

## **Million-Dollar 311**

### **Chapter 311**

"Vivienne, I heard about the incident at your home. My mother, bless her heart, tends to speak her mind. Sometimes she speaks without even considering the consequences. I hope you can overlook this for my sake." Calista stepped forward with an apologetic tone.

In front of Percival, the man she couldn't let go of, no matter how hard she tried, she had to do her utmost to impress him. She needed to paint herself in the best light.

She gestured towards a handbag on display and turned to the attendant. "Please wrap this up for Vivienne. It's my way of apologizing."

"You're asking me to overlook this for your sake?" Vivienne looked at her as a smirk played on her lips.

"Are you that important?"

"I..." Calista was taken aback by Vivienne's response. Her cool demeanor evaporated, leaving behind a small and visibly flustered woman.

Mila, after seeing her daughter insulted, frowned. "Vivienne, Calista is genuinely trying to apologize, and you're throwing it back in her face?! What kind of attitude is that?"

Even if Vivienne was recognized by the Brooks family, in Mila's eyes, she was still a country bumpkin.

She was far beneath their social standing.

And so, Mila wished she could personally set Vivienne straight and teach her a lesson in manners.

"You are nothing like a lady of the Brooks family. I suggest you adjust your attitude, lest you embarrass

Scott!" Mila's rebuke was cold and harsh.

"Is that so?" Percival's icy gaze turned towards them as a shadow spread across his face. "Are you

questioning Vivienne's status?"

Even if Vivienne wasn't the rightful heiress of the Brooks family, it wasn't Mila's place to scorn her.

"I...I didn't mean it like that..." Mila stuttered under Percival's intense gaze. "Mr. Ellington, you

misunderstood. I'm just saying Vivienne isn't suitable for you. She's punching above her weight."

Percival, though known to be a wastrel, was also known to have the backing of Richard Ellington, the

patriarch of the Ellington family.

No matter how worthless Percival was considered, Richard's endorsement was all that mattered.

Mila, with her ambitions of becoming the matriarch of the Brooks family, was not willing to settle for an

ordinary man for her daughter. The opportunity to align with the powerful Ellington family seemed like a

good prospect.

After all, it was Percival who had funded Calista's research.

While looking down at her, Percival moved to put an arm around Vivienne. "Punching above her weight?!"

"Mr. Ellington, don't take it to heart. My mother was out of line. She's just overly protective of her daughter." Calista, fuming inside, forced herself to apologize on behalf of her mother. "Vivienne, you don't have to feel obliged. This gift is just a way to show my sincerity, nothing more."

The bag was worth at least a million dollars. It might not impress the usual socialites, but for Vivienne, it should be more than enough.

What kind of luxury would a country girl like her encounter? Gifting her such an expensive item was a privilege.

She conveniently forgot about Vivienne's billion-dollar gemstone bid at the auction and Judith's generous 30-million-dollar gift to her.

Not to mention Richard's promise to give Vivienne anything she wanted, even if it cost a hundred billion.

"It's quite ugly." Vivienne said while looking at the bag with a blank expression, completely ignoring

Calista's so-called 'apology.'

Calista was taken aback. "What did you say?"

"Are you not only aesthetically challenged but also hearing impaired?" Vivienne flicked her hair back.

"You could use that money for a check-up."

Incensed and humiliated, Calista clenched her teeth as her anger bubbled up her throat.

Why was Vivienne so arrogant? It was all because of Percival's support.

She couldn't understand why Percival preferred Vivienne over her. In every aspect, she felt she was no

less than her.

"Vivienne, don't push it too far..." Calista tried to keep her anger in check while Mila was silently raging

beside her.

"Enough." Vivienne glanced at them dismissively and turned to Percival. "Let's go somewhere else."

"Sure." Percival agreed with a smile.

His warm and radiant smile pierced Calista's heart and occupied her every thought.

Before she could react, Percival had already taken Vivienne's hand and led her away.

"That impudent girl!" After watching them enter another luxury store, Mila finally snapped. "She thinks too highly of herself! Just because she's accepted by the Brooks, she thinks she can show off in front of us?!"

"Mom!" Calista turned to her grumbling mother as her own frustration also simmered. "Why are you picking fights with Vivienne? It's like you're asking for trouble."

Percival was there, so they had to keep up the charade. They couldn't let him catch wind of their true feelings towards Vivienne.

"You're blaming me now? Didn't you see how Vivienne was acting? She's so arrogant! It's as if she's about to step on us!" Mila was irritated just thinking about it. "I don't know how she got so lucky. She's not only the heiress of the Brooks family but is also betrothed to the Ellington family heir!"

Calista felt the same, but she couldn't let it show in front of Percival.

"Alright, don't be angry!" Seeing that Calista was still upset, Mila patted her on the back and said,

"Didn't you just see a handbag you liked? I'll buy it for you. Stop thinking about these annoying things."

She pointed to the sales assistant and said, "Pack up the bag we were looking at earlier. We're buying

it."

"I'm sorry, ma'am." As Mila was about to swipe her credit card, the sales assistant politely said, "The gentleman who was just here bought everything in the store. We don't have any stocks left. You may want to try another store."

What?!

Mila and Calista looked at each other in surprise, as Calista slowly clenched her fists in anger. She had been eyeing that bag for a long time but couldn't bring herself to buy it because of its high price.

Even though she was the rich heiress of the Pendleton family, she couldn't just buy everything she wanted.

Yet, Percival casually bought the bag she had been longing for. Apparently, it was for Vivienne.

Calista's face turned pale with rage.

Vivienne!

Just wait!

She would make Vivienne realize that anyone who dared to snub her would never live in peace!

Chapter 312

After touring the mall, Percival, as per their agreement, drove Vivienne back to the Brooks Mansion.

Their time together was far too short. Like ripping a piece of his own heart out, he watched as Vivienne stepped out of his car and walked away.

It was not time yet, he thought.

Vivienne was still investigating her mother's case. She had to stay with the Brooks family for now.

Percival understood the importance of this case to Vivienne. No one could stop her from pursuing this, and he didn't want to either.

Once everything was settled, he promised himself that he would stage the most grandiose wedding ceremony to marry his little lady.

Meanwhile, Vivienne had hardly reached her bedroom door at home when Dorian called out to her.

"Vivienne!" He rubbed his hands together with a slightly awkward smile on his face. "Where have you been? You've been gone a long time."

Vivienne glanced at him with an indifferent expression on her face. "Is there something you need?"

Dorian quickly waved his hands, as if he were afraid she'd misunderstand him. "No, no, nothing urgent.

I just wanted to chat with you. You've been here for quite a while now, and we haven't had a chance to

sit down and talk. I'm curious about how you're getting along here."

Vivienne looked at him with a hint of suspicion, then nodded.

She led him to the courtyard instead of her room.

They sat on the lounge chairs scattered in the yard.

Vivienne was straightforward. "What do you want to know?"

Dorian hesitated, then forced a smile. "How are you finding your stay with the Brooks? How are they treating you?"

Vivienne looked at the bougainvillea in the yard and replied, "It's all right. Nothing unusual."

Judith was indeed thoughtful and considerate of her feelings.

Baron and Scott, on the other hand, were a different story.

Their actions were always influenced by their personal interests.

Seeing that Vivienne had no complaints about the Brooks family, Dorian continued, "Actually, I came to visit the Brooks family this time to see where your mother used to live."

"If I could turn back time, I wish I could've been kinder to her. She suffered a lot, but she was a good



mother."

At the mention of her mother, Vivienne's expression faltered slightly, and her eyes revealed a hint of emotion.

Her eyes lowered, and she hid her thoughts from view. "I know she was good."

"Yes." Dorian sighed. It looked like he was trying his hardest to express his regret. "You must miss her too. After all, she left when you were so young. It must have been a huge blow for you."

Vivienne hummed in acknowledgment but didn't say anything more.

"Vivienne, there's something else..." Dorian began, but he seemed to be hesitating.

Vivienne's lips curled up slightly.

Was he finally getting to the point?

"Do you still have the potion I gave you last time?" Dorian asked as he kept an eye on Vivienne's reaction.

"Potion?" Vivienne raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, that one."

Vivienne looked at him. "Why ask about it now?"

Dorian quickly put on a smile. "When I gave you the potion, I didn't think it through. Your mother once told me it was dangerous and not to give it to you lightly."

Dorian paused, then said softly, "Vivienne, like your mother, I want you to live a happy life. I don't want you to get involved in anything dangerous. So, if you haven't used the potion yet, could you give it to me? I'll keep it safe, and when the time is right, I'll give it back to you."

Vivienne looked at him with a mix of amusement and skepticism. "And when would be the 'right time,' Mr. Hawthorn?"

Dorian thought for a moment before answering, "At least when you're strong enough to protect the potion."

Vivienne laughed. "Do you think I'm not strong enough, Mr. Hawthorn?"

Dorian looked into her clear eyes. They looked like the night sky on a pitch-black night, with only the moon as its illumination. They were sharp and penetrating, like a sword aimed directly at him.

Dorian froze for a few seconds. He was inexplicably flustered.

After a moment, he collected himself and laughed. "You are strong. But the potion is dangerous. I'm

worried you won't be able to protect it, since it's the only thing your mother left behind."

"Can't protect it?" Vivienne asked, "So, Mr. Hawthorn, do you think you could?"

Dorian paused, then replied, "I may not be able to either, but it would be safer with me."

Vivienne looked at him but said nothing.

After a while, she sat down and toyed with a ring on her finger. "Mr. Hawthorn, do you know what the potion is used for?"

Dorian's gaze fell on her ring. It looked oddly familiar, as if he'd seen it somewhere before. But he couldn't remember where.

He discreetly looked away and nodded. "Your mother once told me. The potion could alter the hormones in the human body. It could bring a person's energy to its peak, giving them an endless supply of energy. If it falls into the wrong hands, it could be used to create a force that could wreak havoc."

"And do you know which organization is after the potion?" Vivienne continued.

"GTO." Dorian answered promptly.

Vivienne laughed. "It seems like you know a lot, Mr. Hawthorn."

"Your mother told me." Dorian's eyes flickered.

"How much do you know about GTO?" Vivienne asked casually.

"All I know is that it's one of the largest organizations globally, but beyond that, I'm clueless." Dorian replied, trying to skirt around the details.

"Well, let me fill you in on GTO." Vivienne stood up and walked over to face Dorian. Her voice was steady and calm; there was even an underlying tone of danger in every word she said.

"GTO is the largest human trafficking organization in the world. Over the past two decades, tens of thousands of people have disappeared from Veridia. These people were all sold to GTO. Besides that, they're heavily involved in human experimentation, using those they've trafficked for their nefarious purposes.

GTO is filled with brilliant minds, medical doctors, and even tech moguls, many of whom are dedicated to the organization. Their base is well hidden, and to this day, no one has been able to discover its exact location. Of the people who've gone missing in the past twenty years, children make up eighty percent. The government, in an effort to rescue these trafficked individuals and disrupt their

biochemical experiments, has sent countless undercover agents. Over the years, almost a hundred agents have been lost."

Dorian furrowed his eyebrows. He was unsure of why Vivienne was sharing this information with him.

While glancing at him, Vivienne continued, "Mr. Hawthorn, did you know my mother was one of those undercover agents? Apart from being a medical genius, she was also skilled in toxicology and a master of disguise."

Chapter 313

Dorian felt a jolt run through him, and he stared at her in surprise.

Vivienne's mother knew disguise techniques?

Why hadn't he known about this?

Why had no one ever told him?

Vivienne looked at his expression and laughed in satisfaction. "I'm just an amateur. During those years at Emerald Mountain, I studied many of my mother's disguise techniques. I did an alright job. If you need it, Mr. Hawthorn, I can help you."

Dorian remained silent. His eyes were fixed on Vivienne, trying to glean something from her expression, but he couldn't find anything.

He chuckled. "Why on earth would I need to disguise myself, Vivienne?"

She gave him a small smirk. "No need to be nervous, Mr. Hawthorn. I was only joking. My mother's techniques aren't that easy to master. I've only scratched the surface."

Dorian let out a sigh of relief.

Vivienne changed the topic. "The potion is safe with me, Mr. Hawthorn. You can focus on starting your company."

"But the potion is in danger with you." Dorian quickly retorted.

She gave him a sideways glance and spoke in an ice-cold tone. "The ones in danger should be those who try to hurt the ones I care about."

Before Dorian could respond, Vivienne turned and left.

Dorian watched her retreating figure with his brow furrowed. Eventually, he turned and returned to his room.

Inside, Cordelia saw him enter and quickly stood up. "Well? Did you get it?"

Dorian shook his head solemnly. "No."

Cordelia frowned. "She refused?"

"I think she's onto something." Dorian felt increasingly uneasy about his conversation with Vivienne.

Cordelia was shocked. "How could she know?"

Dorian shook his head. "I'm not sure. But I feel like she was warning me about something. She seems to know our organization very well."

Dorian's eyes darkened slightly. "This girl... she's not simple."

Cordelia fell silent and eventually asked, "What do we do now?"

"No need to rush. I'm confident in my disguise skills. Usually, no one can see through them. Maybe she's just trying to test me." Dorian was puzzled as to why Vivienne, even in front of her beloved foster father, still didn't fully trust him and kept testing him.

Dorian paused. "But first things first. I need to confirm whether her mother really knows disguise techniques."

Cordelia nodded. "We've already lost a few people. We can't afford to be careless this time. Our organization has issued a warning. If we don't get the potion, we will have to pay with our lives."

Dorian's expression turned serious; he then asked, "How are those two?"

"Our people are watching them. Don't worry; no one can find them."

After leaving the courtyard, Vivienne continued working on the antidote.

Due to the lack of a rare herb, she was progressing a little slowly.

She was still pondering where to find this herb when Aaron came to visit again.

He brought a photo album and eagerly grinned at Vivienne when he found her. "Look what I brought you."

Vivienne rubbed her temples. "What are you doing here?"

Aaron was like a puppy that couldn't be shaken off. He was always following her around.

It was always like this in their E-sports team days. It was as if he wanted to be with her 24/7.

"I brought you photos of us winning the competition!" Aaron exclaimed, both excited and upset. He

spread the photo album in front of Vivienne. "Not many teams can win seven championships in a row!

Vivienne, that's a legend you led us to create!"

While speaking of this record, he became somewhat emotional.

It seemed that he could talk about it for days and nights without feeling tired.



The photos were of them winning the championship, as well as their casual moments at dinner parties and pranks.

"Vivienne." After he had finished making a big fuss, Aaron finally stated his purpose for today. "You promised you'd consider rejoining the team, right? The season starts next month. When will you come to practice?"

He stared at Vivienne, fearing rejection.

Unexpectedly, Vivienne considered it briefly and agreed. "I have time now. I can go and see."

Since there were no developments on Scott's side and he was already on guard, perhaps she could do other things to divert Scott's attention.

"Are you serious?" Aaron's eyes lit up, and his imaginary tail began wagging wildly.

"Do I need to say it twice?" Vivienne quirked an eyebrow.

Aaron immediately shook his head. "No, no. I'll notify them, and we'll head over right away!"

Their training ground was in a building in the suburbs. It was an hour's drive away.

Vivienne closed her eyes and rested for a while in the car to regain her energy.

Upon arriving at the training ground, Aaron couldn't contain his excitement and dashed in. "Look who I

brought!"

The teammates who were training all looked up, and their mouths all dropped in surprise at the same time.

"Vivienne! It's Vivienne!"

"Where have you been these past few years? We've been looking everywhere for you, but we couldn't find any news about you!"

Quentin and Fergus instantly stood up and quickly walked over to her. They were staring at Vivienne in disbelief.

Lennox was a bit slow. He came out of the bathroom while scratching his head. "Why aren't you guys training? You think we have plenty of time?"

As he walked into the room, still scratching his head, he saw Vivienne surrounded by people and was so shocked that his jaw almost dropped to the floor. "Vivienne!"

He cried out as he walked briskly over. His voice was trembling as he asked, "Are you... rejoining the team...?"

Aaron was the most delighted among them. "I told you they'd be over the moon. Vivienne, you have no idea how much we've missed you!"

Vivienne nodded and scanned the room filled with gaming equipment. "Let me take a look."

Not counting her, their team consisted of four players in total. Aside from Aaron, who had just turned eighteen, the other three were all in their mid-twenties.

In the world of E-sports, that was considered old.

It was no wonder their reflexes had slowed down, and their teamwork had become offbeat, leading to a continuous losing streak after she left. They hadn't won any notable matches since.

Unable to contain his excitement, Aaron shared the good news with the others. "Vivienne's agreed to rejoin the team and participate in next month's season!"

"Are you serious?"

Seeing Vivienne again was already a treat. They never thought they would be able to compete alongside her again.

"Vivienne, you're the linchpin of our team! If you come back, we can definitely win!"

Fergus chimed in excitedly. "Absolutely! Even though we can't replicate our past achievements, the

championship is definitely ours!"

The team, which had been in a slump for years, had reignited their hopes with Vivienne's return.

"Look, Vivienne!" Aaron stated proudly, "I told you, as long as you're willing to rejoin, everything will fall

into place. This team only has meaning with you in it!"

Chapter 314

Vivienne observed the excitement grow on their faces, causing a subtle stir of emotion within her.

"Vivienne, how about a few rounds?" Fergus suggested after some small talk.

"No thanks." Vivienne declined. "I'm just here to observe today."

Fergus was slightly disappointed but understood. Vivienne had been missing for a few years, so she

must have had a lot on her plate. Her presence here was more than enough.

"Vivienne, when can we start training?" Aaron asked impatiently.

Vivienne paused for a moment before responding, "No rush. I have to set up a training schedule first."

"Alright!"

They chatted for a while before Vivienne's phone suddenly rang. After seeing Matthew's name on the

caller ID, she answered the phone.

"Vivienne, Thaddeus is back." Matthew informed her.

"Okay, got it."

After hanging up, Vivienne informed Aaron and the others that she had some stuff to take care of. "I

have to go. I'll be back once I set up the training schedule."

"So soon?" Aaron, who had finally managed to get her to come, was reluctant to see her leave.

Vivienne nodded. "Yes, I have something to take care of."

"Vivienne, if you have things to do, go ahead. We'll wait for you." The others chimed in.

"Okay."

After leaving, Vivienne headed straight back to the Brooks Mansion.

As soon as she stepped into her room, she saw Thaddeus. The boy had been through a lot. In just a

few months, his plump little face had lost much of its fullness, and his body was covered in bruises. It

was clear that he had been reprimanded and beaten.

Upon seeing the injuries on Thaddeus, Vivienne's face immediately darkened.

She pulled up his sleeve to check him out. Her voice was cold and devoid of warmth as she asked,

"Did your aunt and cousins do this to you?"

Thaddeus, upon seeing her, immediately welled up with tears and timidly answered, "Yes... they didn't feed me and hit me."

He was constantly bullied by his cousins, and he lived in constant fear.

Although she had heard about it from Matthew, after seeing and hearing it from Thaddeus directly,

Vivienne felt a surge of rage overwhelm her. Her fingers clenched tightly and became burning fists.

"Don't be afraid." She gently comforted the terrified Thaddeus. "No one can bully you now. You can live here peacefully."

Before his return, she had prepared his favorite dishes. She led Thaddeus to the dining room and had Dorian and Cordelia called over.

Ten minutes later, when Dorian and Cordelia saw Thaddeus sitting in the chair eating chicken wings, they were taken aback. "Thaddeus? How did you get here?!"

Vivienne observed their expressions and coolly asked, "What? You didn't want to see Thaddeus?"

"Of course not!" Dorian quickly explained, "We're just so happy. We didn't expect Thaddeus to be able to come to Rivenwood, let alone live in the Brooks' house!"

"Indeed! Our good fortune is all thanks to Vivienne."

Vivienne watched Dorian and Cordelia coldly. "Thaddeus has lost so much weight; don't you care?"

Dorian's expression faltered, and he awkwardly laughed. "Thaddeus is our son; how could we not care?"

"It's normal for kids to lose a bit of weight during their growth period. Vivienne, I know you care a lot about Thaddeus, but there's no need to worry this much." Cordelia added with a smile.

Vivienne's eyes narrowed. Was it normal for a child to lose a bit of weight this fast?

What sort of loving parent could utter such words?

Vivienne pulled up Thaddeus's sleeve, revealing his injuries. "Is this also me worrying too much?"

"This..." Dorian and Cordelia fell silent, but they quickly recovered and rushed over. "Thaddeus, how did this happen?!"

"My God! How did you get hurt like this?!"

Vivienne shot them a look and sneered. "After you handed Thaddeus over to his aunt, didn't you bother to check on him?"

Dorian averted his eyes, looking guilty. "We've been busy setting up the company recently. We

intended to bring Thaddeus back once things settled down, but we didn't expect things to turn out like this."

Cordelia hugged Thaddeus, who was still visibly frightened. "Thaddeus, you're fine now. Your parents are here; we'll protect you!"

Vivienne tilted her head slightly as she watched their performance. "Don't worry, Thaddeus' aunt and cousins have been sent to the coal mines. They'll spend the rest of their lives there, paying for their sins."

Dorian and Cordelia exchanged a glance. They were both taken aback. They knew Vivienne was not to be trifled with, but her ruthlessness still surprised them.

"We didn't expect them to be so cruel. If we knew, we would never have sent him there." Cordelia tried defending their decision. "After all, they're our relatives. There's a blood bond. Vivienne, please let it go for his sake."

Vivienne's gaze slowly swept over Dorian and Cordelia, piercing them like thorns. "Anyone who dares to touch Thaddeus should be prepared to wish they were dead."



Dorian and Cordelia felt a chill run down their spines, but they could only put on a brave face.

"Vivienne's right." He said. "Our relatives messed up this time, and they should face the music."

After watching their expressions shift and change, Vivienne added, "Since you're here in Rivenwood,

Richard thought he'd invite you both for a meal. Whenever you're free, of course."

Dorian and Cordelia were taken aback.

Richard invited them for a meal?

They exchanged a glance. Was there a plot brewing?

After looking at Vivienne, whose expression was as casual as ever, Dorian gleefully accepted. "We're

free! Anytime is good for us."

After a pause, Dorian added, "Actually, it should be us, the younger generation, asking to visit. Richard

is really a man of manners to have suggested it first."

Vivienne tapped her fingers lightly on the table, gesturing for the timid Thaddeus to continue his meal.

"Let's have the meal at the Ellington Estate. I'll let you know when we've settled on a specific time."

Richard had only just recovered and was still in convalescence. He couldn't move around too much.

His surgery was very successful; it left no lasting effects. However, he was getting on in years, and

after such an ordeal, he was bound to be somewhat affected.

"Sure! We'll go with your plan."

Dorian agreed obediently, then seemed to remember something. "By the way, Vivienne, how's the perfume formula coming along?"

Last time, he had subtly hinted at wanting Vivienne to provide the perfume formula for his company.

Now, his company preparations were in full swing, and all that was missing was the key perfume formula.

That formula was everything to his perfume company. Its success or failure depended on it.

"No rush." Vivienne picked up a napkin and dabbed at her lips.

"I'll give it to you soon." She softly said.

Could his intentions be any clearer?

He was practically trying to rob her in broad daylight.

Compared to Thaddeus, who was pitifully eating his meal on the side, Dorian was completely focused on the perfume formula.

"But." She looked up as her beautiful eyes sparkled mischievously. "Are you really sure about staying in Rivenwood?"

Chapter 315

Dorian agreed without hesitation. He thumped his chest and declared, "Absolutely! I've quit my job and made a resolution! Besides, Vivienne, you're also in Rivenwood."

Dorian flashed a charmingly ingratiating smile. "With your help, our perfume company is bound to establish a foothold in Rivenwood!"

Vivienne responded coolly, without directly addressing him.

She could afford to give him anything, whether it was money or the perfume formula.

But that didn't mean 'this Dorian' here could handle it.

After dinner, Vivienne took Thaddeus to the guest room, while Dorian and Cordelia retreated to their own quarters.

The guest room was filled with children's toys and picture books, and the bedding was freshly changed.

Vivienne led him to the desk and patted his head gently. "You'll stay here for now. Don't worry about anything else, okay?"

Thaddeus, his eyes still red from crying, bit his lip and nervously asked from the chair, "Sis, will I go

back to my aunt and cousins?"

His cautious demeanor broke Vivienne's heart.

"No." Vivienne hugged him closer and murmured soothingly into his ear. "I won't let you go back."

Thaddeus finally relaxed.

He clung to Vivienne and, with his childish and soft voice, asked, "Sis, can I stay with you from now on?"

"Yes." Vivienne responded as gently as she could.

"You're so nice, sis." Thaddeus finally managed a smile. But it quickly faded as his little face scrunched up. "Only you haven't changed; everyone else has. Dad and Mom don't love me anymore."

Vivienne's hand froze on his head, and a flicker of darkness passed through her eyes. Then, she smiled and reassured him. "Don't be afraid. Your parents haven't changed. They still love you. They're just sick, and their temperaments have become different. I'll cure them."

Thaddeus asked, not fully understanding what she meant. "Can you really cure them, sis?"

Vivienne nodded. "I can. Have you forgotten that I'm a doctor?"

"No, I remember that you're a great doctor." Thaddeus looked at her in awe.

"So, trust me when I say I'll cure your parents, okay?"

"Okay."

After settling Thaddeus, Vivienne received a phone call from the research institute.

"Vivienne, there's some matter that requires your attention. When can you come over?"

Vivienne established this institute. They specialized in the research of antidotes for potions.

Although the staff was small in number, each one was an elite scientist with a reputation that was highly respected in the industry.

Vivienne glanced at the time and quickly replied, "I'll be right there."

She hung up and hurriedly left, taking a cab straight to the institute.

Half an hour later, she arrived at the institute. The researchers handed her the newly developed antidote. "Vivienne, this is the new antidote. Please take a look."

Vivienne put on some sterile clothes, took the antidote into the lab, and began to test it herself.

She skillfully used the tools and chemicals on the table to neutralize the antidote.

When the drugs interacted, they turned a mysterious, deep purple.

The potency was still not enough.

Vivienne furrowed her brows, removed her safety goggles, and exited the lab.

"Vivienne, how is it?" The head of the institute quickly greeted her and anxiously asked for some feedback.

"The potency is far from my standards." Vivienne handed him the report she had just written as she looked around at the ongoing experiments in the institute. "I gave you the cobra grass, so no matter what, you need to develop the antidote I want."

"Yes. We'll adjust the formula again." The scientist responded respectfully. "It might take some time, though. We hope you can provide us with some guidance, Vivienne."

No one could deny Vivienne's capability. Even the littlest advice from her could lead to great progress in the experiments.

However, Vivienne couldn't possibly oversee everything herself, so she delegated some research tasks to them.

"I'll give you another report." Vivienne nodded. "Adjust everything according to my reference data and

finish as soon as possible."

After giving out a few more instructions, she left the institute.

At this moment, Calista, who was just leaving another institute, saw her and froze.

Vivienne?

Why was she here?!

All the institutes around here were top-notch organizations that researched medicines. Each one was a titan in the industry.

Their achievements left the entire medical community in awe, so why was Vivienne here?

Calista stared at the institute Vivienne had just left. She pretended to casually walk up to her and called out, "Vivienne?"

Vivienne turned around and saw Calista. Her expression noticeably turned cold.

Calista felt a bit awkward when Vivienne didn't respond. But in order to find out what she wanted to know, she managed to squeeze out a polite smile. "It's such a coincidence to run into you here. What brings you to this place?"

"Does it concern you?" Vivienne asked.

Calista was taken aback. She struggled to maintain her smile as she continued probing for answers.

"Are you meeting a friend nearby?"

Vivienne glanced at her while standing at the entrance of the institute as she looked off into the

distance. "Can't you understand human language?"

"Vivienne!" Calista's smile twisted, and her nails dug into her palms. "I've been very respectful towards

you, yet you keep giving me the cold shoulder! Have I offended you in some way? Even if we have

some kind of grudge, at least show some basic decency!"

"Decency... Are you worthy of it?" Vivienne crossed her arms and spoke in an icy tone. "Ms. Pendleton,

maybe you should go home and discuss decency with your mother. You seem to have forgotten how to

act like a noble lady."

"You!"

Calista pointed at her angrily. She was ready to burst into a tirade.

However, a black sedan pulled up in front of them at that moment.

The car window rolled down to reveal Percival comfortably seated inside.



"Mr. Ellington!" Calista was taken aback, and she momentarily restrained her fury.

"Vivienne."

Percival barely glanced at Calista. He instead stepped out of the vehicle to open the passenger door

for Vivienne. "Kept you waiting, didn't I?"

He had scheduled this pick-up at this exact time and was punctual to the minute, not wasting a single second.

Calista hurriedly approached him, trying to strike up a conversation with him. "Mr. Ellington! About the research project, I have something to discuss with you!"

She was convinced that Percival was deeply invested in this research and decided to use it as her bargaining chip.

"Talk to the person in charge."

However, Percival didn't so much as spare her a glance. His attention was solely on Vivienne, as if he were physically unable to divert it elsewhere. "I'm busy at the moment."

With that, he shut the door for Vivienne and climbed back into the driver's seat.

Before Calista could utter another word, he drove off with Vivienne.

Calista gritted her teeth in frustration as she watched them recede into the distance.

Why? Why did all the good things belong to Vivienne?

Where did she fall short compared to Vivienne, and why couldn't Percival pay her more attention?!

Chapter 316

Percival was driving Vivienne towards the city center.

Noticing Vivienne's low spirits, he gently asked, "Feeling down? Is it because of that person from earlier?"

What was her name? Miss Penny?

He had forgotten already.

"No."

Vivienne stared out the window with a somber expression on her face.

Indeed, she was upset, but not because of Calista.

Calista couldn't stir any emotional response from her.

Her frustration was due to the fact that, despite the long duration of her research and having found the necessary cobra grass, the study was still at a standstill.

The GTO organization had begun to infiltrate her surroundings. If her pace in developing an antidote didn't surpass GTO's development of their poison, she feared that the organization would resort to more drastic measures.

She wasn't worried about herself, but she had people she wanted to protect now.

"You mentioned you had something to show me?" Vivienne, not wanting to talk about it, changed the subject.

On the way to the research facility, Percival sent her a message, hinting at some mysterious secret.

"Relax. It's something you'll love once you see it."

With a smile on his face, Percival looked at her affectionately and said, "Leave your worries behind for now."

Vivienne hummed in response. She somehow felt like a weight was lifted off her shoulders.

She didn't know why, but Percival always somehow seemed to soothe her.

"Sleep for a bit. I'll wake you when we arrive." Upon seeing the fatigue etched on Vivienne's face,

Percival felt his heart ache.

She was such a strong-willed girl, so she always kept her problems to herself.

"Okay." Only when she was with Percival did Vivienne let down her guard. She closed her eyes and fell into a light sleep.

Vivienne slept for half an hour in the car. When she woke, they had parked on top of a hill.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

Noticing that they had been parked for a while, Vivienne stretched and straightened her posture.

Percival had draped his suit jacket over her to keep her warm. She didn't know when he had draped it over her. She hadn't even noticed.

"I didn't have the heart to wake you. You looked so peaceful." Percival replied with a smile. "Come on, let's see the surprise I've prepared for you."

He opened the car door for Vivienne and led her to the top of the hill.

"What is it?"

Just as she asked, a loud noise echoed through the sky.

Streams of light shot into the air, and a spectacular display of fireworks lit up the night sky.

Vivienne had seen fireworks before, but she had never seen fireworks as dazzling and stunning as this.

The fireworks lasted for a full twenty minutes, lighting up her heart with their brilliance.

She turned to look at Percival, who was only showing his profile, yet he still looked captivating.

Her eyes traced down his face to his delicate lips, and on a whim, she tiptoed and planted a kiss on him.

Caught off guard, Percival froze for a second before wrapping his arms around her, deepening the kiss.

Under the shower of fireworks, the atmosphere between them intensified.

After a while, Vivienne pulled away from Percival and softly said, "Thank you, Mr. Wolf."

From a young age, her heart had been hardened like steel. It was rarely affected by anything.

But ever since she left the Emerald Monastery, she found her heart softening unexpectedly.

The warmth from Dorian and Cordelia, the affection from Percival...

It turned out that even the deepest part of her heart needed tenderness.

She was only nineteen. She wanted to be like other girls her age. She wanted to have simple likes and dislikes and do what she wanted to do.

Percival raised his hand and gently stroked her head as a faint smile spread on his lips. "Vivienne, I can be your rock. You can trust me with your back. I won't let anyone hurt you."

He had never dated anyone before. He didn't really know how to make his girlfriend happy.

Especially Vivienne, a truly resilient woman.

Taking her to watch the fireworks was an idea he got from a picture he saw on his phone. He thought

she would like it, and it seemed like he was right.

Vivienne looked up into his deep eyes and smiled. "Okay, Mr. Wolf, from now on, you'll protect me."

Percival held her close and placed a kiss on her forehead. "Okay."

For the sake of protecting his girl, he needed to get to work.

After the fireworks ended, Percival drove Vivienne back to the Brooks Mansion.

Once Vivienne was inside, Percival drove away.

Halfway through his drive, Percival narrowed his eyes. He slowed down and lit a cigarette.

The car moved slowly down the road, filling with swirling smoke.

He rolled down the window, stubbed out his cigarette, pulled over, and got out.

While leaning against the car, he bathed in the moonlight, making his silhouette look long and straight.

He cast a casual glance at the distance and spoke in a calm tone. "You've been following me the entire

time. Isn't it time to make a move?"

As soon as he said this, more than a dozen men in black appeared and surrounded Percival.

The man leading them eyed Percival warily. "How did you spot us?"

He never expected Percival to discover them.

They were the cream of the crop at the assassination organization. Normally, no one could detect them.

Percival gave him a small smile. "Is it hard to notice you?"

The man sneered. "It seems the person who wants you dead underestimated you."

"Oh?" Percival raised an eyebrow. "How did the other party describe me?"

"She said you're more than meets the eye and that you're not a pushover." The man answered straightforwardly.

Percival's lips curled into a small smile. "That someone must know me well. So, you believe her?"

"Of course!" The man said seriously. "We're now the third group sent by our organization. Apparently, everyone before us failed."

The man kept his eyes on Percival. He was constantly on guard.

Anyone who could detect them so easily was a dangerous character.

"Enough with the chitchat. Someone's put a price on your head, and if you don't meet your maker today, we're done for." With a nod of his head, the man gave his men the go-ahead. "Let's get this over with."

Almost instantly, the group of men sprang into action.

But just as they took their first step, Percival suddenly yelled, "Hold on!"

The group paused, and the man in charge furrowed his brows at him. "What is it now?"

He didn't understand what was happening. Usually, when he was on a job, even if the target found out, there wouldn't be much of a conversation. They'd simply get down to business.

But somehow, this man always seemed to control the narrative.

"What's the price on my head? How much did they offer you?" Percival casually lit another cigarette as he asked.

"30 million!" The man didn't hesitate.

Percival took a drag from his cigarette as a smirk played on his lips. "My life is worth only 30 million?"



The man was momentarily speechless.

Was he complaining that the price on his head was too low?

"100 million. Would that be enough to get you lot to switch sides?" Percival nonchalantly said after

extinguishing his cigarette.

The man and his crew were stunned into silence.

Chapter 317

Nobody said a word.

It was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

The man took a while to digest the situation. "Are you pulling my leg?"

Was he negotiating a deal with the man who wanted him dead?

This guy must be out of his mind!

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Percival retorted.

The man's anger flared up. "You're insulting my professional integrity!"

With that said, he lunged towards Percival.

Just as he was about to reach Percival, the latter's voice echoed. "300 million!"

The man halted abruptly while grinding his teeth. "I am an assassin with professional ethics!"

"500 million!"

"Money can't buy me..."

"One billion!"

"Deal!"

The assassins behind him were dumbfounded.

What just happened?

Did he just betray them?

Percival chuckled. That was more like it.

Money could solve most problems.

Vivienne's way was indeed effective.

It saved him the trouble of getting his hands dirty.

"When will I get the money?" The man looked at Percival.

"Give me your bank account details."

The man immediately provided his account number.

Upon seeing the specific amount on the transfer notification, the man burst into laughter.

"Boss, are you really going to take this money? What if our organization finds out..." One of his subordinates cautioned him.

Before he could finish, he was silenced by the man's slap. "Are you daft?! How much can we earn from the organization? We have one billion here. We could divide it, live off the grid, get married, and have kids. Why should we live on the edge?"

Hearing this, Percival nodded. "Smart guy."

The man grinned. "Sir, take care! Feel free to contact me if you need anything!"

Percival was a bit taken aback. This man sure switched allegiance quick.

"Oh, and since you've given me one billion, I'll let you in on something. The person who put a price on your head is from the Ellington family, a woman." The man thought for a second. "I think her name is Fiona Ellington?"

It was Fiona?!

Damn it!

Percival's eyes narrowed. "Noted."

With that, he turned and left.

After he left, the assassins huddled together.

"Boss, are we really betraying the organization? You know their capabilities; even if we have money, we won't live to spend it!"

"Yeah, boss, maybe we should just return the money, carry out the task, and report back."

The man glared at them. "You don't understand. Do you really think we can kill him?"

"We are among the top assassins in the organization; how can't we kill one man?" One subordinate retorted.

"Did you only see him alone? Or did you notice the thirty skilled men around him? And the five snipers?" The man said gravely.

When he lunged at Percival earlier, it wasn't the money that made him stop, but the hidden snipers he spotted.

His seasoned instincts as an assassin told him that there were others lurking in the shadows.

So, while talking to Percival, he deliberately scanned the surroundings.

At least thirty men were hiding, and those were only the ones he was meant to notice. Otherwise, he wouldn't have followed Percival all this time without noticing anyone tailing him.

In that moment, he understood. Killing Percival was going to be tough.

So he decided to take the money and leave since he couldn't complete the task.

"WHAT?" The assassins were taken aback. "How did we not notice anyone following him?"

The man glanced at them. "Do you think we can kill him if he didn't have anyone protecting him? Three groups of assassins have failed before us. Isn't that enough evidence of how tough he is? Now, stop talking, and let's get out of here. We need to prepare new identities and start a new life before the organization finds out."

...

Elsewhere.

Percival's car stopped outside the Ellington family's residence, and a man emerged from the shadows.

He approached Percival and respectfully said, "Percival, we've confirmed it was Fiona. Both the

Emerald Monastery incident and this one were her doing. As for the previous attack on your car, we're still investigating."

Percival, with his hands buried in his pockets and an icy expression on his face, replied, "Looks like someone's getting impatient."

"Do you want us to deal with it?" The man asked.

"No need." Percival responded coldly. "I'll handle it myself."

...

The next day.

Vivienne, along with Dorian, Cordelia, and Thaddeus, visited the Ellington family.

Upon receiving news of their arrival, Richard had his servants prepare the finest tea.

As they entered the room, Richard greeted them. "Ah, Dorian, come, sit."

Dorian and Cordelia greeted him in return. "Sir, long time no see."

Richard paused and looked at them quizzically.

Dorian felt puzzled by Richard's gaze and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that, sir?"

Richard snapped out of his thoughts and said earnestly, "Dorian, even though Vivienne has returned to the Brooks family and we now permanently reside in Rivenwood, we don't see each other often, but

that doesn't mean we should become strangers."

Dorian was perplexed. "What do you mean by that, sir? I've always considered you a family elder; how could I become a stranger to you?"

"But why are you calling me sir?" Richard feigned annoyance. "Didn't I tell you before we moved to Rivenwood that there's no need for formalities between us? You can simply call me Richard. It's not been long, and you've already forgotten?"

Dorian was taken aback but quickly realized his mistake. "I apologize. My memory has been quite bad recently. I've been very busy and haven't seen you for a while, so I didn't react in time. Richard, I'm sorry. It was my mistake."

"That's more like it!" Richard finally broke into a smile. "Come on in; I've had some premium coffee prepared especially for this occasion. But no matter how costly it is, I still find the coffee from your kitchen more delightful!"

Cordelia laughed. "You're too kind, Richard. That coffee beans are just a cheap variety I picked up at the supermarket. If you like it, I can always get more next time."

Richard's expression faltered, and a wrinkle formed on his forehead. "I thought you said those coffee

beans came from your family's plantation."

Cordelia stiffened slightly before laughing it off. "Oh, I must have forgotten which one I actually served you."

Richard gazed at her intently for a moment but chose not to comment further.

While the adults were chatting, Isolde made her way to Thaddeus, grinning from ear to ear. "Hi Thaddeus."

Thaddeus greeted her back with a rare smile. "Hey, Miss Isolde."

Isolde reached out to grab Thaddeus's hand while her voice sounded chirpy and sweet. "Leopold gifted me an anime figurine recently. Thaddeus, come see it."

"Sure." The two children, hand in hand, moved towards Isolde's room.

After a round of small talk, Cecilia called everyone to the dinner table.

Richard took the head of the table, and Cecilia sat to his right.

Dorian and Cordelia occupied the seats to his left.

Percival and Vivienne were seated next to Dorian.



Thaddeus and Isolde were at the end of the table.

Since the dinner was meant for Dorian, the other branches of the Ellington family weren't invited.

Percival's father, Nathan, couldn't make it back due to some business at the company.

As the meal began, Dorian picked up a piece of spicy ribs from his plate and placed it into Vivienne's bowl. "Vivienne, your favourite spicy ribs. Eat up."

The atmosphere turned a bit awkward instantly.

Richard and Cecilia exchanged puzzled glances.

Percival's long, deep-set eyes lifted slightly as a cryptic look adorned his face.

Even little Isolde, her eyes blinking in confusion, seemed perplexed.

Chapter 318

Dorian sensed a shift in the atmosphere, and as he glanced up, he found Richard's probing gaze on him.

He blinked, taken aback, and asked, "Richard, why are you watching me like that?"

Richard, casually moving his gaze away, responded. "It's nothing. Just a thought that crossed my mind.

Let's eat."

As his gaze shifted to Vivienne, he noticed her calm demeanor as she quietly set aside her dish of

spicy ribs. A realization dawned on him then.

As the lady of the Ellington family, Cecilia was well acquainted with high society. She was no fool and had noticed the tension between Vivienne and Dorian. Upon hearing Dorian's question, she began to connect the dots but chose to remain silent.

After dinner, Cecilia had dessert served.

As she was about to offer the strawberry cake to Vivienne, Dorian interjected. "Mrs. Ellington, Vivienne prefers mango mousse cake. Please give the strawberry cake to me."

Cecilia paused, then glanced at Vivienne before handing the strawberry cake to Dorian.

Just as Dorian was about to dig in, Isolde cocked her head and asked, "Uncle Dorian, how could you mix up Vivienne's favorite dish and now her favorite dessert?"

Dorian froze. "What?"

Cecilia promptly scolded Isolde. "Don't talk nonsense, Isolde."

Isolde pouted. "I'm not. Vivienne's favorite dish is sweet and sour ribs, and she loves strawberry cake.

She's allergic to mangoes, Uncle Dorian. How could you forget?"

Dorian turned sharply to Vivienne, met her inscrutable gaze, and felt a sinking feeling in his heart.

She was testing him.

He quickly composed himself and apologized. "I'm sorry, Vivienne. I've been feeling tired since you left

Rivenwood, so my memory isn't what it used to be. I forgot about your allergy to mangoes."

Vivienne quirked a smile, picked up the strawberry cake, and took a bite. "No harm done."

Dorian wanted to say more, but, seeing that Vivienne wasn't interested in further conversation, he

quietly resumed his meal.

Cordelia wanted to contribute to the conversation, but fearing she would slip up, she decided to stay

quiet.

Richard's gaze lingered on Vivienne and Dorian for a moment before he stood up and said, "Dorian,

let's play chess after dinner. We haven't done so in a while. Percival, why don't you show Vivienne

around?"

After the pair left, Percival led Vivienne through the Ellington's family's sprawling backyard. They didn't

speak until they reached the garden swing.

"When did you realize they were imposters?" Percival asked.

Vivienne met his gaze and smiled. "You noticed too?"

"Even a fool would see through such poor acting." Percival replied coldly.

Vivienne was quiet.

"When did you find out?" Percival asked while leading Vivienne to sit down on the swing.

"As soon as they arrived." Vivienne replied flatly.

She had been suspicious since Dorian had inexplicably missed her reunion banquet. It was confirmed during their first meal when the imposters failed to remember her favorites.

The real Dorian would never mix up her preferences.

They wouldn't entrust Thaddeus to his aunt, nor would they allow Thaddeus to take a break from school.

How could he resign from Alliance Enterprises? The annual salary was more than satisfying for the real Dorian.

They certainly wouldn't put up with Dawson, the chairman of Alliance Enterprises, berating Dorian either.

"Where is the real Mr. Hawthorn? Have you searched for him?" Percival asked, knowing that Vivienne would not take action without certainty.

"We're searching. No clues so far." Vivienne said with a grimace.

"I'll have my people look into it." Percival offered and pulled out his phone to make a call.

"Might as well." Vivienne agreed. She could see the merit in the suggestion.

After hanging up, Percival took Vivienne's hand. "You should've told me sooner."

Vivienne looked at him and smiled. "Alright, I'll tell you sooner next time."

"Don't worry too much. I promise to bring them back safely." Percival reassured her.

"They won't harm Mr. Hawthorn and Cordelia until they get what they want." Vivienne glanced towards the mansion and spoke with a languid tone.

"They want the potion?" Percival frowned in question.

"Yeah."

"Let them try. We'll see if they have the guts to take it." Percival's voice was as cold as ice.

After chatting for a while, Percival's phone suddenly rang.

He answered the call, and his expression turned serious as he listened to the person on the other end.

"Understood."

After hanging up, Percival turned to Vivienne. "Vivienne, I have a business call to take upstairs. Wait for me here."

"Sure."

Vivienne never questioned Percival's work.

She knew his team was doing the same work as her mother had done, so some things were top secret.

After Percival left, Vivienne, feeling bored and alone, leaned back on the porch swing and dozed off.

Suddenly, a voice called from behind her. "Vivienne?"

Vivienne opened her eyes to see Paul rounding the corner from behind her. She raised an eyebrow and asked, "What's up?"

"Why are you here alone?" Paul asked in a gentle tone.

Vivienne smirked and looked at him with amusement. "Who should I be here with?"

"Where's Percival? Isn't he with you?" Paul scanned the area and didn't see Percival anywhere. He commented. "That's not very hospitable of him. How could he leave a guest here alone?"

Vivienne leaned lazily against the swing frame as her voice adopted an indifferent tone. "What's your point?"

Paul crossed his arms over his chest and gave a slight bow to Vivienne. "I've been wanting to apologize to you, but I haven't had a chance to see you. Now that I have, I want to sincerely apologize.

It was my fault that I upset you before, and I hope you won't hold it against me."

Chapter 319

Vivienne arched one eyebrow as she silently fixed her gaze on Paul.

After a while, she finally spoke. "Are you out of your mind?"

Paul was at a loss for words.

Oh, for the love of God!

After such a heartfelt apology, that was all she could say?

He cleared his throat and continued. "I'm genuinely sorry, Vivienne."

"Oh." That was all Vivienne said.

Paul was frustrated. Was that all she had to say?

She was like a clam that wouldn't open. Couldn't she even spare him a peep?

He took a deep breath, sat on the stone bench across from Vivienne, and said, "Vivienne, have you

ever considered your and Percival's future?"

Vivienne glanced at him. "What are you trying to say?"

"The truth is that I've liked you from the moment I first saw you. I'm just not good at expressing my

feelings. I wanted to get your attention, but I didn't know how to make you see me differently, which led

to some misunderstandings between us."

Vivienne fell silent.

Could he be any more insincere?

Unfazed, Paul continued. "I know I may sound fake right now, but time will prove my sincerity. Vivienne,

I hope you'll give me a chance to prove my love for you."

"Oh?" Vivienne looked at him. She was smiling, but it was not quite genuine. "And how would you do

that?"

After some thought, Paul said, "To prove my love for you, I'm willing to give you all my wealth."

"How much wealth do you have?" Vivienne asked.

"About a hundred million." Paul said.



The financial authority of the Ellington family was in the hands of the patriarch. With his monthly dividends and the profits from his own business ventures, he had about half a billion at hand.

Of course, he wasn't going to give all his money to Vivienne.

"Though I only have a hundred million, my love for you remains unchanged, Vivienne. Consider this.

Percival is the seventh in line in our family. Despite being the designated heir, he lacks the ability to lead. Our family will only decline under his leadership. If you stay with him, you won't have a good life."

"But it will be different with me. I am the eldest grandchild and have the ability to lead. As long as you join forces with me, we can take over the Ellington family. Then, you will be the mistress of the Ellington family, with the power to command the wind and rain. I promise you that I'll do my best to fulfill your every desire."

Vivienne laughed. "And you think you can buy me with a hundred million?"

"How much do you want then?" Paul asked, frowning.

This woman was truly greedy.

Indeed, those raised in the countryside, like her, have low aspirations. They only saw money.

If it weren't for his unwillingness to let the daughter of Scott Brooks fall into Percival's hands, he

wouldn't have taken such drastic measures.

"A billion."

The Nine Mystics Society and the Institute needed a large amount of funding. Taking a billion from Paul

wouldn't be too bad.

But he looked so poor. He probably couldn't afford a billion.

As expected, in the next second, Paul's eyes widened, and he shouted angrily. "A billion?! Are you

trying to rob me?! Vivienne, don't think that just because you're the Brooks heir, you can name any

price! I'm offering you a hundred million because I respect you. The Ellington family will eventually be

mine. If you're wise, you'll break off your engagement with Percival and be with me. If you're not..."

"What then?" Vivienne asked, her tone now even more indifferent than before.

Paul gritted his teeth and looked at her. Suddenly, he shouted, "Help! Vivienne is trying to seduce me!

Someone, help!"

Vivienne was dumbfounded.

While tearing at his own clothes, Paul ran towards the main hall. "Grandpa! Come quick! Vivienne's

gone mad! She's trying to undress me and sleep with me!"

For God's sake!

What an idiot!

Paul's voice was loud and alarmed the entire Ellington family.

Richard and Cecilia were the first to appear.

Upon seeing the scene, Richard asked sternly, "Paul, what are you up to now?"

Paul rushed over and knelt before his grandfather. "Grandpa! You have to stand up for me! Vivienne!

She tried to seduce me! Look at what she did to my clothes! And my body! It's all scratched up!"

Percival, who had just come downstairs due to the commotion, heard what Paul said. His face instantly

darkened, and a cold aura radiated from him.

Richard looked down to see that several buttons on Paul's shirt had been torn off, and there were

indeed fresh scratches on his body.

Before he could say anything, Cathy suddenly yelled, "Oh my God! How did you get scratched up like

this?! Vivienne, you're a lady! How could you try to seduce my son in broad daylight?! Is this how the

Brooks family educates their children?!"

Heloise wore a look of amusement. "Wow! Who would've thought that Vivienne would be so bold?

She's so eager to get intimate with others in her fiancé's house."

"Shut up!" Richard, in his fury, swung his cane at Paul. "You scoundrel! How dare you slander

Vivienne? I'll beat you to death!"

The patriarch didn't hold back, and Paul was immediately yelping in pain.

As he dodged, he yelled, "Grandpa! You're confused! It was clearly Vivienne who seduced me, but

you're not helping me?! Instead, you're beating me?! Vivienne is a cheap woman, but you all treat her

like a treasure!"

Percival looked at him with a dark expression. His eyes were as cold and penetrating as death himself.

Upon seeing this, Cathy quickly stepped in front of Paul. "Dad! It's no secret that you play favorites, but

this is going too far! I could stomach it when you scolded Paul before, but today it's clearly Vivienne

who's at fault. Instead of correcting her, you're taking it out on Paul? What kind of grandfather behaves

like this?"

"And you dare talk back?" Richard, seething with anger, raised his walking stick once more, this time

aiming at both Cathy and Paul. "Vivienne seducing Paul? Are you mistaken about Vivienne's taste? Is

Paul better looking than Percival or wealthier? Does he even deserve Vivienne's attention?

You all lack self-awareness, and yet you dare to slander others? Even Vivienne wouldn't glance twice

at the likes of you. I wouldn't either! What about you could possibly attract anyone's attention?!

You think I can't swing my stick anymore, don't you?! Today, I'll show you whether this old man can still

teach you a lesson!"

Cathy could do nothing but cry out.

Ryan, who had been watching the spectacle unfold, finally spoke up. "Dad! This situation is hard for

everyone, but you can't just start hitting people without understanding what happened. There are

guests in the house, and you're humiliating my son and wife in front of everyone. How are we

supposed to face people after this?"

"Fine! You want a clear explanation? I'll give you one." Richard turned to Vivienne. "Vivienne, can you

tell us what just happened?"

Chapter 320

Vivienne tucked her hands in her pockets, casting a cheeky smile at Paul as she spoke nonchalantly,

"He wants me to call off my engagement with Percival and marry him instead. He even claims that the

Ellington fortune will be his."

Richard's face darkened.

Heloise and Fiona also looked grim.

Among the Ellington family tree, who wouldn't covet the Ellington inheritance?

But even if they did, they kept their ambitions hidden. Paul, on the other hand, had the audacity to claim the Ellington fortune as his own?

Did that good-for-nothing actually think he could inherit the Ellington fortune?

"You bloody nuisance!" Richard barked as he landed a few more blows on Paul. "I could tolerate your idleness, but now you dare to meddle with your cousin's love life? I'll kill you!"

Cathy quickly intervened. "Dad! You can't hit him anymore! Paul is still your oldest grandson. He's only showing his desire to support the Ellington family!"

"Hmph!" Richard slammed his cane onto the ground as his nose flared in anger. "What does he know about supporting the Ellington family?!"

Heloise watched with cold eyes and added sarcastically. "Cathy, you should rein in Paul. He's getting

too bold. Our grandfather is still standing here, and he dares to utter such words? Can you imagine what he'll be like in the future?"

She glanced at Paul and sneered. "The Ellingtons are a prominent family; not anyone can simply take over. You, being the oldest, should be more careful with your words and actions."

Heloise's son, Jeffrey Ellington, snickered. "Paul, not only do you disregard us, but you also disrespect our grandfather. You're too arrogant."

Fiona stayed quiet. She was just casting a glance at Vivienne and Percival with a thoughtful look in her eyes.

She never considered Paul a threat to the Ellington fortune. He was just a waste of space in her eyes.

Her concern was Percival.

Her spies hadn't reported back yet, and Percival still stood here, unharmed.

As long as Percival lived, she could never claim the Ellington inheritance.

"Shut up! All of you!" Paul turned to his uncle's family. "Don't think I don't know what you're all planning.

I'm the oldest grandson. The inheritance is mine!"

"Paul, that's too much." Heloise said coldly, "We're only speaking the truth. You did something shameful, and you still want to claim the Ellington fortune? Do you think you can handle it? Even Kenneth is better than you."

Not far away, a teenager in a tracksuit lifted his gaze. Despite his young age of eighteen, he had an air of melancholy.

Kenneth glanced at the crowd as his gaze finally landed on Vivienne. He frowned slightly, and his eyes showed his distaste. "I'm going to my room."

Without waiting for a response, he turned and left.

Everyone seemed accustomed to his attitude and didn't care whether he stayed or left.

After Kenneth left, Jeffrey snickered. "He doesn't even want to deal with you, Paul. Aside from chasing women, what else can you do?"

"Shut up!" Paul's anger flared, but he reined it in. "I don't care. Grandfather, you have to stand up for me. I admit that I want to marry Vivienne, but she did rip off my clothes. You can see my scratches. The Brooks family should take responsibility. You should make Vivienne and Percival break off their engagement!"



His real goal wasn't to argue with them today.

Even if he couldn't marry Vivienne, it would be good enough to break her engagement with Percival.

Otherwise, if Percival married Vivienne and gained the support of the Brooks family, how could he compete?

"That's unacceptable!" Heloise was the first to object. "Percival and Vivienne's engagement has been announced. It can't just be dismissed!"

Whoever Percival married didn't matter. But Paul absolutely could not marry the Brooks family's young lady.

What if Percival was appointed heir by Richard? Richard was old, and his will wasn't even written yet, so they weren't worried about Percival.

But Paul was different. He was the oldest grandson.

According to the inheritance law, he would be the first to be considered.

"Heloise, this has nothing to do with you. Stay out of it." Paul said bitterly.

"How can you say it has nothing to do with us?" Heloise retorted coldly. "Anything involving the

Ellington family is our business."

While Heloise and Paul argued, Richard and Percival watched them coldly.

Vivienne seemed to be enjoying the spectacle.

"Well then! You're still slandering Vivienne even now? I swear, I'll beat you to death today!" Richard picked up his cane to strike Paul yet again.

"Ahh!"

Paul was yelping and trying to dodge. "Grandpa, you're being too biased! It was Vivienne who seduced me! Why won't you believe me?!"

Richard didn't give a damn about his excuses. He was relentless.

Cathy watched with a broken heart. She turned her head, only to see Vivienne watching the scene with amusement. She was instantly filled with rage. "It's you! You're the one to blame!"

She pointed at Vivienne and began shouting angrily. "When your seduction failed, you dumped all the blame on Paul! You're so malicious! Richard let you into the Ellington family, but all you do is scheme.

You've schemed against Percival and against Richard. Now you're targeting my son?!"

Vivienne crossed her arms and looked at the hysterical Cathy on the ground with indifference.

"There are surveillance cameras everywhere in the Ellington household." A faint smile was on her lips,

but her eyes were as cold as a sharp blade, piercing Cathy's heart. "Want to take a look, Ms. Cathy?"

Cathy was taken aback, and she felt a chill run down her spine. "What do you mean?"

She glared back and bit her teeth, looking slightly guilty.

"What's the point of watching the surveillance now?!" Paul retorted with little confidence. "Things have

already gone this far! Are you satisfied only when it becomes more embarrassing?!"

He was as dumb as a pig. He was trying to drag Vivienne down with him in a fit of anger, forgetting that

the security system of the Ellington family was extremely thorough. There were surveillance cameras

everywhere around their estate.

The surveillance footage was so clear that it was like watching a movie. No corner was overlooked.

"Grandpa! Vivienne did it on purpose!" Paul complained to Richard discontentedly. "She deliberately

got between me and Percival! She's trying to sow discord between us!"

Percival turned to look at him. "Sow discord?"

His voice was ice-cold as his gaze fell on him. "You think Vivienne would be interested in someone like

you?"

"Yeah!" Isolde chimed in with her hands on her hips. "My sister-in-law isn't blind! Why would she choose you over my brother?!"