cecilia met her stare. A polite smile graced her face as she said, "Judith, I really can't dissuade him.

You know how much my father-in-law adores Percival, and he's my one and only son. Now that I have a daughter-in-law, she's the apple of our family's eye.

Do you really think we would sit idle if our beloved was bullied by your kin? Not only would my father-in-

law not let it slide, I wouldn't either! So, today, we're here to take Vivienne back. You've neglected her

for nineteen years, so it doesn't matter whether you take care of her or not from now on. We, the

Ellingtons, can look after her for a lifetime!"

Her voice was light, yet everything she said stung like needles, piercing into Judith's and Scott's hearts.

They had failed Vivienne for nineteen years. They had finally found her, hoping to make amends, but before they could, this happened. They felt a burning shame.

Calista, who had been silent for a while, watched as Vivienne was fiercely defended by the Ellingtons, making her feel a surge of envy.

Why did that country bumpkin deserve this?

Just as the atmosphere was becoming strained, a car horn sounded from outside the Brooks Mansion.

The Brooks all tensed up. They were in trouble. The patriarch was back.

The next moment, they saw Baron hobbling in, his face as stormy as the sky on the eve of a disaster.

Judith hurriedly approached him. "Why are you back?"

Baron seemed slightly less frosty towards Judith, but when he looked at the younger generation, his gaze was icy. "If I didn't come back, you people would be running amok!"

Chapter 254

Everyone fell silent.

Especially Scott and Timothy Brooks.

Scott was the head of the Brooks family, and Timothy was also seen as a leader by the youngsters, yet they were both helpless against Paula.

Paula, on the other hand, was rather intimidated by Baron. As soon as she saw him, she would immediately shy away and keep quiet.

Baron, however, had no intention of letting her off lightly. "I heard you wanted Vivienne to give the stone she acquired to the family." He asked.

On his way here, Baron had already made a phone call to one of their servants, getting a full rundown of the situation.

Paula flinched and tried to explain. "Dad, I just..."

"Answer me! Is it true or not?" Baron, a veteran of the business battlefield, possessed an aura of unyielding authority. His words alone were enough to make Paula tremble.

"Yes." Paula confessed, her voice barely a whisper.

"Good!" Baron nodded, then suddenly slapped Paula across the face. "When did you get the right to interfere in our family's affairs? Just because I've been in a nursing home these past years and haven't

been able to deal with you, you think you can do whatever you want?"

Paula clutched her slapped cheek as her face reddened with anger.

Today, she'd been slapped three times. She was about to explode with rage.

But when Baron hit her, she could not say a word.

"Pack your bags and leave! Without my permission, you're not allowed to return to here ever again!"

Baron ordered her to leave in a stern voice.

His wife was too soft-hearted. Every time Paula caused trouble, she turned a blind eye. It was all

because Paula had lost a child.

He, however, wouldn't be as lenient.

Especially with Old Richard glaring at him from the sidelines. He had to give the Ellington family an

explanation.

"Dad, yo... you're kicking me out?" Paula's face was a mask of shock.

Baron cast her a cold glance. "If you won't leave on your own, I'll have you thrown out! Choose!"

Paula recoiled. She knew her father was capable of carrying out his threat.

Ignoring Paula, Baron turned to Richard. "Get out of here! I'll handle my family's business myself!

You're not taking my granddaughter away!"

Richard snorted. "Try and kick me out! I'll make sure you regret it!"

"Come on! Show me how you'll make me regret it!" Baron pushed his face closer to Richard's. "If you dare to harm me, I'll make sure your grandson will never see my granddaughter again!"

Richard was speechless.

The old man had become smarter.

Once Richard fell silent, Baron laughed triumphantly. "If you dare mess with me again, I'll call off my granddaughter's wedding. If I say no, you can only dream of your grandson marrying my granddaughter!"

Richard was speechless.

Cecilia and Percival were also speechless.

Richard, fuming, glared at Baron. "Don't get too cocky! Whether or not she leaves with me is up to Vivienne!"

After all, Vivienne was still a part of the Brooks family. They had to consider her feelings.

Baron raised an eyebrow at Richard, then beckoned Vivienne. "Come here, girl."

Vivienne walked over, and Baron spoke to her in the softest voice he could manage. "Today's events were unfair to you, but don't worry. From now on, I won't be going back to the nursing home. I'll live here, and Paula won't come back. No one will bother you again. You can stay here in peace."

"Don't try to butter her up!" Richard glared at Baron, then turned to Vivienne with a smile. "Vivienne, tell

us. Do you want to come back to the Ellington Mansion with me?"

Vivienne felt a warm feeling in her heart at Richard's affectionate words.

She gave him a small smile. "Grandpa, I won't be going back for now. I'll visit you in a few days."

She had more important matters to attend to here. She couldn't leave before she figured everything out.

As if he had expected her answer, Richard nodded in agreement. "Alright, you can stay here. But

remember, the Ellington family has your back. If anyone dares to bother you again, just come to me! I'll make sure they regret it!"

Vivienne gave him a small smile again. "Thank you, Grandpa."

After a pause, she added, "I was planning to use that stone to make accessories for you and Percival's parents."

Richard's eyes lit up, and he laughed heartily. "Ha! That's my granddaughter-in-law!"

He gave a smug glance at Baron.

See? What did it matter if she was your granddaughter? She didn't care about you.

Cecilia's eyes also sparkled. Vivienne was a designer, and although she wasn't sure about Vivienne's jewelry design skills, she was confident that Vivienne would do a good job, given how well she designed clothes.

She could now show off in front of her snobby friends.

Paula, who had just packed her bags and was about to leave, heard what Vivienne said and scoffed.

"Just as I thought, you don't know how to be grateful. Your grandmother loves you so much, but you don't care about her. Instead, you're eager to please outsiders instead! Do you really think that once you marry into the Ellington family, they'll spoil you forever? Don't forget, our family is your support!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Judith scolded her sharply. "Shut up! It's Vivienne's choice who she

wants to give the stone to. I have plenty of jewelry, and I don't need it!"

Even after being kicked out by her father, Paula still wouldn't keep quiet.

Paula's face turned an ugly shade of red. She wanted to say something, but Baron's chilling voice cut

her off. "Aren't you leaving yet? Are you waiting for me to throw you out?"

Paula was furious, but she couldn't do anything about it. She had no choice but to leave with Eddy,

dragging her luggage behind her.

Just as she reached the door, however, Vivienne called out to her. "Wait!"

Paula turned around and glared at Vivienne. "What now? You want to see me humiliated? Don't think

that just because you have my father's support, you can just do whatever you want!"

Vivienne's eyes subtly lifted as her gaze landed on Eddy. With a face that could only be called a

beautiful masterpiece and an unreadable expression, she said, "Eddy Miller, it's time you honored our

bet."

Paula furrowed her brows and looked back at Eddy. "What bet?"

Darren, who had been silent for a while, whistled. "Paula, you didn't know? My cousin bet our little...

well, cousin, that if she could obtain a gemstone more valuable than his, he'd do a handstand and shit

himself on a live stream."

Eddy's face turned a ghastly shade of green. He gazed at Vivienne with malice as he gritted his teeth.

"I will honor my word, but not right now."

Paula frowned even more. "A family jest, and you take it seriously?"

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. "What? Trying to skip out on a debt?"

"Skip what debt?" Paula fired back. "You take a casual joke seriously? You really are a small-town girl.

You're always looking out for your own interests!"

"Hmm." Vivienne chuckled, and a cold, insincere smile appeared on her face. "No one can owe me

anything."

Paula shot her a glare. "You're insane!"

With that, she tried to pull Eddy away, but as they took a step, Eddy collapsed to his knees.

Paula's face went pale. "Eddy, what's wrong?"

Eddy felt a sharp pain in his legs, but no matter how he tried, he couldn't move. He grumbled, "I can't

move."

"What's happened?" Paula panicked.

Vivienne took a step forward, slowly approaching them. While looking down at Eddy, she said, "Since you're refusing to honor our bet, I'll just have to help you out."

"Thomas," she called out, "take off his pants and set up the live stream. Let's see this handstand performance."

Chapter 255

Thomas was speechless.

Why did he have to do such a disgusting thing?

He cleared his throat and was about to approach Eddy when a voice sounded from outside the door.

"Vivienne, I heard you've got a nice stone. Quickly, give me a piece!"

Leopold's voice arrived before the man himself.

Thomas paused.

His timing couldn't be better.

Such a disgusting thing was more suitable for Leopold.

Leopold burst in, noticing that the entire Brooks family was standing in the yard, including Richard and

Cecilia. He paused. "Eh? What's going on here?"

He'd been tasked by Percival to settle Anna in, then deal with some things in the team. By the time he was done, the sun was setting, and the old man had called him about Vivienne's stone. He wanted him to see if Vivienne would sell a small piece.

Without even eating, he'd rushed over.

"Eddy made a bet with Vivienne. If he loses, he has to live stream himself doing a headstand while...

relieving himself." Thomas glanced at Leopold. "And he lost."

"So?" Leopold asked, "Is he about to start his performance?"

Thomas nodded. "Yep, but he's not being cooperative."

"Not cooperating?" Leopold's voice rose a few octaves. "Does he have a choice? Don't worry, Vivienne;

I'll handle this. I'm good at this. Just watch!"

Finally, a chance to impress Vivienne. Why not show off a bit?

With that, Leopold strode towards Eddy while cracking his knuckles and sporting a lecherous grin.

"Eddy, I suggest you stay still. I'm not known for being gentle. If I rip your pants, you won't be able to go home."

Eddy was beside himself with disbelief.

If only he could move.

What did this have to do with Leopold?!

Angry, Eddy yelled, "Get away from me!"

Then he turned to Vivienne. "Vivienne! What's your game? I said I'd honor the bet! But not now! Get him away from me!"

"Wow!" Leopold raised an eyebrow in amusement. "You dare argue with Vivienne? Pow!"

He punched Eddy in the face. "Who gave you the right?"

"Eddy!" Paula immediately shielded Eddy and began crying out angrily, "If you dare touch my son again, I will..."

"Touch? Why not?" Leopold retorted, aiming a kick at Eddy.

"You!" Paula's face was ashen, and she turned to Baron. "Dad! Are you just going to stand there while your grandson is being bullied?"

Baron merely lifted his eyes. "A man should be responsible for his actions. He made a bet with Vivienne, and he lost. He should honor the bet."

Even though it was disgusting, at this point, Eddy had to face the consequences. Vivienne wouldn't let it go.

Vivienne had just returned, and Paula had caused so much trouble, so the young girl was bound to be angry.

So be it.

Let Eddy pay the price, so the Brooks family could find a little peace.

"What bet?! Vivienne obviously manipulated him!" Paula roared.

Calista, who had been silent all along, finally couldn't hold back. "Mr. Brooks, even though Eddy lost the bet and should honor it, Vivienne was very confident about the gemstone when she bet with Eddy. It was like she did it only with revenge in mind."

Calista turned to Vivienne. "Vivienne, Eddy has offended you, so let me apologize on his behalf. Can we let this go? How will Eddy show his face anywhere in the future after broadcasting such a vulgar act? You're all family, so why cause such humiliation?"

Vivienne's eyes were cold. "You don't deserve my sympathy."

Calista's face fell, but she suppressed her anger. "Right, I'm an outsider, so I don't have a say in these family matters. But today, you've embarrassed your aunt. How will you get along in the future? The bet was a joke between cousins, so why not show some magnanimity and let it go this time?"

Eddy was moved by Calista's pleas.

That was what a well-bred lady should be like.

What was Vivienne compared to her?

She wasn't even fit to tie Calista's shoes!

"Huh!" Vivienne's lips curled into a cold smile. "You're so righteous. Why don't you take his place? With your beauty, I'm sure many people would be interested."

Calista's anger flared.

But she quickly suppressed it, turning to Percival with a pitiful expression. "Mr. Ellington, your fiancée is being so aggressive; won't you say something?"

She didn't believe the Ellington family would want a vindictive daughter-in-law like her.

However, Percival didn't even lift his head. With one hand in his pocket and the other around Vivienne's slender waist, he said, "Whatever my Vivienne wants to do, I support."

His eyes flicked over Calista's face, then away in disgust. "Calista, are you asking me to persuade

Vivienne to let you take Eddy's place?"

Calista was dumbfounded.

She struggled to maintain her composure. "My name is Calista!"

"Oh." Percival said dismissively, "Sorry, bad memory. I forgot."

He didn't even spare a glance at Calista. The sheer indifference in his demeanor made Calista feel as if

her heart had been crushed. She struggled to catch her breath.

Why?

Why on earth was this happening?

How was she any less than Vivienne?

Why wouldn't he even look at her? Why did he keep forgetting her name over and over again?

Percival couldn't be bothered with her, though. He turned his attention to Leopold. "Bring me Eddy's

phone."

Leopold, gleeful as ever, sauntered over to Eddy.

Paula tried to intervene, but Leopold ruthlessly shoved her aside. He rifled through Eddy's pockets, pulled out the phone, and tossed it to Percival.

Percival caught the phone and swiftly unlocked it with a few taps. He turned on the live-streaming app and tossed the phone to Thomas. "Find a stand. Make sure the viewers can see everything."

"Right away." Thomas immediately carried on with the task.

Percival's gaze shifted back to Leopold. "What are you waiting for?"

"Got it!" Upon receiving the order, Leopold promptly went over to Eddy.

Eddy wanted to retreat, but he was rooted to the spot. He glared at Leopold as he bellowed in fury.

"How dare you?! If you touch me, I swear you'll pay for it!"

"Hmph!" Leopold sneered, not saying another word. He yanked off Eddy's pants in one swift motion.

To save time, he also took off Eddy's boxers.

Everyone got a full-frontal view of his... tidbits.

Just as his pants hit the floor, Percival quickly covered Vivienne's eyes. "You're not allowed to look."

Damn!

He had completely forgotten that such sights were not suitable for a young lady.

Vivienne fell silent.

Could she tell him she had already seen it?

But it was so tiny.

Chapter 256

"Oh my God!"

Ashley shrieked and spun around as fast as she could. What she had just seen was too much for her to handle.

Cecilia, despite her age and life experience, also turned away immediately. Seeing a younger man in such an embarrassing state was...

Well, it just wasn't right.

Both Calista and the women around couldn't bear to watch either.

Except for Paula.

As she took in the scene, her mind spun, and she lost her temper completely.

"Leopold! I'll kill you!"

Paula, looking as wild as a banshee, lunged at Leopold. But with a quick sidestep, Leopold easily

avoided her.

Meanwhile, the live chat of the stream was blowing up.

"Holy crap! What's going on here? I just joined, and Eddy's already making a fool of himself."

"Is Eddy trying to be funny? Stripping naked on a live stream? I didn't know he was into that kind of stuff."

"But Eddy's little friend... Well, it's quite small, isn't it?"

"What the heck?! This is disgusting! I'm reporting this!"

On the other side, Leopold managed to evade Paula's attack and pushed her towards Thomas. "Hold her down."

Thomas, who had missed out on the dubious honor of undressing Eddy, was more than capable of restraining Paula.

With Paula out of the picture, Leopold quickly brought over a chair. He then hoisted Eddy's legs up and stepped onto the chair. While looking into the camera, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, young master Eddy of the Miller family here was feeling a bit bored and wanted to give you a unique performance of defecating while doing a handstand, and I'm here to assist him."

After saying this, Leopold gave Eddy's buttocks a light slap. "Eddy, give it a push. Let's get this over with. I don't want to wait all night."

Eddy was furious. "Leopold! You son of a bitch! Let me go!"

He didn't need to poop. How was he supposed to?

"You're going to keep yelling?" Leopold slapped him again. "Keep it up, and I'll cut your little friend off!"

Upon hearing this, Eddy felt a chill run down his spine and quickly shut up.

Leopold smiled and was now feeling satisfied. "That's more like it! Just cooperate, and we can all go home sooner."

Eddy was fuming, but there was nothing he could do. He was completely at the mercy of Leopold.

Paula kept yelling. "Vivienne! You're a despicable, ungrateful brat! You dare let someone treat your cousin like this? I'll make you pay!"

"Scott, you useless fool! You lost my daughter, and now you let your own daughter humiliate my son! I'll never forgive you!"

"I curse you all! May you bear no sons, and may you be damned to hell for all eternity!"

Paula was spewing out harsh and hurtful remarks. The faces of her entire family turned sour.

This whole fiasco was their fault. If it weren't for them meddling in Vivienne's business or Eddy's foolish bet with Vivienne, none of this would have happened.

Now that Richard was here to stand up for Vivienne, there was nothing they could do to help Eddy.

Otherwise, if Richard decided to escalate this into a business war,,the Brooks family would lose more than just face.

Paula's relentless cursing made Percival frown. Thomas quickly got the hint and stuffed his own sock into Paula's mouth.

"Mmph!"

Paula could no longer curse and could only struggle against Thomas's grip.

After waiting for a few minutes without any movement from Eddy, Percival's patience started to wear thin. "Eddy, if you cooperate, we can get this over with. If not, I'll have someone give you a laxative."

Who would want to watch someone poop in the middle of the night? Most importantly, his little girl was trying to peek through his fingers. He wouldn't let her watch other men.

Eddy turned as pale as a ghost.

Being publicly humiliated was bad enough, but being forced to take a laxative in front of everyone was even worse. He might as well die!

With that in mind, Eddy used all his strength to try and force something out.

His face turned red from the effort he was putting in.

He had to do it, even if there was nothing to push out.

If he didn't, Percival would really give him a laxative, and he was certain his so-called family wouldn't help him.

He was going to be humiliated either way, but at least he could keep some dignity by doing it himself.

Using all his strength, Eddy managed to...

"Ugh!"

Leopold couldn't handle it. He dropped Eddy's legs and ran off to the side to vomit.

This was too much! He wouldn't be able to eat for days.

How could he eat anything after this?

As Leopold was throwing up, Eddy wished he could just end his life there and then.

When Leopold had let go of his legs, Eddy had fallen over.

And he had fallen right onto his own...

And to make matters worse, his face was in it!

Ugh!

Everyone else also started to vomit.

Richard and Baron were heaving so hard they almost threw up their stomach acid.

Percival and Vivienne were the only ones who remained calm.

As soon as Eddy was let down, Percival gave out an order to the Brooks Mansion servants. "Take him away!"

He was ruining their appetite.

The servants didn't dare dawdle and quickly carried Eddy away. They then swiftly cleaned up the area.

Paula felt like fainting as she watched Eddy being carried away in such a pitiful state.

She glared at Vivienne and Percival while gritting her teeth. "I won't let you get away with this!"

"We'll be waiting." Vivienne replied coldly.

With Eddy gone, Vivienne couldn't help but feel that her eyes had been tainted. She was now staring

intently at Percival.

She needed to cleanse her eyesight by looking at her handsome Mr. Wolf.

Once the place was cleaned up, Baron turned to Richard. "Are you satisfied now?"

Richard nodded. "I am, but, Vivienne, are you?"

"Yeah, it was rough, but the end result was pretty good." Vivienne was quite satisfied.

"Then you two better get out of here!" Baron scowled at Richard. He didn't want to see the old bugger for another second.

"Well, if you insist." Richard replied cheerfully. He was ready to leave.

Just as they were about to step out, a police car pulled up.

Several uniformed officers got out and asked in an official manner, "Where is Eddy Miller?"

Baron was taken aback. "Officers, he's my grandson. What seems to be the problem?"

"Someone reported that the content of his live stream tonight was indecent. So, we need to take him back to the station for questioning."

Just as the officer finished speaking, Eddy, freshly cleaned up, was brought out. He was immobilized

and had to watch the entire procedure in silence. He'd lost count of how many times he'd thrown up during the clean-up.

An officer walked up to him and flashed his badge. "Mr. Miller, you'll have to come with us."

After the officer finished speaking, Eddy found that he could move again. But before he could utter a word, he was escorted away.

Chapter 257

After Eddy was taken away, everyone felt a sudden surge of relief in the air.

Paula tried to stop the police car to save Eddy but was warned by the police for obstructing justice.

Helpless, she returned to plead with Baron. "Dad! Can you help Eddy? We can't just let the police take him away!"

Baron looked at her without any expression. "If he has done something wrong, he should pay for it."

He raised his eyes to meet Paula's face and looked at her with a stern expression. "If you hadn't stirred up trouble at home, Eddy wouldn't have ended up like this. You reap what you sow."

"But did I do this for myself?"

It seemed like Paula would never let up. "Vivienne has got something worth a billion, and I asked her to give it to our family. Was that wrong? It's not just a hundred bucks, but a billion! How can a young girl

handle such a big sum? What if she gets scammed?"

"I always look out for our family, but you all treat me like garbage." Paula looked at Baron with a face etched in defiance and resentment. "Mom, Dad! Since childhood, you've always favored my older and younger brothers. You even favored my younger sister. But what about me? I'm your daughter, too.

Why don't you ever want to help me?"

"I've lost my daughter for so many years. I've been desperately searching for her for years. The Brooks family could have contacted the CK Intelligence Organization to help me find her, but you refused to spend the money. Scott's daughter was found, while my daughter is still suffering!"

"Now, for the sake of the Brooks family, you've put my son at risk. Isn't that too much?"

Baron frowned as his face began to darken.

Judith had had enough. "That's enough! You're beyond redemption! We all didn't want your daughter to go missing, and over the years, you've always felt that we haven't helped you find her. But do you know that your father has contacted CK multiple times, but they refused to take the case? We are not gods,

Paula. We don't have the power to do everything!"

"Even if we didn't help you contact CK, your father posted a reward and sent people everywhere to look for her. We didn't feel good about not finding her either. How can you blame us so confidently?"

"I've had enough of you, and your father has already said that from now on, without our consent, don't you ever show your face here again!"

Paula sneered. "You just don't want me around! Vivienne got my son in trouble, and I haven't settled that account yet. Since you're heart-set on favoritism, we'll see how things end! I won't let it go that easily!"

Paula didn't want to waste her breath on them anymore. She knew that no matter what she said, her family wouldn't help her.

She couldn't let Eddy spend the night in jail.

Just as Paula was about to leave, Vivienne suddenly called out to her. "Wait!"

Paula stopped and glared at her. "What do you want now?"

Vivienne glanced at her and said, "I agree with you that what the younger generation gets should belong to the family. To help you achieve your wish, I plan to lend you a hand."

With that, Vivienne took out her phone, found a number in her contacts, and dialed it.

Soon, the call was connected, and a man's excited voice rang out. "Young..."

Before he could finish talking, Vivienne interrupted him. "Mark Miller! Your son, Eddy, bought a piece of gemstone with the Miller family's money worth 300 million. Your wife thinks that what the younger generation gets should be handed over to the family. I think that's quite reasonable. We're at the Brooks Mansion; what's your plan?"

There was silence on the other end of the phone for a few seconds, then he said, "I'll send someone to pick it up right away."

Though he had no idea what exactly had happened, judging from Vivienne's tone, it must have been Eddy and Paula who had provoked Vivienne.

Those two damned fools!

They were either idle or causing trouble!

Did they really think they could mess with Vivienne?

Upon receiving a positive reply, Vivienne hung up the phone.

Paula's face nearly turned green with anger.

What kind of people were Vivienne and Percival?

Why did they always have to snitch?

It wasn't long before the Miller family's car arrived.

They greeted Baron and Richard, then loaded Paula's things and the gemstone Eddy had bought onto the car.

Like a gust of wind, they came quickly and left quickly.

After Paula left, Calista and Mila also felt it was inappropriate to stay, so they excused themselves.

Richard was very satisfied with the outcome and planned to leave with Cecilia, but he was called back by Baron. "Old man, take your grandson with you."

"Why should he leave?" Richard gave Baron a sidelong glance. "He's Vivienne's fiancé, so he should be with Vivienne."

"Pah!" Baron spat. "That's just an engagement. Whether they'll get married is another story. Our family has no tradition of unmarried couples living together. Take him and leave!"

At this moment, he was holding back a bellyful of anger. Every time he saw Percival, he thought of Richard, that damn old man. If he had to see Percival every day, he reckoned he would die of anger

sooner.

He didn't want to die earlier than that damn Richard.

He wanted to live well and annoy Richard to death.

"Hmph!" Richard snorted coldly. "You want to drive my grandson away so you can bully Vivienne?"

Dream on!"

"You!"

Before Baron could finish his sentence, Richard said, "If you talk nonsense again, I'll move in here too!"

Baron fell silent.

Did he have no shame?!

In the end, thanks to Richard's shameless persistence, Percival successfully stayed.

Throughout the whole process, he and Vivienne didn't get a chance to say a word.

It was just too unbelievable. These two old men were too strong.

Once Richard had taken his leave, Baron swept his gaze over the remaining crowd and said with an air

of nonchalance, "Alright, the show's over. Those who need to leave, leave. Those who need to sleep,

sleep."

What a ruckus at such a late hour.

With that, Baron retired to his quarters.

The others followed suit shortly after.

Once everyone had retreated, Leopold rushed over to Vivienne with an excited expression. "Vivienne,"

he said, "next time there's a spectacle like this, call me. I'll help you blow off some steam."

He seemed to have entirely forgotten who nearly upchucked their dinner just moments ago.

"But could we maybe choose a less nauseating method next time? It really turns my stomach; I won't

even want to eat for days." Leopold cringed at the thought of what he just saw; he could feel his

stomach churn.

Vivienne crossed her arms as a smirk played on her lips. "Oh? You have a solution?"

"Of course I do!" Leopold said with enthusiasm. "We strip him bare, make him do a pole dance, and

then invite an audience. It'll be quite a spectacle."

"I appreciate the thought..." Vivienne awkwardly replied.

After Leopold and Thomas left, Vivienne and Percival retired to their rooms as well.

The drama of the evening had left a sour taste in the mouths of the Brooks family, and everyone had opted for an early night.

Darren, however, was humming a tune as he strolled towards his room on the second floor. Observing the spectacle between Paula and Eddy earlier had put him in high spirits.

These two, his aunt and cousin, had been strutting around like peacocks for too long, and he was frankly sick of it.

Being family, and seeing as Paula did lose her daughter, the Brooks family had been tolerating their rudeness and boorishness for too long.

But what happened today filled him with glee. They had it coming!

They ought to be thanking their lucky stars that Vivienne had spared Eddy's life.

The mere thought of Vivienne sent a shudder down Darren's spine, and he quickened his pace towards his room.

It was better to keep as much of a distance as possible from her.

Swiftly, he pushed open the door to his room, eager to take refuge.

To his surprise, Vivienne was lounging on his sofa, engrossed in her phone, as if she owned the place.

Darren was at a loss for words.

Would he have time to make a run for it?

Vivienne glanced at him and spoke in an indifferent tone. "Back already?"

With a thud, Darren dropped to his knees before her, gripping her legs as he begged for mercy.

"Vivienne, I was wrong! Please forgive me!"

Tears streamed down his face, making him the very definition of woe.

Vivienne kicked him away in disgust. She brushed off the traces he left on her dress, eyeing Darren as

she said, "What exactly did you do wrong?"

"I shouldn't have run away." Darren confessed as remorse washed over, leaving his face a picture of

woe.

Years ago, he had been sent by the Edwards family to the Emerald Monastery to become a disciple.

His aptitude had impressed the master, who took him in.

Initially, he was thrilled. But the training at the Emerald Monastery was nothing like what he had

imagined.

Vivienne's training methods were worse than any military show he had ever seen on TV.

He simply couldn't handle the hardship.

So he chose a dark and windy night and scaled the walls to escape.

"What else?" Vivienne's tone was calm, but Darren felt a chill run down his spine.

"More?" Darren racked his brains, continuing his confession. "I should have listened to you. All the beatings and scolding were for my own good. I was ignorant."

As he spoke, Darren began to tremble. He could vividly recall the punishments at the Emerald Monastery. He certainly didn't want a repeat of those dreadful days.

"Since you've left the monastery, you are no longer one of the disciples there."

At first, Darren felt a sense of relief. If he wasn't one of the disciples, that meant she couldn't discipline him anymore, right?

But his relief was short-lived.

"However, the mistakes you've made can't just be swept under the rug."

As soon as she finished speaking, Darren felt an invisible pressure bearing down on him.

The memories of his beatings at the monastery flooded his mind.

"I was wrong! I was wrong! Vivienne, please spare me! I really was wrong..."

He tried to grip Vivienne's legs again, refusing to let go.

Vivienne looked down at his pathetic figure and was left utterly speechless. How did the stone

Monastery produce such a coward?

With a swift kick, she sent Darren sprawling away from her. Her voice was lazy and relaxed as she

asked, "Why did you steal the talking parrot from the master?"

Darren, still reeling from Vivienne's kick, hastily explained, "I didn't mean to steal the master's parrot. It

was just that when I was escaping, I startled it. You know how smart that little thing is. If it had called

out, I wouldn't have been able to escape. So, I just grabbed it and took it with me."

"But don't worry, Vivienne. It's still alive and well. It's even put on a few pounds. I'll give it back to you;

just please let me off this time, Vivienne."

Just as he was about to crawl towards Vivienne again, footsteps echoed outside his open door.

Vivienne gave Darren another swift kick.

Ashley, who was passing by the door, paused in her steps.

She had caught a glimpse into Darren's room.

Was her brother kneeling before Vivienne?

That couldn't be right. Why would her brother kneel before Vivienne?

Was she seeing things or...

Ashley took a few steps back to get a better look into Darren's room.

Vivienne was indeed sitting on the sofa, but Darren was standing in front of her.

Ashley breathed a sigh of relief. She must have seen wrong.

But why was Vivienne in her brother's room?

They had only just met today, and they weren't exactly close.

Thinking this, Ashley walked into the room and asked, "Vivienne, what are you doing in my brother's room?"

Vivienne didn't answer but gave Darren a look that clearly said 'handle it.'

Quick on his feet, Darren stepped in and answered. "I brought a gift for Vivienne. I asked her to come over to collect it."

Ashley's eyes lit up at the mention of a gift. "A gift? Do I get one too?"

Darren was blunt. "No, you don't."

Ashley's face fell at her brother's blunt response.

She was actually thrilled that her uncle's real daughter had come back home.

Especially since Vivienne was such a formidable and down-to-earth person. She was so much better than Arabella. At least Vivienne hadn't caused her any trouble since her return.

Ever since she'd arrived, it was like everyone, from Grandma and Mom to Darren and her older cousin, were bending over backwards for Vivienne.

Even the only Peach Blossom Bracelet, a family heirloom, had been given to Vivienne by Grandma.

Her grandpa had even made a special trip back from the nursing home just to show his support for Vivienne.

Now, even her own flesh and blood brother, Darren, had gone out of his way to bring a gift for Vivienne, leaving her, his little sister, empty-handed.

Ashley was not happy and left Darren's room in a huff.

Darren, with his thick skin, didn't even notice his sister's annoyance. He simply wiped the sweat from his brow, relieved that he'd managed to bluff his way past Ashley.

But as for Vivienne, Darren nervously glanced at Vivienne. Having groveled so shamelessly at her feet, he wondered if she would spare him.

Vivienne's expression was neutral, revealing no signs of her emotions. She simply extended her hand towards him.

Darren was confused.

Vivienne asked impatiently, "Where's my gift?"

Darren froze.

If he admitted that he didn't have a gift, would he be in serious trouble?

In this life-or-death moment, a sudden idea struck him. He quickly rummaged through his suitcase, pulling out an item and handing it to Vivienne.

Chapter 259

Vivienne cast her eyes down to see a personal photo album of Darren's.

A twitch flickered at the corner of her mouth. Who asked for his pictures?

Darren thought she was pleased with the gift since she had gone silent. He shamelessly emphasized,

"It's signed by me, you know?"

Vivienne remained silent.

With a slap, the album was thrust onto Darren's face before she strode away.

Darren heaved a sigh. Had Vivienne finally let him go?

...

Elsewhere.

Mila and Calista sat in their car with their faces grim.

They had heard that Scott had reclaimed his real daughter and rushed over to strengthen the

relationship.

To their surprise, Scott's actual daughter was Vivienne.

Even worse, Vivienne was extremely cold-hearted. She humiliated them in front of everyone without

giving them any face.

"What's so great about that girl? Percival already lost his soul to her, but how could Richard be so

foolish?" Calista reflected on the day's events with eyes clouded over with bitterness.

"I'll head to the hospital." Calista announced suddenly.

"Why the hospital at this late hour?" Mila questioned.

"I'm going to check on Tristan." Calista answered.

Although she hadn't managed to teach Vivienne a lesson at the gemstone gambling place, she was confident that few could match her in the medical field.

Tristan was recovering well under her care. He was the best proof of her prowess.

With a bit more effort, she could restore Tristan back to his prime. Then, the Brooks family, and even Percival, would realize her worth.

Vivienne may have had people spoiling her, but her value was not comparable to Calista's skills and knowledge.

Mila, while not fully understanding her daughter's thoughts, knew her daughter was resolute and didn't question her further.

After the driver dropped Calista off at the hospital, Mila gave Paula a call.

"Paula, how are things on your end?"

Just hearing that made her recall the humiliation Eddy suffered. He was forced to perform such crude

acts by Vivienne and Percival's gang.

Living a privileged life, she had never encountered such filth. Even the thought of it now made her feel
nauseous.

It seemed every time she saw Eddy from now on, she'd feel queasy.

But she had to maintain good relations with Paula, considering she needed Paula to get close to Scott.

"Vivienne, that little wretch, I won't let her off! My biased parents, ungrateful big brother..." Paula
swore

relentlessly over the phone.

Mila held the phone slightly away from her ear, waiting for Paula's rant to subside.

"So, how are things really?" She asked again.

Paula gritted her teeth. "How do you think? I got a severe scolding from my husband. He cut off my
card and banished me from the house."

Mila frowned. "He really treated you like that?"

"He even warned me to stay away from Vivienne. I'm Paula Brooks! I won't be defeated by a mere girl!"

If she had targeted Vivienne before out of hatred for Scott, now she thoroughly detested Vivienne.

She wouldn't rest until Vivienne was utterly disgraced.

Mila attempted to soothe her. "Don't get too worked up; you'll hurt yourself. It's normal for them to treasure Vivienne since she's just been found. But I didn't expect the Ellington family to spoil her too."

Paula sneered. "That old fool Richard. How could he treat a nobody like a treasure? Wait till Vivienne marries into the family; he'll be the one losing dignity."

Mila leaned back into her seat as she continued to speak casually. "True. He dotes on Vivienne so much. It's understandable for Vivienne to take the gemstone that she bought with the Ellington family's money and not give it to the Brooks family. But she didn't even share it with the Ellingtons. Clearly, her rural upbringing didn't teach her the rules."

Paula caught on to the hint in her tone. "You mean..."

Mila clarified. "The Ellington fortune isn't managed solely by Percival, right? What about Ryan Ellington?"

Paula's eyes sparkled at the idea. "You're right! The Ellington family's money isn't controlled by Percival alone. I'll call Cathy right now."

Cathy was the wife of Percival's uncle, Ryan, and wasn't particularly fond of Percival.

Mila was pleased Paula understood her intentions.

After hanging up, Paula dialed Cathy.

"Cathy, did you know that Percival won a gemstone worth a billion at the gemstone gambling place?"

Cathy was surprised. "Really?"

Their family was wealthy, but a gemstone of such value was still a shock.

"Yes, but the stone was won by Percival's fiancée. The 30-million-dollar initial investment was

Percival's, but the stone belongs entirely to his fiancée. I just feel sorry for the Ellington family. It would

be fair if she at least shared half of it, right?"

Cathy's eyes lit up greedily at the news.

"Of course! The Ellington family must have a share in this! Thanks, Paula; without you, I wouldn't have

known about this. Don't worry, I won't let our family suffer any loss."

Paula stirred the pot a little more before finally hanging up the phone, feeling satisfied.

There was no way she'd let that young girl get away with disrespecting her.

...

The Brooks Mansion.

Vivienne returned to her room, only to find an unexpected guest on her bed.

She was momentarily taken aback, then grinned.

She had gone to Darren's room to corner him, only to find someone had beaten her to the punch in her own room.

"Mr. Wolf, are you making a delivery?"

She approached with a smile, reaching out to playfully tug at Percival's tie.

The silk fabric playfully slipped through her pale fingers. An uncontrollable sensation scratched at

Percival's heart. He could no longer hold on.

Before she knew it, Vivienne was pulled harshly. The world spun as their positions were reversed.

Percival's body was now on top of hers. His nose was inches away from Vivienne's.

"Do you want to check the goods?"

Vivienne felt her heart skip a beat as she looked up at his stern face, causing her smile to deepen.

"Then... let's check!"

With that, she took the initiative to press her lips against Percival's.

The moment her lips touched his, Percival almost lost his mind.

His long fingers wrapped around her slender waist as he pushed her against the bed, turning the tables.

Chapter 260

The kiss lasted a long time, stirring a flurry of tiny sparks within Percival that threatened to engulf his sanity.

His slender fingers traced a path across Vivienne's skin.

Vivienne felt a sudden heat surge through her body. After snapping back to reality, she lifted her leg and kicked in Percival's direction.

"Ouch!"

Percival winced. "Vivienne, are you trying to murder your husband?"

Vivienne's cheeks flushed a deep shade of red as embarrassment flickered across her delicate face.

She adjusted the neckline of her dress that had been pulled open. "Mr. Wolf! You've crossed the line!"

Had she been spoiling Percival too much recently?

His boldness was escalating, and he was daringly venturing further and further.

Just as she was contemplating how to teach Percival a lesson, she noticed his gaze fall on her chest.

Vivienne lifted her hand to slap him, only to have it gently held by Percival.

"Stop."

He reached out to grasp the pendant hanging around Vivienne's neck.

It had been revealed during their playful tussle.

He reached to his own neck, pulling out another pendant that was identical to hers, and held them together.

The two halves of the pendant, when joined together, formed a key.

Vivienne furrowed her brows. "A key?"

Percival's deep, alluring eyes narrowed slightly. They both knew each other had a piece of the pendant, but they had never thought that when put together, they would form a key.

He fell silent for a moment, then asked, "Did your mother leave anything that needed to be locked up?"

Vivienne shook her head. "No."

Her mother had only told her where to find the potion.

She had already obtained the potions from Dorian and Anna. Additionally, she had one in her possession, making three in total. Her mother had revealed to her that there were only two potions.

Clearly, her mother hadn't told her the whole truth.

So far, she had found out that there were at least six potions.

What was this lock that her mother had left behind supposed to open?

Vivienne's eyes narrowed for a moment, then she looked towards the courtyard of the Brooks Mansion as her gaze turned deep and thoughtful. "I have underestimated him."

"Don't worry. The fox will eventually show its tail." Percival's eyes narrowed as his demeanor suddenly turned cold.

Anyone who harmed Vivienne's mother would pay the price.

Vivienne nodded, not saying anything more.

The flirtatious atmosphere between them had suddenly vanished.

"Get some rest." Percival said softly.

...

The next day.

As soon as Vivienne woke up, there was a knock on the door.

She opened the door to find Percival leaning against the wall with an expression of helplessness on his stoic face.

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. "What's up?"

Percival pinched his temple and held up his phone to Vivienne.

"Are you even listening to what I'm saying? When are you going to bring Vivienne back? If you can't handle this small task, don't ever call yourself my grandson!"

On the screen, Richard was lecturing Percival, and his brows were furrowed in frustration.

"Vivienne?" Richard was in the middle of his tirade when he suddenly saw Vivienne. His expression immediately softened, and his eyes crinkled into a smile. "Why don't you come over to your grandfather's place? I've prepared some delicious food and fun activities for you."

"Sounds good." Vivienne softly smiled at him.

Upon hearing Vivienne accept, Richard couldn't contain his joy. He stopped his lecture and hung up the call to instruct the household staff on what to prepare.

Finally free from his grandfather's nagging, Percival chuckled and said to Vivienne, "Looks like the ugly bride is finally going to meet her in-laws."

Although they had met before, this was their first official visit.

"Am I ugly?" Vivienne gave Percival a sidelong glance.

Percival's heart warmed as she glanced at him. He leaned in and took her hand.

"Not at all. My Vivienne is the most beautiful woman in the world." He wrapped an arm around her waist and gave her a light peck on the lips. "And the sweetest."

A blush spread across Vivienne's fair and delicate face.

This man was intoxicating. Every time she was near him, she found it hard to control herself.

"Cough, cough!"

The sound of someone clearing their throat echoed from the side.

Percival turned his head to see Scott and Judith approaching from the other end of the corridor.

Both Percival and Vivienne looked slightly uncomfortable.

"Judith, Scott."

Percival greeted them politely, neither humble nor arrogant.

"How did you sleep last night?" Judith asked with a kind smile.

"Not bad." Vivienne responded curtly.

She completely ignored Scott's longing and concerned gaze.

Vivienne's indifferent demeanor left Judith at a loss, making the atmosphere a bit awkward.

At that moment, Baron descended from the upper floor.

His health hadn't fully recovered, and the hurried journey back from the nursing home the night before,

coupled with the sudden change of environment, resulted in a sleepless night. His aged eyes were

slightly red and swollen.

The rest of the family also gradually came down.

After the previous night's incident, everyone had a clear understanding of Vivienne's temperament and

greeted her with smiles.

Except for Carl. The thought of being swindled out of 12 million by Vivienne still caused his heart to

ache. He didn't even spare Vivienne a glance.

The servants then brought a hearty and delicious breakfast to the table.

Baron sat at the head of the table. His aged and cloudy eyes swept over everyone before landing on Vivienne, causing a smile to appear on his stern face. "How are you settling in?"

Vivienne raised an eyebrow, and a faint smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "What do you think?"

Everyone around the table gasped.

Vivienne sure had guts.

Speaking with such an attitude towards the old man?!

Everyone knew that when the old man lost his temper, he showed no mercy.

Just as everyone was expecting the old man to erupt, he instead let out a hearty laugh. "Hahaha! It seems you're still holding a grudge! You really get your temper from me! You won't let yourself be wronged at all!"

Vivienne remained silent, not responding.

"That's the spirit!" Baron leaned back in his chair, radiating an aura of authority. "As a child of the Brooks family, you should never tolerate bullying! You did the right thing!"

Vivienne looked up and was somewhat surprised.

Baron, it seemed, was different from the rest of the Brooks family.

So far, aside from Paula and that Carl fellow, the rest of the Brooks had at least managed not to get on her nerves.

Seeing her silence, Baron chuckled. "What? Do you think I'd side with Paula just because she's my daughter?"

Vivienne remained noncommittal.

Judith and Scott often expressed their joy at her return, but whenever Paula gave her trouble, they would only scold her a few times.

Ostensibly, they were helping her, but in reality, they were assisting Paula.

That was why it was difficult for her to maintain a positive attitude towards Judith and Scott.

"My dear girl." Baron straightened up and looked at Vivienne seriously. "A truly powerful family does not

tolerate parasites."

Vivienne paused, then smiled.

Indeed, the perspective and demeanor of a true family head were quite different.

After breakfast, everyone sat in silence. No one uttered a single word.

After the meal, Percival set down his utensils, elegantly took out a napkin, and wiped his mouth.

"Baron, Vivienne will be accompanying me back to the Ellington family home today to visit my
grandfather."