

The Million-Dollar Heart

Chapter 26 At Tranquil Estates.

When Vivienne got back, Dorian and Cordelia were just stepping through the door. Vivienne gave a shout, then asked, "Mr. Hawthorn, how's the enrollment coming along?"

Earlier that day, Dorian and Cordelia had taken Thaddeus to sign up at the Imperial Blossom Nursery.

Dorian nodded in response. "It's going well. Thaddeus really likes the school." There was a hint of tiredness on his face as he sank onto the couch, looking worn out.

Vivienne sat down next to him, gave him a once-over, then asked, "What's up?" "Ah!" Dorian sighed, "It's nothing, I'm used to it." Seeing his reluctance to spill the beans, Vivienne turned to Cordelia. "What's going on?"

She wasn't one to stick her nose into other people's business, but she was quite comfortable with Dorian and his family. If she could help, she would naturally offer a hand.

But Dorian seemed to always shy away from troubling her, keeping things to himself.

"Forget him." Cordelia rolled her eyes at Dorian, then gave him a pat. "It's no big deal. Even if you can't find work, I've got some savings. You can look for work in other cities. Beatrice might have her claws in Havenwood, but can she reach everywhere else?"

Cordelia added, "Besides, Thaddeus' tuition has been completely waived. What are you worried about? Don't bring your work troubles home and ruin Vivienne's mood."

They had just found out that day, when they went to sign up, that Imperial Blossom Nursery had waived Thaddeus' tuition. To them, this was like manna from heaven.

At first, when Thaddeus got accepted into Imperial Blossom Nursery, she was thrilled. But after discussing with Dorian, they realized they couldn't afford the high tuition. So they decided to send Thaddeus to a regular kindergarten. They went to Imperial Blossom Nursery to explain, only to be told that Thaddeus' tuition was waived. This was cause for celebration.

But even with the tuition problem solved, Dorian was still stressing over finding work, complaining all the way home about how he wouldn't be able to support his family. It was driving her up the wall.

Vivienne got it, Dorian was having a hard time finding work because of Beatrice's meddling. She gave a small smile, she didn't care if Dorian had a job or not, she was fully capable of supporting his family.

Dorian was in his forties and was looking quite down in the dumps lately because of work.

Glancing at Dorian, Vivienne pulled out her phone, opened her social media, and found 99 new messages on Facebook. She was stunned, then remembered her post asking for job leads, which she hadn't checked since posting. She started going through the messages.

"Am | seeing this right? You're really looking for work? How about joining our company? You can be the CEO."

"Omigod! Am | seeing things? Do you need a job? Come to Alliance Enterprises. I'll give you the chairman position, cause | want to travel the world."

"Do you need money? Tell me your address, I'll send you a cool 10 million to spend!"

Vivienne rubbed her temples, looking helplessly at the comments, finally resting her eyes on the last one. The principal from Cloudcrest High School in Havenwood asked, "Would you like to come visit our school?"

Vivienne was confused, Cloudcrest High School was where Arabella went to school. Having read the comments, she left the app and opened a chat with a user named 'Dawson' whose profile picture was black, "Does Alliance Enterprises have a branch in Havenwood?"

He replied almost instantly, "Oh no! Mystic Mistress, you don't even know where my branches are? I'm heartbroken...."

Vivienne didn't feel like chatting, so she sent Dorian's resume over. "Find a spot for him." After a pause, she added, "He's my dad!"

"Mystic Mistress, don't worry. I'll make sure your dad is well taken care of..." Along message then came from his side. Vivienne just shut off her phone.

As soon as she put it away, Dorian's phone rang. Not sure what the person on the other end was saying, but Dorian replied solemnly, "Understood."

After hanging up Dorian looked at Cordelia and Vivienne, "Joseph invited us to his wife's birthday party tonight, and he made a point to say Vivienne should come too."

Cordelia frowned. "Why do they want Vivienne there? They don't like her, why the sudden change of heart?"

Vivienne gave a small smile, "Let's go! Let's see what they're up to."

The folks at Hawthorn Mansion wouldn't invite them for no reason. Perfect! She was curious to see what they were planning. Elsewhere.

Percival also accepted the invitation.

In the car.

Percival's slender fingers were slowly tapping on his phone, and his deep-set eyes were fixed on the world outside the car. His face was stone—cold and expressionless. His fingers were still lazily tapping on the screen, and his eyes squinted, not saying a word.

"What is Arabella up to?" Leopold frowned as she saw Percival hang up the phone. "The Hawthorn family practically wants to keep you as far away as possible. As soon as you leave their house, they invite you to attend Octavia's birthday banquet?" Percival's fingers continued to tap slowly on his phone, his narrow eyes squinting without saying a word.

Thomas glanced at him through the rearview mirror and asked, "Mr. Percival, are you really going to the birthday banquet tonight?"

"Of course!" Percival finally broke the silence. "After all, she did save Isolde." Asmirk formed on Percival's handsome face, an icy glint in his eyes. "She's pretty sharp." Leopold was confused by his vague words. "What do you mean? Did you find something?"

Lifting his head, Percival's voice was flat, "She's too greedy." He didn't know why Arabella treated Isolde behind his back, but it surely wasn't out of a doctor's kindness.

Thomas nodded. "Yeah, I was going to say the same thing. This Arabella is quite the greedy one." "What are you two talking about? I don't get it." Leopold scratched his head in confusion, his ear stud gleaming in the sunlight..

Seeing the expectant look on Leopold's face, Thomas explained, "When Mr. Ellington gave Arabella her thank you gift, the moment she saw the check, her eyes gave away a flash of greed. She tried to cover it up, but I caught it. I suspect that her motive for saving Miss Isolde is not so pure."

"Oh my gosh! Is she stirring up trouble?" Leopold's eyes bulged in surprise, and then he grinned from ear to ear, "Cool, I was getting bored."

With that, he leaned towards Percival. "Take me with you. I want to see the show!"

Chapter 27

Nighttime at Hawthorn Mansion.

The banquet kicked off at eight.

Vivienne and Dorian rocked up at half past seven to Hawthorn's crib. The mansion front was jam-packed with luxury cars.

In the hall, Arabella was looking all dolled up in a custom dress, sipping red wine and mingling with the guests. With her chin up and chest out, she wore a confident smile, looking every bit the rightful heiress of the Hawthorn family.

As soon as Vivienne and her crew stepped in, Arabella spotted them. She walked over, wine glass in hand, and greeted them with a warm smile. "Dad, Mom, Vivienne, you made it? Come on in, the guests are almost all here."

In a very hostess-like tone, she added, "I hope you brought your appetites tonight."

Dorian frowned, his face looking a tad sour. Was she implying they were poor and couldn't afford good food on the regular? Cordelia didn't look too pleased either, but she kept her mouth shut.

Arabella turned to Vivienne with a smile. "By the way, sis, Mr. Ellington will be joining us tonight."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow, "So what?"

"Mr. Ellington is really into you. He wasn't planning on coming, but he changed his mind when he heard you'd be here." Arabella kept her polite smile, looking like the perfect sweet, well-mannered girl in everyone's eyes.

"I see," Vivienne replied nonchalantly. "Are you jealous or something?*" "What?" Arabella was taken aback, not getting the implication at first.

Vivienne smirked, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "If you fancy him, I can totally step aside!" Arabella was taken aback, barely holding her composure. "You can't just make things up."

She liked Percival? What a joke! That worthless man was nowhere near her league! "If you don't like him, watch your words!" Vivienne said calmly, her eyes narrowing slightly. A fleeting look of spite crossed Arabella's eyes, but she quickly regained her composure.

Vivienne gave her a quick glance and decided to ignore her, turning to join Dorian in greeting some acquaintances. Just as she turned away, a mature-looking girl walked up to her, gave Vivienne a once-over and sneered at Arabella, "Who's she? Your friend? Why would she come to Octavia's birthday party dressed like this?"

This girl was Michael's daughter, Alisa. She had been staying at her grandpa's during her visit, so she didn't know Vivienne and thought her outfit was too plain.

Vivienne glanced at her own outfit — jeans, white tee, sneakers. What was wrong with that? "Alisa, watch your mouth. She's your cousin," Arabella whispered to Alisa.

Alisa gave Vivienne a disdainful look. “So you’re Dorian’s long-lost daughter? Not as impressive as I thought. How could you snatch Arabella’s fiancé? What were you thinking?”

Alisa mostly lived with her grandpa, so she wasn’t very familiar with the Hawthorn family affairs. But she admired Arabella, seeing her as a celebrity-gentle and generous.

And she was supposed to marry into the Ellington family! So what if Percival was a loser? The Ellington family’s reputation was a golden ticket, and if Arabella could marry into it, she’d be set for life.

Who would’ve thought that Dorian would find Vivienne and the Ellington’s engagement would fall upon her? It pissed her off to no end.

Vivienne just got back and she was already stealing Arabella’s fiancé. How could she tolerate that? She definitely wouldn’t stand for it.

Hearing this, Arabella’s face blanched and she quickly tried to stop Alisa. “Alisa, that’s enough! Mr. Ellington was originally my sister’s fiancé. She didn’t steal him.”

Alisa thought Arabella was just too afraid of Vivienne to speak up, so she said righteously, “Arabella, even though you’re adopted, you’re still a Hawthorn. And you’re even better than the real Hawthorn’s daughter. You don’t have to be afraid of her, and you should pursue your own happiness. Mr. Ellington was originally your fiancé.”

The moment these words left her mouth, Dorian and Cordelia’s faces fell. Vivienne, on the other hand, looked intrigued, eyeing Alisa.

Everyone around them started throwing them odd glances. Arabella’s face turned sour instantly. Alisa, that idiot! Did she really have to remind everyone that she was adopted in front of all these people?

And also, who would want to marry that good-for—nothing Percival! She was so outrageously stupid! But Arabella couldn’t let it show. She could only laugh it off and explain, “You misunderstood. I have no interest in Mr. Ellington...”

Before she could finish, Alisa cut her off, “Stop defending Vivienne. I know you’re just afraid she’d get mad, but I’m not! Arabella, today I’m gonna help you fight for this engagement.”

Arabella was so angry she almost bit through her back teeth. “I don’t need...”

Just as she was about to speak, Coral chimed in, “Yeah, Arabella, you’re so much better, why should you be scared of a country bumpkin? She just got back and she’s already stealing your fiancé, who knows what she’ll steal next. Everyone’s here today, we must make her give back your fiancé.”

Coral had previously set up Vivienne for a fall, and boy, did she get reamed out by her folks when she got home. Normally she’d dodge Vivienne like the plague, but seeing Arabella all upset, she couldn’t help but stick up for her.

Everyone, just like Alisa, thought Percival was a good-for—nothing, but his family was loaded and his grandpa doted on him fiercely. Marrying him would mean getting most of the Ellington family fortune. How sweet a deal was that?! And it got snatched away by Vivienne?

Just because she was from the Hawthorn family? No way, Jose! “No, Vivienne didn’t...”

Arabella was fuming and about to explain when Vivienne cut in with a smirk, “Oh? You wanted to marry Percival? Why’d you tell me you didn’t like him when I asked?”

“I didn’t...” Arabella tried to get a word in, but Vivienne wasn’t having any of it. “Like I said, if you want to marry him, he’s all yours...” “No! I don’t want to marry him!” Arabella blurted out in a panic, her voice several decibels higher.

Quite a few heads turned their way. Arabella felt a wrenching sense of injustice, her eyes welling up with tears. “Alisa, Coral, drop it already. I don’t want to marry Mr. Ellington and Vivienne didn’t steal my fiancé.”

She felt utterly wronged. When did it get so bad that she could hardly get a word in? Alisa and Coral kept interrupting her, thinking they were doing her a favor, and drew everyone’s attention. She’d be livid if they messed up Vivienne and Percival’s marriage speaking on her behalf.

Yet, to Alisa, Arabella’s distressed state was all Vivienne’s doing. So she marched up to Vivienne, seething, “Stop threatening Arabella. What makes you so high and mighty? Just because you’re from the Hawthorn family? What do you have that Arabella doesn’t?”

“Arabella is the talk of the town in Havenwood. She’s a renowned talent, a Cloudcrest High School graduate, Dr. William’s apprentice, and she even saved Mr. Ellington’s sister the other day. Everyone in Havenwood is talking about her. She’s both beautiful and kind. What gives you the right to fight her for a fiancé?”

Chapter 28

Outside the Hawthorn family mansion.

Just as Thomas and Percival arrived, they heard Alisa’s words. Thomas’s eyes darkened, a hint of coldness on his face. Both Leopold and Thomas frowned.

What the hell is Arabella up to?

She secretly healed Percival and claimed she didn’t want anyone to know, but now it’s all over town?

What does she want to do?

“Vivienne!”

Isolde, standing nearby, spotted Vivienne and was about to run over in excitement when Percival held her back. “Wait.”

He wasn’t sure if the Vivienne that Isolde was talking about was the same Vivienne. He just wanted to see what Arabella was up to. Inside the hall.

Everyone listened to Alisa’s words and showed appreciation for Arabella. Arabella was indeed an outstanding girl.

But when they looked at Vivienne, their eyes were filled with disgust. Then they began to chatter. “Arabella may be an adopted daughter, but she’s way better than a biological daughter. No matter who marries Percival, it’s Dorian’s daughter. He should be happy. It’s ridiculous that he ruined his adopted-daughter’s marriage for his biological daughter.”

“Is he blind? If it were me, I would definitely treat my adopted daughter much better, raise her well, she could bring glory to the family. Look at Vivienne,

she's nothing special from the outside in, and grew up in the country without much education. What good can she bring to the Hawthorn family?"

"I think there is a reason for the decline of the Hawthorn family. They had a pearl but didn't appreciate it, instead treating a fake as the real thing." Hearing the conversations, Arabella turned pale.

Just as she had predicted!

These people would definitely speak up for her! But she didn't need their help now!

A bunch of idiots!

She was about to explode with anger!

Wi

—And Dorian, beside her, was shaking with rage. He shouted, "What do you all know? It was Arabella who didn't want to get married. What does Vivienne

have to do with it?"

"Dorian, stop explaining. If you didn't do anything wrong, why did Beatrice kick you out? You can't even find a job now, can you? I think you should listen to Beatrice, let Arabella marry Percival, then you can come back and enjoy the good life." A guest sneered.

"Shut up!" Dorian was beside himself with rage, but didn't know what to say.

Just then, a fancy lady walked over, excitedly asking Arabella, "Ms. Hawthorn, did you really cure Percival's sister? I heard she had an accident when she was young. Her face was ruined and left with many scars. But recently, rumors say she's regained her looks and has become very beautiful. Did you do that?"

This fancy lady was Doreen Baker, the daughter of the Baker family, 45, married into the Churchill family of Rivenwood.

It was said that her daughter had a car accident a few years ago and her face was ruined. She had found a lot of famous doctors for her daughter's treatment, but couldn't find a solution.

Her daughter, Faye Churchill, became introverted due to her disfigurement and didn't want to interact with outsiders, which gave Doreen a headache.

A few months ago, Doreen brought Faye to Havenwood, hoping she could relax a little.

She was here today for the birthday party because her mother was good friends with Beatrice, who invited her to the party. But her mother was sick and she had come in her place. Unexpectedly, she heard that Arabella could treat disfigurements, so she was absolutely thrilled.

Before Arabella could answer, Coral said with a smug face, "Isn't it obvious? Arabella's medical skills are quite extraordinary. Isolde's illness was so serious, but Arabella healed her in just a few days."

Arabella wanted to stop Coral, but considering Doreen's status, she let it slide.

The Churchill family had a high status in Rivenwood. She had been wanting to get to know Doreen. If she could establish a connection with her, she would have more opportunities when she went to Rivenwood in the future.

Doreen's eyes lit up. "Really?"

Arabella nodded, "Yes, but Coral was being exaggerated. Isolde was burned. Though it's been a long time, it's not incurable." Percival, Leopold, and Thomas, who were standing at the entrance, all frowned upon hearing this.

Leopold couldn't help but say, "What nonsense is Arabella talking about?"

Percival squinted, glanced at Isolde, and raised his hand, pointing at Arabella not far away. He asked, "Did she heal you?"

With her big eyes blinking, Isolde looked at Percival in confusion. "No, the other girl named Vivienne did. Bro, you've met Vivienne. How do you not recognize her?"

All three of them didn't answer. They mistook the person! That stupid woman Arabella dared to take credit for others' work!

"That's too much!" Leopold was immediately furious. "I've never seen someone so shameless. She impersonated others and bullied Mr. Ellington's fiancée? It's absurd!"

As he was about to confront Arabella, Percival called him back. "Come back!"

Leopold stopped in his tracks, glaring at Percival. "She's bullying your fiancée and you're just going to let her go?"

Percival cast him a glance, his long fingers resting on the edge of the wheelchair. He spoke calmly, "If you're going to hit, hit where it hurts." Leopold was confused. "What do you mean?"

Thomas explained seriously, "Mr. Sterling, what Mr. Ellington means is, keep an eye on her and confront her when she can't argue back."

Thomas then gave him a you—are—such—a—dummy look. Leopold was speechless, thinking, "I got it! I'm not an idiot! You are the idiot!"

Meanwhile, Doreen excitedly grabbed Arabella's hand, saying enthusiastically, "Ms. Hawthorn, I want you to check on my daughter. If you can cure her, I will be very grateful."

Arabella was quite pleased inside, but kept a cool exterior, maintaining her gentle and generous demeanor. She smiled and said, "Treating patients is a doctor's duty, but I can't guarantee that I can cure your daughter. Each individual's condition is unique."

"I understand, I understand." Doreen said, "As long as there's a glimmer of hope, I want to give it a try." She continued, "Could you check on my daughter after the banquet ends? I'm really sorry for the rush." Arabella smiled understandingly, "No problem, after the banquet, I'll come with you."

"Great, you carry on. I'll go get her now." Without letting Arabella respond, Doreen rushed off.

After she left, there was a round of gasps and praises for Arabella's beauty, kindness, humility, and pragmatism, saying she was way better than Vivienne. Alisa listened to everyone's comments, looking at Vivienne with satisfaction, "See? Arabella's excellence is universally acknowledged. What makes you think you can compete with her? Just bear in mind, even if you're Dorian's biological daughter, it won't make a difference. As long as I'm here, you won't take her fiancé away!"

Vivienne gave a faint smile, about to speak, when suddenly, a little girl ran over and hugged her leg, “Vivienne!” Vivienne was taken aback, looking at the girl in surprise, “Isolde?” Isolde nodded, “Vivienne, I missed you.”

Then, Isolde turned to Arabella, pouting and said unhappily, “Why are you pretending to be Vivienne? It was her who cured me, not you!”

Arabella frowned, she hadn't seen Isolde since she recovered and didn't know who she was. Hearing her words, she was a bit upset but still tried to keep smiling, “Little girl, you shouldn't make random accusations. When did I pretend to be her?”

From a distance, a cold male voice came, “Is that so? Then could you explain why my sister said the one who cured her was Miss Arabella?”

Chapter 29

The moment Percival showed up, all eyes were on him, especially the close friends of Arabella, who were instantly thrilled. They clasped their hands over their chests, their eyes sparkling, “He's so hot! My heart is racing.”

“What should I do, what should I do! I'm blushing like crazy, his gaze is like magic, I feel like I'm falling deep into it.”

“I can't take it anymore, I'm about to nosebleed, how can anyone be this handsome, I want to marry him.”

If it were in the past, Arabella would have laughed at these comments, calling them idiots.

What's the use of being handsome?

He's just a good—for—nothing.

But now, all she could think about was how to cover up her lie.

She thought Percival must have mistaken her for someone else, that he didn't know it was Vivienne who cured Isolde, so she could let him be mistaken. Who would have thought that she would be exposed by Isolde in public?

While Arabella was thinking about how to continue the lie, Thomas pushed Percival in front of her. Percival's cold face was expressionless, his deep and narrow eyes looked at her, shining coldly.

Leopold next to him, full of mockery, "Miss Arabella, don't you want to explain? You accepted our thanks, but you are not the one who helped Isolde. I didn't expect you to be so shameless!"

Arabella blushed and bit her lip, looking all innocent and pitiful, "Mr. Ellington, Mr. Sterling, is there a misunderstanding here?" "Oh?" Leopold raised an eyebrow, sneering, "Then tell us, how did we misunderstand?"

"I did save a five-year-old girl who was burned, and when Mr. Ellington came to thank me, I thought you were talking about that girl. I didn't expect there to be a mix-up." Arabella explained, then acted as if she was wronged, "Mr. Ellington, you got the wrong person."

Leopold's eyes widened, completely shocked by Arabella's shameless words!

Who would dare to lie so blatantly?

In the end, she said it was Percival who was mistaken, and shifted the blame onto him!

He was speechless.

Leopold couldn't help but give Arabella a thumbs-up, and said very seriously, "You really are something!" Arabella blushed at his words, but then she was calm.

She didn't admit to taking credit, so Percival could do nothing to her, right?

Percival looked up, staring at her face, smiled slightly, his voice cold, "Since you didn't save Isolde, please return the gifts from the Ellington family."

Arabella's face stiffened, she was a bit upset, the check for five million was not a big deal, as long as Vivienne and Percival got engaged, the Hawthorn family would naturally have money.

But those medicinal materials were meant to be given to Dr. William. If they were returned, how would she get Dr. William to accept her as his formal student?

It's all Isolde's fault, that naughty little girl, always showing up at the most inappropriate times, causing trouble for her. But in front of so many people, if she didn't return the medicinal materials, her reputation would be affected.

Arabella calmed down, and then said, "I didn't know there was this mix-up between us, a few days ago Dr. William had to treat a patient, and needed those medicinal materials, so I gave them to him..."

At this point, Arabella deliberately paused.

In front of so many people, under normal circumstances, Percival should just give the medicinal materials to Dr. William, after all, who can guarantee that they won't get sick in the future?

Although Isolde's illness was treated by Vivienne, who can be sure that it's not a coincidence? Vivienne is just a woman from the countryside, what does she know? In the end, she still needs to ask her and Dr. William for help.

But Arabella waited for a long time, and Percival didn't say anything. She felt a little embarrassed, so she had to continue, "Mr. Ellington, could you give me some time to collect the medicinal materials and return them to you?"

There was a hint of reluctance in her voice. But to others, it seemed like Percival was bullying Arabella.

Everyone started to speak up for Arabella, "Mr. Ellington, this is just a misunderstanding, you can't blame Arabella, can you? The gifts you gave were needed by Dr. William, and Arabella passed them on, maybe you should let it go."

"Exactly, the Ellington family is so rich. It's just a few medicinal materials, what does it matter if they are given away? Aren't you still engaged to the Hawthorn family? In the end, it's all your stuff, you're not losing out."

*Just consider those medicinal materials as a gift to the Hawthorn family. Stop pressuring Arabella. Look at how scared she is, she's about to cry."

Percival listened to everyone's words, his eyes downcast, his hand on the wheelchair, casually fiddling with it, his face showing no expression.

Not far away, Beatrice hesitated for a moment, then walked over, "Mr. Ellington, it's all a misunderstanding, and you didn't make it clear, that's why

all this embarrassment happened. Today is my daughter—in—law's birthday. Let's not talk about this anymore. Don't worry about the gifts Arabella used. The Hawthorn family will definitely compensate you."

From the moment Alisa started targeting Vivienne, she noticed the commotion here. But she didn't come over, instead, she tacitly agreed to Alisa's actions.

She never liked Vivienne in the first place. The woman constantly clashed with her, not giving her any respect. This was the perfect chance to show everyone Vivienne's true colors.

And by the way, to show Dorian his place. Without the Hawthorn family, who is he?. So, she just sat back and enjoyed the show, but now, she couldn't take it any longer. She never thought the one who saved Percival's sister would be Vivienne.

She didn't believe Vivienne could cure diseases, just thought it was a fluke.

Man, this woman is really lucky.

The smile on Percival's face deepened, his voice casual, "So, you're saying it's my fault?"

Arabella smiled, politely and graciously saying, "Mr. Ellington, you don't need to apologize, I'm not blaming you." Hearing this, Leopold's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

He'd never seen such a shameless person!

He really wanted to punch Arabella.

Vivienne, who was standing by, was also shocked by Arabella's audacity.

She didn't expect anything in return for treating Isolde, but to have someone steal her credit and take her gift, she was completely disgusted.

At that moment, Isolde tugged at her clothes and she looked down at her.

Isolde gave her a wink and said cheerily, "Vivienne, don't worry, my brother will set things right for you." Vivienne didn't know what to say.

She wasn't in a rush, nor did she want justice.

She was just a little angry.

“Haha,” Percival laughed, his smile was beautiful, captivating, but there was no mirth in his eyes.

He looked up, his voice colder, “Thomas.”

Thomas was itching to go. As soon as he heard Percival’s words, he stepped forward, pulled out his phone, and played a few videos, “This is from the day Miss Arabella had her accident. Both Ms. Vivienne and Miss Arabella were there at the mall entrance. But Miss Arabella just watched coldly, it was Ms. Vivienne who saved her.”

Just now, Mr. Ellington had him pull up all the surveillance footage from that day.

“I didn’t...” Arabella tried to explain, but Thomas didn’t give her the chance to speak, he played a few more videos, “These are all of Miss Arabella’s whereabouts that day. At noon, Miss Arabella left home to meet two friends at the mall. She encountered a sick Isolde, then she left the mall and went to the Lockwood family’s house at Tranquil Estates until she left there at 7 p.m. and returned home...”

Thomas looked at Arabella and said seriously, “Miss Arabella, did you save a five-year-old child with burn injuries at the Lockwood family’s home that day?”

Then he turned to Coral, “And Miss Coral, does your family have a five-year-old child?”

Chapter 30 Arabella and Coral’s faces turned pale as two problems popped up one after the other. The crowd seemed to look at them with a hint of strangeness.

Arabella was uncomfortable under the gaze of others. Just as she was about to speak, someone beat her to it. “So it was Ms. Vivienne who saved the day, not Arabella. Hmm, didn’t someone just say she was one of the talented ladies in Havenwood? She posed as someone else and even took the credit and reward that weren’t hers.”

The speaker was Charlotte Redwood, the third young miss of the Redwood family in Havenwood. The Redwoods were rich and powerful, and no one could compete with them in this city.

All the Redwood children were outstanding talents in various fields, except for Charlotte.

However, she was upright and had many friends, but for some reason, she had a strong dislike for Arabella. An extreme dislike!

Perhaps, she couldn't stand Arabella always playing the innocent.

Arabella suddenly turned her head and glared at Charlotte, furious to the point of grinding her teeth.

This annoying Charlotte, she's always looking for trouble with her!

Seeing Arabella's glare, Charlotte glared back, "What? Can't admit what you've done? | thought you were noble, but you're nothing more than an adopted child. People give you the best of everything, and you still play the victim. What's your deal?*

As soon as these words fell, the crowd's gaze towards Arabella was like being pierced by thorns. Arabella felt rigid all over.

She never expected that Percival would bring out the old surveillance footage and even play it publicly. Was this all for Vivienne? But what should she do?

If this continues, her reputation will be greatly affected.

Arabella bit her lip, looking like she was about to burst into tears, "It's not like that..."

She tried to explain, but Charlotte didn't give her a chance, coldly saying, "Stop with your tears, no one's bullying you. Who are you trying to fool with your act? The surveillance clearly shows you, Arabella, standing by while others are about to die! Ms. Vivienne went to save them, and you even tried to stop her! After she cured the person, you came out to take the credit, and you even took her reward."

Charlotte said with disdain, “I’ve never seen someone as shameless as you!” —Arabella was so angry she wanted to slap her. But she couldn’t, she couldn’t beat Charlotte.

Just as she wanted to explain, someone in the crowd said, “I’ve never misjudged someone so badly in my life. I thought Arabella was a beautiful and kind person. I didn’t expect her to be so dark on the inside.

“You’re right, just look at that surveillance footage. When Mr. Ellington’s sister was sick, Arabella was just standing there watching coldly, while Ms. Vivienne immediately went to help when she saw something was wrong. She was calm and collected, nothing like Arabella...”

“She not only didn’t help, but she also took someone else’s reward. It’s disgusting.” Arabella’s face blushed with embarrassment from the crowd’s words.

Coral, standing next to her, felt incredibly awkward, as if she wanted to find a place to hide in. How was she supposed to know that it wasn’t Arabella who saved Percival’s sister?

In her eyes, Arabella had always been an elegant, academically excellent, and considerate girl. She was proud to be friends with Arabella, but she never expected this to happen...

Charlotte, who was standing next to her, heard this and raised her chin slightly towards those who were discussing, “Apart from what you said, Arabella also said that Ms. Vivienne stole her fiancé. But I heard that the one who has an engagement with the Ellington family is Ms. Vivienne since the beginning.”

Charlotte’s gaze turned to Percival and asked, “Mr. Ellington, since you’re here, why don’t you tell us, did Ms. Vivienne really steal you from her sister?”

Vivienne and Isolde stood aside, watching the drama unfold with great interest. Hearing Charlotte’s words, Vivienne raised an eyebrow slightly.

Charlotte was quite interesting.

Percival glanced at Vivienne, seeing her indifferent attitude, his lips twitched slightly. Then he slowly said, “The one who is engaged to me is Vivienne.”

Vivienne’s gaze fell on him, with a slight smile, lazy and casual, “Indeed it is.”

Charlotte chuckled and looked at Arabella with a sarcastic gaze, "How interesting, Arabella? He never proposed to you, so how did the rumor that Ms. Vivienne stole your fiancé come out?"

"Shut up!" Arabella glared at her, wishing she could tear her to pieces.

Charlotte shrugged and no longer paid attention to Arabella.

She just can't stand Arabella.

Seeing her so angry now, she was quite pleased!

Let her be angry!

Arabella ignored her and turned to Percival, her face full of grievance, "Mr. Ellington, how... how can you say that? It was you who proposed to me in the first place."

She was furious inside!

Percival, this useless piece of trash! Why would he say such things? Does he think she hasn't been embarrassed enough?

Beatrice's face was also somewhat livid, but looking at the gaze of the people around her, she didn't know what to say for a moment,

Percival raised an eyebrow, "So, are you willing to marry me?" "... Arabella bit her lip hard and went silent.

She'd rather die than marry a useless man like him.

But now, she couldn't say it out loud.

"Sorry, I'm not interested!" Percival averted his gaze, his voice casual. "The Ellington family doesn't marry bad apples!" "You!" Arabella felt a rush of anger, like she was about to pass out!

What was he talking about? What right did he have to judge her?

"Haha!" Vivienne couldn't help but burst into laughter at the scene.

Arabella clenched her fists, her eyes burning with rage. Finally, she couldn't hold back anymore, forgetting all about her reputation, she shouted, "Mr. Ellington! What gives you the right to judge me?"

She stepped closer to Percival, seething. "I'm a doctor, and I've saved lives too. I just can't remember which day it was that you came to the Hawthorn family to thank me for saving your sister at the mall entrance. I thought you were talking about the person I saved. If Mr. Ellington doubts that I took credit for my sister's work, I'll bring that person here tomorrow to prove it! As for the gift, I didn't mean to keep it for myself. I had given them away. If you need it urgently, I'll go to Dr. William to retrieve it right now. I don't want to cause this misunderstanding, but why are you forcing me into this situation?"

Percival lifted the corner of his eye, not even looking at her, saying casually, "I have Dr. William's number. Should I call him to bring the gift over?"