

## Million-Dollar 291

### Chapter 291

In front of Richard, she could not show any discontent. She put on a forced smile and said, "I must have been mistaken. Vivienne's medical skills are indeed beyond common reach."

Even she would have to weigh her options about whether she could complete this operation.

"Of course." Richard snorted as he cast a sidelong glance at her. "Don't you see how excellent our Vivienne is? There's nothing she can't do!"

She was the youngest to ever top the college entrance test, a dual PhD holder, a master in fragrance creation, a design genius, and a medical prodigy. Calista felt blinded by the numerous accolades Vivienne had.

Calista's envy was so intense that she could barely maintain her smile. She was struggling to suppress her anger. "Since Vivienne is so capable, why not join me at the medical conference at the end of the month?"

Why did Vivienne have to excel at everything and garner all the praise and honors?

She was determined to not let Vivienne have her way.

Medicine was her field, and she had the backing of her prestigious family background, something

Vivienne could never compete with.

Moreover, she had published numerous medical papers and had established a name for herself in the industry, yet she had never heard of Vivienne.

If Richard's surgery was successful, it was all thanks to Vivienne's luck. Once research projects were involved, Calista was confident that she could secure a resounding victory.

"I won't go." Vivienne replied, showing no emotion.

"You don't have to be polite with me." Calista thought she was feigning refusal, so she warmly tried to persuade her. "This conference has a high threshold; not everyone can participate. For Mr. Ellington's sake, I can secure a slot for you, Vivienne."

"Is that so?" Vivienne lightly nodded, showing an indifferent reaction. "It's a shame I'm not interested."

Did she think she would care about a medical conference? Such an opportunity might be precious to Calista, but to her, it wasn't a big deal.

"That's right. Vivienne isn't interested, and neither are we." Richard unconditionally sided with Vivienne.

"Calista, don't waste your time here. You'd better focus on your project and not delay the progress."

“And you two.” Richard’s tone shifted. He turned to Ryan and Cathy, who had been silent all this time.

“Stop picking on Vivienne! As long as I’m alive for one more day, I won’t let you bully Vivienne!”

“Dad.” Cathy protested. “We’re just worried about your health, in case...”

Richard didn’t let her finish. “There’s no ‘in case.’ With Vivienne here, my health won’t be an issue. If

you have a problem with Vivienne, then you have a problem with me! If you want me to throw you out

of the house, feel free to target Vivienne!”

Having been addressed so bluntly by Richard, Ryan and Cathy had nothing to say.

Fearing that he would be kicked out if he said anything more, Ryan quickly left, dragging Cathy with

him.

Calista couldn’t believe that Richard trusted Vivienne this much, but the facts were in front of her, and

she had to accept it.

“Calista.” Richard lifted his eyes to look at her before closing them again. “You’re not welcome here.

Please leave!”

Calista was always well-received, especially among elders.

Now that Richard was treating her this way, she couldn’t help but feel a bit miffed.

"Well then, Richard, I'll leave you to rest." Calista suppressed her anger and spoke in a calm tone. "I'll come to see you another day."

She couldn't show weakness in front of Vivienne. She couldn't let her see the jealousy that was itching away at her confidence.

However, she didn't realize that Richard and Vivienne didn't think much of her. They felt that even one extra glance at her was a waste of time. They even cared less about her feelings.

Calista left the room in a daze and ran into Percival, who was returning.

Percival's face darkened. Why was she still here?

Running into Percival, whom she adored, lit a spark of hope in her eyes.

She believed that no one in her age group could compare to her in medicine. As long as she had the research project, he would definitely pay attention to her.

"There has been significant progress in the project you gave me recently. When will you come to the lab to see the results?"

"Okay." Percival replied coldly. "I'll send someone to check."

His mentor's unfinished research was a regret in Percival's heart. He hoped to complete this project for her, but he didn't want to have too much contact with Calista.

His sweetheart had marked her territory. He naturally disliked anyone Vivienne wasn't fond of and wouldn't treat them nicely either.

He said he would send someone to check instead of going himself, which disappointed Calista.

"But you personally handed this project over to me." She said, feeling discontented. "Others won't understand its importance."

Percival had appointed her as the person in charge, surely because he valued her abilities and intelligence.

Calista felt that she must have had a special place in his heart that was incomparable to anyone else.

Only she knew what he wanted and understood the profound meaning behind this research.

Percival's cold gaze slowly swept over her face. "Don't make me repeat myself."

His gaze made Calista feel as if she had fallen into an abyss. She saw indifference, alienation, and an unreachable distance in his eyes.

"I understand." She had no choice but to agree, pick up her handbag, and leave.

When Percival returned to the room, Vivienne had already lulled the old man back to sleep.

Upon seeing Percival walk in, she glanced up at him, then averted her gaze.

His dear Vivienne seemed to be upset, but he couldn't tell what was bothering her.

"Vivienne." Percival sidled up to her, pulling her into a comforting embrace. "What's the matter?"

Vivienne wasn't one for beating around the bush. She asked him outright. "Did you give my mother's research to Calista?"

She had heard rumors but couldn't confirm them. Although a simple investigation would reveal the truth, she wanted to hear it from Percival himself.

"Yes." Percival admitted, noticing her displeasure. "If it upsets you, I can take the project back."

The reason he had chosen Calista in the first place was merely because she was a young member of the Pendleton clan who had a decent background in medicine.

If his Vivienne was upset over this, he wouldn't hesitate to drop Calista.

"It's fine." Vivienne leaned into Percival's embrace, feeling his warmth envelope her. "Let her continue with the research."

Vivienne had long since completed her mother's work and had even expanded upon it.

Whatever results Calista might produce would be irrelevant to her. She was already miles ahead.

Percival bent down to kiss her forehead. "Whatever you say, goes." He said with a tone full of tenderness.

Just as the two were enjoying their rare moment of solitude, the hospital room door was abruptly pushed open.

Her eight disciples, all but Leopold, marched in. After seeing Vivienne nestled in Percival's arms, they became livid. Their faces turned a deep shade of red; they were practically foaming at the mouth.

"What do you think you're doing?! Release Vivienne immediately!"

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Jerry and other seven disciples stood at the door, gaping at the scene before them as their temper flared to the point of explosion.

That bloody scoundrel!

He dared to take advantage of Vivienne!

Did he think they were pushovers?!

Percival's eyes flickered slightly. His long fingers were still draped over Vivienne's shoulder as he

leaned back in his chair with a lazy air. "Didn't your parents teach you to knock before entering someone else's room?"

His eyebrows lifted slowly as a cold chill emanated from his eyes. "Or did they fail to teach you not to disturb a resting patient?"

Old man Richard must have been exhausted. He was in a deep sleep.

If these men disturbed his rest, Percival would give them a lesson they wouldn't forget.

The eight men froze.

They had just arrived, and upon seeing Percival kiss Vivienne as soon as they stepped through the door, they lost control of their anger, and their voices involuntarily grew louder.

They felt somewhat guilty for disturbing Richard's rest.

But after noticing that Percival's hand was still on Vivienne, any semblance of guilt evaporated.

"Remove your hand from Vivienne." Daniel threatened him as his fists clenched and cracking knuckle sounds echoed in the room. He squinted, radiating a looming danger.

He hadn't thrown a punch in years, and he didn't mind practicing on Percival.



The others were also ready to jump in; their anger was boiling. "Still not letting go? Are you asking for trouble?"

Despite their fury, they lowered their voices so as not to disturb Richard.

Percival's eyes flickered. His grip on Vivienne tightened, and his jaw clenched. "What? Was the lesson your fathers gave you last time not enough?"

The faces of the eight men changed all at once.

Before they could react, Percival pulled out his phone, ready to make a call.

Daniel was furious. "Percival! Are you a man or not? Why are you always running to tattle? If you have the guts, fight me one-on-one! I'll knock your teeth out!" He growled.

He despised men who laid hands on Vivienne and those who tattled.

Percival was both!

Percival's lips curled up into a smirk, and his tone remained calm and dignified. "Vivienne taught me to be civilized, and I prefer to solve problems in a civilized manner."

With that, he dialed a number.

Larry fell silent.

He was such a bastard!

"Wait." Vivienne, who had been quietly watching, suddenly spoke.

Larry, with his chin held high, glared defiantly at Percival.

So what if he was engaged to Vivienne?

Her disciples were still her priority.

"Vivienne..." Percival looked aggrieved.

"I have a question." Vivienne said.

"Larry." Vivienne looked up. "I remember you have a special tool for opening safes."

Larry laughed heartily at this. "Of course, Vivienne. Do you need it?"

Vivienne nodded.

"Then I'll have someone bring it over right now."

As he finished his call for the special tool, Vivienne nodded contentedly and turned to Percival. "You can kick them out now."

Percival was dumbfounded.

She discarded them without hesitation the moment she was done.

That was so Vivienne.

But he liked it!

Her eight disciples were shocked.

Why was Vivienne doing this?!

They were supposed to be in the same boat!

All other men were nothing but lying dogs!

How could she be fooled by Percival's sweet talk?!

Percival's smile returned to his face as he looked at the group of mourning apprentices. "Not leaving?"

"Vivienne, you've changed." Donald was furious, but he couldn't bear to be angry at Vivienne. "How could you side with this outsider?!"

Gary pounded his chest in frustration, wanting to grab the mastermind, Percival. "What has Percival fed you?! Don't fall for his tricks! We are the ones who truly care for you. That man is just after your beauty!"

Her disciples were truly outraged, but Vivienne seemed deaf to their grievances. She just let Percival

kick them out.

...

Richard was still sleeping. Vivienne had checked him, and he was fine, so she left the hospital with

Percival.

Thomas was in the hospital, so Leopold had to drive.

However, because Percival and Vivienne would stay in the ward for a while, Leopold had some things to deal with and went off.

The car was in the parking lot.

Vivienne saw the car and opened the door.

Percival, who was originally going to the driver's seat, suddenly changed direction and followed her, ducking into the car.

Then he grabbed her hand, asking softly, "Vivienne, did you enjoy the photos?"

He hadn't forgotten that Vivienne had been looking at male model pictures till late last night.

So, he watched Vivienne intently.

Vivienne looked him up and down, replying leisurely, "Yes. They were more enticing than you."

Percival was getting a bit annoyed.

He took Vivienne's hand and placed it on his chest. "I'm not enticing?"

Percival guided Vivienne's hand over his body, allowing her to feel the solid muscles under his shirt.

So the saying was true. Thin in clothes, muscular without.

Mr. Wolf was no less attractive than the naked men in the photos.

He had beautiful pectoral lines and firm abs.

The more Vivienne touched, the faster her heart beat. She looked up to meet Percival's fiery gaze as

her ears turned a blinding red.

She wanted to pounce on Mr. Wolf again. What should she do?

To pounce or not to pounce?

Urgent advice was needed.

The temperature in the car rose bit by bit, and their distance gradually shortened.

"Percival!"

Just as Vivienne and Percival were about to get intimate, Leopold yanked the car door open. "I wish

you'd told me you were out of the ward..."

He halted mid-sentence as he took in the scene before him, frozen in shock.

What on earth was he seeing?!

Vivienne's hand was resting on Percival's chest.

Percival's face darkened to an alarming degree as his cold gaze fixed on Leopold. "What?"

Leopold snapped back to reality, stammering, "Nothing, nothing, go on, go on!"

He was just wrapping up some errands. He called Percival to check if they were ready to leave when he was done.

But when Percival didn't answer, he headed to Richard's room, only to find out they had already left.

So here he was at the parking lot, noticing the silhouette in the car. From outside, he could see there was someone inside but couldn't make out what they were doing. So, without a second thought, he opened the door.

Who would've thought that in broad daylight, Percival and Vivienne would be involved in such an act, right inside the car?

Percival sure didn't regard him as an outsider. Didn't he know Leopold was one of Vivienne's sworn disciples?

He had sworn to protect her from any man's touch. He wanted to fulfill his vow of crippling any man who dared lay a finger on Vivienne right now!

But damn it, he couldn't!

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"Got nothing better to do?" Percival raised an eyebrow. His voice was colder than his expression as he calmly asked, "Wasn't your last bout of training enough for you?"

Leopold fell silent.

A grave resentment washed over his face. "Percival! Be human for once!"

Last time's intense training session almost skinned him alive. He didn't know how he managed to crawl out of that hellish place.

"What did you say?" Percival looked at him as a twinkle of amusement flashed in his eyes.

He was not human?

Excellent!

Leopold's knees immediately buckled. He almost fell to the ground. "I was wrong! I helped you drive

away the disciples last time. Even though they're still bothering you, I did put in the effort!"

Percival gave him a look, and he immediately scampered off.

"I'm going! I'm going right now!" Leopold yelled.

After Leopold closed the car door and dashed off, the car's ambiance lost its charm.

Vivienne leaned back in her seat, changing the subject. "I found surveillance cameras and a peculiar safe in Scott's study."

Percival furrowed his brows. "Do you think there's something related to your mother in that safe?"

"There are too many cameras around it. If it's not important, he wouldn't be so cautious." Vivienne's intuition told her that Scott was hiding something.

Percival remained silent for a moment. "Do you need my help?" He offered after a long pause.

Vivienne shook her head. "No, I can handle it myself. Your involvement might arouse his suspicion."

If Scott was more complex than he appeared, any disturbance could alert him.

There was a high chance that her intrusion into Scott's room had already been noticed.

"Alright." Percival didn't probe further. "Let me know if you need help."



He would do anything for Vivienne.

But his young lady was always so independent. It seemed like she never needed him.

All he had to do was silently support her from behind.

"Okay." Vivienne agreed. "Take me home."

Percival nodded, opened the car door, and moved to the driver's seat.

He glanced at Leopold, who was sulking not far away. A smirk appeared at the corner of his mouth as

he fired up the engine.

"Hey? Percival!" Leopold looked up just in time to see Percival drive away.

He tried to catch up, but the car was too fast. His two legs couldn't outrun four wheels.

In no time, Percival's car had disappeared from sight.

"Darn it!" Leopold muttered, "What kind of man holds grudges like a woman?"

As he finished his complaint, his phone buzzed.

It was a call from Percival.

He picked up, and before he could speak, Percival's voice came through. "Did you just curse me?"

Leopold shivered. He quickly scanned his surroundings and whispered, "Where are you, Percival?"

"I'm above you." Percival's voice was unusually slow and steady.

Leopold looked up but saw nothing.

Could there be a ghost?

"Percival, stop messing around!" Leopold looked like he was about to cry.

"I suggest you eat more garlic to ward off evil spirits." Percival continued in his languid tone, sounding

like a ghostly whisper in the dead of the night.

Leopold was dumbfounded.

A burning rage was welling up in his chest.

Did Percival take him for a fool?

Instead of learning something useful, he was mimicking Vivienne's spooky act?!

Leopold angrily hung up the phone and left the parking lot.

But when he reached the hospital entrance, a motorbike came straight at him. He managed to dodge at

the last moment, but was still clipped by the bike and fell to the ground.

"Darn it!" Leopold cursed. "That was dangerous!"

Thankfully, he reacted quickly and wasn't seriously hurt.

But his spirit was shaken.

So, he quickly got up and headed to a small restaurant across the hospital.

He pulled out a few banknotes and said grandly, "Boss, I'll buy all your garlic. How much do you have?"

The restaurant owner looked at him as if he were crazy.

This was a restaurant, for heaven's sake!

Sure, people liked to eat garlic with their meal, but nobody wanted to buy all the garlic.

"What are you waiting for? You think the money isn't enough?" Leopold frowned.

"No, no." The owner glanced at the money on the table. There seemed to be a hundred dollars on the

table. Who would say no to money?

So, he went to get the garlic.

Leopold grabbed the garlic and started eating it right away.

The people in the restaurant all stared at him in disbelief.

After eating about ten cloves, Leopold couldn't take it anymore and stopped.

During his taxi ride home, he kept farting due to the garlic, releasing a near-toxic level of gas that

almost suffocated the driver.

...

A few days later, Vivienne was at home reading a magazine when Mila and Calista arrived with gifts.

They claimed to be visiting Baron, but upon seeing the relaxed Vivienne on the sofa, they froze.

"So, Vivienne's home too."

Mila changed her haughty demeanor and sat next to Vivienne with a warm smile. "I brought some fresh crabs, which were air-flown from Maine. Would you like the maid to steam some for you?"

After being snubbed by Scott last time, Mila realized she couldn't keep on like this.

Nowadays, the whole Brooks family, both Baron and Scott, treat the newly-found Vivienne like a precious gem.

If she ever wished to become the matriarch of the Brooks family, Mila knew she had to earn Vivienne's approval.

Vivienne flicked through a magazine, not sparing Mila a glance. "I don't think so."

Mila felt a sting of embarrassment. Her warm friendliness was met with cold indifference. Still, she

managed to squeeze out a smile. "Vivienne, dear, we had some misunderstandings before, but that's all water under the bridge. I've moved past it, and you shouldn't feel guilty."

"Guilty?" Vivienne finally raised her eyes. Her icy gaze became even colder as she looked at Mila.

"Do you not remember when you caused such a scene at my mother's concert opening? It was quite an ugly spectacle." Calista threw a mocking glance at Vivienne.

With Baron, Scott, and even Percival absent, she didn't feel the need to put on an act.

Vivienne was actually a bit taken aback.

These two idiots were still harping on about something that happened ages ago?

Vivienne gave them a disinterested glance. Her expression remained unchanged as she said, "Why would I waste my memories on such a second-rate performance?"

Mila's face darkened. "Vivienne, I may not be your favorite person, but I am your elder. I came here bearing fresh crab to visit you. The least you could do is show some courtesy instead of sitting there looking like you've swallowed a lemon."

"Just because Scott has a soft spot for you doesn't mean you can throw your weight around." Mila's anger bubbled up. "Isn't that just a disgrace to the Brooks family?!"

"Enough!"

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No sooner had Mila spoken than Baron and Scott descended from the stairs.

The old man wore a scowl, sweeping his gaze over Mila and Calista in the living room. "The children of the Brooks family don't need your lectures!"

"Baron, Scott..."

Their arrival left Mila somewhat flustered. She stood up, saying, "I didn't mean it that way. I just wanted to guide Vivienne on proper etiquette. After all, Vivienne has been on her own for a long time without anyone to guide her. She's bound to be different from other refined young ladies..."

"Nonsense!"

Baron snapped and bristled in fury. "What do you mean no one guided her?! Our Vivienne is of good character. She is as excellent as they come; she doesn't need you pointing fingers!"

Baron's strong demeanor silenced Mila. Scott's face also showed a trace of coldness. "Mrs. Clark, my daughter doesn't need your guidance."

"Scott!" Mila anxiously tried to defend herself. "I didn't mean it that way. I was just trying to help."

“Scott, my mother is just concerned about Vivienne.” Calista also came to her aid. “We want to resolve past misunderstandings, and I hope to become friends with Vivienne.”

“I don’t need friends.” Vivienne tossed her magazine onto the table as she stood up. “And I don’t need your concern.”

Did they really think she couldn’t see through their intentions?

Mila was aspiring to be the matriarch of the Brooks family? Ha!

As long as she was still trying to find out whether Scott was involved in her mother's death, she would remain his daughter, so Mila could only dream about becoming her stepmother.

“Vivienne.” In the presence of Baron and Scott, Calista’s attitude shifted. “Regardless of what you think, you should respect others.”

“We visited out of respect for Mr. Brooks. Surely, you understand basic hospitality?”

Vivienne lifted her chin and looked down at her. “You consider yourself a guest?”

Vivienne ascended the stairs after dismissing them with her cold remark, leaving Mila and Calista standing there in frustrated fury.

“Vivienne doesn’t enjoy company.” Baron glanced at them, adding, “If you don’t respect Vivienne, you

will never be welcome here again.”

“Scott, I...” Mila wanted to explain to Scott, but he didn’t spare her a glance.

“I don’t want to hear it. Go home.”

Mila’s and Calista’s arrival didn’t affect Vivienne’s mood.

As soon as she returned to her room, her phone rang.

After picking it up, she heard a respectful voice from the other end. “This is Professor Madison. I

apologize for the interruption, but I was wondering if you might be free at the end of the month.”

Professor Madison was a highly respected figure in the medical field and had helped Vivienne with her

studies in the past.

“What is it?” Vivienne sat on the edge of her bed, playing with a special tool she’d acquired from a

junior disciple, Larry.

“There’s a medical conference at the end of the month.” Even though Madison was a respected figure

in his sixties, he still showed the utmost respect to Vivienne. “I was hoping to invite you to attend on

behalf of our institute.”



Vivienne wasn't interested in such conferences, but considering Madison had helped her and remembering that Calista had mentioned it, she found herself intrigued.

Her silence made Madison think she was refusing, so he anxiously spoke up again. "Vivienne, your achievements in medicine are unmatched. For my sake, even half an hour of your time would be appreciated, and I can accommodate any requests you have."

He had called her several times before, only to be refused each time. He felt he had to convince Vivienne to attend somehow.

Vivienne considered it briefly, then agreed. "Fine. Send me the details."

Upon hearing her agreement, Professor Madison breathed a sigh of relief. "Excellent! I'll share this good news with everyone right away."

After hanging up, Vivienne turned her attention back to the tool on her desk.

She needed to find a chance to revisit Scott's study so she could open that safe and see what secrets it held.

Half an hour later.

Vivienne was about to head to the kitchen to get a jar so she could continue her experiments on an

antidote.

Just as she opened the door, she heard a mumbling sound coming from the next room, indicating some commotion.

She tiptoed to the door and saw Carl squatting inside, tearing into a loaf of bread, and feeding a dirty little kitten.

“Don’t blame me for not getting you cat food.” Carl rambled on, seemingly unaware of Vivienne’s presence. “Blame Vivienne. If it weren’t for her scamming me out of 12 million, would I be in such a state?!”

Every time he thought about it, he felt a rush of anger.

If Vivienne hadn’t deliberately outbid him, goading him into increasing his bid so he could bid higher and suffer, he wouldn’t have ended up buying a mediocre black moss stone for 12 million.

Every time he thought about that stone, Carl gritted his teeth.

He'd assumed Vivienne was a small-town girl playing at being an expert in gemstone betting.

He really wanted to teach her a lesson, which was why he kept raising his bid. But in the end, he was

the one who got burned.

In his frustration, Carl tore at his bread, stuffing it into his mouth. “For now, you’ll have to make do.

Once I win the competition and earn some money, I’ll buy you better food.”

The kitten sniffed at the bread on the floor, then turned its head away despondently.

Who would enjoy eating this hard bread? Nobody liked stale bread. Even as a stray, it found it hard to

swallow.

“You’re quite picky.” Carl couldn’t resist giving it a pat on the head. The kitten immediately rubbed itself

against his jeans in return.

He found this little cat in the bushes near the Brooks Mansion. Its skin was hugging its bones due to

starvation, and its body was covered in filth. His heart melted at the sight, and he brought it home

without a second thought.

However, his purse was as thin as a pancake. That broken piece of jade had consumed three years of

his pocket money, and he was still in debt.

The only option left for him was to mooch off his family. He barely had money to go out, let alone feed

the kitten. “Hey, how about you sneak into Vivienne’s room? She’s got a jackpot from that gemstone

auction. She must have something edible in there."

Vivienne, who was right at the door, raised her eyebrow. "Do you think I'm deaf?" She thought.

"Meow..." The kitten mewed at him a couple of times, indicating that it fully agreed with his suggestion.

Carl sighed. "Nah, let's not. We may be poor, but we still have our dignity. I will check in the kitchen and see if there's something we can eat."

With that, he turned to leave but froze when he saw Vivienne standing at the door.

His temper flared up, and he stormed over to Vivienne, fuming, "What are you doing here? Do you enjoy messing with me?"

"You're a jinx! Ever since the Brooks family took you in, nothing good has happened!"

Vivienne glanced at him dismissively. "You brought this upon yourself. How is it my fault?"

"How is it not your fault?!" Carl was short-tempered. He was so angry that he almost grabbed Vivienne by her collar. "If you hadn't set that trap, I wouldn't have thrown all my money in! Even a fool could see that stone wasn't any good. You deliberately bid against me, making my millions go down the drain!"

In his mind, Vivienne was to blame for everything. He was the victim and had been deceived and

manipulated.

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"Oh?" Vivienne raised an eyebrow at that comment. "Was it so obvious that even a fool could see it?"

"Yes!" Carl shot back angrily.

Vivienne's lips curled into a teasing smile. "And who might this fool be?"

"The fool is you!"

"Oh, right. The fool is you." Vivienne's smile widened.

"Fine, I'm the fool then, so what..." Carl suddenly realized he had been tricked again. He pointed at her,

fuming, "You set me up again!"

Somehow, he kept falling into Vivienne's traps. He didn't know where she got her cunning from, but she

always made him look foolish.

"I don't have time for such games." She glanced at the kitten following Carl, then leisurely shifted her

gaze elsewhere. "Instead of arguing with me, you should take better care of your cat."

With that, she turned and walked towards her room.

Carl watched her retreating figure while clenching his fist in frustration. "I don't need you to tell me that!

I'll take care of my cat just fine, and I'll make sure it's well-fed and plump!"

With that, he dropped his head in dismay.

Taking care of a cat wasn't cheap, especially the high-quality cat food he wanted to feed it. Where was

he supposed to get the money?

His entire family knew about the fortune he had spent on the gemstone. His mother, Cheryl, had

already given him a good scolding and certainly wouldn't give him another penny.

As Carl worried about this, Vivienne returned to her room and began ordering a pile of stuff on her

phone.

...

The next day.

Carl didn't wake up until the sun was high in the sky. The first thing he thought of was his kitten.

He rushed to the room where he kept the cat, and as he opened the door, he saw several bags of cat

food next to the makeshift bed he had made for the kitten.

"What is this?"

Carl picked up a bag of cat food and a can. Both were from high-rated, expensive brands.

Who would be so kind as to buy food for his cat?

He glanced around, then saw a figure disappearing around the corner.

Carl quickly followed and saw Vivienne casually turning the corner.

Was he seeing things?!

It was Vivienne.

Carl slapped himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming, but he still couldn't believe it was real.

No way!

Vivienne wouldn't help him.

Just yesterday, they had been at each other's throats.

Why would she help him?

She must be sick.

Carl shook his head and returned to the cat's room, trying to put the thought out of his mind.

For a while after that, Vivienne lived peacefully among the Brooks clan.

Besides visiting Richard at the hospital every day, she spent her time researching a cure in the Brooks

family's labs.

The person who had tried to kill Percival had poisoned himself, and she hadn't found the herb needed for the antidote yet.

Though she could stabilize his condition, she couldn't guarantee there wouldn't be complications.

So, she used the limited ingredients she had to research a cure.

Richard had recovered quite a bit after a few days of rest, but he didn't want to go back to the Ellington Estate, so he decided to stay in the hospital for a while longer.

At the end of the month, it was time for the medical research conference. Vivienne left her house in the afternoon.

Professor Madison, who was particularly fond of her, had arranged for someone to pick her up. But she didn't want to make a fuss, so she simply took a cab.

The participants of the conference were all notable figures in the medical field. All of them had published papers in renowned medical journals.

Vivienne, however, was low-key and not well-known, so she wasn't bothered much. She was happy to sit in a corner and play with her phone, waiting for the conference to start.



"Vivienne?"

She hadn't had a moment's peace when she heard someone speak in surprise.

Vivienne looked up to see Calista standing in front of her.

"I thought you didn't like attending conferences." Calista looked at her, both surprisedly and mockingly,

as if she were a joke. "When I invited you, you made all sorts of excuses. But you couldn't resist this

rare opportunity and came anyway. What a surprise."

Calista's tone was laced with mockery.

Vivienne didn't even bother looking at her. She was just focused on her phone. "Does it concern you?"

"Vivienne, there are things you know even if I don't say them. Being able to attend this conference is a

matter of pride for medical professionals, whether you want to admit it or not."

She held her head high and spoke with arrogance. "I don't know how you managed to get in here, but I

earned my place with my skills and abilities."

In her eyes, Vivienne, a basic doctor with no medical achievements, must have used her connections

to sneak in.

They were worlds apart, and no matter how good Vivienne's medical skills were, she would never reach Calista's level in the field of medicine.

"I suggest you keep a low profile." Calista laughed arrogantly while looking down at Vivienne in her chair. "Or you'll be kicked out when they find out you're not qualified to be here!"

Vivienne frowned as she continued to play her game. "Are you done?"

Seeing that Vivienne didn't even spare her a glance, Calista's face turned red, and veins began popping out on her neck.

She was about to argue with Vivienne when someone recognized her and came over excitedly.

"You're Calista, right? I just read your paper. Your new theory is incredible."

"Oh my God, you're William's daughter, the medical genius. It's such an honor to meet you here."

Calista was flattered by all the praise. Her back straightened as a great sense of pride washed over her.

So, what if Vivienne had successfully performed Richard's surgery?

Before her, the prodigy from the prominent Pendleton family, Vivienne had no option but to bow in submission and accept being overshadowed.

"Easy there, folks." Calista said, her tone brimming with superiority as she shot a sideways glance at Vivienne. "I've made minor strides. It's nothing that constitutes me being a genius. My research and thesis are the results of hard work and perseverance. I appreciate the recognition, and I'm open to your guidance and advice."

Her humble demeanor and dignified manner made the audience elevate her even more.

"Calista is being too modest! The Pendleton family is one of the four grand families in Rivenwood, and you're the youngest doctor among them ever!"

"Absolutely! You've published so many papers and won numerous medical awards at just twenty-two.

Who else in our country could achieve that?"

Not to mention the projects her team had undertaken and the patents they'd applied for, all of which had brought astonishing value to the Pendleton family.

Who in the medical field didn't know Calista, and who wouldn't want to be acquainted with her?

If it weren't for the crowd around her and the necessity to maintain a humble facade, Calista would have had her chin up while strutting about.

Indeed, how could Vivienne possibly compare with her?

Vivienne lacked the capability, qualifications, and social standing to even lick Calista's toes. Vivienne was nowhere near Calista in terms of research and thesis.

At that moment, Professor Madison took the stage to announce the start of the research conference and invited Calista to present her paper.

"Calista is the rising star in the medical field. Let's have her enlighten us with her latest research findings." He announced.

#### Chapter 296

Calista, upon hearing her name called, turned on her heels and made her way up to the podium with a microphone in hand. With an air of confidence, she scanned the crowd below.

"I wouldn't exactly call myself a rising star." She began, shooting a pointed look at Vivienne, who was seated in the corner. "I've merely made some minor medical breakthroughs. But today, in front of my esteemed colleagues, I'd like to share my thoughts."

She proceeded to share her paper, emphasizing her innovative theories.

The audience erupted into applause. Their praise for her work rang out through the room.

The only exception was Vivienne. She was engrossed in a game on her phone, seemingly oblivious to

Calista's speech.

Calista couldn't help but let out a quiet scoff. Raising the microphone, she continued, "My achievements pale in comparison to our mentors here. But I've heard that the Brooks family's prodigy, Vivienne, recently performed a challenging surgery on Richard Ellington. I doubt there's another person around who could pull off such a feat."

Her gaze met Vivienne's, and, from her tone alone, Vivienne could tell that Calista had laid down the gauntlet. "Vivienne, with your surgical prowess, you must have profound insights into the medical field.

Why not share some of your experiences with us? Enlighten us, perhaps?"

Calista had shifted all attention to Vivienne.

"Did Vivienne really perform that surgery on Richard? Am I hearing this right?"

"I've never heard of any thesis by her. How could she perform such a complex procedure? Are they just trying to brag?"

"Did Calista get it wrong? Vivienne's only nineteen. How could she have the skills to perform surgery? I bet she can't even hold a scalpel without shaking."

Vivienne slowly lifted her gaze.

She couldn't hold a scalpel without shaking?

A smirk played on her lips as she looked up at Calista on the stage.

She hadn't planned to get involved, but since Calista seemed eager to be put down, she'd comply.

She was very good at setting things straight.

She pocketed her phone as a playful smile spread across her face as she walked up to the stage.

"Richard's operation wasn't all that complicated. If you want to hear about it, I don't mind sharing."

Calista watched as Vivienne sauntered up to her. There was not a hint of panic in her expression.

Her heart was pounding in her chest.

What was going on?

How was she not scared?

She had searched Vivienne's name online. The girl had never even published a paper, let alone made any significant research contributions.

Relieved, Calista smiled at Vivienne. "In that case, Vivienne, please do enlighten us."

Vivienne began to speak about the surgery. Her words flowed effortlessly as she spoke with the

elegance of a seasoned medical veteran. "Richard's injury was near his heart, and he had an

underlying condition. An intervention at one point affected the whole system..."

As Vivienne spoke, Calista's expression grew increasingly grim.

What on earth was happening?

Vivienne's knowledge was shocking. Even PhDs in the field would struggle to keep up.

"I've proposed a theory on DNA replication. By replicating DNA through specific methods, many complex problems can be solved."

Vivienne shrugged nonchalantly. "This technology has already been realized and will soon be implemented in hospitals for practical use."

Her casual remark sent shock waves through the audience.

"This technique has been realized?! Isn't this another milestone in medical history?!"

"What's going on?! DNA replication technology?! Is she the legendary Eunice of the medical world?!"

"My God! I can't believe I'm seeing her in person. Am I dreaming?!"

Calista stood dumbfounded. She was too shocked to speak.

Eunice?!

Vivienne was the legendary Eunice?!

That was the idol she had idolized for years!

In the medical field, no one was unaware of Eunice's renown.

Regarded as a deity in the field, every single paper of Eunice's was a must-read for medical professionals.

Her theories were innovative, and the techniques she developed held exceptional value. Any one of them could bring tremendous benefits to mankind.

Anyone with a name in the field longed to connect with Eunice, but she kept a low profile and rarely made public appearances. Therefore, few knew her true identity, let alone associated the legend with a nineteen-year-old girl.

"Vivienne, could I ask for your autograph? Or perhaps we could have a chat?"

The chance to converse with a legend in the medical field was a dream come true for many.

Even a five-minute chat would benefit them more than a year's worth of classes, providing them with much more knowledge.



The crowd swarmed around Vivienne, eager to hear more about her research. They were worried they would regret it if they missed this opportunity.

"It's impossible. Vivienne can't be Eunice." Calista, standing at the side, clenched her fists as her eyes glowed with extreme jealousy. She watched as the crowd that had just been singing her praises her was now practically worshiping Vivienne.

"Though Vivienne has her insights in the field." She forced herself to remain calm, desperately trying to turn the tide. "There's no way she could be the legendary Eunice."

"When Eunice published her papers, Vivienne was just a few years old. We can't take such a joke lightly. Perhaps Vivienne could clarify this for us."

Vivienne crossed her arms and stood amid the crowd as she cast an icy stare at Calista.

Eunice was a name her mother had once used, under which she had published many medical patents.

She had used this name to publish her papers, partly to honor her mother and partly because she preferred to stay out of the limelight so she could avoid unnecessary attention.

She never felt the need to clarify or explain anything to anyone.

Upon witnessing the scene, Professor Madison countered sternly. "Vivienne's abilities are beyond question. She completed her thesis without a shred of help and even supported my experimental process. Why would such a talent need to cheat?"

As he spoke, he displayed Vivienne's thesis and her awards on the screen for everyone to see.

In the field of medicine, Professor Madison was a revered and respected veteran; his words naturally packed a punch.

Especially when it came to Vivienne's achievements. Each one was a masterpiece in the industry, a feat no one could match.

Who could possibly help her cheat?

"Indeed, Eunice's capabilities are clear for all to see." The crowd began to lean in Vivienne's favor, speaking up for her. "If Calista doesn't believe it, maybe she should reflect on herself. Why can't she produce such research results?"

"I reckon some people are just green with envy and just want to question Eunice's paper. They don't even consider their own weight before criticizing Eunice."

"If you can't keep up, then shut up! Stop prattling about and annoying everyone!"

## Chapter 297

Calista had always been a source of admiration, but never had she been treated with such blatant disregard.

She was once the rising star of the medical field, but now, compared to Vivienne, she felt like a plain sparrow next to a phoenix, not even worth a single strand of Vivienne's hair.

"I didn't mean it like that; I just..." Calista tried to defend herself, but Vivienne didn't give her the chance.

"Didn't you ask me to share my experience and insights, Calista? Did you not notice that your new theory is flawed after hearing me speak about my paper?"

Calista's eyes widened in shock. Her gaze was fixed on Vivienne, as if she wanted to tear her apart limb from limb.

Her theory was flawed? What a joke!

Even if Vivienne was the brilliant Eunice, did that give her the right to tarnish her paper?

Her research was recognized by professionals in the field and even won awards immediately after its publication.

"Vivienne," Professor Madison asked respectfully, "could you specify what's wrong with Calista's paper?"

Vivienne answered calmly, "Her experimental data was affected by the environment. Both temperature and humidity are crucial factors. Calista only took into account the temperature during the experiment but overlooked how the recent hot and humid weather could have affected the results."

She looked at Calista, whose face was gradually turning pale, and asked mockingly, "Unless I'm mistaken, the variables you set are also problematic, right?"

Even a non-professional would know that under such circumstances, the experimental results would be inaccurate.

She pointed out several issues that none of the professors or researchers present had noticed, immediately earning everyone's admiration.

"No wonder she's Eunice. She spotted the issues at a glance. I could study for another twenty years and still not reach her level."

"I'm glad I attended this seminar today, or I would have regretted it."

Professor Madison also nodded in agreement, then turned to the ashen-faced Calista. "Calista, there's

always someone better out there. Vivienne is far superior to you. It's ludicrous for you to doubt her knowledge."

Calista felt like she had lost all her dignity. She wished she could just dig a hole and hide in it forever.

She was a renowned doctor.

She was the pride of the Pendleton family.

But in front of Vivienne, her knowledge and reputation meant nothing. They vanished like snowflakes in the sun.

"Vivienne, could I ask you to sit with us for a while?"

"Vivienne, could I trouble you to look at my paper for a few minutes?"

No one paid any attention to Calista anymore. Instead, they were all flocking to Vivienne, hoping to learn from her and get a taste of her knowledge.

"Sorry, I'm a bit busy right now." With that, Vivienne turned and left.

As she watched Vivienne's retreating figure, Calista's eyes filled with a loathsome hatred.

Why could Vivienne easily steal her glory? Even Percival only had eyes for her.

Everyone gave her all their attention and respect without even caring about anyone else. Worse,

Vivienne didn't even care.

Calista had never felt so defeated. She gritted her teeth as her heart burned and ached with envy and hatred.

She would not lose to Vivienne.

She would make Vivienne realize that there could only be one legend in the medical field, and only she, Calista, was worthy of Percival.

If Vivienne tried to stop her, she would kick this stumbling block out of her way and completely destroy her.

Before the medical seminar ended, Vivienne left and returned to the Brooks Mansion.

"Vivienne!"

As soon as she got home, Kala spotted her. She was idling in the living room, and once she saw

Vivienne, she pulled her into her room.

"If you didn't come back soon, I would have died of boredom. You have no idea how bored I am."

Ever since their late-night encounter, Kala had treated her as a friend.

She was busy with work and was rarely at home, so she took this opportunity to relax.

Unfortunately, her mother Cheryl kept a close eye on her and wouldn't let her wander around. Kala was cooped up in the house all day and felt like she was going crazy.

Kala lay down on the soft bed, propped her chin up, and asked Vivienne, who was sitting next to her,

"Vivienne, how did you like the pictures I gave you last time? If you liked them, I have a whole bunch more. I believe in sharing good things. Don't worry, I can keep a secret."

Vivienne sat in her room, feeling completely at ease. "Not bad," she replied lazily.

Pictures of naked men were fine, but Mr. Wolf got extremely jealous and had all the pictures taken away and burned.

He even suggested that if she needed such services, he could provide them himself.

"But I'm a bit tired of them."

"I see." Kala smiled as she propped her chin up. "You're already engaged. Looking at these pictures is not as good as looking at the real thing, huh? I wish I could meet my other half..."

Kala's voice trailed off as she lost herself in her memories. Despite being a top actress in the

entertainment industry and a sought-after triple-crown winner, she faced many hardships when she first entered the circle.

She remembered how she had hidden her status as a Brooks and made cameo appearances in various TV shows, only to be drugged and sent to a powerful man's bed.

She was so groggy at the time that she couldn't resist. She thought she was going to lose her innocence.

But the man didn't touch her. Instead, he gave the person who had drugged her a severe beating.

When she woke up and wanted to thank him, there was no one in the room. She hadn't even gotten a good look at his face.

Kala had always remembered this incident. Even now, she couldn't forget that man.

If she could meet him again, she would definitely not hesitate to tell him how she felt.

"Vivienne, do you believe in love at first sight?" Lost in her memories, Kala asked without thinking.

Vivienne paused as her mind flung itself into turmoil. After a few seconds, she finally replied, "It depends on the person."

She couldn't understand why Percival's face kept popping up in her head. Ever since she found out



Percival was Mr. Wolf, they seemed to be getting closer and closer.

She had never trusted someone to this extent before.

The rarity of these feelings left Vivienne feeling lost. Her heart fluttered in her chest more often than she'd like.

Kala, however, grinned cheekily. "I believe in love at first sight. If I see him again, I'm definitely going to make him mine!"

After announcing her intentions, she sighed dramatically and flopped onto the bed.

"But I'm so bored right now. I can't stay stuck in this house any longer. I need to get out and breathe in some fresh air."

As she swung her legs restlessly, Kala suddenly perked up, and a feverish excitement appeared in her voice. "Hey! There's a NASCAR race at North Peak today. Why don't we go check it out?"

Kala was a bundle of energy. She was always at the forefront when there was fun to be had.

"I'd rather not." Vivienne declined.

However, Kala wasn't one to take no for an answer, and she began to nag persistently, pulling out all

the stops to get Vivienne to come with her.

"Come on! What do you say? This time, we'll do what I want. Next time, we can do what you want. I

promise I'll go along with whatever you have in mind."

Kala was practically throwing a tantrum at this point.

Feeling somewhat helpless, Vivienne finally agreed. "Fine! Let's go!"

Despite her quirks, Kala was a good friend. Besides, it was better than sitting around doing nothing.

#### Chapter 298

The NASCAR race was scheduled for 9 p.m., so they had plenty of time to stroll around the local

market near North Peak.

"Vivienne, you've got to try this!"

Kala was fully decked out. She was wearing a wide-brimmed hat, dark sunglasses, and a mask that

covered most of her face.

Even though she was practically incognito, she made no attempt to blend in. It was almost as if she

were begging to be recognized.

Vivienne accepted the skewer that Kala offered as her eyes wandered around their surroundings.

She had only ever felt this peaceful with Percival. She couldn't help but relax.

"The NASCAR races at North Peak were held sporadically. We're pretty lucky this time. I heard

Hurricane is also participating in this race. It's going to be exciting!"

Kala casually shared her knowledge while they strolled. "Hurricane is a well-known daredevil in the

racing world. He's known for his high speed and dangerous tactics. He tends to stick close to his

opponents, and if you're not careful, he can easily force you to crash."

Being a big fan of car racing, Kala was pretty familiar with the scene.

She had watched several of Hurricane's races. Each one was more thrilling than the last, so they never

failed to keep her on the edge of her seat.

"Oh." Vivienne responded with indifference.

"I'm not kidding. You'll understand once you see it."

They continued to chat and eat, and as they reached the south end of the market, they bumped into a

familiar face.

"Carl?!"

"What are you doing here?" Kala asked, surprised to see him.

Caught off guard, Carl glanced at Vivienne, who was standing next to Kala, and couldn't help but show his annoyance.

Seeing his silence, Kala warned him. "You should be at home at this hour, not running around. Our mom will have your hide if she finds out!"

"It's not even nine o'clock yet." Carl fired back.

Kala noticed the race car next to Carl, and her voice grew louder. "Carl! Are you sneaking around and racing again? You're asking to be grounded!"

Kala stood with her hands on her hips as she looked at her tall, defiant younger brother. She began throwing out threat after threat at him. "You must have forgotten how Mom dealt with you last time!"

Their mother, Cheryl, was adamantly against Carl racing.

She had strictly forbidden him from going near the race track, even going as far as to smash one of his race cars.

At the mention of their mother, Carl's tone softened. "Sis, I'm sorry. Please don't tell Mom!"

Carl feared nothing except the wrath of Cheryl and Kala.

"I might consider not telling her." Kala's lips curled up into a cunning smile. "Lend me your precious

race car, and I might let you off the hook."

Kala wasn't a skilled rider, but she was passionate about the thrill and the challenge.

"No way!" Carl knew exactly how 'competent' she was and refused immediately. "With your half-baked skills, you'll wreck my car."

He was depending on his vehicle to win tonight's race.

Although the prize money wouldn't cover his monthly allowance, he was currently broke and couldn't afford to be picky.

If he didn't earn some money soon, he wouldn't even be able to take care of his cat, let alone himself.

"You better weigh your options carefully!" Kala wasn't in a hurry and chuckled. "If Mom gets involved, it won't just be about borrowing your car."

Upon seeing her fox-like expression, Carl retorted. "Kala, you wouldn't dare!"

He quickly added, less confidently. "Fine, I'll give you my monthly allowance. Just don't touch my car; that's my bottom line!"

"Where are you getting an allowance? Don't forget, you already spent several years worth of funds on

that stone piece." Kala asked him suspiciously.

"That's none of your business." Carl refused to elaborate.

Kala wasn't concerned about the millions. Making money was easy for her. She was a three-time

Academy Award winner, and she wouldn't miss a few bucks.

But she was more than willing to play along to have the opportunity to tease her unruly brother.

"Alright." She nodded with satisfaction, looking like the cat that got the cream. "Remember to transfer

the money to my account by the end of the month. If you're late by a day, I'll spill all your secrets to

Mom."

Vivienne, who had been observing this whole scene, couldn't help but click her tongue.

They all seemed to be experts at tattling. It must be a family trait.

Carl, having been thoroughly fleeced, left grumbling, while Kala and Vivienne continued to enjoy the

market.

As it was almost time, they headed towards North Peak.

Even before they reached the track, they could hear the roar of the engines echoing throughout the

mountain.

The thought of watching Hurricane race excited Kala, and she hurried Vivienne along. "Let's find a good spot quickly. I want to get a picture with Hurricane."

Vivienne looked at the winding mountain road in front of her. It was not much different from the roads she had driven before.

The North Peak track was notoriously difficult. It had narrow, winding roads flanked by cliffs. One wrong move could lead to a crash, posing a constant threat to the driver's life.

Soon, Kala and Vivienne reached the top of the mountain, where a crowd of spectators had already gathered.

The view from above offered the best vantage point, allowing them to see all the action and feel the front-line excitement.

"Who do you guys think will win this race?"

The crowd was already buzzing with excitement. "Hurricane, of course! This is his sixth race this year, and he has won all the previous ones. He's on a five-race winning streak!"

"That's right! Last time, someone had the audacity to challenge Hurricane, only to be left in the dust.

They even crashed into the guardrails. He's still in the hospital!"

Hurricane had more than a few fervent fans, and people with high hopes for him were everywhere.

Some even placed bets, wagering that Hurricane would claim the trophy, just like he had in his previous races.

Kala overheard their chatter and couldn't help but whistle in surprise. She turned to Vivienne and said,

"Hurricane really has high approval ratings. It looks like he's got this race in the bag."

Vivienne arched an eyebrow as she watched the participants prepare at the foot of the hill. "Not necessarily. He's pretty average."

She had crossed paths with him on the race track before, but Hurricane hadn't made much of an impression.

Had it not been for Kala and the bystanders constantly mentioning him, she wouldn't even recall his existence in the racing world.

"Wait, what?! Hurricane's average? Are you pulling my leg?"

Upon hearing this, a nearby Hurricane fan couldn't hold back. He sprang up, feeling utterly outraged as he spoke with thunderous anger in his voice. "Hurricane is the racer with the highest win rate this



season! What would you know, being a woman and all, to even dare to critique Hurricane?!"

Chapter 299

Vivienne shot him a cold smirk, but before she could respond, Kala, at her side, already seething with indignation, fired back. "What's wrong with being a woman?! Can't women watch NASCAR races now?!"

Do you think we're some kind of joke?! Do you think we don't know anything about car racing?! Do you know why North Peak is a designated race track?! Do you know the terrain here and the challenges it poses?!"

Kala pointed at him as she cursed; she was so close to touching his nose that the man could already feel her anger enveloping him.

"You're not even worthy of discussing racing with me!"

Vivienne, standing by her side and hearing her barrage of words, couldn't help but chuckle.

Hmm, she had some fight in her.

The fan was left dumbfounded. He was unable to utter a word for a moment, then finally mumbled,

"Regardless, Hurricane is the best. No one can deny that!"

Just as he finished speaking, a signal was heard from the foot of the mountain.

Everyone looked down, and Kala quickly pulled Vivienne to a good spot, looking for Hurricane among the crowd of racers.

Despite everyone wearing helmets and protective gear, those in the circle knew that Hurricane favored a blue racing suit, and the number on it was always nine.

"Wait!"

As Kala was intently searching, she suddenly seemed to spot something. She yanked Vivienne in disbelief and yelled, "Vivienne, look there! Isn't that Carl?!"

Following her finger, Vivienne saw Carl on the track.

He had just put on his helmet and entered his car. He was positioned beside Hurricane, with a few cars in between them.

"That little rat!" Kala stomped her foot in anger, wishing she could rush down the mountain and pull Carl from the car.

"Is he out of his mind?! Why would he participate in such a dangerous race?!"

It was one thing to race casually, but to actually compete? Did he think he had nine lives?!

Since Kala was interested in NASCAR, she naturally understood the dangers of the sport.

Although she also raced, she was very cautious. She only participated in indoor tracks and never on mountain roads.

She knew Carl was into racing and had been secretly participating in illegal street races. This entire time, she had turned a blind eye, but his audacity seemed to be escalating.

The race was about to start, and all the racers were ready.

Kala wanted to intervene but was helpless, forcing herself to watch in agony.

At this moment, Carl was also feeling tense.

The dim light made the road ahead unclear, and his car was in poor condition. It had many problems before the race.

Despite his best efforts to fix it, his lack of money to replace suitable parts was a problem.

"Attention, drivers, the race is about to start!"

The referee stood at a high point and slowly raised his starting pistol.

Everyone held their breath, and with the sound of the gunshot, the racers shot off like arrows.

The entire mountain filled with the roar of the race cars. Dozens of them expertly weaved and changed positions, much to the excitement of the crowd.

Carl gritted his teeth as he followed closely behind Hurricane, striving not to let the gap between them widen.

To win the race, he had to beat Hurricane. If he couldn't even keep up with the tail end of his car, then he had no chance today.

Kala, standing at the summit, was a bundle of nerves.

Dozens of cars raced at high speed through the mountain, with no one knowing what could happen in the next second.

The first half of the track was relatively smooth. Hurricane led the pack, while Carl and a few other racers followed him closely, leaving a large number of racers behind.

Good! There was still hope.

As long as he maintained this pace, he had a chance to overtake Hurricane at the last moment and win a thrilling victory.

Just as Carl was quietly rejoicing, Hurricane suddenly slowed down. He was now almost level with him.

Before he could react, Hurricane moved his car closer, forcing him towards the cliff edge.

"What is he doing?!" Kala couldn't believe her eyes.

This kind of behavior was clearly not normal racing etiquette.

Vivienne's eyes narrowed as she watched Hurricane continuously push Carl to the edge.

"He's trying to push him off the mountain." She said coldly as her gaze became increasingly frosty.

Racing was about speed and skill, not about causing harm to competitors.

Hurricane's actions were clearly crossing the line. Not only was he desperate to win, but he also intended to push Carl into a corner.

At this moment, Carl was getting dangerously close to the cliff edge. His back was drenched in cold sweat.

Hurricane's car brushed against his, making a harsh, grating noise.

Despite pushing his car to its maximum power, he still couldn't shake off Hurricane's pursuit. The strain was almost unbearable, causing the car to make a continuous and worrying clanging sound.

"Stop! Pause the race!" Carl shouted desperately at Hurricane beside him, but his voice was drowned

out by the roar of the engines.

Hurricane completely ignored his words and hand gestures, and repeatedly rammed into Carl.

"He's breaking the rules! That's a foul!" Kala was frantic. "That's too much! How could he ram into

Carl's car?!"

The fans around her were indifferent. Some were even smirking. "If you join the race, you have to admit

when you're outmatched."

"Racing is inherently dangerous. Hurricane's actions are understandable. If you can't take the heat,

stay out of the kitchen!"

"Exactly! Stop your whining! If you can't take it, go home!"

Kala was both angry and anxious. She had no time to argue with these idiots.

Carl, who had been struggling up the mountain, couldn't hold on any longer and suddenly swerved,

crashing into a nearby boulder.

"Carl!" Kala shrieked and ran towards the track.

The race was forced to pause. All the racers stopped their cars while the referee and staff went to

check on Carl.

Vivienne followed Kala to the middle of the mountain, only to see Carl lying on the ground, clutching his right leg in pain.

"Carl! Are you okay?!" Kala rushed over with concern written all over his face.

Vivienne, who was standing behind her, took one glance at him and said, "His right leg is broken. Don't move him."

"How could this happen?"

Kala jerked her hand away in shock. She watched as her younger brother cringed in pain while clutching his right leg. She was a mix of anger and heartache.

"How about it? Can you continue the match?"

The referee approached, examined Carl's injury, and reported the situation to the officials.

Upon hearing the news, Kala was beyond infuriated. "He's broken his freaking leg! And you're asking if he can continue?!"

Carl's teammates were just as frantic. They were sweating bullets. "What are we gonna do?! If Carl can't race, our team will be one man short! If we can't keep up with the season's scores, it will seriously

affect our team!”

“Don’t you guys have any substitutes?!” She snapped back.

Chapter 300

Kala absolutely refused to let Carl back on the field, and besides, even if he wanted to, his broken leg

wasn’t going to let him.

“Where are we going to find a substitute now?” Carl’s teammates were as anxious as a cat on a hot tin

roof.

Carl gritted his teeth. “I can endure it... Let me compete...”

He couldn’t let his team down, and he was still aiming for that prize money.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed?!” Kala glared at him and then picked up a helmet from the ground.

“Fine! I’ll compete for you!”

“You?” Carl, enduring the severe pain, looked up at Kala. “You can’t compete!”

Kala wasn’t just anyone. If people found out that the Oscar winner was racing cars at North Peak, there

would be a media frenzy.

Her name would probably top the trending charts for three days, and her endorsements would be

affected.



“What else can I do if I don’t compete for you? Are you planning to continue with this broken leg?!”

Kala knew she was an average racer. She was just good enough to play around and could barely compete. But against a tough competitor like Hurricane, she would be crushed.

Hurricane stood with his arms crossed and began mocking Carl in a not-so-friendly tone. “Are you guys competing or not? If you don’t have a substitute, then get lost. We’re not here to waste our time with you.”

“You!” Kala was so angry that her face turned scarlet. She couldn't believe this was the racer she used to admire.

He was treating his opponent's life like a game and, even worse, was insulting them without a shred of remorse. How could such a person be her idol?

"I'll compete with you." The normally quiet Vivienne suddenly spoke up.

Kala was taken aback. "Vivienne? You..."

She didn't know much about Vivienne. From what she had seen so far, Vivienne seemed easy to get along with and had a similar temperament to hers.

As for the rest, she was completely in the dark.

Most importantly, this was a NASCAR race.

How old was Vivienne? Could she even drive?

Kala didn't think so.

But after seeing Vivienne act so confident, she began to doubt her previous assumptions. Could

Vivienne really race?

"Don't worry; leave it to me." Vivienne reassured her, a rare display of her good mood.

If it were anyone else, she wouldn't bother.

But Kala was nice, and Carl...

Though he was slightly annoying, he had adopted a stray cat, so his heart couldn't be completely bad.

She could consider this a way of making up for the 12 million dollars she had previously swindled him out of.

After hearing her say this, Kala, for some reason, wanted to believe her.

Kala smiled. "Alright. Thank you, Vivienne."

Hurricane looked Vivienne up and down as the laughter from beneath his helmet grew more arrogant.

"You? Have you even grown out of your baby teeth yet? You dare to think you can compete with me?

Kid, this is a NASCAR race; it's not child's play."

Though there were young participants in the race, there had never been a girl who looked under twenty

like Vivienne.

Hurricane sneered. "Can you even race? I bet you can't even pass the first track, yet you want to

compete with me?"

The crowd around them broke into laughter, not believing that Vivienne could substitute for Carl.

"Find someone else to compete. I don't want people to say we bullied a little girl."

"Yeah! Have you even touched a car before, girl? Have you raced on any tracks? Do you even know

how to accelerate and corner?!"

"Vivienne..." Kala was also worried. "Don't be stubborn. These guys aren't here to compete properly.

They're out for blood!"

Even though she wasn't an expert in racing, she could tell that it wasn't just Hurricane who was

ruthless. The other competitors were in cahoots with him.

If they hadn't ganged up on Carl, he wouldn't have lost so quickly and crashed into the roadside bollard.

"What's wrong?" Vivienne looked at Hurricane with a furrowed brow. "Are you scared?"

Hurricane was instantly provoked, and he immediately scoffed back. "What a joke! Why would I be scared? Don't you know who I am?"

"Then stop wasting time. I'm a busy person." Vivienne turned and walked towards the car, signaling for Carl's teammate to give her the keys.

"Vivienne." The teammate recognized her as the young mistress of the Brooks family and gave her a wry smile. "Carl's car is done for. The parts are shattered, and we don't have any replacements."

"I know you want to stand up for Carl, but no one can drive this car now. Be careful; they might sabotage you."

"Give me the toolbox." Without saying much, Vivienne took the toolbox and began checking the condition of the car.

"What's there to fix in this pile of junk?" Someone nearby said disdainfully, "This car can't be fixed!

Even if it gets fixed, it will only last half a race!"

Vivienne ignored the comments. She swiftly took out the tools and began to modify the car.

Carl's car was indeed badly damaged. Many parts were in tatters.

Without any hesitation, she removed the decorative parts and reduced the weight as much as possible, leaving only the necessary parts.

In less than ten minutes, she had fixed the car using the limited tools and parts at her disposal.

"Oh my gosh, Vivienne, you're a miracle worker!"

Carl's teammates couldn't help but praise her. Not only did Vivienne lighten the car and increase its speed, but she also solved the problem caused by the lack of parts.

Upon seeing her succeed, Hurricane's face fell, but he still spoke with hostility. "I want to see how long your crappy car can last!"

The race, which had been paused for half an hour, finally restarted.

Carl was carried to the top of the hill by the staff, waiting for the ambulance to arrive.

His fractured leg needed to be fixed with a steel plate to keep it in place. The onsite medical supplies were limited, so Vivienne disinfected him, bandaged his leg with a tool nearby, and gave him a couple

of shots.

Carl also marveled at Vivienne's skills. He didn't know what acupuncture point she was targeting, but

he felt the pain in his body reduce significantly. He could even slightly move his foot now.

As they waited for the ambulance to arrive, his attention was irresistibly drawn to the race between

Vivienne and Hurricane.

"Look here, lass." Hurricane smirked as they both returned to the starting line. He watched with a

mocking stare as Vivienne effortlessly strapped herself into the car and adjusted her seat with practiced

ease.

"Racing isn't a game for little girls like you. Don't expect me to go easy on you just 'cause you're a lady.

If you break an arm or a leg, that's on you."

Vivienne cast him a cool glance. "Do I know you?"

She sat in the car, buckling her helmet with a snap, with her chin raised defiantly. "You're not in my

league to talk racing."

Hurricane took her retort as mere bravado and entered his car. "That's the spirit. Let's see how long

you can keep it up."

The referee took his position, raising the starter's pistol high in the air.

At the sound of the gunshot, Hurricane took off like a bullet, leaving the others in his dust.