

Million-Dollar 41

Chapter 41

Charlotte's eyes nearly popped out of her head in surprise.

Holy cow! Can money really solve problems?

Why hadn't she thought of this method before?

Thirty grand! She had the money!

But Vivienne was a real lifesaver. She could have chosen to run away, but instead she chose to help her out.

Charlotte was deeply moved, so moved that she was on the verge of tears.

Just as she was reeling in surprise, she heard Vivienne point at her and say, "Alright! Thirty grand, she's got you covered!"

Charlotte's tears were gone.

That was a wasted emotional rollercoaster!

"She?" David looked towards Charlotte with a disdainful look, "Does she even have that much money?"

He didn't believe it!

And you couldn't blame him!

After all, Charlotte always dressed in an edgy way, very casual, and often dyed her hair all sorts of colors!

Like right now, the clothes she was wearing were worth less than what the girl next to her was wearing.

Even though Vivienne didn't look like she was loaded either, at least she had the confidence to immediately offer twenty grand.

Not at all like Charlotte!

If she had the money, she would have used it to solve the problem already, why the hassle?

Plain-looking Charlotte was speechless.

She, the princess of the Redwood family, was actually being looked down upon!

With that thought, Charlotte straightened up, lifted her head, "Who are you looking down on? Give me your bank account number, I'll transfer the thirty grand to you right now!"

David handed over his account details with a puzzled expression.

Charlotte quickly took out her phone and transferred the money in a flash.

In less than a minute, David's phone received a notification.

He looked at the number on the message, feeling like he was dreaming, counting with disbelief, "Wow!

It's really thirty grand!"

Charlotte was this rich?!

If he knew earlier, he would have asked for fifty grand!

What a blunder!

But he was a man of his word, since he said thirty grand, he wouldn't go back on it.

"Deal!" Having solved one problem, Charlotte was all smiles, "Next time you see me, better not cause any trouble."

She only knew before that money could be used to buy pretty clothes, makeup, and to enjoy life.

She never thought it could be used this way!

You learn something new every day.

"Of course!"

David paused for a moment, leaned in close to Charlotte, and whispered, "Of course, if there is anything you can't handle, you can always come to me, we can negotiate a price."

Charlotte, "...I have to go."

Charlotte left with Vivienne and her three friends. When they reached the corner of the street, she told her friends to go on ahead.

When it was just her and Vivienne, she finally said, "Thanks for that."

"No problem." Vivienne smiled, "You helped me too."

Charlotte knew she was talking about the Hawthorn family matter, "That wasn't exactly helping you, I just couldn't stand Arabella."

This was her second time meeting Vivienne, but she felt they hit it off well.

When she was at the Hawthorn family's place before, people said Vivienne had a terrible temper and was always expressionless.

But now, it seemed that wasn't the case at all. Vivienne could smile, and when she did, it was beautiful and heartwarming.

Vivienne chuckled softly but said nothing further.

"Let me properly introduce myself. I'm Charlotte, I don't have many friends, if you don't mind, can we be friends?" Charlotte extended her hand.

She did have many friends, too many to count, but she considered those not to be real friends.

They all approached her because of her wealth, they wanted a free meal and drink, waiting for her to pick up the tab. But she was wealthy, and didn't care about that.

Her brief interaction with Vivienne made her feel that Vivienne was different from those people. She wanted to be friends with Vivienne.

Vivienne extended her hand and shook hers, "I'm Vivienne! We can hang out when you're free."

Sounds good.

She didn't have many friends either, having a few more wouldn't hurt.

"I'm twenty, how old are you?" Charlotte asked.

"Nineteen."

"We're around same age, that's nice."

As they chatted, they arrived at the Redwood family's residence.

Charlotte wanted to invite Vivienne for a meal, but Vivienne declined.

She also wanted to give Vivienne a ride home, but Vivienne declined that too.

In the end, she could only say goodbye to Vivienne at the Redwood family's gate, "I'm going home now,

send me a message when you get home, let me know you're safe. Tomorrow is Monday, I have school,

let's hang out again over the weekend."

"Okay." Vivienne replied.

They just exchanged contact information.

After Charlotte went in, Vivienne also returned to Tranquil Estates.

The moment she entered, Dorian checked her over from head to toe, then asked seriously, "Did

Percival do anything inappropriate to you?"

Vivienne was a bit helpless, "No, he's a real gentleman!"

Dorian sighed in relief, as long as she wasn't bullied. But he still said seriously, "Vivienne, even though

you agreed to get engaged to Percival, as a girl, you must protect yourself. Before marriage, there are

certain things you shouldn't do, understand?"

What did she do?

Seeing her silent, Dorian continued, "That Percival may seem polite, but who knows what dark

thoughts he might have. You must be careful. If he dares to do anything inappropriate, you..."

Dorian pondered for a moment, then dashed into the bedroom and came out with a spray bottle. "This is a pepper spray Cordelia bought. Put it in your bag, and if Percival dares to mess with you, spray him till he can't move!"

Vivienne looked up to the sky, thinking that Percival was really out of luck!

"I'll get you a few more self-defence sprays tomorrow. A girl's bag must have one of these," Dorian muttered to himself.

"Okay, got it," Vivienne accepted Dorian's kindness with a smile.

"Also, Vivienne..."

Dorian wanted to say something else but Cordelia suddenly cut him off, "Alright, Vivienne's grown up, she knows how to protect herself. She's tired today, let her rest."

Seeing this, Dorian didn't say anything more.

After saying goodnight to them, Vivienne returned to her room, sent a text to Percival and Charlotte reporting her safety, and then went to sleep.

A knocking sound woke her up.

She had just woken up when she heard a roar from outside, "Vivienne, you little punk, get out here, do

you have any idea how much trouble you've caused me!"

Vivienne frowned, a fierce aura radiating from her.

By the time she stepped out of her room, Dorian had already opened the door.

It was Joseph!

As soon as he saw Vivienne, he yelled uncontrollably, "You little devil, I knew you were a jinx, causing trouble as soon as you're back. And that's not enough, you even dared to take a swing at me! Now the media has put it all over the internet, my reputation is ruined, and Octavia is even asking for a divorce!"

"I'm warning you! You better go and tell Octavia right now that this was a setup by you, or else I won't

let you off!"

Chapter 42

Today was Monday, and many residents in the neighborhood were heading out to work at this time.

There were four families on their floor, all of whom were disturbed by Joseph's ruckus and came out to

see what was going on.

"Can you guys keep it down? This is a residential area, not a supermarket. If you want to make noise,

do it somewhere else."

"What's the security guard doing? Why are they letting anyone in? I was filming late last night and was woken up by the noise. I'm going to give the security a piece of my mind!"

"If you keep making noise, I'm going to call the cops!"

Hearing the complaints from the neighbors, Dorian quickly apologized and dragged Joseph back into the house.

"Bro, why are you stirring up trouble so early in the morning?" Dorian asked with a frown.

"What am I stirring up?" Joseph shouted back with an ugly face, "I'd like to know what you guys are up to! Dorian, this is your lovely daughter, drugging me with aphrodisiacs and spreading those photos around. Is she trying to drive me to my grave?"

"Watch your mouth!" Dorian was about to respond when Cordelia scolded, "It was you guys who drugged Vivienne with aphrodisiacs yesterday and it backfired. Now you're trying to blame her.

Vivienne is only nineteen, how could you accuse her like this? What are you thinking?"

"Cordelia, shut up! This isn't your place to speak! Don't think just because you married my brother, you can boss me around. The Hawthorn family doesn't need you to call the shots!"

"You shut up!" Dorian suddenly shouted back, "She's my wife! I won't let anyone insult her!"

He didn't want to make a big fuss with Joseph, after all, Joseph was his brother.

But he dared to bully his wife in front of him, that was not something he could stand.

"Bro! I already made it clear with mom yesterday. From now on, we live our lives, you live yours. No

interference. You better not stir up trouble for no reason, we don't welcome you here!"

Dorian's stand was never this firm before, he said rationally, "As for the aphrodisiac you took yesterday,

it has nothing to do with Vivienne. You should take it up with mom! If she hadn't asked Arabella to drug

Vivienne, none of this would've happened! Moreover, don't tell me you didn't know anything about it.

Vivienne is the victim, so you have no right to give her a hard time!"

Joseph was left speechless by his words.

He knew about it all along.

It was him who cooperated with Beatrice to do this.

But he never thought that the drug would be used on him, let alone his affair with Emma being

exposed.

Emma was the nanny from last night.

He had been keeping it a secret very carefully, nobody knew about it.

But after the incident last night, the whole thing was exposed by the media. He couldn't cover it up

anymore, and the most embarrassing part was, Octavia had a paternity test done to confirm that they

were father and son, and then she asked for a divorce and demanded compensation.

Now, Octavia's entire family had come to the Hawthorn family, demanding an explanation from him.

He was really stressed out. He had no choice but to sneak out and find Vivienne.

"Anyway, I don't care. It's all because of Vivienne, Octavia wants a divorce. Vivienne has to explain to

me, otherwise, if I'm not living a peaceful life, your family won't be either." Joseph looked fearless.

"You!" Dorian was shocked by his nonsense, not knowing what to say for a while.

Vivienne scoffed, "What do you want me to explain to you?"

"Of course it's..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Vivienne cut him off, "You want me to say that you didn't cheat on

your wife, didn't have an illegitimate child, or didn't bring your mistress into the Hawthorn family?"

"I..." Joseph was left red-faced and speechless by Vivienne's words.

"Joseph! You planned everything so perfectly, wanting Octavia to maintain your dignity and your

mistress to enjoy the treatment of your wife, do you think Octavia is a fool?"

The trending topic about Joseph's personal affairs wasn't leaked by her, she wouldn't stoop to do such a thing.

"You bitch! I'm your elder, how dare you speak to me like that!" Joseph couldn't refute Vivienne's words and was so embarrassed that he became angry.

"I don't just dare to speak to you like this, I dare to give you aphrodisiacs again!" Vivienne looked at him coldly, her voice icy, "Want to try again?"

"You!" Joseph pointed at Vivienne, "It was you! It was you who drugged me with aphrodisiacs, you bitch!"

With that, he raised his hand to hit Vivienne, but suddenly, he fell to the ground.

He fell on his butt and tried to get up, but he had no strength.

He glared at Vivienne and gritted his teeth, "What have you done to me?"

Dorian and Cordelia were both stunned by the scene.

They never thought that Vivienne had really drugged him with aphrodisiacs.

What shocked them even more was that when Joseph was about to hit Vivienne, Dorian instinctively wanted to protect Vivienne, but then he saw Joseph collapse without any warning.

Vivienne clearly didn't do anything, she didn't even move.

This was too strange!

Did Vivienne do it?

Vivienne didn't say anything.

Of course she acted!

Otherwise, how could she have slipped the drug to Joseph?

It's just that she was very quick, so others rarely saw it clearly.

Vivienne squatted down in front of Joseph, looking at him indifferently, "I don't like repaying hatred with kindness, I prefer immediate revenge. Joseph, when I was five, you tried to rape my mom in her room, have you forgotten about that after just over a decade?"

"WHAT?!" Dorian was shocked and quickly went over to ask anxiously, "Vivienne, is that true? Bro..."

Joseph also looked shocked, he never expected Vivienne to know about that incident.

Vivienne snorted, looking down at Joseph, "If Octavia hadn't shown up, you would've had your way,

right?"

Back in the day, her mother was living with the Hawthorn family for some reason. Her mom kept her skills under wraps. She was handy and knew medical stuff, but the Hawthorns figured she was just some country bumpkin who couldn't do anything.

So when Joseph started getting fresh with her, she just tried to dodge him.

Truth be told, nobody knew that if Joseph hadn't stopped, her mom would've made him die!

And, nobody knew who pulled this off.

Joseph should be most thankful that Octavia came along just then and saved his life. Of course,

Octavia didn't see that scene.

"You!" Joseph's mouth fell open, his face pale with shock, "How did you know?"

Vivienne graced him with a bright, dazzling smile, "I was just outside the door!"

Even though she was smiling, it still sent chills down your spine!

Chapter 43

Joseph was dumbstruck, staring at Vivienne without uttering a word.

She had been hiding behind the door, and he hadn't noticed!

What did it mean that she had slipped him a aphrodisiac?

As if to answer his silent question, Vivienne's grin widened. "What happened yesterday was payback

for what you did years ago, Joseph. You weren't wrongly accused!"

Her expression was surprisingly calm, not a trace of anger on her face.

But that made her all the more devilish.

"You!" Joseph pointed at Vivienne, "You're nothing but trouble!"

"Enough! Big bro!" Dorian suddenly roared. "Evelyn is your sister-in-law, and you did that to her. Now

you dare to insult Vivienne. Do you think I wouldn't cut ties with you?"

He was filled with regret.

Utter regret!

When he knew Beatrice disliked Vivienne's mother, he had thrown himself into his work, thinking that if

he tried harder, Beatrice would accept Vivienne's mother.

As a result, he had completely neglected his family.

"Get out of my house. From now on, you're not welcome here," Dorian said, pointing towards the door.

He wanted to seek justice for Vivienne's mother, but without evidence, even calling the police wouldn't

help if Joseph just denied everything.

The only thing he could do was to break off contact with Joseph.

"What do you want Vivienne to explain?" Cordelia couldn't hold back her anger. "What about you and Emma? Vivienne did drug you, but that was because you drugged her first. She was just getting back at you!"

Cordelia spoke up resolutely. "You cheated on your wife, you even have a bastard child. You did something wrong and you blame Vivienne? Where's your dignity?"

Cordelia had been having a hard time in the Hawthorn family these past few years.

Her family wasn't well-off, and after marrying Dorian, she was looked down upon by Beatrice and his brothers.

Despite her low status, she had her pride, but she had been enduring it all for Dorian.

Hearing Joseph, a complete jerk who had bullied Vivienne's mother, she couldn't hold it in any longer.

At that moment, she realized that excessive patience would never earn their respect, but would only make things worse.

Rather than enduring, it was better to break ties.

Their daughter had to keep them away from him.

"Shut up! This isn't your place to talk!" Joseph shouted angrily.

"This is my house! I'm Dorian's lawful wife! I'm Vivienne's stepmother! I have the right to speak here!"

Cordelia retorted sternly. "Leave my house now, or I'll call the police."

Joseph hadn't expected the usually docile Cordelia to be so firm, and he was taken aback.

After a moment, he regained his senses and barked, "Call the police! Go ahead! She drugged me, and

you're still on her side? I wanna see if she can walk away scot-free after the police get involved."

Vivienne suddenly smiled and said, "Me drugging you? Do you have any proof?"

"I..." Joseph was speechless.

He had no evidence.

Vivienne was leaning against the wall, her arms crossed over her chest, and she said lightly, "You have

no evidence that I drugged you, but I have evidence that you drugged me. Wanna try your luck?"

If it were anyone else, they wouldn't have the guts to stand here and argue with her.

If they weren't causing trouble, that would be her mistake.

But Joseph was Dorian's brother.

Although Dorian had always been protecting her, she could still feel that Dorian didn't want to escalate family conflicts.

He had been protecting her, and she hadn't been overly demanding of the Hawthorn family because of him.

Sometimes she even wondered, she had only been getting along with Dorian for half a month, but she had already strayed from her original intention when she first came to the Hawthorn family.

She had come to the Hawthorn family without any intention of letting them off easy.

What had changed her mind?

Probably the affection Dorian had shown her.

"You!" Joseph was fuming, but he also realized that Vivienne was cunning. If he kept causing a scene,

she would definitely call the police.

And he had no proof that Vivienne had drugged him.

Instead, the Hawthorn family was at her mercy.

Ever since the banquet, rumors and scandals about the Hawthorn family and him had been swirling around. The Hawthorn family couldn't afford another scandal.

Joseph tried to stand up but found himself too weak. He gritted his teeth and said, "You just wait and see. I won't let this go."

After saying this, he glared at Dorian, "Aren't you going to make her give me the antidote?"

Dorian was unhappy with his attitude, but he was his brother after all. He could only look at Vivienne helplessly, "Vivienne..."

Without making things more difficult for Joseph, Vivienne crouched down and shoved a pill into Joseph's mouth.

After Joseph took the antidote, he stormed off angrily.

Once he was gone, the house fell silent.

After a long while, Dorian turned to Vivienne, "Vivienne... Did you really drug Joseph yesterday?"

Even though Vivienne had admitted it herself, he still couldn't believe it.

He couldn't believe that Vivienne would have such a harmful drug.

In his eyes, Vivienne was a kind-hearted girl. She wouldn't hurt people like this.

Even though Joseph had it coming.

Vivienne looked up at Dorian, her eyes cast down and her voice mild, "Mr. Dorian, he is your family. I don't acknowledge him. If you mind, I can move out."

"Nah, that's not what I meant." Dorian hastily explained, "What I meant was, if you've been wronged, you should have told me. I could have helped you out. You shouldn't have let yourself get into such a pickle!"

He was feeling bad for Vivienne, but he wasn't blaming her.

"So what if I told you?" Cordelia suddenly piped up. "Could you take on your mom or your bro? I reckon Vivienne did the right thing! If we can't help her, why shouldn't she take revenge for herself and her mom? That kind of person deserves to get their comeuppance."

Hearing this, Dorian seemed to see the light, "Yeah, he should pay for his actions. Vivienne, you did the right thing."

Seeing that he wasn't blaming her, Vivienne cracked a small smile.

"Vivienne, when did you start learning medicine? How come you've never mentioned it?" Cordelia

asked, remembering Vivienne's medical skills.

"I started learning when I was bored up in the mountains." Vivienne paused, then added, "I've been learning since I was ten."

A look of delight spread across Cordelia's face, "So you're pretty good then?"

"I'm alright." Vivienne answered modestly.

Cordelia didn't respond, but she made a decision in her mind.

Chapter 44

Right at that moment, the doorbell rang.

Cordelia got up to answer it and was a bit taken aback when she saw who was at the door. But she

quickly regained her composure and greeted with a smile, "Richard, you're here? Come on in."

Since they were discussing the marriage between the two families, the presence of an elder was necessary. Percival alone wasn't enough.

Richard was a bit older and was expected to arrive at noon, but he showed up before nine.

Upon seeing Richard, Dorian immediately stood up and greeted him respectfully, "Richard, have a seat."

Although he was reluctant about Vivienne marrying Percival, Richard was a respected elder and

deserved respect.

Vivienne also greeted, "Hi, Mr. Richard!"

At the same time, Percival, Leopold, and Thomas also greeted Dorian and the others, "Mr. Dorian, Ms.

Cordelia, howdy."

They nodded to Vivienne as a courteous greeting.

Everyone sat down after exchanging greetings.

Cordelia went to get some coffee. Their family wasn't wealthy and couldn't afford the good stuff on a regular basis. Dorian was the main coffee drinker.

Now that they had guests, it wouldn't be appropriate to serve this grade of coffee.

But it was too late to buy new coffee beans, so she had no choice but to serve the brewed coffee, "I'm sorry, all we have is this regular coffee. If you're not used to it, I can go get some right now."

Richard picked up the coffee, sniffed it, then took a sip, "This coffee is great, rich and slightly sweet. It's better than what I usually drink. Where do you get it? I'd like to get some for myself."

Dorian and Cordelia were quite nervous initially, but they relaxed upon hearing this. Their impression of

the Ellington family greatly improved.

Their impression of Percival also got better.

If it were other people, they might have found the coffee not good enough.

But they not only didn't think so, but also showed a warm smile on their faces.

"We grew these coffee beans ourselves. We could give some of them to you if you enjoy it." Cordelia said.

"Is it coffee beans grown at your place?" Richard said with surprise, "Great! I love to drink this natural coffee. I won't stand on ceremony then."

"Sure."

With Richard saying so, the two families felt even closer.

The engagement of Percival and Vivienne was set for ten days later, but three days had passed since that point.

So according to the current timeline, the engagement would be in seven days.

"We, the Ellington family, are offering a check of ten million as a wedding gift, along with three

Rivenwood properties, as Vivienne's personal wealth. Two cars, also for Vivienne. After the wedding,

they can live with me if they want, or they can stay in Percival's villa."

The gift for Vivienne, in addition to the ten million cash, was much better than what was given to Arabella.

It was evident that they put thought into it.

Cordelia and Dorian looked at each other, neither of them rushing to respond.

Richard didn't urge them either.

Percival, Leopold, and Thomas were all sitting quietly.

Marriage was a serious matter and had to be decided by the adults.

After a while, Cordelia started talking, "Richard, Dorian and I discussed it last night. Vivienne's mother is deceased, so Dorian has entrusted Vivienne's marriage to me."

Richard nodded, signaling her to continue.

Cordelia went on, "I think the young couple's wedding should follow our local tradition. Our country weddings usually cost nearly one hundred thousand, city ones about one hundred and fifty thousand.

We're okay with a wedding budget of eighty-eight thousand."

Richard and Percival were both surprised to hear this.

Vivienne was also taken aback.

She had no objections to Cordelia deciding on her marriage, as she could feel Cordelia's sincerity.

Even if the other party offered ten million for her wedding, she felt it was deserved.

What surprised her was Cordelia only needed eighty-eight thousand.

During this time, in order to cover family expenses and Thaddeus' tuition, Cordelia had used up Astrid's savings, almost a hundred thousand.

Eighty-eight thousand wouldn't even be enough to compensate Astrid's savings.

"As for the money we'll contribute, we'll prepare a property and a car worth around one hundred thousand for Vivienne. These are her premarital assets, hers alone. Besides, we'll also prepare a ring worth eight thousand for Mr. Ellington, as well as a suit worth five thousand."

After Cordelia finished, the room fell silent, the ticking of the wall clock the only sound.

Richard and Percival were completely stunned by Cordelia's words.

They had never seen such a stepmother.

She wasn't greedy, she considered everything for her stepdaughter.

Her generosity was unmatched even by many noble families.

Tears were already welling up in Vivienne's eyes.

She lost her mother when she was nine. Apart from the warmth in her memories, she couldn't feel the warmth of the world, she found it cruel.

Cordelia, however, was like a beam of light, suddenly illuminating her inner world.

After a moment of silence, Richard suddenly slapped the table and said, "Good! Very good! Cordelia, you're one of the few people I've ever met who really impressed me. Let's do it your way."

Chapter 45

As for the engagement dowry, both families had no objections and decided to go with Cordelia's suggestions. If for some reason the kids decided to call off the wedding due to personal issues, the Hawthorn family would refund the wedding gift in full.

Of course, taking a wedding gift during the engagement was a tradition on the Havenwood side.

Aside from that, the engagement banquet would be hosted by the bride's side.

The engagement banquet was kept simple. Once both families agreed on the attendees, they booked a hotel. Consider that sorted.

After Richard and his family had dinner at our place, they left.

Once they were gone, Vivienne walked up to Cordelia, her eyes silently studying her.

Cordelia was a bit confused by her intense gaze and asked, "What's up?"

Vivienne pressed her lips together, not saying a word.

Seeing this, Cordelia started to panic, "Do you think the wedding gift we're asking for is too little? Let me explain, we..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Vivienne suddenly hugged her and said, "Thank you."

Cordelia was taken aback.

Ever since Vivienne returned, she had always kept her distance, rarely talking. Cordelia didn't expect

Vivienne to suddenly hug her, she felt a bit awkward, "Why are you thanking me all of a sudden?"

Apart from her mother, Vivienne had never hugged anyone else. She pulled away from Cordelia, a bit embarrassed, and didn't say anything else.

Dorian was equally surprised, but he quickly understood and said, "Vivienne is thanking you for treating her like your own child."

This realization made him feel bittersweet. His beloved Vivienne had never hugged him before.

"Is that so?" Cordelia looked at Vivienne.

Vivienne nodded, "I've heard that stepmothers are usually mean!"

Cordelia couldn't help but laugh, "You're your father's daughter and I'm his wife. Of course I would treat you as my own. I'm a mother too, I couldn't do something wicked like that."

Vivienne smiled, "Cordelia, you're the best."

"You're so sweet." Cordelia grinning from ear to ear.

Being praised by her stepdaughter was indeed something to be proud of.

Vivienne suddenly said, "Don't worry about the wedding. I can buy my own house."

"How could we let you do that?" Cordelia quickly interjected, "As your parents, we should handle your wedding. You don't need to worry about this. We've already discussed it, your father will look for a job.

If he can't find a good one, he'll work on a construction site. He can make ten thousand dollars a

month. You're still young, you won't get married for another two or three years at the earliest. We'll save

up to buy a house and a car, although the house might be a bit small."

Upon hearing this, Vivienne was moved. Even though Dorian was from the Hawthorn family, he was

willing to work on a construction site for her.

"No need, keep the money for Astrid."

"She's not in a hurry. I've asked her. She said she's not thinking about marriage yet, her boyfriend isn't reliable."

Upon hearing this, Vivienne didn't say anything else.

She knew it was impossible for Dorian to do heavy labor.

Dawson should arrange Dorian's job by tomorrow at the latest.

In the afternoon.

Cordelia picked Thaddeus up from kindergarten. As the family was getting ready for dinner, Arabella came by.

Seeing her, Dorian and Cordelia's faces instantly turned serious.

Just thinking about her drugging Vivienne made them want Arabella to leave.

However, since Arabella was adopted by them, they didn't want to be too harsh. They just kept a serious face and let her in.

Cordelia, who was about to serve dinner, took the food back into the kitchen.

Arabella looked upset. Was she really not even going to get a meal here?

It seemed Cordelia knew what she was thinking and said, "Our food is very simple. You're used to the good food at the Hawthorn family, so you might not like it. That's why we're not eating together."

Her tone was cold.

Arabella clenched her fists. It was clear to her that the distance between her and Dorian's family was irreparable.

Shaking off her thoughts, Arabella smiled and said, "Mom, Dad, Grandma sent me. She heard that Vivienne and Mr. Ellington are engaged and she wanted me to tell you that since the Ellington family is a wealthy family, Vivienne, as Mr. Ellington's future wife, needs a certain level of education. She wants Vivienne to go to school."

Dorian and Cordelia were taken aback, "School?"

"Yes! Grandma said it's too late for Vivienne to start from elementary school, so she wants her to start from twelfth grade at least, to get a high school diploma. But considering Vivienne's situation, she might not get into a good school, so Grandma is willing to pay for her to go to Cloudcrest High School, Class

Eighteen."

Upon hearing this, Dorian and Cordelia's faces turned serious.

Beatrice was out of line.

Vivienne was already nineteen, and Beatrice wanted her to start from elementary school?

It sounded like she was paying for her to go to Cloudcrest High School, but everyone in Havenwood

knew that Class Eighteen at Cloudcrest High School was a mess.

The students in that class were all from wealthy families. They were unruly at school, bullying the

teachers was common, and no teacher dared to teach that class anymore.

If Vivienne went to that class, who knows how much bullying she would have to endure.

"Tell your granny not to worry about Vivienne anymore. I'm thinking of sending her off to med school,"

Cordelia said seriously.

She'd had this idea since the morning, but with Percival's family coming over to ask for Vivienne's

hand, it had slipped her mind. She hadn't even had the chance to run it by Vivienne yet.

Arabella was taken aback. "Med school?"

Vivienne seemed surprised too.

Hatred almost spewed from Arabella's eyes.

No one had ever given a damn about her education when she was in this family. Now, the moment

Vivienne stepped back in, someone was planning her life for her.

What kind of kind woman was Cordelia pretending to be? She was nothing but a stepmother. Did she

think Vivienne would fall at her feet in gratitude?

She must be dreaming!

Vivienne was the definition of an ingrate. Otherwise, how could she have plunged the Hawthorn family

into such a mess?

Arabella hid her emotions and said quietly, "Even if Vivienne wants to go to med school, she needs at

least a high school diploma. Right now, she doesn't have any qualifications, and no school will accept

her."

At this, both Dorian and Cordelia fell silent.

Arabella had a point. Medical colleges were universities, and Vivienne hadn't received a formal

education. Even if she went, she might not be able to learn well.

If Vivienne were to go to high school now, she might not be able to keep up, let alone in Class Eighteen

at Cloudcrest High School. That was more than just a place to study.

Vivienne gave Arabella a deep look and a faint smile tugged at her lips. "You think I should go to

Cloudcrest High School?"

"Of course. I wish you well."

Vivienne withdrew her gaze and said calmly, "Then I'll go."

Dorian and Cordelia were shocked. "Vivienne..."

A triumphant smile crossed Arabella's face. Before they could say anything, she said, "I'll go tell

Granny right away..."

"No need, I'll go myself," Vivienne said calmly.

Arabella was taken aback. "Sis, it's Cloudcrest High School. Without Granny's help in the admission

process, you won't even get past the front door."

Vivienne raised her head and looked at her calmly. "Who said I was going to study?"

"Didn't you just say... "

"I did say I was going to Cloudcrest High School. But as a teacher!"

Chapter 46

As soon as Vivienne finished her words, the room was so quiet it felt like time had stopped.

Dorian, Cordelia, and Arabella were all staring at Vivienne in disbelief.

Their brains seemed to have short-circuited, leaving them utterly speechless.

"Sis, you said you're going to teach at Cloudcrest High School?" Arabella was the first to snap out of it,

her face still full of disbelief.

Had she misheard or was she dreaming?

Vivienne had said she was going to teach at Cloudcrest High School?

Was she out of her mind?

A person without any formal education was going to be a teacher, and at a prestigious school in

Havenwood, no less?

Did she think the school was her own property?

Vivienne leaned back in her chair and nodded seriously, "You heard right."

Arabella thought, "How dare you! How could you even say that?"

Dorian and Cordelia were completely dumbfounded. They didn't process the conversation between

Vivienne and Arabella.

Their minds were filled with the question, was there something wrong with Vivienne?

How could she say something so absurd?

Arabella was infuriated by Vivienne's words and couldn't help but stand up, "Fine, then I can't wait to see how you're going to teach at Cloudcrest High School. I'll be waiting for you there."

A country girl had the audacity to make such a brazen statement!

She'd love to see Vivienne make a fool of herself!

Vivienne gave a slight smile, "You don't have to wait for me, I won't be teaching you."

Even if Arabella wanted to learn, she had no intention of teaching her.

Arabella snorted coldly and turned to leave, not even bothering to maintain the facade of politeness with Dorian and the others, and walked away with a cold expression.

After she left, Dorian and Cordelia finally snapped back to reality.

They stared at Vivienne for a long while before Cordelia finally spoke, "Vivienne, don't take Arabella's words to heart. If you want to go to school, we can help you find a more average school where you

won't feel so pressured. Once you graduate from high school, you can go to medical school."

She intuitively believed that Vivienne had said what she did just to annoy Arabella.

Vivienne looked up at them, seriousness written all over her face, "Mr. Dorian, Cordelia, I wasn't joking.

The principal of Cloudcrest High School has offered me a position as the homeroom teacher of Senior

Class Eighteen, with a salary of ten thousand dollars a month!"

The principal had been pleading with her, even sending her private messages detailing the situation of

Senior Class Eighteen at Cloudcrest High School, and offering a salary of ten thousand a month. She

had turned him down multiple times.

But now...

Some people were asking for trouble!

So she wasn't going to hold back.

Seeing her serious demeanor, Dorian and Cordelia exchanged glances, then quietly got up, "The food

is getting cold, let's eat."

Vivienne went silent.

Was that— disbelief?

She wasn't bluffing!

Why didn't they believe her?

Did she have an untrustworthy face?

Thinking this, Vivienne walked over to the mirror and took a careful look at her beautiful face, touching

it with her finger. She mumbled in confusion, "I look pretty good! Why don't they believe me?"

With a sigh, she silently made her way to the dining table.

After dinner, Vivienne returned to her room and sent a message to the principal of Cloudcrest High

School, informing him that she accepted his offer.

The principal sent a flurry of excited messages in response, expressing his warm welcome.

Vivienne said, "Most people in Havenwood are very welcoming, aside from a few."

At seven o'clock, Vivienne was rudely awakened by two sharp screams.

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

The screams were so sharp and loud that the entire room seemed to vibrate!

Vivienne rubbed her ears and walked out of her room, "What happened?"

Inside the living room, Dorian and Cordelia were staring at their phones in shock.

After a while, Dorian finally spoke to Cordelia, "Give me two slaps, I need to know if I'm dreaming!"

"Slap!"

Without hesitation, Cordelia slapped him across the face!

Did she really slap him??

"Ouch! It hurts!" Dorian's face was filled with excitement.

"Ouch! My hand hurts too!" Cordelia looked at her slightly swollen hand. She had hit him hard, which

meant she wasn't dreaming!

Seeing Vivienne, Dorian quickly walked over to her, "Vivienne, give me two slaps too."

Vivienne said, "That's not appropriate."

"It's okay, it's just the two of us. You won't tell anyone." Dorian moved his face closer, "Quick, slap me

twice. I need to make sure I'm not dreaming!"

Vivienne's mouth twitched, and she said solemnly, "It's seven in the morning, you're at Tranquil

Estates, the sun's up as usual, there's steam coming off your cup of coffee, you— —are not dreaming!"

"Am I really not dreaming?" Dorian still seemed a bit skeptical.

"You're not." Vivienne seemed a bit exasperated, "So, can you tell me what happened?"

Hearing Vivienne's firm answer, Dorian finally felt certain about one thing — he was not dreaming.

He excitedly handed his phone to Vivienne, opening the call log, "See what this is?"

Vivienne glanced at the number of the first call and immediately understood!

That number belonged to Dawson!

She didn't expect Dawson to call Dorian so early, and personally at that.

No wonder Dorian thought he might be dreaming!

Anyone else might have thought they were dreaming too!

The chairman of Alliance Enterprises had personally called him, the odds of that happening were

incredibly slim.

"I got hired by Alliance Enterprises," Dorian started chattering when Vivienne didn't respond. "And it

was Dawson, the chairman of Alliance Enterprises, who personally called me."

Dorian's face was all smiles. "Holy cow! It's Alliance Enterprises, I can't even fathom working there, let

alone as a project manager. And the cherry on top is a million-dollar annual salary! And that's not even counting the commissions!"

Vivienne chuckled, "Congrats."

Dorian's previous position at Hawthorn Group was a project manager. Dawson, being a detail-oriented person, particularly created this position for him.

But a million-dollar annual salary...

Dawson might have given such a high salary because of Vivienne's relationship. Cordelia snapped out of her shock and said, "That's fantastic, you don't need to work elsewhere anymore, Vivienne's wedding fund is secured."

Dorian and Cordelia were elated for a while before Dorian realized, "Crap, Mr. Dawson asked me to report at the office at eight o'clock so I can't be late. I'm skipping breakfast, you guys eat up, I'm gonna go."

With that, he was out the door like a shot.

All Vivienne and Cordelia could do was share a wry smile.

After finishing breakfast, Cordelia started cleaning up the house while Vivienne headed out.

She was going to Cloudcrest High School.

Considering Dorian and Cordelia didn't seem to trust her yesterday, she decided not to tell Cordelia where she was going.

Chapter 47

Vivienne hopped into a cab, telling the driver to head for Cloudcrest High School. Once she arrived, she paid the fare and made a beeline for the principal's office.

Vivienne had never been to Cloudcrest High School before. She randomly asked a student for directions and quickly found her way.

As she neared the principal's office, she heard voices inside.

Vivienne swore she wasn't trying to eavesdrop; it just so happened that the door was ajar.

Because there were people talking inside, she didn't want to barge in uninvited, so she decided to hang out by the door.

Consequently, the conversation inside made its way to her ears.

"Principal, I can't deal with the students in Class Eighteen any longer, last time they put a trash can over my head and gave me a beating. I've still got the bruises. If you insist on me teaching Class

Eighteen, I'll have to quit." Vivienne peeked inside the office, the speaker was a man in his forties, wearing glasses, looking like a gentleman. His face was filled with pain as he rubbed his arm.

"I can't handle them either, they used to put cockroaches in my textbooks, but this time they put a rat in it! You know how terrified I am of rats." A woman in her thirties added, "These students are beyond redemption. I'm at my wits' end."

"Principal, you can't keep throwing us under the bus, we're not trying to shirk our responsibilities, it's just we can't get through to them. We're here to teach, not to risk our lives!" Another male teacher chimed in.

The Principal Lysander Harper exhaled a deep sigh, "I understand, you've all been put in a tough spot.

But we can't just let it slide. The higher-ups have issued an order, if none of the students from Class Eighteen get into college this year like before, then our status as an elite school will be revoked."

Lysander felt helpless hearing the teachers' complaints. Havenwood was a big city, home to many high schools, but only Cloudcrest High School was an elite school.

The school fees for this elite school were astronomical, yet every year, many people would do whatever it takes to get in, causing a headache for the regular schools trying to recruit students.

Especially because Cloudcrest High School had a class known as the "demon class"—senior year

Class Eighteen.

The students in this class all came from wealthy families, their academic performance was abysmal, and they were all lumped together in the same class. These students were notorious troublemakers, and things only got worse when they gathered together.

They often bullied teachers and classmates, it was all too common.

The key issue was, Lysander couldn't expel them!

Because these students' parents all made donations to the school.

Although he was the principal, he had the power to expel other students but not those in Class Eighteen, as that needed approval from the school board.

However, Class Eighteen's behavior was too outrageous and was severely affecting other students. As a result, many parents jointly reported this to the Department of Education who took this matter seriously. They demanded that Class Eighteen be rectified. If none of the students from Class Eighteen got into college this year, the school's elite status would be revoked.

This news had the school board on edge, urging him to find a solution.

What could he do?

"We understand that this will tarnish the school's reputation, but sir, Class Eighteen... it's a real hellhole, we all want to live a little longer!"

Lysander felt troubled. He sat down, took a sip of water, and fell silent for a while.

When he looked up again, he noticed a figure standing outside the door. He took a closer look and his face lit up with joy, he quickly stood up, "Miss Vivienne, you're finally here!"

That's great! His savior was here!

She was here to deal with those demons!

His good days were coming!

"Mr. Lysander." Vivienne walked in and greeted Lysander.

"I'm at ease now that you're here."

Lysander wasn't just buttering her up, he truly felt relieved.

When Vivienne messaged him, he was thrilled, but then he started to worry that Vivienne might change her mind after a good night's sleep. That kept him up all night.

Now seeing Vivienne standing in front of him, he felt he could finally get a good night's sleep.

"Mr. Lysander." Vivienne greeted Lysander again, without any further ado, she asked, "Shall we begin class now?"

Lysander had already given her the lowdown on Class Eighteen when he invited her to the school.

She roughly knew what the class was all about.

For Class Eighteen students, she did not care too much. They were just some presumptuous rich children, but those more presumptuous than them could be trained to be obedient by her.

"Hold on, let me introduce you."

Lysander noticed the three teachers in his office looking at Vivienne with puzzled expressions. He said to them, "This is our newly appointed class teacher for Class Eighteen, and she will be in charge of all Class Eighteen related matters."

Then he turned to Vivienne and introduced the forty-something man in glasses, "This is Mr. Dennis, the math teacher."

Then he pointed to the woman in her thirties, "This is Ms. Abby, the foreign language teacher."

And then to the younger male teacher, "This is Mr. Arkle, the chemistry teacher."

After the introductions, he told Vivienne, "The other teachers have gone to their classrooms. I'll introduce you to them later."

Vivienne nodded and greeted a few teachers, "Hey, Mr. Dennis, Ms. Abby, Mr. Arkle, what's up?"

The three teachers didn't react.

They were freaking out!

It took them a while to pull themselves together. They looked at her in shock, then turned to Lysander,

"Principal, you gotta be kidding me, right? She's the one in charge of Class Eighteen?"

Isn't she a bit too young?

She's only a year older than the students in Class Eighteen, she's practically a student herself, isn't she?

And she's supposed to teach others?

The principal laughed, "No, I'm not messing with you. She's the new teacher in charge of Class

Eighteen. You can rest easy when you have to substitute in Class Eighteen from now on. With her around, those kids won't dare to step out of line!"

He met Vivienne five years ago.

She was only 14 then!

He and his friends were hiking and they accidentally wandered into Emerald Mountain. Emerald

Mountain was treacherous, full of traps, he stepped into one and thought he was a goner. When he

was bracing himself for death, Vivienne saved him.

He and his friends recovered from their injuries at the Emerald Monastery and found out it was a place

for training self-defensive arts. There were only ten students, including Vivienne.

He's a principal, he's seen plenty of rich kids. That day, he ran into three students who used to be in

Class Eighteen.

Vivienne was training them. Under her guidance, these students were very disciplined, no matter how

intense the training was, they didn't complain once.

Especially those three from Class Eighteen, he had seen them turn the school upside down before. But

in front of Vivienne, they were as tame as lambs.

He felt a deep admiration for Vivienne immediately.

Later, he left Emerald Mountain, but he kept in touch with Vivienne. Actually, it was his initiative, he thought he might need Vivienne's help one day.

Now he really needed her!

"Principal, this isn't a funny joke! How old is she? Can she even be a teacher? Has she even graduated yet?" Mr. Arkle looked at Vivienne, frowning, "You're just pulling a rabbit out of a hat, getting anyone you can to come to the school."

Chapter 48

Although Mr. Dennis and Ms. Abby didn't voice their thoughts, they were actually in agreement with Mr. Arkle.

Lysander was not upset, "Since I managed to invite her, she must have already graduated. As this year's graduates impact the school's reputation, with Ms. Vivienne in Class Eighteen, you guys should be more at ease."

"Principal!" Mr. Arkle voiced his dissatisfaction, "I have already stated, I can't teach Class Eighteen, I won't do it."

He paused for a moment before continuing, "You know better than anyone else what kind of hellhole Class Eighteen is. I advise you not to send this young girl there. She's only around nineteen, and

there's no guarantee she'll make it out of Class Eighteen in one piece, let alone be able to discipline the students there. Are you joking?" novelbin

Mr. Dennis and Ms. Abby both nodded in agreement, chiming in, "Principal, we get that you're in a rush, but you're hurting this girl with your actions."

Lysander rubbed his temples, feeling a headache coming on.

They hadn't seen Vivienne's capabilities, so he couldn't blame them.

But the task of acting as a substitute still needed to be carried out by them. Even if Vivienne was really capable, she couldn't possibly teach all of Class Eighteen's courses.

Lysander looked at Vivienne, "Ms. Vivienne, what do you think?"

In private, he referred to Vivienne as Ms. Vivienne, but in the school, he had to refer to her as Ms.

Vivienne.

Vivienne gave a small smile, not taking offense at what the three teachers had said. She simply said,

"Let the teachers rest for now. I'll notify you when it's time to start teaching."

She was only responsible for maintaining order among the students, not for teaching.

Even so, she was capable of teaching!

But Mr. Arkle thought that Vivienne, so young and boastful, expecting them to cooperate with her, was simply laughable!

So, he responded sarcastically, "Great! If you can maintain order in Class Eighteen, I'll give them extra lessons after school every day, free of charge."

"Thank you, Mr. Arkle." Vivienne remained respectful throughout.

Seeing that the matter was settled, the teachers said nothing more and left.

After they left, news that Class Eighteen had a new class teacher quickly spread throughout the school.

Meanwhile, Lysander and Vivienne were unaware that the news had already spread across the school.

Lysander initially wanted to explain the situation further to Vivienne, but Vivienne asked him to take her directly to Class Eighteen.

She was a principled person. During work hours, she believed in doing what was within her job scope, to earn her keep.

In senior grade three, Class Eighteen.

The class was currently abuzz when suddenly a student ran in, excitedly saying, "Did you guys hear?"

We have a new class teacher, and she's a woman! She's on her way here with the principal now."

The noise died down as all eyes turned to the student who had spoken, the room falling silent.

After a moment, someone whistled and said teasingly, "This teacher's got guts, guys, let's prepare a welcome party."

Then, a round of cheering and the sound of desks and chairs being hit, "Buddies, get ready to make some noise!"

After that, everyone started to get busy.

Around fifteen minutes later, the figures of Vivienne and the principal appeared in the corridor.

The student on lookout duty saw them and immediately returned to the classroom, shouting excitedly,

"They're here, everyone get ready."

On the other side, Lysander led Vivienne to a corner and stopped. He pointed at a classroom not far away and said to Vivienne, "That's Class Eighteen, Ms. Vivienne. I have a lot of other things to handle, so I won't go with you, you..."

He wanted to ask her, can you handle it alone?

But he thought it might not be appropriate to leave her alone here and ask such a question.

Vivienne understood what he meant and nodded, "I can handle it. You go ahead with your work, Mr.

Lysander."

Vivienne stepped forward, walking slowly towards Class Eighteen.

When she reached the door, she lifted her head slightly and gave a small smile. Then, she lifted her

foot, kicked the door open, and quickly sidestepped, as a bucket fell from above.

The bucket was full of paint, which splattered all over the floor.

Vivienne simply glanced at the paint on the floor, took out a pair of disposable shoe covers from her

bag, put them on, and walked into the classroom.

As she entered, she saw a group of people with wide eyes, looking shocked.

They hadn't expected anyone to avoid their first trap.

They were proud of this trap, and every time a teacher came in, this trap could scare them away. But

there were also those who braved it and came in to teach.

But the outcomes weren't usually good.

They all lifted their heads to look at the new class teacher. Suddenly, everyone took a deep breath.

Someone even exclaimed, "My God! Is she really our class teacher? Did she accidentally walk into our classroom?"

"She looks pretty good, and she broke our first trap. I'm suddenly interested in her."

The murmurs were loud, reaching Vivienne's ears.

Vivienne walked to the center of the room, where there used to be a podium, but it had been moved to a corner by the students, covered in a thick layer of dust.

She stood in the middle, her cold gaze sweeping the room. When her eyes landed on a figure in the corner, she suddenly froze!

Charlotte was also shocked.

Charlotte sitting in the corner looked up, meeting Vivienne's gaze. She was taken aback, her eyes growing wider and wider!

Then, she exclaimed, "Oh my God! Am I seeing things? Vivienne?"

Why was she here?

What's going on here?

Vivienne's gaze lingered on them for just a few seconds before pulling away.

"I'm Vivienne, your class teacher for the next three months!" she stated, in a rather nonchalant manner.

No sooner had she finished speaking, than someone shouted, "What! Are you really here to be our class teacher? Hey, are you an adult? How dare you be our homeroom teacher? You better go home as soon as possible! "

"Ha! It's my first time seeing someone just a year older than us trying to be a homeroom teacher. Do you think your life is too easy?"

"Guys, let's teach her a lesson!"

With that said, a wave of laughter and whistles broke out.

Soon after, someone fetched a cage from a corner. After opening it, several snakes and a bunch of rats scurried out.

"Whoa, we got snakes and rats here! Don't worry, teacher, they don't bite."

The students said this with mischievous joy in their eyes. On the other side, Charlotte snapped back to reality and immediately stood up, angrily saying, "Logan Wood, pack up your stuff! She's my friend..."

Logan cut her off, "Back off. Even if she's your friend, I won't let her off the hook. Coming to Class

Eighteen, she gotta be prepared... Oh my God!"

His words abruptly stopped, his eyes darting around. When he saw what was happening, he jumped up scared stiff, standing on a chair, his eyes as big as saucers.

Not far away, Vivienne had a snake in one hand and a small knife in the other. She walked straight to the first desk with the snake, and then its head was chopped off.

Chapter 49

This scene sent chills down the spines of the students in the front row.

Vivienne was about their age, but they were so scared they wanted to keep their distance.

Then, Vivienne continued to dissect the snake with a knife, cutting open its skin and flesh, then digging into its insides. "Who brought this snake?" she asked, "Next time, bring more."

She looked up, a smile on her face. "Snakes are a great resource. As your homeroom teacher, I'm educating you for free. Every part of a snake – the gall bladder, fat, organs, tongue, skin, blood, even its eggs and shed skin – has medicinal value. Nothing is wasted."

Vivienne pulled out the snake's innards, took a small bag from her bag, and put them in. Then she pulled out a tissue and calmly wiped the blood from her hands.

She looked up at the stunned students, pulled out a small bottle from her bag and glanced at the rats

running around the classroom. "Rats are full of bacteria and have no medicinal value. Those folk

remedies about soaking rats in liquor for strength are total BS. There's no scientific basis for them."

Vivienne opened the bottle and poured the powder inside onto the floor. Soon, all the rats were dead.

She put the bottle away, wiped her hands again with a wet tissue, and walked to the center of the

classroom. "Have you guys finished your welcome ceremony yet? If not, carry on."

Her words got no response. The students were stunned.

Who would have thought the new homeroom teacher would be such a badass?

She wasn't scared by the bucket at the door or the snake and rats.

Not only was she not scared, she dissected the snake on the spot!

Was she even human?

Was she a demon?

"Are we done?" Vivienne asked.

Still, no one answered.

"Now that the welcoming ceremony is over, I'll lay down my rules..."

Before she could finish, Logan interrupted her with a sneer. "You think you can teach us? You'd better check if you're up to it. We didn't earn our reputation as Class Eighteen for nothing. What you've seen is just the beginning. Only if you can beat us, you're somewhat capable."

"Kid, don't always talk about violence," Vivienne said calmly.

"You're the kid!" Logan was angry. They were about the same age, but she called him a kid.

He hated being treated like a child. In a fit of rage, he grabbed a stick and charged at Vivienne.

Vivienne just stood there, not even moving.

When Logan was in front of her, she barely lifted her eyelids, and Logan collapsed.

"What's happening? Why can't I move?" Logan was stunned.

Vivienne stood over him. "When facing an enemy, the real power is not to fight, but to make your opponent have no chance to fight back."

Logan looked up. "Did you do this? What did you do to me?"

This woman was weird!

He didn't see her do anything, but he just fell to the ground.

The other students were also confused.

They usually followed Logan's lead, thinking they were invincible.

After all, unlike them, Logan had really been trained in Taekwondo.

But to their surprise, Logan didn't even get a chance to fight and just fell.

Seeing this, they instinctively moved away from their seats.

They always felt that the new homeroom teacher would hit them.

If she did, they'd probably get hurt, right?

So they chose to stay far away.

"I drugged you."

"What is it?" Logan was puzzled.

Vivienne answered, "It can make you weak and powerless in an instant, and unless you have the antidote, you'll be like this forever."

Logan's eyes narrowed slightly, a flash of light in them.

Vivienne looked at him, "Are you thinking that I'm stupid for telling you this secret? That once you're free, you can find this drug to use against me?"

Logan went silent.

Could she read minds?

How did she know everything he's thinking?

Vivienne smiled slightly, "Actually, I've been studying medicine for the past ten years. I can cure many

kinds of poisons and chronic drugs. This drug is...useless to me."

The corner of Logan's mouth twitched.

The new homeroom teacher really liked to brag!

She's so young, but she's been studying medicine for ten years?

Did she start studying when she was nine?

Could she make her lies believable?

"You won unfairly!" Logan was always prideful, and in just a few minutes, Vivienne had scared him into

submission.

He was somewhat resentful.

"I don't like fighting!" Vivienne said flatly. "In my eyes, as long as I win, it doesn't matter how."

Logan had nothing to say.

He admitted that Vivienne's point was correct!

But he didn't want to admit defeat!

It would be so undignified to admit defeat after only two rounds!

Vivienne glanced at him, threw him a pill. "I'm a civilized person. I like to solve problems in a civilized way. Don't try to conquer me with force. It won't work."

She paused, then added, "Actually, no matter what you do, you can't conquer me. I'm just that awesome!"

The whole class was speechless.

How shameless!

Logan looked at the pill, picked it up and ate it. novelbin

Soon, he felt strength returning to his body.

He stood up, but didn't charge at Vivienne again. He knew it wasn't that he couldn't beat her, it was that he could be knocked down without even having a chance to fight!

Just thinking about it was frustrating!

He glared at Vivienne, shouting, "Don't think that we'll accept you as our homeroom teacher just because of this. We didn't come here to learn. We're just here to get a diploma. Our families are rich. After graduation, we'll just inherit our family's wealth!"

Vivienne smiled slightly, "Logan, you're the son of the Wood family. Your family mainly deals in the gemstone business and has a lot of assets. Your status is on par with the Redwood family."

Logan was taken aback. "You even know that?"

"I know a bunch of stuff, like how you broke your dad's antique vase last month and blamed it on the nanny. And how about half a month ago, when you and your friends made up a kidnapping story to scam 10 million out of your dad! And let's not forget how you enjoy sleeping in the buff at home..."

"Whoa!" Logan jumped, "Hold up, hold up!"

This was just not okay!

This person was definitely a devil!

He's going to have to find an exorcist after class to deal with her.

This was too freaky!

Those were all things he did on the sly, no one knew about them.

The kicker was, she somehow knew he liked to sleep naked at home.

Chapter 50

Vivienne took her eyes off Logan and ignored him completely.

She lifted her eyes to the rest of the students, saying in a calm tone, "I'm gonna lay down the law now..."

Just as she said that, Vivienne paused a bit, her eyes turning cold in an instant, "Don't interrupt me again, I don't want to solve problems in a rude way!"

"Ha, what a joke!" Just as Vivienne finished speaking, an untimely voice piped up, "You think we'll listen to you just because you can throw your weight around? Are you sleepwalking?"

Vivienne turned her gaze to the speaker, Oberon Harper, Lysander's brother's son from Rivenwood.

The Harper family was a big deal in Rivenwood.

In Rivenwood, a place teeming with big shots, the Harper family was nothing to sneeze at.

Vivienne shot him a glance, didn't say anything, and walked to the classroom door. When she reentered, she had a stick in her hand.

She walked straight to Oberon with the stick in her hand.

Oberon frowned, scoffing, "What, you gonna hit me? I'm not some pushover like Logan, I am... Bam!"

Vivienne swung the stick at Oberon without hesitation, causing him to jump up, "Hey! You really hit me?

Do you know who I am?"

Vivienne ignored him, hitting him with the stick over and over. Oberon, who knew how to fight back,

tried to retaliate, but every time he lifted his hand, Vivienne's stick found him with precision.

And it was weird, the way she hit people. It looked light, but it hurt like hell when it landed!

"Stop it! Stop it! I'm telling my uncle! I'm gonna get you fired!" Oberon yelled.

His uncle was Lysander!

Vivienne didn't even give him a glance, pointing to Logan with her stick, "You! Get some guys to tie him

up for me!"

Logan was about to retort when he heard Vivienne drawl, "Logan has a crush on..."

Before she could finish, Logan jumped up, pointing at some students, "You, you, you guys, hang him

up, now!"

He didn't want to give in to Vivienne's threats!

But this gal was too crafty, she even knew who he had a crush on!

She was holding his weakness in the palm of her hands!

He hadn't even confessed to her yet, if word got out, they wouldn't even be able to remain friends.

Upon seeing Logan actually instructing people to tie him up, Oberon was pissed, "Logan, you dare! If you lay a finger on me, you're dead!"

But Logan just lifted his head, sneering, "What's it got to do with me? It's Ms. Vivienne who asked me to do it! My mom told me to always listen to the teacher in school!"

Oberon was so angry he could barely see straight.

Logan, who originally didn't respect Vivienne, was now starting to.

In this class, his biggest beef was with Oberon.

Of course, there was also Charlotte, but he didn't really have any major issues with her.

There were over forty students in this class, divided into three factions, that was Oberon, Charlotte and him.

The most intense conflicts were between him and Oberon!

Charlotte was a tough person, but she rarely picked fights, so people generally just argued with her

from time to time.

Thinking about how Vivienne had just hit Oberon with a stick until he couldn't fight back, he really admired her. Anyway, seeing Oberon take a hit was always satisfying.

So, he quickly had people tie Oberon up and hang him.

Oberon, hanging from the ceiling, was cursing Vivienne, "You bitch, if you're so tough, kill me! If you can't kill me, I'll make your life a living hell!"

Vivienne glanced at him, saying seriously, "I have your dad's number, before you make my life a living hell, shouldn't you ask for his opinion?"

Oberon was at a loss for words.

Was this woman out of her mind?

This was a dispute between children, why involve the parents?

Wait?

How did she get his father's number?

He didn't remember his father knowing someone like this.

Vivienne didn't care what he was thinking, she took out her phone and dialed a number.

The call connected quickly.

Vivienne said, "Mr. Harper, it's an honor, I'm your son's teacher right now. He's not listening to me and even threatened to kill me. I'm a civilized person, so I'm tattling to you, he's right next to me, maybe you want to teach him a lesson?"

On the other end of the line, Oberon's father, Alistair Harper, was silent for a moment.

After two seconds of silence, he yelled, "Oberon, you worthless piece of crap! I sent you to school, not to rebel against me! You actually threatened to kill your teacher? Listen up, if you can't get into college this year, I'm kicking you out, you'll be begging on the street! You really pissed me off! I'm coming to Havenwood, to teach you a lesson, you little shit!"

Oberon fell silent.

He thought to himself, "What the hell did I do wrong?"

The sound of Alistair's angry voice echoed through the classroom via the phone, leaving the students stunned.

Was this how this teacher handle things?

Wasn't she supposed to argue with the other party or coax them to discipline their own children?

What just happened?

Vivienne hung up the phone, Oberon fuming at her, "So your uncivilized method is tattling? What kind of gentleman does that? If you're any kind of a man, you would face me one-on-one, I look down on you if you don't."

Vivienne casually put her phone back in her pocket, saying nonchalantly, "I'm not a gentleman to begin with, tattling is my style, yeah, you heard right, I'm a tattletale!"

Oberon and the other students fell silent.

What's going on, she just admitted she's a tattletale, and she's so arrogant about it?

Oberon was so angry he was hopping mad, he felt utterly frustrated!

Vivienne didn't pay him any more mind. She strolled up to the snake that had recoiled back into its cage from her earlier scare, nabbed it casually, then grabbed a rope and hopped onto the desk.

Oberon jumped out of his skin, his voice shaking like a leaf, "Wha-what are you doing? Are you going to kill me? We live under the rule of law, so you can't do this!"

He was scared out of his wits, wanted to bolt, but he was tied up, no escape in sight.

Vivienne secured the snake onto his body, then placed a small box on Oberon's chest, creating a safe distance between him and the snake to prevent it from biting him.

The snake's head was level with Oberon's eyes, and it even stuck its tongue out at him.

Oberon was petrified, staring at the snake without daring to move or speak.

He was terrified that if he didn't pay attention, he'd get bitten.

Then he felt a warm liquid trickling down below. His face turned beet red.

Holy cow!

He'd wet his pants!

Even though it was just a small amount, it didn't change the embarrassing fact that he'd pissed himself.

Not wanting his classmates to see, he clamped his legs together tightly.

"This is what I call uncivilized methods!" Just at the height of Oberon's panic, Vivienne suddenly said, nonchalantly.