

Million-Dollar 331

Chapter 331

Quincy was their guide, with Percival at the wheel, as they made their way south.

After a solid two-hour drive, they finally pulled up to a residential area.

They were in the wealthiest part of Rivenwood, where only the rich and influential resided. Everyone in this area was blessed with substantial resources.

Money was one thing, but these folks had connections that were anything but ordinary.

Quincy led them into one of the villas and down into the basement.

The place was heavily guarded with plenty of organization members.

But Vivienne and Percival, who were disguised as Cordelia and Dorian, as well as Quincy, were familiar faces; hence, they met no roadblocks.

Once in the basement, they quickly found Dorian and Cordelia huddled in a corner.

They seemed unharmed, but their faces were pale and drawn. They looked like they hadn't eaten in days.

"Algernon." Quincy spoke to the man watching over them. "We're moving these two immediately. Get ready."

"Moving?" Algernon eyed Percival and Vivienne behind Quincy. "Why the sudden move? Weren't they doing fine here?"

"Things have changed. It's all for the potion." Quincy didn't have time to explain and kept it brief. "In any case, we'll take responsibility for moving them to a safe place."

"Rest assured," Vivienne suddenly spoke from behind, "they will be safe."

"Your voice!" Both Algernon and Quincy were taken aback. This wasn't Cordelia's voice, nor was it Ismene's.

She wasn't one of GTO's people.

"Quick! Call for backup!" Quincy's first instinct was to call for help, but the next moment, she realized that she was frozen in place. "You guys!"

Algernon rushed them, but Percival easily subdued him.

Once Algernon was restrained, Vivienne and Percival went to untie Dorian and Cordelia.

All the noise made a weakened Dorian open his eyes.

He saw Cordelia in front of him and then suddenly realized that there was somebody else beside them.

He was taken aback.

He was startled when he looked back at Percival.

Wasn't that him?

"Mr. Hawthorn!" Vivienne called out to him, breaking his daze. "I'm here to rescue you."

"Vivienne?" Dorian snapped back to reality and urgently whispered, "How are you here? Run...there's

too many of them..."

Vivienne's heart softened, and she gently assured him that things were fine. "It's okay. I'll get you home

safe and sound."

She helped Dorian and Cordelia up.

Just then, Thomas walked in.

"Percival, everyone's been subdued."

Thomas had fully recovered a few days prior and had rejoined Percival's team the night before.

Percival looked expressionlessly at Quincy and Algernon on the ground and coldly gave out his orders.

"Take them back. I'll interrogate them myself."

"Roger that." Thomas nodded and ordered the team members who came with him to take everyone

away.

Dorian and Cordelia watched the fully armed men make their moves, then looked at Percival.

The last time Vivienne's students were kidnapped, it was Percival who stormed in with a fully armed team. Back then, they were only concerned about Vivienne and didn't think much of it.

But after witnessing all this, they realized that Percival was far from being the rumored useless seventh grandson of the Ellington family.

He had been hiding his true abilities.

Once Thomas and his men had taken GTO's people away, Vivienne and Percival helped Dorian and Cordelia leave the place.

In the car, Dorian apologized to Vivienne. "Vivienne, I'm sorry for causing you trouble."

Ever since Vivienne had shown her capabilities when she rescued her students from Felix, he knew that she, like her mother, was extraordinary.

He hadn't deliberately contacted her since she left Havenwood, not wanting to cause her any trouble.

He knew Vivienne's work was dangerous, and the best way to avoid causing her trouble was to keep

his distance and protect himself and his family. Only by doing so could Vivienne be free of worries.

This girl always acted stoic, but she was very caring, and if they were ever in danger, she would rush in without a second thought.

He had been extra careful, fearing that they would be targeted. But despite his best efforts, they were captured on their way to Rivenwood when they were planning to attend Vivienne's family reunion banquet.

Vivienne turned back from the passenger seat and looked at them with a serious face. "Mr. Hawthorn, Cordelia, you're my family. I never want to hear you say that you're causing me trouble!"

Dorian and Cordelia's eyes welled up with tears.

Cordelia reached out from the backseat and held Vivienne's hand as she smiled. "Vivienne, don't be mad at him; he didn't mean it. We're family, and we should help each other."

Vivienne smiled, and her voice softened. "Don't worry, those who made you suffer will pay the price."

"We'll go with whatever you decide." Cordelia didn't attempt to dissuade Vivienne.

Vivienne was a determined girl. Dorian and she couldn't help her, but they didn't want to be a burden to her either.

"Mr. Hawthorn, Cordelia." Percival spoke up as he drove. "I'll take you to my apartment first. We'll grab a bite to eat, and you can stay there. The security system there is excellent, and I'll assign someone to protect you. This won't happen again."

"Okay." Dorian and Cordelia agreed without any objections.

The sky had gradually darkened by the time they reached the residential complex. As soon as they got out of the car, they immediately brought Dorian and Cordelia into the apartment.

Percival poured them some hot coffee and had previously arranged for food to be delivered.

Only after Dorian and Cordelia had sipped the warm brew and nibbled on some food did they finally regain their composure.

Upon seeing the worry etched on Vivienne's face, Dorian reassured her. "They didn't hurt us. They just kept us hungry for a few days. You two don't need to blame yourselves."

Vivienne's face remained clouded with concern. "It was my oversight. I should have arranged for your protection sooner."

In fact, before she left Havenwood, she had specifically allocated people to ensure Dorian and

Cordelia's safety.

In order to not disrupt their lives, she had instructed the guards to maintain a discreet distance.

But it was this distance, coupled with Rowan's talent for disguises, that had allowed the impostors to slip into Tranquil Estates unnoticed.

"It's not your fault." Dorian was quick to comfort her. "They were after that potion."

During their captivity, their captors probed Dorian with veiled questions about Karen.

He sensed something amiss and realized that they were after the potion he had once hidden away.

"Thankfully, the potion is in your hands." Dorian let out a sigh of relief. If he hadn't handed the potion over to Vivienne earlier, who knew what would have transpired?

Just as Karen had said, when Vivienne was powerful enough, it was time to entrust her with the mission.

Vivienne was the only one who could shoulder the burden he couldn't bear.

"You don't need to worry about the potion." Vivienne eased his worries. "I'll handle it."

After a pause, she looked at them and asked, "What are your plans now?"

Chapter 332

Dorian paused for a moment. His silence made the air heavy.

After a while, he began to speak, using a slow and steady tone. "Vivienne, on the way here, I had a lot of time to think. I might not be your biological father, but I've always considered you my own daughter. This situation made me realize that with your mother gone, it's my duty to protect you."

Vivienne didn't respond. She waited for him to continue.

"I've been too weak before, but I want to grow stronger." Dorian glanced at Vivienne and Percival, moistening his lips before he continued. "Your grandma has returned to the countryside, and I don't have any immediate family left in Havenwood. So, I've decided to move to Rivenwood and start my own business."

As he ended, Dorian turned to Cordelia with an apologetic look on his face. "Cordelia, I'm sorry for making this decision without consulting you. You still have family in Havenwood, and it isn't fair for me to decide this on my own."

Cordelia's face showed signs of anger. "Do you see me as some sort of irrational woman?"

Dorian quickly retorted. "No, you've always been a wonderful wife and mother."

"Then don't talk about what's fair or not! When I married you, I became your family. Whatever decisions

you make, I'll support you. Besides, my parents have my siblings to take care of them. I trust them."

After her outburst, Cordelia looked towards Vivienne. "Although I don't have any blood relation to Vivienne, she's always been there to protect us. She's done so much for us behind the scenes. Now, it's our turn to protect her. I agree with moving to Rivenwood."

"Thank you, Cordelia." Dorian looked truly touched.

Vivienne watched them as a warm feeling flowed through her. After a moment, she spoke in the softest voice she could imagine. "Mom, Dad, you don't have to do anything for my sake. As long as you're happy, I'm happy."

Dorian and Cordelia were taken aback. Their eyes widened in disbelief. "Vivienne, what did you just call us?"

Mom and Dad?

Had they misheard? Was this some sort of daydream?

Percival watched from the sidelines with a small smile playing on his lips.

These affectionate names wouldn't have come easily to the young girl if she didn't genuinely care for them. But Dorian and Cordelia deserved to be called mom and dad by Vivienne. They were more

deserving than Scott ever was.

“Mom! Dad!” Vivienne spoke again. “I’m sorry for not calling you this sooner.”

“It’s not too late!” Dorian’s voice choked up as tears spilled from his eyes. “It’s not too late at all!”

Only he knew how long he’d waited for Vivienne to call him dad.

But when Vivienne had decided to leave Havenwood, he’d thought she’d never change her mind. But

now, after hearing her call him dad, he felt like he was living in a dream.

Cordelia was also teary-eyed. “Yes, it’s not too late. It’s just right!”

She wanted to say more, but her voice began to fail her, leaving only tears of joy.

Dorian suddenly burst out laughing. “Who cares if you’re Scott’s biological daughter? I got to hear you

call me dad first! It was all worth it! Even getting kidnapped was worth it!”

He grabbed Cordelia’s hand as he laughed. “Cordelia, should we go find those people and get

kidnapped again? I feel like I’m dreaming; I don’t want to wake up!”

Vivienne, Percival, and Cordelia all stared at him, unsure of how to respond.

After a moment of heartfelt emotion, Dorian made a decision. “Now that Vivienne has called me dad,

I'm definitely going to stay in Rivenwood."

He turned to Vivienne. "The perfume formula your mother gave me, I was planning on never using it again. But now, I want to use it to start a company. Vivienne, I also want to use the 10-million-dollar marriage gift your grandfather gave me to start this business. I want to earn enough to support you."

He spoke without any hesitation, causing Vivienne to smile. "Okay."

Suddenly, she remembered something. "Did you just now decide to start a company?"

"Yes!" Dorian replied. "On the way here, I was thinking about it. Alliance Enterprises is a good company, but I can't provide any help to you there. I want to start my own company and stand on my own two feet. I want to be a strong pillar for my family. When Astrid gets married, her in-laws won't dare look down on her."

Vivienne frowned. "The people pretending to be you also mentioned starting a perfume company not long ago."

Dorian paused as he recalled something. "I remember now. They asked me for the perfume formula. I told them I had torn it up. But why would they want to start a perfume company?"

Vivienne frowned but didn't reply.

Percival spoke up. "They must have thought that the formula for the potion was written into the perfume

formula."

Karen's medical expertise was admired by all of GTO. She was involved in the research of the potion,

and if she were able to destroy the potion in the lab and even bring some bottles out, she must know

the formula.

The person who had the most contact with Karen was Dorian, and he did give Vivienne the potion, so

GTO must have thought that the potion formula was written into the perfume formula.

Vivienne sneered. "Do they really think my mom would be stupid enough to write something that

important into a perfume formula?"

"Only a fool would disguise themselves so poorly." Percival commented coldly.

Despite their disguises as Dorian and Cordelia, he and Vivienne had managed to remain mostly

undetected.

Dorian listened to their explanation and finally came to understand it. With a nod, he turned around,

and from his underpants pocket, he pulled out a piece of paper and handed it to Vivienne. "Vivienne, could you check if there are any medical ingredients in this perfume recipe?"

Vivienne and Percival were dumbfounded.

He kept something that important in his underpants pocket?!

Dorian noticed Vivienne's hesitation in taking the recipe, so he let out an awkward chuckle. "Ever since that student from Class Eighteen was kidnapped, I've been worried about being targeted. Anything your mother left me, I keep safely. The perfume recipe is so important that I naturally have to keep it with me all the time... ahem..."

Dorian cleared his throat and continued. "To prevent it from being stolen, I asked Cordelia... No, your mom, to sew a secret pocket into my underpants... ahem... so even if anything unexpected happens, I don't have to worry about it being stolen."

Vivienne's lips twitched. She always felt helpless when it came to Dorian. "The recipe doesn't have any medical ingredients. I checked it a long time ago."

Dorian let out another awkward chuckle and put away the recipe. "In that case, I'll keep it."

After talking for a while, Vivienne decided it was time for Dorian and Cordelia to rest. She and Percival

were about to leave when suddenly Cordelia exclaimed, "Oh my! Thaddeus is still in Havenwood!

Vivienne, let's rush over to bring him back."

Vivienne was a bit taken aback.

How long did it take her to remember her own son?

Thaddeus must be sneezing right now.

"I've already brought Thaddeus back. You both rest; we still have some issues to sort out." Vivienne said.

They still had the GTO guys to handle.

And there was Paula, too. She also needed to be taught a lesson.

Chapter 333

After exiting the apartment, Vivienne and Percival headed straight to the place where Quincy was being held captive.

En route, Vivienne leaned against her chair with her mobile phone clutched in her hands. The screen lingered on a single text message.

[GTO dispatched two teams. Dorian and Cordelia have been relocated. Quincy is their new point man.]

Percival glanced at her phone, then spoke slowly. "Still thinking about that message, are you?"

Vivienne's gaze dropped, and her voice became weary. "Yeah."

She'd received the text the previous night.

Immediately, she'd tried to trace the sender using her hacking skills.

She wasn't one to brag about her abilities, but finding the name of a phone's owner was usually a piece of cake for her.

This time, however, she found nothing. Not only was she unable to trace the sender's name, but she couldn't even locate them.

This person was a hacker with skills far surpassing her own. Every move she made seemed to be anticipated. This mysterious opponent effortlessly evaded all her attempts to find him.

It was perhaps the most frustrating experience she'd ever had in the realm of hacking.

"The sender created a local network to send the message. They're indeed quite skilled. When I tried to trace them, I was blocked." Percival spoke with a grave expression.

Vivienne blinked in surprise. "Mr. Wolf, you know how to hack?"

She'd had no idea that Percival possessed such skills.

"I learned from my mentor." Percival lit a cigarette and blew out a ring of smoke. "Her hacking skills were unparalleled, not just in Veridia but in the world. Unfortunately, I only learned the basics."

Vivienne stayed silent. Her mother's hacking skills were indeed formidable. The first thing she learned from her was hacking.

Her own skills, heavily influenced by her mother's teachings, were perhaps even stronger than her medical knowledge.

After her mother's death, she'd never encountered another hacker of the same caliber.

And now, not only had a highly skilled hacker emerged, but they also seemed to know everything about her and the people around her.

Upon seeing Vivienne's troubled expression, Percival spoke again. "GTO doesn't have a hacker this skilled. My sources tell me that you already took care of their best hacker, Felix. The rest are not on Felix's level."

Percival paused for a moment before adding, "Whoever is sending you these messages is likely an ally, not an enemy."

Vivienne nodded. Her suspicions were confirmed. It was due to this realization that she'd managed to handle Rowan and Ismene and then meet with Quincy.

Sure enough, the person sending the messages was indeed helping her.

Suddenly, Vivienne's phone rang again.

It was another text message.

She opened it to find another message from the same sender.

[Watch out for Scott.]

Vivienne's eyebrows knitted together as she handed the phone to Percival.

After reading the message, Percival fell silent for a moment. "This person seems to know a lot about everyone around you. We still don't know much about Scott, but they seem to know everything."

Just as he finished speaking, Vivienne's phone rang once more.

Another message from the same sender. "Abandon the potion. GTO. The virus experiment. Newborn baby."

Vivienne's eyes widened as she turned sharply to Percival. "Have there been any reports of missing newborns recently?"

Percival, having read the message as well, frowned deeply. "I haven't received any such news."

His current mission, given to him by the government, was to find the potion that Lark had taken. So far, he hadn't received any other notifications.

His intelligence network hadn't picked up on any unusual activities from GTO either.

Vivienne's expression suddenly changed. "We've been played! They're trying to distract us with the potion!"

As she finished speaking, the two exchanged a glance before simultaneously pulling out their phones to make calls.

Vivienne called Matthew. "I need you to send everyone out. Look for any missing newborns in the past six months. Nationwide. I want to know the results as soon as possible."

Matthew, sensing the urgency in Vivienne's voice, responded seriously. "Yes, Vivienne."

Next, she sent a message to Draven. "Issue an order of the Nine Mystics Society. Nationwide search for missing newborns."

Meanwhile, Percival called Leopold. "Inform the intelligence network to look for missing newborns."

Report back to the government."

Leopold acknowledged the order and began to arrange it.

After hanging up, Percival stepped on the gas, speeding the car along.

Soon, they arrived at a factory. This was Percival's private base.

The two of them got out of the car and walked straight in.

Quincy was tied to a chair with her eyes covered. She was remarkably calm.

After sensing them approaching, a sly smile appeared on her face. "Finally decided to show up, have you?"

Percival looked at her impassively and gave Thomas a nod.

Understanding the gesture, Thomas stepped forward to remove the blindfold from Quincy's eyes.

The harsh light hurt Quincy's eyes, but after tilting her head slightly, she was able to see Vivienne and Percival clearly.

She let out a cold laugh. "I never thought I'd end up in your hands. Well, do what you will!"

From the moment she was captured, she knew what her fate would be.

Percival had someone bring over two chairs. He and Vivienne then sat across from Quincy. He crossed

his legs and tapped his fingers rhythmically against his knee. "Quincy, real name Barnaby, twenty-five years old. Kidnapped and sold to GTO at the age of thirteen. You were supposed to be a test subject, but you were smart. You chose to join them instead.

You're a genius. You finished all the middle school courses by the time you were in the sixth grade.

You're a master of disguise, and you're excellent at conducting chemical experiments. You've completed many missions for GTO. You were always successful, but..."

He stopped abruptly at this point.

Quincy smirked. "But what?"

"Every person you've been assigned to is still alive and kicking." Percival said in a leisurely tone.

Vivienne peered at him in surprise. His words mirrored exactly what she had discovered during her investigation.

Quincy frowned at him with confusion etched on her face. "Who exactly are you?"

She knew Vivienne. She had made sure to thoroughly investigate Vivienne before embarking on her mission.

And naturally, she knew about Percival as well. Since he was Vivienne's fiancé, she had made it her business to know about him. But all she found out was that he was the underachieving seventh grandson of the Ellington family.

There was nothing remarkable about him.

Yet he seemed to know an awful lot about her.

"Who I am isn't important. What you need to know is that we can bring down GTO and reunite you with your family." Percival said slowly.

"Why should I believe you?" Quincy scoffed. Ever since she had been trafficked into GTO at the age of thirteen, she knew that the only person she could trust was herself.

"Because your brother is one of mine." Percival responded indifferently.

Quincy's expression shifted. "I don't believe you!"

Her brother was long dead. He was murdered by the people of GTO.

Chapter 334

Percival said nothing and just glanced at his wristwatch.

Soon after, the hooting of a car horn echoed from outside.

Thomas immediately stepped out.

Shortly, he returned, accompanied by an attractive young man who looked to be in his late twenties.

Upon seeing Quincy, the man's eyes instantly moistened. "Quincy!"

"Brother!" Quincy looked stupefied at the man before her. "How could it be? Weren't you..."

She witnessed the GTO gang murder her brother.

No!

It was a lie!

It must have been a lie!

"I didn't die!" Caspian's eyes were glassy with tears. "Ever since you were kidnapped, we searched for

you for years with no luck. I swore to join the national forces. After graduation, I joined Captain

Percival's team and infiltrated GTO under a false identity. They discovered my cover, but the captain

had a contingency plan. They shot me and left me for dead in a mass grave." Caspian glanced at

Percival. "Captain Percival sent someone to rescue me."

After seeing the disbelief on Barnaby's face, Caspian stepped forward. "Quincy, I truly am your brother.

Nobody is lying."

Thomas moved to untie Barnaby's ropes.

Barnaby reached up to touch Caspian's face as tears welled up in her eyes. "Brother, it really is you!

You're not dead!"

She learned of Caspian's undercover mission to infiltrate GTO when they recognized each other. But to

fulfill his mission, he had to keep his distance from her. After a brief reunion, they lost contact.

The last time she saw him, she heard that GTO had caught an undercover agent. The higher-ups sent

someone to eliminate Caspian. Upon hearing this, she rushed to save him. When she arrived, she

couldn't act in time, but Caspian gave her a look, signaling her to stay calm.

She had many internal battles, but in the end, she restrained herself from saving him.

She knew that if she had acted, both she and her brother would be killed.

She wanted to live to finish the business her brother couldn't, and avenge her brother.

"Yes, I'm not dead!" Caspian embraced her as his tears and laughter mingled. "You stubborn girl, why

did you change your code name? If you hadn't, the captain would have known that you were my sister."

When he infiltrated GTO and met Barnaby, she told him her code name was Black Fox.

So the captain had always thought that his sister's code name was Black Fox.

It was during a mission when he saw Barnaby that he was startled. He didn't react at the moment but reported the incident to the captain after returning to the team.

"I was afraid that the Black Fox code name would leave traces for GTO to discover, so I changed it."

Barnaby hadn't expected that a code name would almost prevent her from ever seeing her brother again.

"Enough! You can catch up later." Percival suddenly interrupted them. "Barnaby, are you ready to talk to us now?"

After regaining her composure, Barnaby turned to face Percival. "I know what you're going to ask, but I don't know much. Every command GTO issues is executed through tiny tech devices. As for the higher-ups, I only know one, Mr. B."

"Mr. B?" Percival's brows furrowed slightly. "Who is he?"

"I don't know. I've been trying to win his trust and get close to him, but even now, I have no idea what Mr. B looks like. I only know he's in Rivenwood. Rowan and Ismene should have had contact with him.

Oh, and Mr. B is the second-in-command of GTO. As for who the boss is, that's still a mystery."

Percival and Vivienne simultaneously furrowed their brows.

The second-in-command?

GTO seemed to be more complex than they thought.

A moment later, Percival spoke up. "I want you to make contact with Mr. B."

"It's no use. Mr. B has an extensive information network. The moment a mission fails on my end, he will know immediately. I can't go back to GTO."

"The news was blocked immediately. My men are disguised as GTO members and are guarding the place. You're safe for now. I'll give you a potion."

Barnaby was taken aback. "You're entrusting me with something this important?"

"Yes. First, win Mr. B's trust." Percival said.

"What's in it for me if I help you?" Barnaby asked after a moment of silence.

"What do you want?"

"I want Vivienne to treat someone for me."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. "Who?"

"A child. She's been injected with something and is on the brink of death. GTO abandoned her, but I managed to rescue her. She's in a safe place now." Barnaby explained.

She knew Vivienne was an excellent doctor. At the moment, saving the child seemed to rely solely on Vivienne.

"Deal!" Vivienne agreed readily.

Upon leaving the factory, Percival and Vivienne climbed into the car. He turned to her and asked, "What do you think? Did you find anything?"

"She wasn't lying. The psychological test just now showed no fluctuations except when she recognized Caspian. She really doesn't know anything about the virus experiment." Vivienne responded slowly.

Percival furrowed his brows. "It seems we can't fully trust the person who sent you the message. It may be Mr. B trying to mislead us."

"Yes." Vivienne nodded. "Regardless, we need to check if there have been any instances of missing infants. The virus experiment is even more terrifying than the potion experiment."

Her mother's potion only amplified a person's strength indefinitely.

But a virus could be spread on a large scale.

GTO's objective was still unclear.

But most importantly, if there were missing infants, they had to save those children.

"Yes, I'll handle this." After a pause, Percival continued, "Vivienne, I plan to hand over the potion to the government."

"Alright." The potion was of no use in her hands.

Her lab was developing an antidote for the potion, and she believed results would be out soon.

At that moment, Vivienne's phone rang.

It was Matthew.

She picked up the call, responded to whatever was said on the other end, and finally told Matthew,

"Alright, bring them over."

"Drive me back to the Brooks Mansion." She said after hanging up.

Percival cocked his head. "Who are we bringing over?"

Vivienne gave him a coy smile. "You'll see when we get there."

Percival didn't ask further and started the car.

Half an hour later, they stopped about a mile away from the Brooks Mansion.

Soon, another car pulled up.

Matthew got out, and with him were Dorian and Cordelia.

Percival raised an eyebrow. "Rowan, Ismene?"

The Dorian and Cordelia in front of him were actually Rowan and Ismene in disguise.

Vivienne smirked. "It's only polite to return a favor."

Rowan and Ismene approached her. "Vivienne."

"Hmm." Vivienne responded nonchalantly. "Once inside, just act like before."

"Don't worry, Vivienne. We'll do as you say." Rowan assured her. "But the antidote..."

"You'll get your antidote once the job is done." Vivienne replied indifferently.

"Understood."

Chapter 335

It was a long night at the Miller household.

Mark hadn't come home again. Paula tried calling him numerous times throughout the night, but to no avail.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable." The automated female voice once again

echoed in her ear.

Frustrated, Paula threw her phone onto the bed and was just about to take a shower when suddenly, someone climbed in through the balcony window.

"Ah!" Paula let out a scream, only to have it muffled when someone covered her mouth with a cloth.

After a brief struggle, she felt dizzy and fainted.

When Paula finally came to, she found herself looking into the eyes of Vivienne and Percival.

She was bound and could not move.

She struggled and glared at Vivienne with hatred in her eyes. "Vivienne, you little witch! What do you want with me? I'm warning you; you better let me go!"

Vivienne stood over her while looking down calmly. "Didn't you want to know where Arabella is? I can take you to her."

Paula was taken aback. "You would do that? Out of the kindness of your heart?"

"Heh." Vivienne laughed. "I've always been rather kind."

Right. She would never admit that she wasn't a kind person.

"Where is she?" Paula asked impatiently.

"She's..." Vivienne deliberately trailed off as her eyes twinkled with amusement. "In a certain state, entertaining clients, I believe."

Upon hearing this, Paula started shaking with rage. "Vivienne!! How dare you! How dare you do this to my Katara?!"

Vivienne just shrugged as she wore a smirk on her face. "Paula, you're being rather ungrateful. I was just trying to save Katara."

"You're full of crap! You sent her to that place, and you have the nerve to say you saved her?!" Paula was beside herself with anger.

She was right.

It was Vivienne!

While she was living the good life at the Brooks Mansion, she sent Katara to suffer in that hellhole.

Entertaining clients?!

How could her Katara be doing such a thing?

"Katara tried to commit suicide several times but was always saved in the nick of time. Despite the scar

on her face, she knew how to use her assets and win over her clients. Now, she's the top girl in the state, and she's making a lot of money. So, you see," her laugh grew deeper, "I did save her, didn't I?"

"Ahhhh!" Paula screamed at the top of her lungs. "Vivienne, I will kill you!"

She struggled with all her might, but the person behind her kicked her to the ground and pinned her down, rendering her immobile.

She lost all rational thought and began hurling a barrage of insults at Vivienne.

"You'll pay for this! You're just like your mother! You're a cheap harlot who seduces men! Your mother's in hell, and you'll join her soon! If you have the guts, kill me! If not, I'll come after you for the rest of my life! I will avenge Katara!"

Vivienne just laughed. "You won't get the chance, Paula."

Paula thought back to Vivienne's earlier words about taking her to Arabella, and a wave of fear washed over her.

But then she burst into hysterical laughter. "Hahaha! Scott lost Katara, and now she's ended up like this, but he never thought his own daughter would turn out to be a devil! You didn't come to find your

family; you came to bring disaster to the Brooks family!

You're just like your mother! You'll bring nothing but doom to the Brooks family! It's pitiful how my parents think you're a good person and always protect you. Hahaha! It's laughable how naive they are!

God! Why don't you strike this little witch down with lightning and let her join her mother?!"

She continued her tirade, but Vivienne remained calm. She showed no signs of anger.

Exhausted, Paula collapsed on the floor while continuing to glare at Vivienne with pure hatred in her eyes.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, Vivienne crouched down and looked at her. After a pause, she said, "I am not Scott's daughter."

Paula's eyes widened in shock. "You..."

Before she could ask anything else, Vivienne had already stood up. "Take her away. I don't want her coming back." She said to Thomas.

"Yes." Thomas replied without hesitation.

Paula was hoisted up to her feet and dragged towards a car.

Suddenly, she started screaming hysterically. "Vivienne! What's your scheme?! What are you planning

to do to the Brooks family?! My brother has been so good to you! Why are you doing this to him?!

You're a curse!

I was wrong! Please let me go! I won't oppose you anymore; just spare the Brooks family! They're

innocent!"

Paula was babbling incoherently.

Vivienne's smile faded, and her face became expressionless as she looked at Paula. "Your only

mistake was messing with my family."

Especially Thaddeus, who was just a child.

She despised anyone who dared to lay a hand on a child.

"But it was Paul who started it!" Paula protested.

Vivienne sneered. "And you think he'll get away with it?"

With that, she turned and walked away, leaving Paula behind.

Percival followed her, but stopped halfway. "Paula has been missing her daughter. Let's give them a

chance to reunite for a few decades, perhaps." He said to Thomas.

"Understood." Thomas replied.

With that, Percival and Vivienne left.

...

The following days were quiet.

Rowan and Ismene continued to play the part of Dorian and Cordelia, coming and going freely while staying at the Brooks Mansion.

Meanwhile, the investigation into the missing infants led by Vivienne and Percival hadn't yielded any results yet.

These past few days, Vivienne had been splitting her time between the lab, checking on her experiments, and arranging the establishment of a new company with Dorian.

Rowan had previously attempted to swindle the perfume formula from Vivienne under the guise of starting a company. In reality, they had no intention of setting up a business; it was all a charade for Vivienne's benefit.

However, it was undeniable that Dorian had a knack for business.

In Havenwood, Beatrice looked down on her meek son and was constantly suppressing him. Little did

she know that the one with true potential was Dorian.

In just a few days, Dorian had already formulated a plan, located a suitable business premise, and started recruiting staff.

However, with Mr. B still at large and the person who had been messaging Vivienne still unidentified,

Dorian had to keep the formation of his company under wraps.

The most pressing issue at the moment was Thaddeus' education.

Since Dorian and Cordelia decided to stay in Rivenwood, Thaddeus could no longer attend Capital

Elementary School in Havenwood, especially since the school was on break.

A few days ago, Vivienne had arranged for Thaddeus' school transfer to Heston Elementary School in

Rivenwood, another prestigious institution.

However, Thaddeus had experienced constant abuse and kidnapping during his transition from

Havenwood to Rivenwood, causing him significant emotional distress. He was finding it difficult to fit in

with his new classmates.

Furthermore, he was lagging behind his peers.

Dorian and Cordelia were worried that he wouldn't be able to keep up academically, so they asked Vivienne to find a private tutor for him.

While Vivienne was capable of teaching him herself, she had her plate full with her lab work, investigating the situation with GTO, and searching for the missing infants. With so much on her plate, Vivienne agreed to Dorian's request.

Chapter 336

Vivienne's intention to hire a private tutor for Thaddeus soon caught Judith's attention.

She promptly came over and volunteered enthusiastically. "Vivienne, I heard you're looking for a tutor for Thaddeus so he can have lessons at home. Why don't you let me handle it?"

Although Thaddeus being kidnapped wasn't her doing, it was still linked to her nonetheless.

She, as Paula's mother, couldn't pretend that the havoc she had caused didn't happen.

"That's not necessary!" Vivienne refused outright.

If she had felt a bit of fondness for Judith before, she certainly wouldn't show her true feelings now.

"If it weren't for Paula's foolishness and the mess she made, Thaddeus wouldn't have been

traumatized." Judith sighed and continued, "Every time I think about it, I feel terrible. Let me make amends by finding a tutor for Thaddeus."

Despite Judith's sincerity, Vivienne remained unmoved. "Judith, I can handle my brother's matters. The

Brooks family need not concern themselves."

Judith stiffened when she heard Vivienne address her like this.

Vivienne used to call her 'grandma.'

Now, she wouldn't even use that term.

It seemed that Paula's actions had deeply hurt her.

Judith sighed. "Vivienne, I know you bear a grudge against me and against the Brooks family, but I

sincerely want to do something for you. Finding a tutor is a small matter. I promise to find a reliable

teacher for Thaddeus."

After a pause, Judith continued, "I noticed you've been coming home late recently, so I assume you're

quite busy. I also heard your foster parents are starting a company, and you're probably helping them.

Let me handle these small matters."

The foster parents she mentioned were actually Rowan and Ismene.

She didn't know their charade, so seeing them frequently coming and going, she knew about their

plans to start a company.

Vivienne narrowed her eyes. Indeed, she had been quite busy lately. Selecting a tutor required careful screening and interviews. Regardless of other factors, the Brooks family should be able to handle this well.

After a moment of silence, Vivienne nodded. "Alright, thank you."

"Don't worry." Judith patted her hand with a smile. "I will find the most suitable tutor for Thaddeus. I will

make sure he doesn't fall behind in his studies!"

While they were talking, a servant came to knock on the door.

"What is it?" Judith asked.

"Miss Pendleton is here. She wishes to see you." The servant quickly reported.

Miss Pendleton?

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. Calista was like a bad penny.

Was she trying to make her anxious to give her some entertainment?

Judith could tell Vivienne didn't particularly like Calista, but she was a guest and a close friend of the

family. They couldn't turn her away, so she signaled the servant to let her in.

The servant nodded and left.

Soon, she brought Calista in.

As soon as Calista entered the living room, she saw Judith and Vivienne sitting there.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she smiled. "Judith, Vivienne."

Her visit wasn't for anything else but to inquire about Vivienne's situation.

The last time she ran into Vivienne near the research institution, she couldn't figure out why she was

there and was even more envious that Percival was there to pick her up.

Vivienne glanced at her indifferently without saying a word.

Judith nodded and smiled. "What brings you here today?"

"Nothing in particular." Calista sat down elegantly, putting on a perfect performance in front of the

elderly lady. "Just that something happened between Vivienne and me before. I felt guilty and wanted

to invite Vivienne for a meal as an apology."

Without even lifting her eyes, Vivienne said indifferently, "No."

"I understand there were many misunderstandings between us, which might have upset Vivienne."

Upon seeing Vivienne's cold expression, Calista quickly put on an apologetic face. "I don't want our misunderstandings to pile up, so it's better to clear them sooner."

"The Pendleton family and the Brooks family are both distinguished families in Rivenwood. We always run into each other. Why make things unpleasant?"

She ended up making Vivienne sound like the unreasonable one.

Vivienne glanced at Calista sitting and sneered. "Are you worthy enough to have a meal with me?"

With that, she got up and left, leaving a stunned Calista behind.

Calista clenched her fists in fury. She never expected Vivienne to be so defiant in front of Judith.

She had politely invited her for a meal, but Vivienne didn't even consider it. She outright refused.

She acted as if Calista were some kind of pest, like just a touch would make her uncomfortable.

"A lot happened recently. Vivienne may not be in a good mood." Sensing Calista's displeasure, Judith

tried to defuse the situation. "Don't take it to heart. Vivienne didn't mean any harm."

"Judith, I don't mind." Calista's smile was quite strained.

Why?

What gave Vivienne the right to be cherished by both Percival and Judith?!

The more she thought about it, the more she didn't understand, causing her resentment to grow.

Judith didn't notice the expression on Calista's face. She turned to the maid beside her and said, "I

want you to find the best private tutor in town. Someone with pristine credentials and a spotless

background. I want nothing but the best, and I want it quickly. Don't delay!"

The maid nodded and left immediately.

Upon hearing this, Calista asked, "Judith, how come you suddenly thought of hiring a private tutor?"

Judith didn't think it was a secret that she needed to hire a tutor for Thaddeus. "Vivienne is thinking

about getting a tutor for her little brother."

Vivienne's little brother?

Calista had heard that Vivienne had a little brother, and he was currently living with the Brooks family.

Wasn't this a golden opportunity?

If she could become Thaddeus' tutor, she could legitimately come and go from the Brooks household

and interact more with Judith and Baron.

She didn't particularly care about her relationship with the Brooks family, but she was aware of the ties

between the older generations.

If she could win the favor of Baron and Judith, her mother could easily marry into the Brooks family,

and with the connection of the Brooks family, marrying Percival would be a breeze.

With that thought, Calista chimed in. "Judith, I actually have some free time lately, so I could help him

catch up on his studies."

"You?" Judith was taken aback.

Calista came from a medical family and was currently working at a research institute. Where did she

find the time to tutor a child?

Calista explained with a smile, "Judith, there's some misunderstanding between me and Vivienne. I

thought this might be a good opportunity to ease our relationship. You wouldn't want us to act like

enemies every time we meet, would you? We're all from the same social circle, after all, and our

families interact regularly. This hostility isn't good for either of us."

Judith could somewhat see through Calista's little scheme, and although she was aware that Calista

was trying to marry her mother off to Scott, she couldn't deny that Calista would indeed make an

excellent tutor. Her credentials were top-notch. She was among the elite nationwide.

After much thought, Judith agreed. "Alright, if you're willing, then I'll have to trouble you. Thaddeus is a child of the Brooks family, and I hope he can learn well, so he won't let Vivienne down."

Calista's lips curled up in a smile as she replied, "Leave it to me. You won't be disappointed."

Chapter 337

With Judith's consent, under the guise of tutoring Thaddeus, Calista began to frequently visit the Brooks Mansion.

The Brooks family was somewhat surprised by her frequent visits, but out of respect for their matriarch, no one raised any objections.

"Thaddeus, could you try solving this problem?"

Calista, bored out of her mind, flipped through his textbook and tossed a workbook in front of Thaddeus.

Thaddeus was still just a kid. He was hardly capable of basic arithmetic.

After looking at the exercises in the textbook, she felt like a joke.

Here she was, a medical prodigy admired by all, teaching a child to add and subtract.

One plus one equals two; two apples plus three apples make five.

If it weren't for her ulterior motives, she would never put up with this.

"Calista." Thaddeus, holding his third-grade workbook, said uncomfortably, "I can't..."

"You're so stupid." Calista scolded him. She closed the textbook and said, "If it weren't for your sister,

Vivienne, do you think you could stay in the Brooks family? You have no connection with the Brooks

family. You're a mere branch member trying to climb up to the main Brooks family. It's wishful thinking!"

Thaddeus bit his lip as tears welled up in his eyes.

"You dare cry?" Calista sneered. "You're just like your sister! You're pretending to be pitiful to gain

sympathy. Who do you think you're fooling? Do you think I will pity you like the Brooks family?"

As she spoke, she gave Thaddeus a pinch out of frustration. "It's all because of your sister! She stole

everything that was mine! You two siblings are the same. You both deserve death!"

Thaddeus tried to dodge, but he still defended Vivienne. "My sister is not like that! You can't speak ill of

my sister! She's good to me! She's good at everything!"

The more Thaddeus defended Vivienne, the angrier Calista got.

Why did everyone think Vivienne was so good? Baron and Richard were also fond of Vivienne, and

Percival treated her like a treasure.

"Shut up!" Calista snapped and lost her temper.

Thaddeus stubbornly looked at her with tears streaming down his face.

"Thaddeus, come have some fruit!" Just then, Judith and a maid walked in and saw this. "What's wrong? Why is he crying?"

The maid placed a bowl of fruit on the table, and Judith quickly strode over to wipe Thaddeus' tears.

"Thaddeus, tell Grandma why you are crying."

"I..."

Thaddeus was about to answer honestly when Calista glared at him sharply.

He closed his mouth in fear and turned his head away.

"The problems were too difficult." Calista quickly pretended to be considerate and answered,

"Thaddeus couldn't solve them and got upset."

Judith believed her and comforted Thaddeus. "If you can't solve them, just learn slowly. Calista is very good. If you learn from her, you will succeed in your studies."

"Of course, Thaddeus is very smart and can catch up quickly. I believe he will catch up soon." Calista's gaze was threatening as she stared at Thaddeus.

"That's right! Thaddeus is Vivienne's brother, so of course he's smart!"

Judith patted Thaddeus' head. "Then study hard. Grandma will have someone prepare your favorite snacks. You can eat them after class."

Thaddeus nodded timidly, not daring to look into Judith's eyes.

Judith soon left with the maid, leaving Calista and Thaddeus alone in the room.

"Good. Just like that. If you dare tell the truth, I'll make you regret it!" Calista satisfyingly said.

Thaddeus lowered his head in fear, not daring to speak.

...

A few days later.

Vivienne had been busy these past few days. The investigation she and Percival had launched regarding the missing infants had yielded results.

A total of twenty infants were missing from three villages.

These three areas were remote and impoverished, and several infants missing from each. The law

enforcement officers were unaware of the GTO organization and treated the cases as kidnappings.

GTO was very secretive; therefore, their superiors were unaware of their activities.

Vivienne and Percival visited these three areas to get a better understanding of the situation.

They wanted to save the children, but they didn't know the exact location of GTO's base, nor did they

know if they would target other areas. Most importantly, they didn't know how many infants GTO

wanted to use for their virus experiments. These were all unknowns.

Currently, the only way to get some answers was to find Mr. B.

But despite their best efforts, they had not been able to locate Mr. B.

Rowan and Ismene also tried to contact Mr. B, but he did not appear.

Therefore, the task of saving the children was handed over to Percival, who was to report to the

national authorities.

After handling this matter, Vivienne returned to the Brooks Mansion.

When she arrived, it was lunchtime.

As soon as she entered, she saw Calista sitting at the dining table.

She frowned, walked over, and sat next to Thaddeus with a displeased expression.

Judith laughed. "Vivienne, we haven't seen you for a few days. Did something happen?"

Vivienne glanced at Thaddeus and replied to Judith's question. "Yes, I had some things to take care of."

As she finished speaking, she reached up to pat Thaddeus' head, but he deftly sidestepped her.

Vivienne's fingers hovered, and her voice was a soft murmur as she asked, "Thaddeus, how have you been these past few days?"

"I'm... I'm doing fine." Thaddeus' voice was so soft that Vivienne, who was sitting next to him, could barely hear him.

Vivienne glanced at him with an indecipherable gaze. She then swept her eyes over the crowd gathered at the dinner table as a cold chill emanated from her.

She looked up at Judith, her voice as cold as a winter frost. "Who has been bullying Thaddeus while I was away?"

Judith looked startled, then she quickly replied, "What are you talking about? Thaddeus is well-respected in the Brooks household. I've made that clear to everyone. No one would dare bully him."

“Is that so?” Vivienne’s fork clattered onto the table. “Do you think I am blind to the changes in my brother?”

The Brooks family members exchanged surprised glances.

“Vivienne, have you misunderstood something? I can assure you that no one in the Brooks household would dare bully Thaddeus.” Judith said quickly.

“Assure?” Vivienne coldly looked at her. “Is your assurance worth anything?”

Judith was taken aback.

Her assurance was indeed worthless.

Despite Paula's repeated disruptions, the Brooks family, although they promised strict punishment, always ended up protecting her because she was their kin.

Just a few days ago, the Miller family unexpectedly showed up, claiming Paula had gone missing. Even though Judith had claimed to sever ties with Paula, she still sent people to search for her.

Judith’s gaze fell on Thaddeus. She hadn’t noticed any changes in him.

From the moment Thaddeus arrived at the Brooks household, he rarely spoke and seemed afraid to

interact with people.

So she didn't understand why Vivienne was so upset.

On second thought, Vivienne and Thaddeus had a close relationship. Perhaps Vivienne had noticed something that others hadn't.

After a moment's consideration, Judith proposed an idea. "Is it the tutoring? Has it been too tiring and made Thaddeus unhappy?"

"Tutoring?" Vivienne asked as she furrowed her brow.

"Yes, Vivienne, I am currently Thaddeus' home tutor." Calista responded calmly, "Were you not aware?"

Chapter 338

No sooner had Calista's words fallen than the Brooks family felt a sudden chill descend upon them.

Vivienne's calm aura collapsed like a fallen soldier, and an oppressive darkness cloaked her.

Carl, Kala, and Ashley felt an involuntary shiver run down their spines.

They turned to look at Judith, unable to comprehend why Calista had been appointed as Thaddeus' tutor.

They had been away from home for the last couple of days and had only returned late last night, so they were ignorant of Thaddeus' new academic arrangement.

Upon hearing this, they were taken aback.

The tension between Calista and Vivienne was palpable to anyone who saw them.

Why would the old lady add fuel to the fire by asking her to tutor Thaddeus?

Vivienne cast a cold glance at Calista, then turned her icy gaze to Judith. "Since when have I agreed to let her tutor Thaddeus?"

Judith was taken aback by Vivienne's question. She stammered, "Vivienne, didn't you ask me to find a tutor for Thaddeus?"

"I might have, but did I specify Calista?" Vivienne returned her question with an impassive expression.

"Vivienne!" Calista's patience seemed to snap. "What do you mean by that? I kindly offered to tutor

your brother, and not only do you not appreciate it, but you also treat me with such disdain?! Isn't that a

bit too much?!"

Vivienne turned her piercing gaze toward Calista. Her eyes were gleaming like a wolf in the darkness, instilling a fear that made Calista involuntarily shut her mouth.

Realizing that Vivienne was genuinely angry, Judith hurriedly tried to explain, "Vivienne, when I asked

the maid to find a tutor, Ms. Pendleton happened to be around. She volunteered to tutor Thaddeus, and considering her impressive credentials and her reputation as a medical prodigy, I thought Thaddeus could learn a lot from her. So, I took the liberty of appointing her."

Before Vivienne could respond, Judith continued, "If you don't approve of Ms. Pendleton, I will ensure she doesn't come here tomorrow. I apologize for not considering your feelings."

She always thought that the friction between Vivienne and Calista was just a minor issue.

She never expected Vivienne to react so explosively.

Her glare was murderous. It was utterly terrifying.

She had never seen Vivienne like this before.

After a long silence, Vivienne turned to Thaddeus and softly asked, "Thaddeus, tell me, has she mistreated you?"

Thaddeus timidly raised his head while his gaze avoided Calista. He responded in a tremulous voice.

"She...she's nice..."

He could not tell the truth. In reality, Calista often resorted to corporal punishment.

Instead of imparting knowledge, she kept bombarding him with questions.

If he failed to answer correctly, various forms of punishment awaited him.

Vivienne, sensing that Thaddeus was hiding something, gently reassured him. "Don't be scared,

Thaddeus. Tell me if she has mistreated you. I will take care of it."

"Sis, I..." Thaddeus had been chastised several times and was now consumed by fear and trepidation.

"Is Vivienne questioning my ability?" Calista interrupted Thaddeus. "Judith entrusted Thaddeus to me,

and I am committed to tutoring him well. My knowledge is more than sufficient to tutor a child."

Vivienne looked at her coldly, causing Calista to feel an inexplicable fear that rendered her speechless.

Vivienne turned back to Thaddeus. "Thaddeus, I want to hear from you."

"I..." Confused and overwhelmed, Thaddeus looked around as his voice dwindled to a whisper.

"What is this supposed to mean? Are you doubting Calista's ability?" Before Thaddeus could respond,

Mila, a guest who had come for a visit, spoke up. She was clearly not happy with the situation.

"Vivienne, tutoring a child isn't easy. It may seem simple, but it's quite challenging."

Mila crossed her arms defiantly. "Only Calista is capable of handling it. I doubt anyone else would be

able to."

Vivienne glanced at her, then turned her gaze back to Thaddeus.

The poor boy was clearly distressed and was too intimidated to speak the truth, given the number of people present.

She leaned back in her chair, observing Mila and Calista.

Moments later, she gave the maid an order. "Fetch an exercise book from Thaddeus' room."

The maid returned quickly with an elementary mathematical Olympiad exercise book.

"If Ms. Pendleton is as competent as she claims, she should have no trouble solving these." Vivienne casually tossed the book onto the table with her gaze fixed on Calista.

Calista picked up the book and flipped to the first page.

Despite her impressive academic credentials, she was unable to solve even these elementary mathematical Olympiad problems. Her face betrayed her embarrassment.

Trying to stay calm, Calista reminded herself that it was just an elementary school exercise book. It was nothing.

She opened the exercise book and glanced at the first problem.

However, after a long time, she was still unable to come up with a solution.

"The answer to the first problem is -1." Vivienne said coolly, with her gaze still fixed on Calista. "Ms.

Pendleton, if you can't even solve a problem this simple, how exactly are you tutoring my brother?"

"You can't even solve elementary mathematical Olympiad problems, Ms. Pendleton?" Kala, who was

watching the unfolding drama with amusement, could barely contain her laughter. "I thought you were a

medical prodigy. Where exactly does your genius lie?"

She had always disliked Mila and Calista. Not a day went by without these two girls, whose dreams

were to marry into the Brooks and Ellington families, acting as if every man in the world should fall at

their feet.

Disgusting!

Carl even wondered aloud. "Can she really be a good influence on Thaddeus? I hope she won't lead

him astray."

Ashley, however, remained silent. She had a good impression of Calista and didn't want to interfere.

After seeing Vivienne pick on her daughter, Mila couldn't stand it anymore and stood up for Calista.

"What's the big deal about being good at elementary school math problems?! Does that really prove anything?!"

The ridicule made Calista's face turn bright red. She had never been subjected to such humiliation. It seemed the only place she had to endure such nonsense was when she was around the Brooks family.

Mila immediately took out her phone and found a set of questions from the latest international math competition. "I dare you to compete with Calista. Who do you think will answer more questions correctly?"

"Hah!" Vivienne smirked. "Sure!"

She was good at putting people in their place. After this, she'd get to the bottom of why Thaddeus was scared.

One person at a time. No one was getting away.

Everyone gathered in the living room and printed out the competition questions.

"Granny, who do you think will win?" Kala asked Judith while enjoying the drama.

Despite not answering, deep down, Judith felt Vivienne might have the upper hand.

Mila, on the other hand, watched Calista answer the questions with full confidence.

Calista had done this set of questions before. She got 92 questions right out of 100. Now that she was doing it for the second time, she was even quicker and more accurate. Even if she didn't score a perfect score, it would still be a very high one.

No matter how smart Vivienne was, she was no match for her daughter.

However, just as Mila was feeling smug, Vivienne finished in less than fifteen minutes.

"I'm done."

Mila was taken aback. "What did you say?!"

Chapter 339

The International Mathematics Olympiad tests might not have tons of problems, but each one is devilishly difficult.

They were fraught with traps and quirks, requiring the solver to patiently unravel them.

One misstep, and you'd be lost in the fog. Your calculations would lead nowhere.

Yet, Vivienne claimed to have solved everything in just fifteen minutes.

How was that possible?

Mila looked at Vivienne in disbelief, while Calista's heart was in turmoil.

This was her second attempt at the problem set, and she was not even halfway through.

How could Vivienne have done it so quickly? She must have just scribbled down answers without even reading the questions.

"Vivienne, problem-solving isn't just about speed; it's also about accuracy." Mila cast a glance at Judith, who was waiting for the results. "What does it prove if you write quickly but don't answer correctly? It's better to take your time and produce a flawless paper."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow as if she'd heard a joke. "Waste of time."

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

Vivienne tossed her paper to Mila. "I can do five sets of these problems in an hour."

"You..." Mila suppressed her anger. "Do you know that these are problems from the International Mathematics Olympiad? They were designed by math experts! Anyone who scores above 90 is considered exceptional!"

She was continuously praising Calista's skills, hoping to impress the Brooks family.

However, Vivienne was unfazed, and her expression remained unchanged.

"Hmm!" Vivienne scoffed. "Your daughter took so long to solve one set. What makes her qualified to

tutor my brother?"

Mila was indignant. But she could find no words to counter.

At this point, Calista had finally completed her paper.

She had given it her all, but she had no idea if she stood a chance.

After seeing Mila about to check the answers, Kala interjected. "For fairness, let's let Grandma check them."

Upon hearing this, Mila and Calista were taken aback.

Mila had originally planned to cover up any errors Calista might have made while checking, but she didn't expect her plans to be thwarted by Kala's sudden interruption.

"There's no need to trouble Grandma with such trivial matters. I can handle it." Mila said.

Kala chuckled. "Don't you trust Grandma to be fair? Or do you think she can't handle such a small task?"

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Mila could only hand the papers to Judith.

Judith was eager to see the results of the contest. She wanted to see whether Calista or her own

granddaughter was the better.

She first corrected Calista's paper and praised her. "Not bad. Got 98 questions right!"

This score was an improvement over Calista's first attempt. A reflection that she had indeed been revising.

Mila also quickly added, "Calista's level is something many graduate students can't match!"

How could Vivienne possibly outperform her daughter? Even if she was a double doctoral student, it didn't matter.

Her Calista wasn't inferior.

In terms of intelligence, Vivienne was certainly no match for Calista.

Judith immediately began checking the next paper. Her expression grew brighter as she progressed, unable to hide her delight by the end.

"Full marks! Full marks! Vivienne didn't make a single mistake!"

Mila and Calista exchanged stunned looks.

How was that possible?

"I knew my cousin wouldn't be outdone by anyone else!" Carl acted as if he had won the competition

himself. He was both proud and elated. "It seems Ms. Pendleton's skills are mediocre. I wonder if she really is capable of tutoring Thaddeus."

Calista felt as if she had been slapped across the face. She could genuinely feel the sting in her cheek.

If it weren't for Judith's presence, she would have lost her temper right then.

"Vivienne is indeed impressive." Calista grudgingly admitted, although she was seething inside. "But I'm more than capable of tutoring Thaddeus."

"Really?" Vivienne looked at her, then walked over to Thaddeus and gently patted his head.

"Thaddeus, tell your sister, do you want her to tutor you?"

Thaddeus bit his lip and didn't dare speak. He was just staring at the ground.

He hadn't forgotten the harsh words Calista had said to him. He feared her punishment.

"Don't be scared." Vivienne softly caressed his head as her voice soothed his scared heart. "I promised to protect you. I'll make sure anyone who bullies you gets their comeuppance."

Thaddeus looked up at Vivienne. After looking into her loving eyes, he felt inexplicably calm.

After hesitating for a moment, he said, "I... I don't like Calista..."

"Thaddeus, how could you say such a thing? It breaks my heart to hear that!" Calista's face changed as she heard this. She forced a smile and said, "I've been doing my best to help you so you wouldn't fall behind in your studies. Even if I was a bit harsh on you, it doesn't mean you should dislike me."

Judith watched the scene in confusion. She was unaware of what had transpired.

"Thaddeus, speak up if you've been wronged!" Carl encouraged him while standing beside Thaddeus.

"If you've been treated unfairly, Grandma will definitely stand up for you!"

With the support of the Brooks family, Thaddeus felt somewhat reassured.

"Calista doesn't teach me. She just gives me problems to solve. If I can't solve them, she hits me, yells at me, and pinches me."

Thaddeus timidly replied as he rolled up his sleeves to reveal his bruised arms from Calista's pinches.

"What?!" Judith stood up in a huff from the sofa.

Vivienne's eyes narrowed. Her gaze turned to Calista with a burning intensity that could tear her to shreds.

"No, no!" Calista quickly defended herself. "Why would I harm a child? Thaddeus, did you just fall and get that bruise?"

She shot Thaddeus a warning look, cautioning him to remain quiet.

Kala, catching sight of Thaddeus's injury, was seething with rage. She blurted out, "You dare deny it?!

You say a fall caused this?! Then why don't you fall and show me how it's done?! This is obviously a

finger-shaped bruise!"

Carl chimed in. "We can have the injury examined. The examination will reveal whether he fell or was

beaten. We can find the truth!"

A sudden fear gripped Calista.

An examination was out of the question.

If they conducted one, everyone would know about her disciplining Thaddeus.

With that thought, she quickly said, "This is all a misunderstanding. I was just... being hard on him

because I care..."

"Yes, that's right!" Mila joined in, defending her daughter. "How else do you get a child to behave? A

little spanking always does the trick!"

"Absurd!" Judith slammed her hand on the table as her whole body shook with anger. "You dare call

hurting Thaddeus a misunderstanding?! You've inflicted harm and left him with emotional scars! Can you bear that responsibility?!"

As Judith's words hung in the air, Vivienne spoke in a calm tone. "Judith, you're saying too much."

Chapter 340

Judith froze, not understanding what Vivienne meant.

Although it was her mistake to employ Calista as Thaddeus' tutor and her failure to notice that Calista was physically punishing Thaddeus, she was now clearly taking Thaddeus' side.

Vivienne ignored Judith. Instead, she walked up to Calista with an expressionless look on her face.

Calista was visibly rattled under Vivienne's gaze. "Vivienne! I..."

WHAM!

Calista barely got out two words before Vivienne sent her flying with a kick.

Vivienne's kick was full of power.

Calista, having no fighting training and no regular physical exercise, was sent crashing into the opposite wall by Vivienne's kick and then fell heavily to the floor.

At the moment of the fall, Calista felt as if all her bones were falling apart.

Then she spat out a mouthful of blood. "Puh!"

Mila was so shocked by the scene that she was completely stunned and didn't react for a long time.

When she finally came to her senses, she let out a loud yell, "Ah!! Calista!"

She rushed over to help Calista, but Calista was in so much pain that she couldn't speak. She could

only look at Vivienne with wide eyes, unable to make a sound.

Judith, along with the Brooks family members, were all taken aback by Vivienne's quick action.

After Mila had just picked up Calista and while the Brooks family members were still stunned, Vivienne

quickly moved forward, grabbed Calista by the collar, and flung her away.

Calista felt as though her bones were about to break from the fall.

Now, she felt as though her internal organs were about to explode, causing her to gasp for air.

She looked up to see Vivienne approaching her like a demon from hell.

With each step Vivienne took towards her, Calista felt like she was being crushed by an invisible giant

mountain, causing her breath to quicken.

She struggled to back away and finally managed to let out a sound. "What... what are you doing?"

Murder... murder is illegal!"

Vivienne continued to walk towards her with an expressionless face and a voice as cold as ice. "I won't kill you! I'll make you wish you were dead!"

In that moment, Calista felt fear.

A fear that she had never experienced before.

She panicked and quickly began begging for mercy. "I was wrong! I will never do it again! Please spare me!"

Vivienne stood in front of her, looking down at her like she was an insignificant ant. "I said whoever dares to hurt my family will suffer a fate worse than death!"

Upon hearing this, Judith's eyes narrowed.

Vivienne was so protective of her adoptive parents' family, yet she was distant with them.

Clearly, they had hurt Vivienne's heart.

"What... what do you want?" Calista saw the coldness in Vivienne's eyes, and inexplicably, she felt as though the end of the world was near.

Vivienne didn't answer. She just picked her up and punched her in the stomach.

Calista spat out a mouthful of fresh blood on the spot.

Mila screamed in fright. "Vivienne! Let go of Calista! I will fight you!"

As she said this, she rushed forward to hit Vivienne, but was instantly kicked away.

Mila was positioned against the door, so Vivienne's kick sent her crashing into it.

Everyone heard a crack. It was the sound of her bones breaking.

Vivienne turned her head, then landed another punch on Calista's stomach.

This time, her fingers were wrapped around several silver needles, which pierced into Calista's stomach when she punched her.

Instantly, an unknown liquid flowed out of Calista's body.

Upon seeing this, Kala, Carl, and Ashley all covered their noses and took a step back.

How embarrassing!

The daughter of the prestigious Pendleton family actually wet herself in public.

After receiving that punch, Calista completely passed out.

Vivienne stood in place, took out a card, and handed it to Carl. "Get me two hundred thousand dollars."

Carl looked at the card she handed him, and his pupils dilated. "A black card!"

This was a globally limited black card.

Only people with a minimum asset of one hundred billion dollars could own this card.

Although the Brooks family was wealthy, only Scott from the entire Brooks family had a black card.

Carl's body jerked, and he quickly said, "I'll go get it right away!"

There was a bank near the Brooks Mansion.

Initially, Carl thought that without an appointment, it would take some time to withdraw two hundred thousand dollars. But to his surprise, when he showed the card, the bank manager personally came out and got him the money in just a few minutes.

While holding the two hundred thousand dollars in his hand, Carl felt baffled.

How was his cousin this incredibly wealthy?!

He had to hold onto her tightly.

Perhaps if his cousin was in a good mood, she might give 12 million to compensate for the money he lost in the auction.

With this thought, Carl happily returned to the Brooks Mansion.

When he got back, Calista was still lying unconscious on the ground.

Mila was also writhing in agony on the ground from Vivienne's kick.

The others in the Brooks family were silent, watching Vivienne, who stood in the middle of the living room, as she exuded a powerful aura.

Carl handed the money to Vivienne. "Cousin, I've got the money."

Vivienne took the money. "Thanks."

Then, she walked up to Calista, took out a silver needle, and pricked her.

Soon, Calista woke up.

Vivienne threw the two hundred thousand dollars in front of Calista. "This is for your medical bills." She coldly said.

Calista gritted her teeth as she looked at Vivienne. "I won't let you get away with this!"

She felt pain all over her body; even breathing was difficult.

She hated Vivienne.

She would definitely not let Vivienne off easy.

The icy glint in Vivienne's eyes sharpened. "You think a beating will make up for the hurt my brother

has endured? Calista, you'll pay for your folly!"

Before Calista could respond, Vivienne whipped out her phone and dialed a number.

"William Pendleton! Your daughter and I have a score to settle. Be at the Brooks' residence in ten minutes!"

Without waiting for a response, she ended the call.

Ten minutes later, a flustered William dashed in.

Upon seeing Vivienne, he hurried over and, with respectful urgency, said, "What's wrong, teacher?"

The room fell silent. Mila and Calista were stunned. They were unable to recover from their shock.

Calista was the first to regain her senses and exclaimed, "Dad! What are you doing? Why are you calling her 'teacher'? She's just a hick from the sticks who's done this to me. Dad, you need to avenge me!"

"Quiet!" William barked. "I've clearly spoiled you rotten!"

Without asking for specifics, William turned to Vivienne and apologized. "I'm sorry for not disciplining my daughter."

He didn't beg Vivienne to forgive Calista.

He knew Vivienne well enough to know that she wouldn't have called him unless she was extremely angry.

"I didn't call you here to hear an apology." Vivienne said coldly.

William bowed his head. "Yes, it's too late to apologize. I'll discipline my daughter better in the future, so she won't offend you again."

Vivienne pulled out a chair and sat down, crossing her legs as she leaned back with a casual air. Her cool gaze fixed on William, and after a long pause, she stated, "William, you've been a cuckold for over twenty years. Surely, you've had enough."

William stiffened and felt perplexed. "What do you mean?"

Mila, however, had a sudden sinking feeling in her heart.

No!

It couldn't be!

Vivienne couldn't be talking about that.

Only a few people knew about that.

"Calista isn't your daughter. She's Scott's. Didn't you know?" Vivienne said in a languid drawl.