

The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan

#Chapter 31 - Read The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan Chapter 31

Chapter 31

Percival was as nonchalant as if he was talking about something mundane.

This made Arabella's heart beat faster once again.

Percival had Dr. William's number? And he's planning to call him? Was he planning on completely ruining her reputation today? This cannot happen!

She couldn't let her carefully crafted image be destroyed just like that.

Arabella lifted her gaze, her face cold, "The Ellington family is powerful, so Mr. Ellington, you can do as you please, but I can't! The gift is for Dr. William, I should go apologize in person and take it back. So please wait, Mr. Ellington, I'll go change."

Before Percival could object, she turned and went upstairs.

Once upstairs, Arabella closed the door tightly, her eyes filled with resentment.

She clenched her teeth and balled her fists, thinking, "Vivienne! Percival! This isn't over yet!" Later, Arabella changed her outfit, threw some herbs out the window, then went downstairs: She didn't even take her bag.

She did this to show everyone that she was really going to deliver the herbs.

Arabella went to Beatrice and Octavia, and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, I've caused trouble for the Hawthorn family." Hearing this, Octavia sneered inwardly, of course she'd blame Arabella!

Besides, she never liked Arabella!

This girl was too manipulative, sometimes even blatantly showing her desires.

But of course, she couldn't say these things out loud.

Beatrice held the financial reigns of the Hawthorn family, they needed her to survive. Octavia forced a smile, "Arabella, | don't mind. Don't overthink it."

"Thank you." Arabella bowed her head, still appearing well-behaved and sensible, only her fallen hair hid the sharpness in her eyes.

However, Octavia didn't know that Arabella hasn't delivered the gift yet.

Of course, even if she knew, she would make the same choice as Arabella, not letting everyone know the gift was still in the Hawthorn family.

After saying thanks, Arabella quickly left.

She avoided everyone, went to the backyard, collected the herbs, and left the Hawthorn family.

Once Arabella left, the drama ended...

Percival didn't pursue it further. After all, this was the Hawthorn family. His future father-in-law was Dorian.

The banquet officially started, everyone tacitly avoided talking about what just happened, but their impression of Arabella had worsened a bit.

Beatrice, however, was as cheerful as ever, dealing with the guests with a smile.

Vivienne and Dorian, Cordelia, and Thaddeus were sitting in a corner.

Also sitting with Vivienne was Isolde.

This girl insisted on sticking with her, refusing to leave, Vivienne had no choice but to take her to the corner.

It wasn't their choice to sit there, it was Beatrice's arrangement.

In the Hawthorn family, Dorian's family didn't have the privilege to sit at the main table, it had always been like this. But Dorian didn't mind, he found it relaxing not being with those people.

Vivienne didn't like the socializing either. She preferred being in a corner.

Their table was just them, the other guests were busy talking. Since they weren't given much attention by Beatrice, no one wanted to bother them.

Just as they say down, someone patted Vivienne's shoulder, saying, "Ms. Vivienne, hang in there, teach that fake innocent girl a lesson!"

Vivienne turned her head, raising an eyebrow at the person in front of her. Charlotte was wearing a long purple dress, she wasn't frail like Arabella, her features were well defined, and she had a distinct charm. If she hadn't said those things about Arabella earlier, people would think of her as an extraordinary beauty.

Vivienne put on a small smile, saying, "Do you have any grudges against Arabella?" "No grudges! Just can't stand her ways!" Charlotte gave a smile to Vivienne, "I like people like you, honest and straightforward!" Vivienne was smiling. Was this a compliment?

"Alright, I gotta go, my dad's so mad about me getting involved in this, he's about to break my legs. I need to save my skin." With that, Charlotte lifted her dress and ran off.

Vivienne noticed that she was wearing pants under her dress!

Charlotte didn't give Vivienne a chance to speak, she just ran off like a gust of wind.

Vivienne rubbed her forehead helplessly.

Just as Charlotte left, Thomas came over with Percival.

There was also an indifferent looking Leopold with them.

Vivienne looked at Percival first, then at Leopold, her gaze towards Leopold was a bit mocking. Leopold touched his nose, feeling a bit weird.

Why did he always feel that Ms. Vivienne was a bit off? She always stared at him and had this strange smile. He even suspected if Ms. Vivienne had a crush on him, but her expression didn't seem like she was into him.

"Mr. Hawthorn, Ms. Vivienne, may we sit here?" Percival asked politely and modestly.

Dorian wanted to refuse, but was swayed by his politeness and modesty, "Please sit."

Once everyone was seated, nobody spoke, and the atmosphere was a bit awkward.

Isolde seemed oblivious to the awkwardness. She lifted her head, blinking at Vivienne, and said with a smile, "Vivienne, are you my brother's fiancé?"

Just as Vivienne was about to respond, Dorian immediately cut in, "Isolde, don't just blurt out things like that. Vivienne isn't going to marry your brother. They've broken off their engagement."

Percival looked up, surprised, his eyes asking Vivienne: You didn't mention our engagement?- Vivienne felt wronged, it wasn't that she didn't mention it, she just never had the chance. Percival felt wronged, could it be that his future father-in-law was still insisting on their breakup? Percival cleared his throat lightly, lifting his glass, "Mr. Hawthorn..."

Before he could finish speaking, Isolde blinked her innocent eyes and tilted her head to ask Dorian, "Mr. Hawthorn, don't you like my brother? Is it because he's not good-looking? Or because he's broke?"

Percival was at a loss for words!

Suddenly, he understood why Vivienne hadn't mentioned their engagement to Dorian. Because he wouldn't have been able to get a word in!

Dorian said, "That's not the reason..."

Then do you like my brother, Mr. Hawthorn? But if you like my brother, why won't you let Vivienne be with him? My brother's loaded, and if he's not, I can lend him money, or, I can give all my money to Vivienne. I'll make sure she has a good life, you don't have to worry."

Dorian was also speechless.

Percival cleared his throat and said, "Isolde."

Feeling his gaze, Isolde lowered her head and stopped talking. What should she do? She was actually quite afraid of her brother.

Percival didn't pay much attention to her inner thoughts. Instead, he raised his glass to Dorian and said, "Mr. Hawthorn, perhaps Ms. Vivienne hasn't had the chance to tell you, she's already agreed to be engaged to me."

"What?" Dorian and Cordelia's eyes widened in surprise, disbelievingly staring at Percival.

Chapter 32 Dorian shot up from his seat, stared at Percival angrily.

Tightly clenching his fists, he spat out, "Are you threatening Vivienne? Let me tell you straight, while others might be scared of you, I ain't. Don't you dare force my little girl to marry you, I won't allow it!"

Cordelia chimed in with a nod, "Damn right, I'm in for the fight too." Vivienne pulled Dorian back, whispering, "Dad, chill. I agreed to get engaged with him willingly." At this, Dorian and Cordelia were both floored, too stunned to react.

Once she gathered herself, Cordelia stammered, "Vivienne, didn't you say you didn't want to marry him? What's up now... Did he threaten you? Don't be scared, tell us. Your dad and I might not have any special powers, but we won't let you marry someone you don't want to."

After speaking, Cordelia shot Percival a death glare. "If he did threaten you, we'll sue his ass. I don't care how much power and influence his family has, they can't break the law."

Dorian didn't say anything, but the way he was glaring at Percival, it was as if he wanted to kill him. How dare he do this to his daughter. Bastard!

Percival wanted to shout at them.

Threaten? I didn't, I really didn't. You're misunderstanding.

Vivienne rubbed her temples, "He didn't threaten me. I just want to get engaged with him."

Dorian didn't know what to say.

If Vivienne wanted to get married, he had no reason to stop her.

But Percival...

He glanced at Percival's leg, the guy's disabled. Could he protect Vivienne?

And Vivienne didn't seem like the type to take shit from anyone.

Her medical skills alone were enough to amaze many.

Dorian looked at Vivienne, "Are you sure about this?"

Vivienne nodded, "Yes. Don't worry, we're just getting engaged. I can still call it off if I change my mind." Percival's mouth twitched at the corners.

—This girl, they—are—not even engaged yet, and she's already considering backing out.

Dorian didn't know what happened between Vivienne and Percival, but he figured they must have gotten pretty close recently. Otherwise, Vivienne wouldn't have treated Percival's sister. So he didn't say anything else, "If you've made up your mind, we'll go with your decision."

Honestly, he had no idea Vivienne has medical skills.

"The engagement ceremony will be in ten days. We'll discuss the details after the party." Percival seemed to take the engagement seriously.

"Fine." Even though Dorian didn't stop Vivienne from getting engaged to Percival, he was extremely uncomfortable. He had just found his daughter, and not even a month later, she was getting engaged.

Half an hour later, Arabella returned.

When she came in, she had two boxes in her hands.

She had all the gifts Percival gave her brought back, her expression was not pleasant, "Mr. Ellington, everything is here. You'd better check them to avoid confusion later."

Percival didn't even look at her, he simply said, "Thomas."

Thomas stood up, his face serious, and checked all the gifts.

Seeing this, Arabella's face darkened even more.

Damn Percival! He really was checking.

"Mr. Ellington, everything checks out." Thomas reported after he finished.

Percival turned to Vivienne, "Ms. Vivienne, | apologize for the misunderstanding earlier. I'll prepare another gift to express my gratitude tomorrow."

"It's fine!" Vivienne replied casually, "I saved Isolde. You have nothing to do with it."

"But the gift..."

Before he could finish, Vivienne lifted her head, her face cold, and said word for word, "It. Has. Nothing. To do with. You." -Percival choked on his words.

The

atmosphere got awkward.

Isolde, who was next to them, noticed.

She tilted her head and seriously said to Percival, "Brother, this is between Vivienne and me. | should be the one to thank her. Then she turned to Vivienne, "Right, Vivienne?"

Vivienne smiled, "Right." Isolde happily smiled at Percival, "Brother, I'm more important to Vivienne than you." Percival looked at his sister, didn't know what to say.

Arabella, who was standing aside, saw them happily chatting and no one paying attention to her. Her hand clenched tighter, and her face was about to lose control.

She lost all her dignity today.

Without looking back at them, she turned around and left.

Halfway through the banquet, a maid came with wine.

She got a glass of wine for everyone.

When she put a glass next to Vivienne, Vivienne lifted her head and smiled, "I don't drink."

The maid was taken aback and immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, miss, I didn't know. I'll get you a beverage right away." She quickly took the wine glass away and soon brought a drink.

Vivienne picked up the cup, looked at the drink, her eyes slightly squinted, and the smile on her lips carried a hint of mockery.

After a while, she downed the drink.

Not far away, Arabella saw her drink it, and her eyes became cold.

A few minutes later, the maid came again to pour wine and drinks for everyone.

Cordelia glanced at her and said with a puzzled look, "Aren't you pouring the drinks a bit too frequently?"

The maid was a bit flustered by the question. Trying to explain, she accidentally spilled the drink on Vivienne. She immediately wiped Vivienne with a napkin, "I'm sorry, miss, I'm so sorry."

Vivienne got up and looked at her. That maid looked all guilty under her gaze, quickly saying, "Miss, let me take you to change." Vivienne's mouth curled ever so slightly. "Am I changing into your clothes?"

Before the maid could respond, Arabella suddenly stepped in, "Into my clothes, sis. I'm sorry, the servant has been careless. I'll fetch you a new set, could you change in the room downstairs?"

"Ha ha!" Percival laughed.

Aglass in one hand, the other resting on the edge of his wheelchair, he said mockingly, "Oh, the Hawthorn family sure has its own rules."

Arabella's face flushed slightly. She could clearly tell that Percival was mocking her, an adopted girl playing the part of a noble lady, while the real noble lady Vivienne was to change in the servant's quarter?

Arabella clenched her fist tight, suppressing her inner dissatisfaction, she still managed a smile, "Sister, you might have misunderstood..."

"Take me there." Arabella hadn't finished her sentences when Vivienne calmly cut her off. "What?" Arabella was taken aback.

“Aren't you taking me to change clothes? Let's go then.” Vivienne's bright eyes locked onto Arabella, a faint smile never leaving her lips.

Arabella felt uneasy under her gaze. Did she find out something? No, impossible! She's just a girl from the countryside, what could she possibly find out?

With that thought, Arabella didn't say more, and led Vivienne to the servant's room.

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Arabella led Vivienne into the room furthest back on the first floor.

Maybe it was purposely tidied up, but the room was super clean.

So clean, in fact, that there was only a bed in there.

And there was a set of clothes on the bed.

Vivienne turned around, her brows low, her voice devoid of emotion, “Can you predict the future?” “Huh?” Arabella was completely baffled by this question.

“You can't.” Vivienne maintained her cold demeanor, “You can't predict the future, but you knew that my clothes would be dirtied by the maid? You're really something.”

Arabella froze. What did she mean by that? Had she been found out? But that wasn't possible.

Arabella lifted her eyes towards Vivienne, giving her a light smile, “I saw that your clothes were wet and thought you'd need a change. I had the servants bring these. I hope that's okay.”

I'll leave now. Take your time changing.”

Vivienne raised an eyebrow but didn't respond.

As the door closed behind her, Arabella's face immediately hardened. Today, she was going to completely ruin Vivienne and Percival's reputations.

Inside the room, Vivienne watched the closed door, the smile on her face disappearing. She pulled out a porcelain jar from her pocket, taking out a pill and swallowing it.

The drink the maid had given her had an aphrodisiac in it.

It was a highly concentrated aphrodisiac, and once she had taken it, she could only relieve its effects through sexual intercourse. While she wasn't sure how competent Arabella was in medicine, she knew that this kind of drug wasn't available on the market. She found it kind of funny that Arabella, knowing that she knew medicine, still put an aphrodisiac in her drink.

Did she think her medical skills were lacking?

Too bad! She could neutralize the aphrodisiac in the drink.

As for why she drank it and followed Arabella to this room, she just wanted to see what Arabella was up to.

After Arabella left, Vivienne waited a few minutes before approaching Percival, "Mr. Ellington, my sister asked me to bring you to her. She wants to discuss something with you."

Percival gave her a glance, his cool lips curling slightly, "Thomas, push me there."

"My sister asked you to come alone." Arabella quickly intervened, "Mr. Ellington, my sister wants to discuss some private matters with you. It wouldn't be appropriate with others present."

Percival's eyes flicked up, whispering to Thomas, "You stay here."

And with that, he wheeled himself off in the direction Arabella pointed him in.

Arabella led him to the door, pausing, "I won't go in. I still have guests to take care of." With that, she quickly turned and left.

Percival's narrow eyes followed her retreating figure, his stern face cold.

He hadn't met Vivienne many times, but he knew she wouldn't call him over for no reason, let alone discuss personal matters with him.

He turned, pushing open the door.

As soon as he closed the door, he was caught, and saw Vivienne's flushed face and hazy eyes.

Vivienne pushed him against the wall, her hands roaming over his body.

Percival tensed, grabbing her hands, "Did someone drug you?"

Her hands were like magic, sparking a fiery sensation wherever they touched.

Vivienne lifted her chin slightly, her fingers lightly lifting his chin, leaning in, her eyes filled with temptation, "Do you want me?" When she was pressed against him, his throat suddenly dry.

He was a healthy man!

Right now, this young girl was on him, like a slippery fish, causing his head to buzz as if it were about to explode. What he didn't notice was the tiny silver needle hidden between Vivienne's fingers, poised at the back of his neck. If he dared to make a move, the needle would instantly paralyze him.

What Vivienne didn't expect was for Percival to push her away!

"Ms Vivienne, calm down." Percival's voice was hoarse

His handsome face was still flushed, his body's reaction hadn't subsided, he was trying to resist..

Vivienne was a bit surprised, and a bit mad, then leaned into his ear, whispering seductively, "Don't you want me?" She didn't believe that a man could resist this kind of temptation.

Her warm breath hit Percival's face, his heat instantly rising again.

Percival's breathing was a bit heavy, when he looked down at Vivienne, he saw the cunning in her eyes.

He pulled her into his arms, his voice low and hoarse, "You're really something."

She played her part well!

If he wasn't good at reading people, he might have been fooled.

But even if he hadn't seen through her act, he wouldn't have done anything. He wasn't the type to take advantage of someone in a vulnerable state. Vivienne's expression stiffened a bit, seemingly not expecting Percival to see through her act, "You figured it out?"

She was confident in her acting skills, even though she had never been intimate with anyone, she had seen the effects of the drug.

So, she could easily mimic the effects of the aphrodisiac.

But she didn't expect Percival to figure it out so quickly.

This was a surprise.

But then again, a man with no physical impairments, not even a slight illness, pretending to be disabled, how could he be dumb? It made sense that he figured it out.

"You're a good actress!" Percival looked at her, "But I believe if you can cure poison, you can neutralize an aphrodisiac. Her eyes were beautiful.

Vivienne paused, then seemed to realize something, a smile appearing on her face, "So, are you threatening me?"

"Not at all." Percival sat in his wheelchair, stating a fact, "We are engaged

The implication was clear — they were family.

Where was the threat in that?

Vivienne's brows furrowed slightly, a smile in her eyes, "So, fiancé, what would you do if someone tried to harm me?" "Anyone who tries to harm my fiancée should get a sound beating!"

"How would you beat them?*"..

"Slap them in the face."

Chapter 34

In the corridor, many people were heading towards a room.

Beatrice was leading them, with Arabella and Octavia flanking her on either side.

Loads of guests were trailing behind her.

Dorian and Cordelia were squished at the back of the crowd, each of them clutching Thaddeus by the hand, looking worried sick.

Up front, Arabella was matching Beatrice's pace, and said to her in a voice everyone could hear, "Granny, don't be mad, I might have heard wrong. My sister wouldn't do something like that."

Beatrice shot her a glance and said, "You're still defending her at this point? Arabella, you're my top-notch granddaughter, but why are you always batting for Vivienne since she's back? Today is Octavia's birthday party, and Vivienne dares to do this at home, she's absolutely insulting me."

Although she said that, excitement was more visible on Beatrice's face than anger. Yes! Excitement! After today, Vivienne must marry Percival!

Arabella wouldn't have to marry a disabled guy, and the Ellington family could get some money, thinking about this, she was over the moon.

"It might be a misunderstanding!" Arabella, hiding the glint in her eyes, said, "My sister went to change clothes, maybe Mr. Ellington had something to discuss with her."

"What misunderstanding?" Beatrice said indignantly, "You're too soft-hearted! Mr. Ellington initially proposed to you, but when Vivienne came back, he fell for her. They're the ones who messed up, but you became the victim."

Beatrice glanced at the guests around them, raising her voice a bit, "Do you remember what they just said about you? Said you were delusional, he's Vivienne's fiancé yet you claimed he's yours."

Arabella dropped her gaze, tears welling up in her eyes, biting her lip, her voice was a bit choked, "Granny, I don't care about those rumors."

"But I care!" Beatrice said sternly, "Vivienne is my blood granddaughter, but I always side with the one who's right. She's arrogant and domineering, and now she's causing a scene at the Hawthorn family's party, I'll teach her a good lesson today."

Dorian and Cordelia at the back of the crowd were frantic, they wanted to explain, but Beatrice and Arabella didn't give them a chance to butt in.

As they were talking, they arrived at the room.

Beatrice ordered directly, "Open the door."

She couldn't wait to see what was going on inside.

—Not just her, everyone else was eager as well.

Mr. Ellington and Ms. Vivienne had an affair!

This would definitely be trending news tomorrow!.

Everyone hurriedly whipped out their phones ready to snap a pic.

Just then, the door swung open.

Everyone was stunned, eyes widened in surprise,

Was this what Beatrice was talking about, Ms. Vivienne and Mr. Ellington having sex?

The people in bed were her son Joseph and the Hawthorn family's nanny!

They were butt naked, tangled together in a difficult position, the scene was absolutely thrilling! "Joseph!" Octavia, like a madwoman, grabbed Joseph's hair and started hitting him like crazy. Joseph felt his head spinning. But his body felt worse, it was like a million ants were biting him. His head was filled with one thought, he needed a woman!

He grabbed Octavia impulsively, one hand tearing at her clothes, the other hand groping her chest, "Babe, you smell so good, I'll make you feel good."

"Although I don't know why you feel the same as that woman at home, I don't mind." Joseph said.

Octavia, furious and embarrassed by Joseph's actions, completely lost her cool after hearing his words.

She pushed Joseph away forcefully, her face was beet red with anger, "Joseph! You're shameless!"

All the guests snapped back to reality after a moment of shock, and took out their phones to take pictures.

Although this news was not as big as Mr. Ellington and Ms. Vivienne having an affair, it was enough to become a hot topic. Joseph was clueless about what was happening.

Seeing Octavia push him away, he pounced on the nanny again, “Babe, hurry up and give it to me, I can’t stand it anymore.”

With that, he started a live show with the nanny.

It's unknown whether the nanny did this on purpose, with so many people around, anyone would feel ashamed, but she didn't resist, instead she cooperated enthusiastically, and from time to time, moaning sounds escaped her lips.

Octavia felt a rush of anger surge to her head, she couldn't take it anymore and fainted on the spot.

“Ms. Octavia!”

The nanny who was responsible for taking care of Octavia's family saw this and started yelling.

Beatrice and Arabella, who were shocked at the side, also finally snapped back to reality.

Beatrice was trembling with anger, she looked around at everyone, noticing that they were all looking at her strangely, she wished she could hide somewhere.

But she couldn't run away, she had to deal with this huge mess.

Beatrice clenched her fists, then said to Octavia's nanny calmly, “Call an ambulance, send Octavia to the hospital.”

The nanny nodded, and hurriedly picked up the phone to dial the emergency number.

Beatrice turned to look at Joseph and the nanny still on the bed, and yelled in anger, “Bastards!”

The underage kids in the crowd had already been sent away, leaving only the adults.

But this ugly scene was seen by everyone. Beatrice felt extremely ashamed. She was so mad she almost passed out. Arabella frowned at Joseph, then whispered to Beatrice, "Granny, something seems off about Joseph."

She had just turned eighteen, and under normal circumstances, she should have bolted at the sight of such a scene.

But she couldn't leave.

She was from the Hawthorn family.

Now that Joseph had made a fool of himself, the dignity of the Hawthorn family was on the line, and she would be affected too. So she had to stick around, sort this mess out, and restore the dignity of the Hawthorn family.

After being reminded by her, Beatrice shifted her gaze to Joseph and indeed noticed something off.

She turned to Arabella and asked, "What's up with him?"

Arabella leaned in close to Beatrice and whispered so only the two of them could hear, "It seems like Joseph has taken an aphrodisiac. I made it myself, and it was actually meant for my sister."

"What?" Beatrice was taken aback, gobsmacked.

Chapter 35

Beatrice instantly started looking for Vivienne and Percival but saw no sign of them. Her forehead scrunched up in worry. The medicine meant for Vivienne was ingested by Joseph instead. Vivienne and Percival were supposed to be in this room, but now it was occupied by Joseph and a nanny. Beatrice had seen too much in her lifetime and immediately suspected Vivienne was behind this.

"That little bitch!" Beatrice fumed. "Grandma, let's not get heated up, we need to sort this out first!" Arabella was equally livid.

She had no idea how Vivienne discovered the aphrodisiac in her drink, let alone why, Joseph ended up taking the drug she made. But she had no time to dwell on that, she just wanted to get the current situation under control.

Beatrice knew this wasn't the time to investigate these issues. She glanced at the gawping guests, feeling utterly humiliated. She instructed Arabella, "Since you made the drug, give Joseph the antidote."

Arabella nodded, she was thinking the same.

She summoned two security guards to bring Joseph down. Then, she pretended to examine him and slipped him the antidote when no one was watching.

But Joseph showed no sign of improvement, the antidote didn't work!

Arabella's brow furrowed instantly, what was going on? Why wasn't her antidote working? She remembered that Vivienne had some medical skills. Did Vivienne change her drug? That's just impossible!

Vivienne was just a village girl from Emerald Mountain. Even if she had some medical knowledge, it was elementary at best. She must have lucked out when she cured Isolde. She couldn't possibly know how to make aphrodisiac. Could it be Percival? It must be him. He's a cripple, couldn't get a wife, so he planned to drug Vivienne. But he didn't expect Joseph to take it instead.

Beatrice also noticed that the antidote had no effect on Joseph, who seemed more energetic and stronger than before. He pushed the security guards aside and lunged at the nanny again, creating another indecent scene. Everyone started to feel awkward by the scene.

Beatrice's face darkened. She looked at Arabella, questioning her with her eyes.

Arabella collected her gaze, stood up and announced loud enough for everyone to hear, "Grandma, Joseph has taken an aphrodisiac."

Beatrice, being the sharp woman she is, immediately caught on to Arabella's intentions and played along, "What? An aphrodisiac?"

“Yes.” Arabella looked satisfied with Beatrice’s cooperation and continued, “I’ve checked, he’s taken a very potent aphrodisiac. It can only be neutralized through sexual intercourse.”

Beatrice roared, “Who would do such a vile thing?”

Arabella’s eyes suddenly became sharp, she whispered, “There’s one thing that’s bothering me. Vivienne and Mr. Ellington were in this room just now, how did it end up being—Joseph? And Joseph’s room is upstairs. Even if he wanted to have sex with the nanny, he would have chosen a more secluded spot. Why here? It only increases the chance of being discovered.”

Arabella’s voice was steady and strong, making sure everyone could hear the implications in her words.

In reality, such a scandal should be handled privately.

But since many people had witnessed it, some even recording the incident. It had to be dealt with publicly.

They had to prove that Joseph was framed and that no one from the Hawthorn family was involved in this disgraceful act. She didn’t believe for a second that Joseph and the nanny had an illicit relationship.

He was a Hawthorn after all, if he wanted an affair, he would have chosen a beautiful woman with a great body, right? What was so special about this nanny?

Hearing Arabella’s words, the crowd nodded, thinking it made sense.

Who would be so careless when having an affair?

There was definitely more to this story.

“Vivienne?” Beatrice suddenly raised her voice, “Vivienne framed Joseph!”

She turned to Dorian and yelled, “Your precious daughter framed Joseph to avoid getting caught on her filthy deed.

Dorian, who had been relieved when he found out Vivienne wasn’t in the room, immediately retorted, “Mom! We haven’t figured out what happened yet, how can you be so sure it’s her?”

"If not her then who?" Beatrice seethed. "Just now, several nannies saw her and Mr. Ellington in this room. But then it was Joseph and this happened. Everyone is here, but she and Mr. Ellington are missing. Then tell me, where is she?"

Just as she finished speaking, a cold voice came from behind them, "Are you looking for me?" They turned to see Vivienne pushing Percival towards them.

Leopold and Thomas had been observing from the sidelines, fully aware of the true intention behind all this drama an attempt to frame Vivienne and Percival that backfired. But they kept their thoughts to themselves, worried about Percival's condition.

Seeing Percival, they rushed over, "Mr. Ellington, are you okay?"

Percival looked up, tone indifferent, "Why wouldn't I be?"

Leopold and Thomas were relieved upon hearing this.

Arabella noticed Vivienne standing there, a glint of cold fury flashed in her eyes. She walked up and asked, "Sister, what are you doing here?"

Vivienne gave her a sidelong glance, her gaze icy cold. "And where should I be?"

Arabella said, "Weren't you changing your clothes in this room? Grandma couldn't find you, so she came to check. But she found Joseph and the nanny instead... Sister, Joseph was drugged. Can you explain what's going on?"

"Why should I?"

"Only you, Mr. Ellington, Joseph and the nanny have been in this room. Now that Joseph is in trouble, you need to explain. Otherwise, grandma is going to call the police. As her own granddaughter, if you admit it, grandma and Joseph probably won't be too harsh on you."

Vivienne took her hand off Percival's wheelchair, walked over to Arabella's side, and looked down at her. "Are you sure only the four of us have been in this room?"

"Absolutely!" Arabella said with certainty. The room had been emptied for the plan tonight. No one had entered before Vivienne. 4

Vivienne's red lips curved slightly, her beautiful phoenix eyes squinting, and a faint smile hung on the corner of her mouth. "Don't you consider yourself a human?"