Million-Dollar 421

Richard always played the impartial patriarch role with the Ellington clan's younger generation.

Right from wrong was clear in his heart.

Today, Fiona's transgression was not just a simple offense against Vivienne. As the head of the

company's jewelry design department, she represented the company's image, and being caught in a lie

in front of so many people could have a catastrophic impact on the company if she had not been fired.

Especially with key business partners in attendance.

Had Fiona been humble and sought advice, she might have avoided such a fate.

Seeing Richard's demeanor, Fiona knew the outcome was inevitable. Her place at the company was

lost.

Fiona pressed her lips. "Grandpa, keep the money for yourself."

With that, she grabbed her purse and left without looking back.

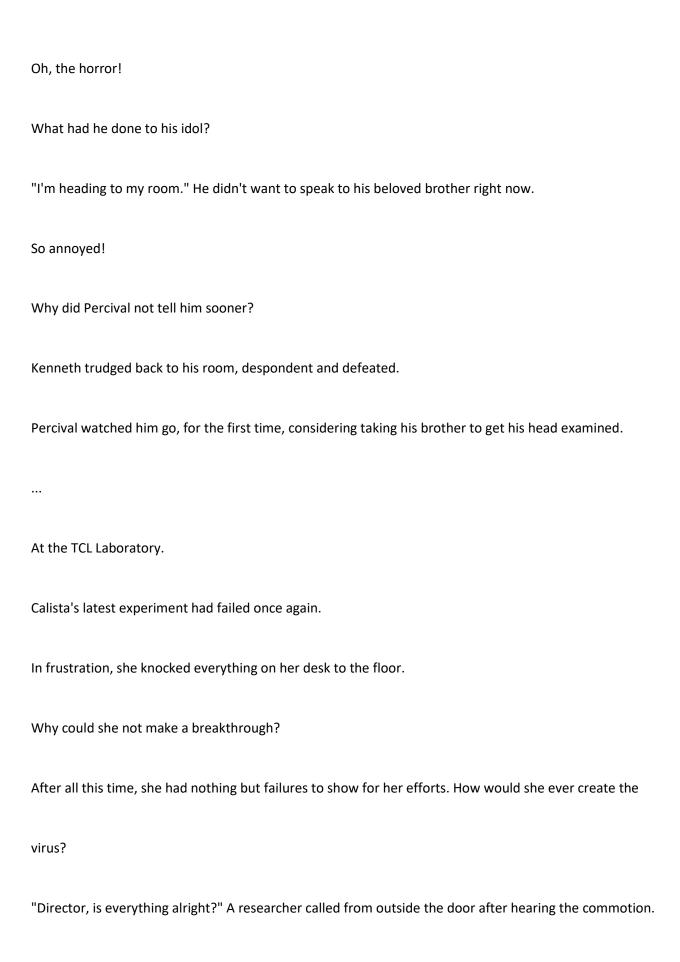
After her departure, Percival remained seated in the living room, silent.

Richard eyed him several times before finally tapping his cane on his grandson's leg. "What in the

world happened tonight, kid?"

"It's settled, Grandpa. No need to worry," Percival replied, rubbing his leg where the cane had hit. The old man still had some strength in him. Richard huffed, stroking his beard. "We had left the hall when we heard a faint explosion, so I called Fiona to handle it. She told me there had been a car accident." Percival's lips curled into a slight smirk. "There was an accident, but it's been taken care of." Hearing this, Richard did not press further. He got up with the help of his cane and headed to his bedroom to sleep. Percival was also about to retire for the night when he caught sight of Kenneth skulking near the stairway. "Haven't jumped enough?" Percival said with a cold glance. Kenneth shook his head vigorously. "Bro, erm... Is Vivienne really Hawk's special coach?" "Weren't you in the lounge earlier when you saw her?" Percival raised an eyebrow. Kenneth felt like his brain had been struck by lightning.

His brother had confirmed it. The truth was undeniable!



"I'm fine. Leave me be." Calista snapped, closing her eyes in defeat.

As the lab returned to silence and the last sound of someone clocking out reached her ears, Calista

Scott had been arrested, and here she was, still toiling away for them!

Suddenly, the door to her lab was opened.

was left alone with her fear.

Calista grabbed a hidden dagger from her desk and held it defensively as she eyed the doorway.

A figure in a black trench coat and a masked hat stepped inside, identical to Scott's usual attire.

Calista took a step back. "Mr. B," she uttered with caution.

Mr. B flicked his finger, effortlessly knocking the dagger from her grasp. "Don't point such dangerous

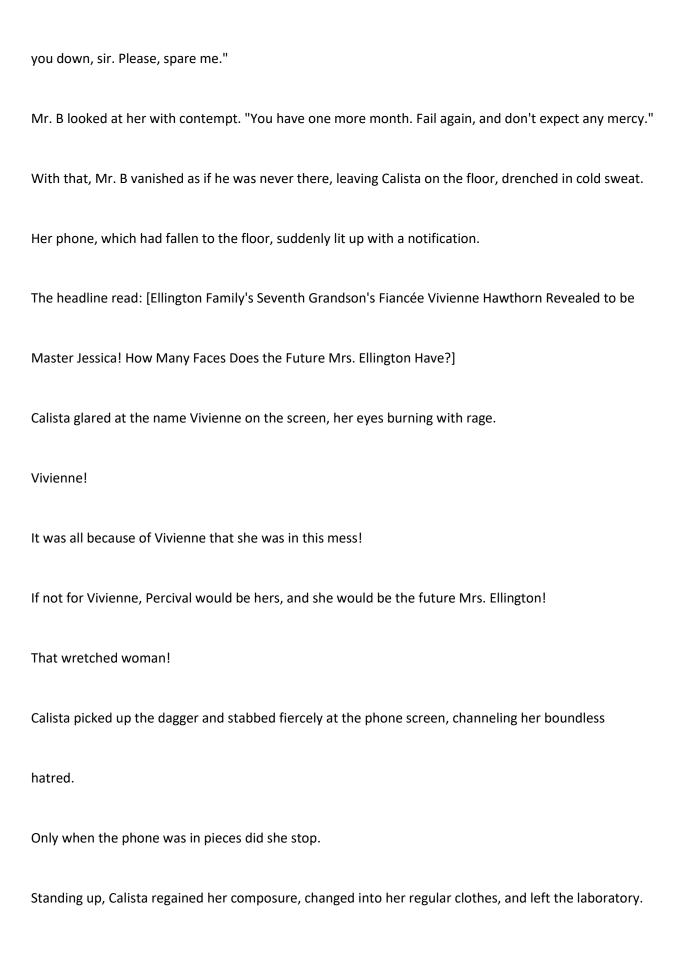
things at me," he said, his voice cold and modified by a device.

Calista swallowed hard, retreating further.

Mr. B ignored her, scanning the broken lab equipment and scattered research data with a furrowed

brow. "Had I known you'd be this useless, I might have left you to rot in jail."

Calista felt her breath catch, her legs giving out as she fell to her knees. "I...I will keep trying. I won't let









The poison had been lurking in her body for years; she, indeed, had suffered greatly.
Vivienne casually took out a life-saving pill and popped it into Astrid's mouth. "This poison isn't hard to
cure. Just come to me once a day."
After a pause, she added, "I'm quite interested in what you've said. I'll give it a try."
Astrid froze, surprised. "You mean you agree?"
Vivienne nodded slightly. "Yeah, but I'm out if your experiments don't meet my standards."
"Great. You'll find our experiments fascinating," Astrid said with a smile. "I'll notify the organization and
see when they can take you to the lab."
With that, Astrid went into her room.
Looking at her door, Vivienne let a sly smile creep onto her face.
She pulled out her phone and texted Percival, [How's it going?]
[Came up empty. You?]
[Hook, line, and sinker.]
Percival could almost see Vivienne's cunning expression from those words - like a smug little fox.

In the house of the Ellington family's second branch.

"Jeffrey, don't move. The doctor said you can't get out of bed yet," Heloise said, her heart aching for her son.

Percival's strength was beyond their imagination. A mere toss had broken Jeffrey's bones.

If it were not for the timely hospital visit, he might have lost his life.

Jeffrey limped to the couch. "I'm going stir-crazy lying in bed."

Besides, lying there was useless; he was in agony. It was better to move a little.

Jeffrey waved her off impatiently. "Never mind me. What about Fiona? Why was she kicked out?"

At the mention, Heloise bristled with anger. "What else? It was that wench Vivienne's doing. Percival

isn't any better. No matter what, Fiona was good to him. How could he just throw her out of the

company?"

"I told you, I should have joined the company instead of letting Fiona hog the spotlight. Now look what's

happened. What are we supposed to do now? Wait to starve?" Jeffrey fumed.

Henry sat nearby, equally furious, shouting upstairs to Fiona's room, "Fiona, what are you doing hiding

all day? Think you can get back into the company that way? Come out and figure out how to ask your grandpa to reinstate you!"

Fiona was the mainstay of the Ellington family's second branch, with half their savings coming from her

Now that she was out, they had lost a significant source of income.

Fiona sat in her room, ignoring her parents' and Jeffrey's complaints below. She put on headphones,

locked the door, and tuned them out.

commissions at the company.

Being ousted from the company was not her most pressing concern. It was her clandestine dealings

that weighed on her mind.

Her business was not just in the art galleries; she also needed the Ellington Group's resources and

connections, even using their transportation to make her trades.

This was her livelihood, her foundation.

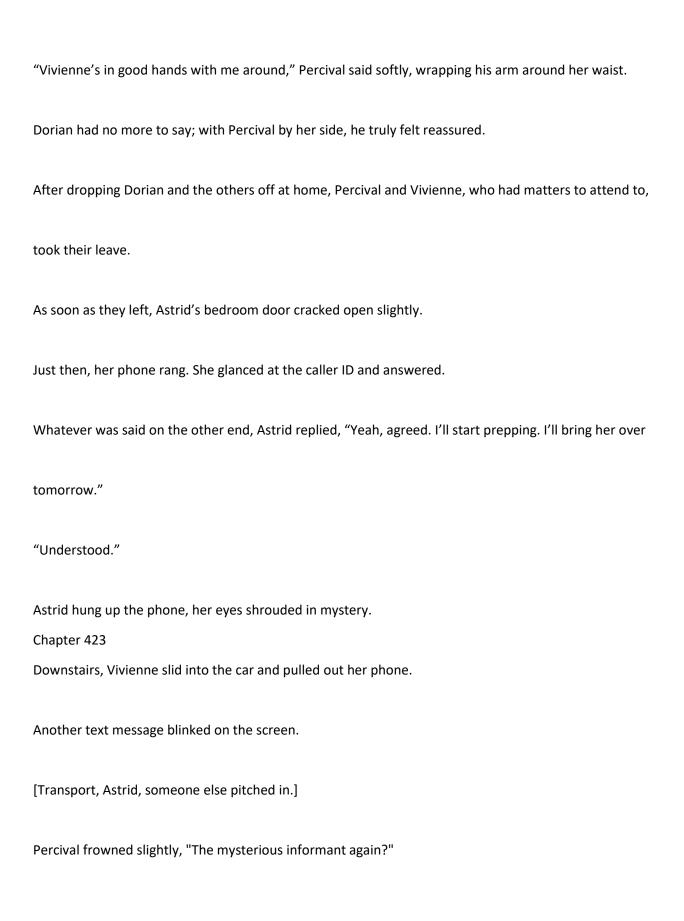
Moreover, she had signed agreements. If she failed to deliver as promised, it could cost her her life.

Fiona dialed an unknown number on her phone. "How's it going?"

"They're still in our hands, being moved as you instructed."

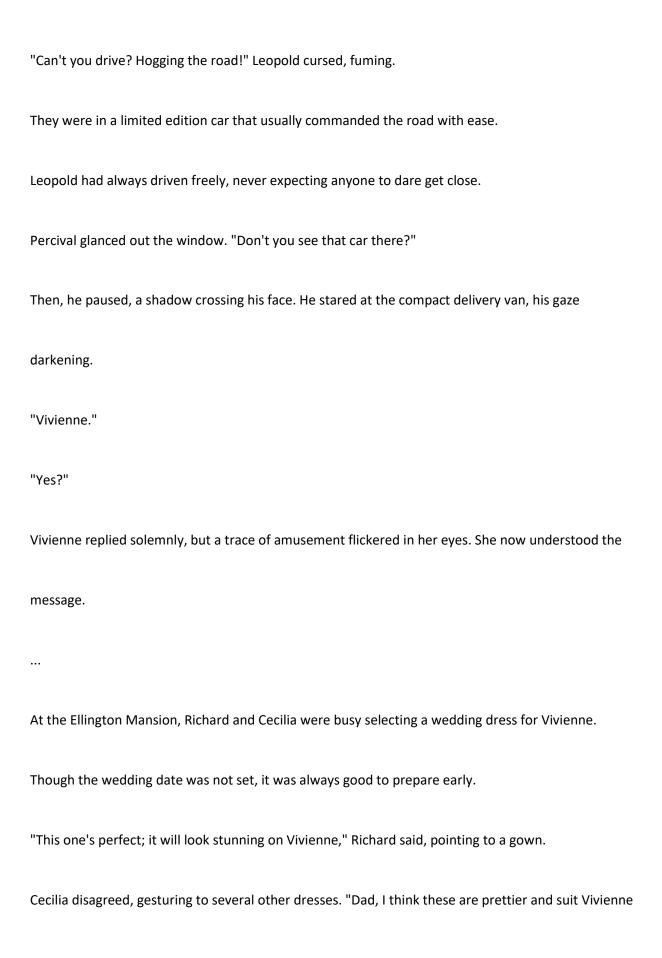




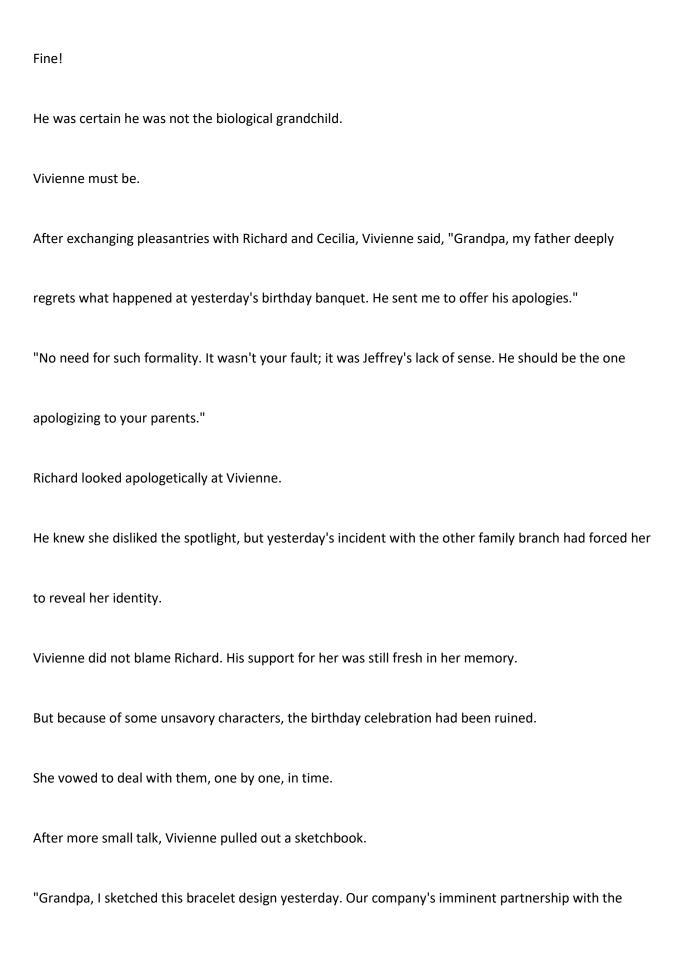


Vivienne massaged her temples, her eyes reflecting a hint of frustration, "Yeah, still no trace. Whenever
I try to enter their domain, my system crashes completely!"
The mysterious person's IP address changed with every message, and tracking them down led to
system failures or outright computer crashes.
The hacking skills were so advanced that even she was at a loss.
Vivienne had been trying to track the informant with no success.
To this day, she still could not determine whether this person was an ally or a smokescreen deployed
by GTO.
Percival glanced at the message, "Their wording is vague. Can you make anything out of it?"
Vivienne shook her head, "I can't make heads or tails of it."
The last two made some sense, but transport?
Was GTO planning to smuggle something out?
Their research was not complete yet, so what was it?
She did not have a solid theory yet and decided to pass the message on to the Nine Mystics Society for
Draven to investigate.









Perez Group hinges on this. It should meet their standards."

Before Richard could respond, Cecilia exclaimed, "Vivienne, is this your latest creation? Isn't this the

concept bracelet you introduced years ago? It's finally complete!"

Cecilia, though an aficionado of fine fragrances to the core, was no slouch when it came to curating a

collection of baubles and trinkets.

Her cabinets were not only brimming with perfume bottles but also adorned with jewels that were the

envy of the elite.

The last time she missed out on snagging Master Jessica's "Dazzling Stars," she had been in the

doldrums for weeks.

But now, with Master Jessica as her daughter-in-law, a treasure trove was at her fingertips, ready for

the taking whenever she desired.

Vivienne nodded in agreement. "Yes, that piece. I revised some details on it just yesterday."

Richard knew all too well his daughter-in-law's penchant for such things. To deny her would be to invite

an endless plea. New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

"Alright, alright, it's yours." Richard chuckled in resignation. Cecilia's grin was so wide it threatened to consume her face. As they were basking in the moment, Fiona pushed the door open and entered. Percival's gaze darkened slightly. Then, his eyes shifted toward the figure following Fiona. Calista was there, trailing behind her. Cecilia's mood soured instantly; while not well-acquainted with Calista, she was well aware of the Brooks family drama. Calista stepped forward, holding a box that contained an incredibly precious herb. "Good day, Sir Richard. I took the day off and decided to come over with Fiona. I regret missing your birthday feast yesterday, so here is my belated gift." Richard's face remained impassive. "Hah! This old man's luck isn't that good, and I'm not rich enough to indulge in such luxuries. You'd best take it back." Chapter 424 Calista could imagine the frosty reception she would receive from the Ellington family, but she never expected to be met with such outright disdain. Of course, it was all because of Vivienne!

"Grandpa, please keep it. Don't disregard Calista's thoughtful gesture," Fiona chimed in, playing peacemaker, and managed to diffuse some of the awkwardness. Cecilia scoffed disdainfully, eyeing Calista with contempt. "Calista, my father already has a Specter Healer's bracelet, a gift from our dear Vivienne. Your little present is redundant at the moment." Calista's heart skipped a beat. Specter Healer! How did Vivienne come to possess something from the elusive Specter Healer? The entire medical community knew of Specter Healer's enigmatic reputation, never leaving a trace. How could they have possibly left something personal behind? Where did Vivienne acquire it? What infuriated Calista even more was the fact that Vivienne dared to give away something as coveted as a Specter Healer artifact! Those were treasures she could only dream of obtaining! As Calista grappled with shock, Cecilia's smirk widened.

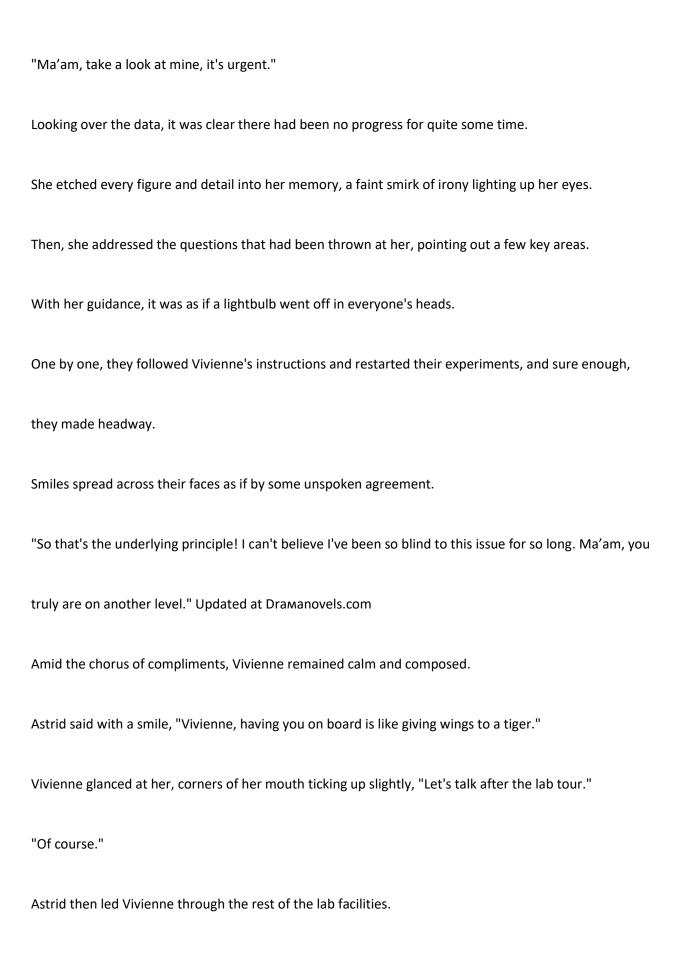
"Come on, Vivienne, let's go have some fun," Cecilia said, pulling her away. Vivienne did not resist, allowing Cecilia to lead her off, only sparing Fiona a fleeting glance as she passed. Fiona suddenly felt a chill run down her spine, unsettled by the penetrating gaze of Vivienne's eyes. She felt she had been seen through for some inexplicable reason. It was not until Vivienne and Cecilia had ascended the staircase that Fiona's shiver subsided. She could not shake the feeling that she had seen those eyes somewhere before. Percival stood up, briefly glancing at the herbs in Calista's hands. Coming back to her senses, Calista was about to greet Percival when he abruptly spoke, "Aurelia, make sure to properly inspect anything brought into the Ellington home from now on. We can't just accept things from anyone." "Yes, sir." The household staff, especially Aurelia, had served the Ellingtons for over forty years. She knew precisely how to read the Ellingtons' moods. They made no secret of their disdain for Calista, and Aurelia was more than willing to demonstrate her loyalty.

Aurelia promptly took the herbs from Calista. "Please let me inspect them."
Calista, feeling her cheeks burn with embarrassment, managed a strained smile. "Of course, Aurelia.
Thank you."
True to her word, Aurelia called the family doctor before Calista to check the herbs.
Calista fumed silently, forced to endure.
Percival, uninterested in the spectacle, followed Vivienne upstairs.
Clutching the banister, Calista's fists tightened as she watched his retreating figure.
It was all because of Vivienne!
Had it not been for Vivienne, she would not have suffered such humiliation.
After the family doctor confirmed the herbs were harmless, Aurelia returned them to Calista.
After recovering from the snub, Fiona sat next to Calista and placed the box of herbs in Richard's
hands.
"Grandpa, this is a token of Calista's respect for your birthday. You can't just turn it away, right? Please
accept it."

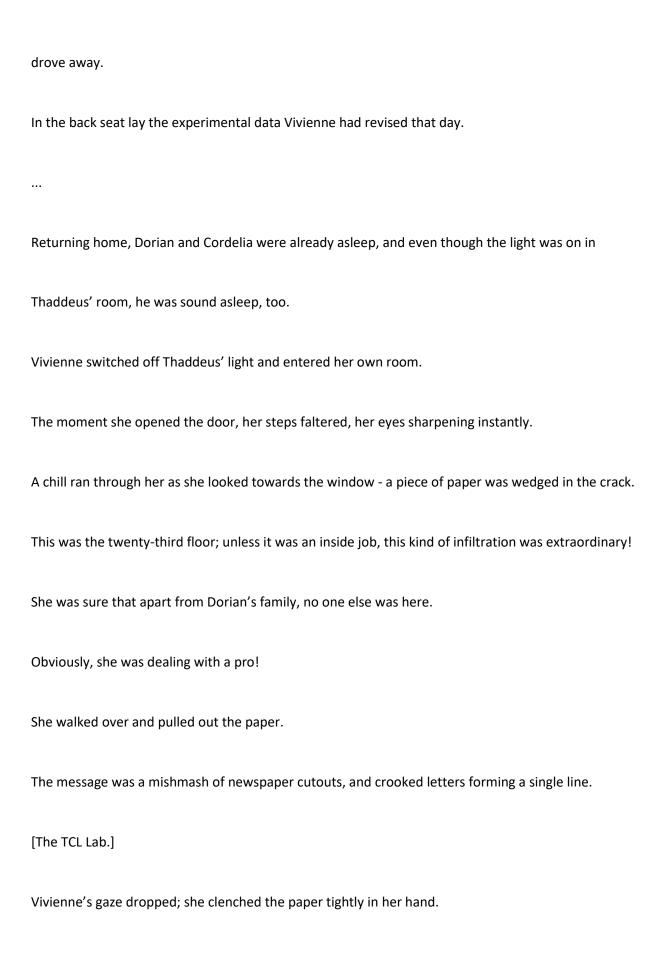
"Fiona, even if you're not working at the company, you can't just loaf around and bring troublemakers around. I'm tired. It's time for you to go," Richard grunted, tossing the box aside. Just yesterday, Fiona had been ousted from the company, but as Richard's granddaughter, he showed a modicum of grace. But as for Calista, Richard had no such consideration. Fiona did not expect Richard to be so unyielding. After all, Calista was visiting under her friend's name, yet he refused to show a shred of courtesy. What spell had Vivienne cast upon the Ellington family to have them so entirely under her sway? As Richard dismissed them, Fiona and Calista had no choice but to leave. At the entrance of the Ellington Mansion, Fiona saw Calista off. Calista pressed her lips, apologizing, "Fiona, I'm sorry for the trouble I've caused." Fiona's fingers clenched the box tightly, yet her face remained serene. "Don't worry, it's not your fault. If only we could have come sooner," Fiona said, her head bowed in

feigned contrition.

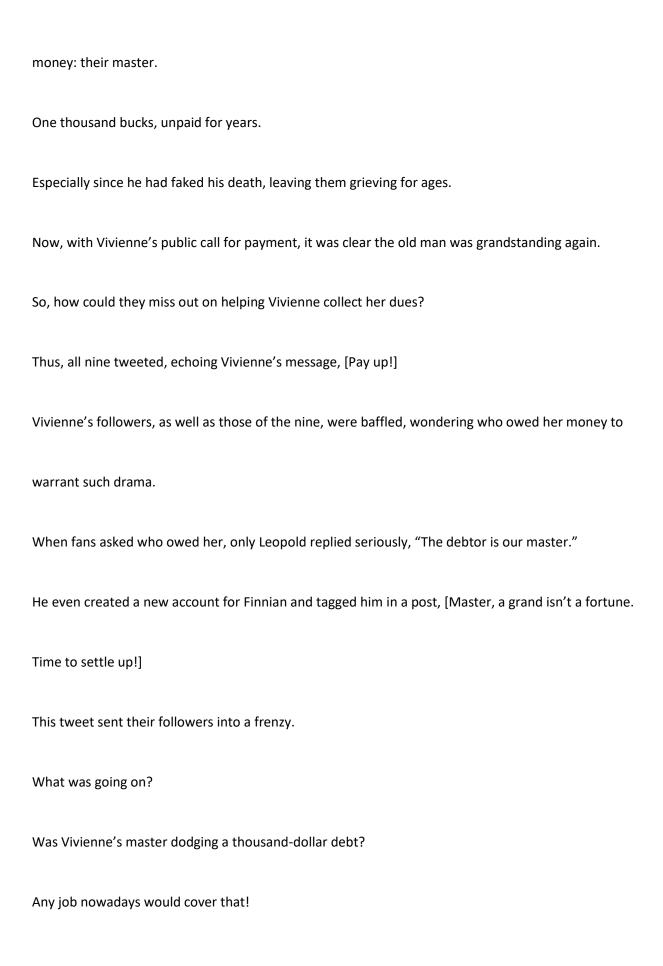




Though compact, the lab was bustling with a variety of experiments. After spending the entire day in the lab, Vivienne and Astrid finally headed home. "How was your day, Vivienne?" Astrid inquired. Chapter 425 Astrid chuckled dryly. Mature enough? If leaked, the research material in the lab would send shock waves around the globe. Yet, in Vivienne's words, it was merely mature enough? Astrid glanced at her and asked, "So, you agree to stay in the lab?" Vivienne nodded. "Yeah." Astrid breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. "Thanks, Vivienne. I really appreciate you agreeing to be part of this experiment. Our progress will surely skyrocket now." Vivienne did not respond. Instead, she turned her gaze to the car window, watching the streetlights fall, and a slow smile spread across her lips. After dropping Vivienne off at home, Astrid did not go upstairs. Instead, she turned the car around and



She knew the person who sent this was not the same mysterious texter from before.
But who could it be?
Suddenly, she smirked.
Having had his fill of the outside world, that old coot was now seeking attention.
What was it? Did he want to see if she had lost her edge?
Her lips curled slightly as she pulled out her phone and opened Twitter, posting one simple tweet, [Pay
up!]
She had resisted signing up for Twitter, but Matthew had insisted it was the rage and would not stop
nagging until she gave in.
She had not used it since signing up, just letting it sit idle.
Since returning to the Hawthorn family, she had gradually become a public figure, and her Twitter
followers had grown. She had about a million now.
After posting, her nine 'brothers' from the same master were the first to get the news.
While others were clueless, they knew there was only one person in the world who could owe Vivienne



Leopold's and Vivienne's followers began to retweet and tag Finnian, urging him to pay.

Seeing Leopold's tweet, the other disciples were stunned.

Dawson was the first to message the group, [Holy smokes! Leopold, you've got guts! Aren't you afraid

the master will come for you?]

Daniel: [Nice one, Leopold! I support you. Keep it up!]

Eric: [I'll mourn for you in advance.]

Larry: [What's there to fear? A man's gotta have backbone! Just do it!]

Leopold replied, [Look at you all, scaredy-cats! Did Vivienne treat you right for nothing? It's her hard-

earned money the old man owes. Aren't we supposed to help her get it back? If I were you, I'd be

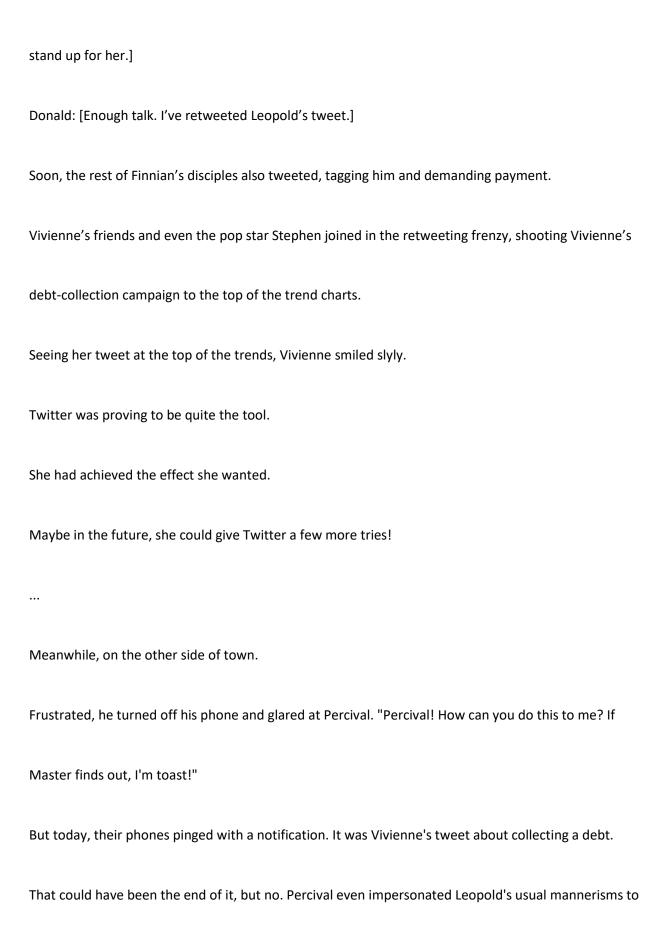
tweeting right now, hounding the old man to pay! Isn't Vivienne's happiness worth more than your little

troubles? Besides, who knows where that old guy is enjoying his life? If we don't push, when will he

show up?]

Jerry: [Makes sense!]

Brian: [Leopold used to be unreliable, but he's spot-on this time. We stand with Vivienne and must



coax the other eight into retweeting as well. Content belongs to Draмąnovels.com
Leopold could already picture the look on their faces when they discovered the truth.
Even worse, he could imagine what his fate would be when his master returned.
Percival gave him a nonchalant side glance. "What, you expect me to incur your master's wrath instead
of you?"
His fiancée needed their support in collecting a debt. Thus, as a devoted and honorable man, he could
not possibly be the one to upset her master.
Naturally, that role best suited Leopold, the family's goofball!
As for the other eight
Well!
As Vivienne would say, the best way to deal with an enemy was to hit them where it hurts.
Finnian was the perfect weak spot.
Leopold was speechless.
This sly fox.
Chapter 426

At a quaint little farmhouse.

Finnian, scrolling through Twitter trends, clicked his tongue in annoyance. "That damn girl! It's just a bit

of debt. Does she really need to chase me down for so long?"

Next to him sat a man in his mid-forties wearing a tracksuit.

The man glanced at his phone, then at Finnian. "Told you not to gallivant around, but no, you wouldn't

listen. Did you really think she wouldn't find you?"

Setting his phone aside, Finnian poured himself a glass of whiskey and downed it before facing the

man. "What does it matter? I would never have left my precious disciple for so long if it wasn't for you.

After all these years, not a soul came to check in on me. I'm starting to miss the kid's medicinal

cooking. Of course, her usual meals were delicious, too."

The corner of the man's mouth twitched. "You sure you can call that food?"

Finnian's eyes widened. "Cut the sarcasm. My disciple's cooking was delicious. It's just you

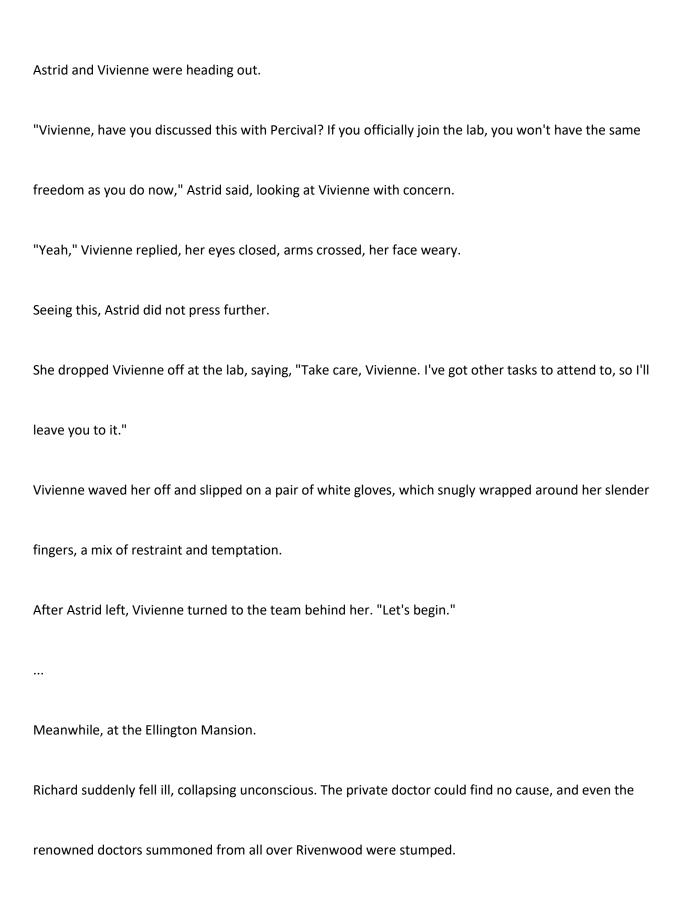
unappreciative folks who would say otherwise."

"Fine! As long as you're happy," the man replied, clearly ending the conversation.

Finnian grumbled and took another swig of whiskey, then after a moment of silence, he said, "Look,

how long are you gonna keep this up? Don't outsmart yourself. That girl's got a fiery temper. I tricked
her once, and she nearly dug up my grave. With you Well, you're in for it!"
The man chuckled dryly. "You better worry about yourself. She's found her way to Rivenwood. You
can't keep hiding forever."
Finnian scowled. "If you've got nothing nice to say, don't say anything at all! Such a buzzkill."
The man just shrugged and ignored him.
At the Ellington Group.
Fiona was clearing out her desk. The design department staff greeted her warmly, clearly sad to see
her go.
"Make sure you all keep up the good work after I leave, and get those new products launched soon ,"
Fiona instructed her coworkers.
"Don't worry, Fiona. The new line's already out. Mr. Ellington brought it in himself, a masterpiece from
Master Jessica."

A flicker of jealousy passed through Fiona's eyes, quickly masked by her composure. So well masked, in fact, everyone thought she was pleasantly surprised. "Fiona loves Master Jessica's work. Now that she's met the legend herself, she must be thrilled." "Yeah, Fiona, what does Master Jessica look like? Can we have a meet-and-greet?" "You think she's a celebrity or what? Just get me an autograph, Fiona, will you?" The staff at the company were not aware of Vivienne's true identity as Master Jessica, and Percival had made sure those who did know kept it under wraps. Fiona forced a smile. "If Master Jessica were that easy to meet, she wouldn't be a master. Now that I'm leaving the company, I have even less chance of seeing her again. I'm sorry, but I can't help you." The staff did not press the issue but were visibly disappointed. Fiona had been incredibly popular at the company. With her departure, there was uncertainty about who would lead the design department. If a less amicable boss took over, their good days might be over. After leaving the Ellington Group, Fiona made a call. "Do it!"



"Where's Vivienne? Doesn't she have some medical skills? Why not call her over?" Henry muttered, but seeing Percival's stern face, he did not dare raise his voice. Percival's brow was furrowed. "I can't reach Vivienne right now." "At a crucial time like this, none of you are of any use. What good was it for my dad to care for you?" Henry scoffed, then cried out towards Richard's room. "Dad, if only Jeffrey were well, he'd have gotten you the best doctor." That was when Fiona hurried in. "Excuse me, let Calista have a look." Calista stepped out from behind Fiona. "Mr. Ellington, let me try," she said. With her medical kit in hand, Calista pressed her lips together and entered the bedroom. Fiona let out a relieved breath. "Sorry, Percival. I was with Calista when I heard it, so I asked her to come. Grandfather's health is paramount." Percival did not respond, just silently watching the closed door to Richard's room, his deep eyes reflecting a stormy light. Soon, Calista emerged from the room.

"Is that medicinal herb I brought for Grandfather the other day still here?" Calista asked urgently.

"Still here," Aurelia called out from her vigil by the door, swiftly fetching the prescribed medicine.

Calista took a whiff of the concoction. "This is it. Brew it into a broth, and make it snappy."

"Alright, alright," Aurelia nodded vigorously, taking the medicine to prepare it.

While waiting for the brew, Calista explained to everyone, "Richard's illness didn't just appear out of

nowhere; it's been building up over time. Has Grandpa acquired any new items recently? Or eat

anything out of the ordinary?" New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

Richard's gifts were all stored in the gift room; he rarely wore anything else into the house.

The only item he currently wore was the bracelet that Vivienne had given him.

All eyes in the room turned to Percival.

Suddenly, Heloise exclaimed, "Could it be the bracelet that's causing the problem?"

Fiona pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

Calista stood agape as if she wanted to speak but could not find the words.

Chapter 427

Percival glanced at Heloise, his long fingers fussing over a wrinkled cuff, his thin lips curled in a half-

smile that was more sly than joyful.

Anxious at his silence, Heloise blurted, "Would you just say something? Your granddad's in a bad way, and you're still as cool as a cucumber? He really wasted his affection on you." Percival's eyes lifted slightly, speaking leisurely, "The bracelet from Vivienne is fine." Heloise was unconvinced, retorting, "Just because you say it's fine, it's fine? Calista, please, take a look for us. This can't be genuine. I always doubted that girl could get her hands on something from Specter Healer!" Calista eyed Percival, who showed no reaction, and she gently suggested, "Mr. Ellington, perhaps it would be best if I take a look. What do you think?" Heloise interjected, "Calista, never mind him. Just check it. If it's a fake, toss it right away!" Henry was

getting impatient; this was a rare opportunity.

If he could use this chance to take Percival down, it would be his family's moment to shine!

Calista examined and sniffed it, her expression growing worse by the second.

"What's the matter?" Heloise demanded. "Calista, please speak up."

Calista sighed heavily, then said, "There's not much wrong with the bracelet itself, but..."

"Out with it already. You're killing me here!" Heloise urged.

Fiona tugged at Heloise's arm. "Mom, calm down. Let Calista explain. What's going on?"

Calista pressed her lips. "At first glance, this bracelet seems to be from Specter Healer, but it's all wrong on closer inspection. Moreover, the materials inside are nothing but residue—useless and potentially harmful. They could exacerbate old ailments and cause various complications in the elderly."

Heloise gasped. "I knew it! That Vivienne is nothing but trouble! Using this trash to harm our family patriarch is outrageous! This is as bad as murder!"

Henry's anger was palpable. "She must pay for this. That wretched girl, I'll take her to the police myself and make sure she never sees the light of day again!" He roared, ready to charge out, looking every bit

Fiona held him back. "Dad, maybe Vivienne was duped too. Don't be hasty."

But Henry was inconsolable and set on settling the score with Vivienne.

Suddenly!

the avenger wronged by Vivienne.

Percival grabbed him, and Henry found himself lifted into the air, then unceremoniously dumped on the second floor.

"Ah! Dear!" Heloise screamed, rushing down to Henry.

After checking he was not seriously injured, she glared at Percival. "Your grandfather's fate is still

uncertain, and here you are, ready to kill your uncle to seize power!"

Percival's icy gaze swept over them, sending chills down Heloise and Henry's spines.

After a moment, he took the bracelet back from Calista.

"A problem with the bracelet?" He asked, eyes cold as he looked at Calista.

Calista had not expected Percival to throw Henry down the stairs over a mere insult. Besides, it was

Vivienne's fault; how could Percival be so blindly biased?

Calista felt indignant. "Mr. Ellington, the bracelet is problematic. It's what triggered your grandfather's

illness. I think you must have Vivienne come over and explain herself."

Percival narrowed his eyes, his smile carrying a profound meaning, "Then let's get to the bottom of it."

As he spoke, the doors to the Ellington Mansion swung open, and Vivienne strode in with a box of

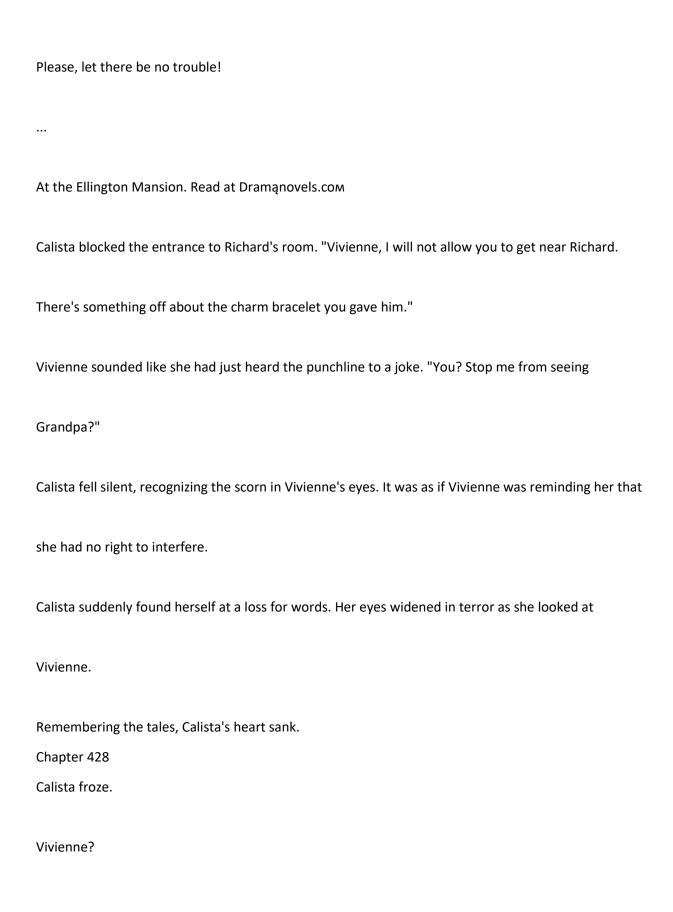
strawberry cheesecake in hand, paying no mind to Henry's groans on the floor, heading straight

upstairs.

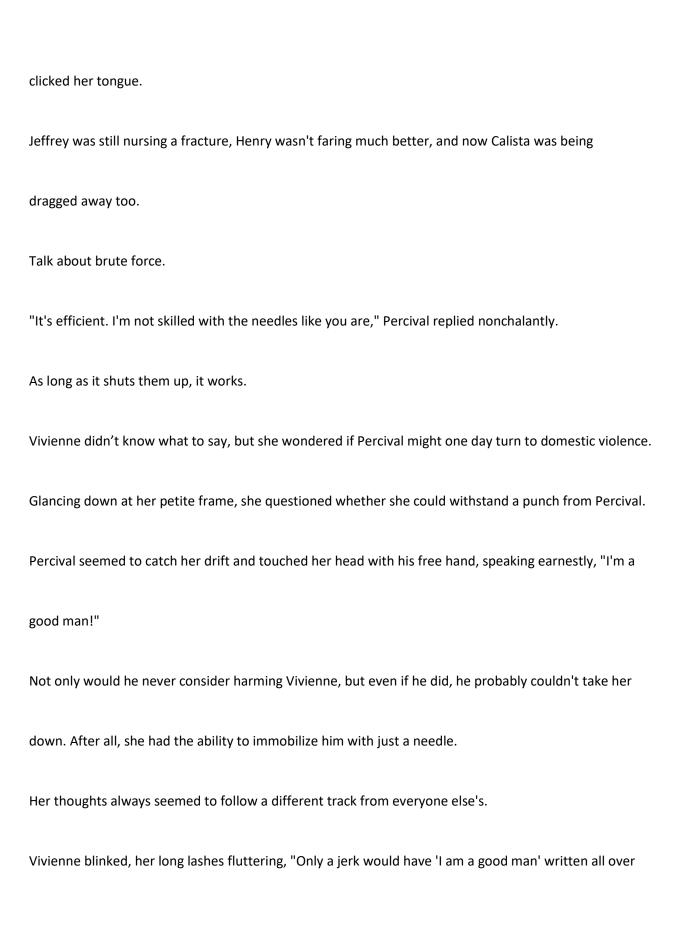
"Mr. Wolf, I brought you some strawberry cheesecake today." Vivienne appeared in high spirits, her



Frustrated, she slammed her hand on the steering wheel, shouting, "Answer the phone!"
The continuous busy tone from the car's speaker system infuriated Fiona, who cursed, "Idiot!"
She activated the GPS and checked the location.
Sure enough, the tracker pointed to somewhere near Capital Avenue.
Following the navigation, she drove in that direction.
If there really had been an accident, it would not just be a matter of compensation. It could cost her her
life!
After some thought, Fiona dialed another number.
"Code red, the goods have been compromised on Capital Avenue!"
The voice on the other end was mechanical, grating on the ears. "Didn't I tell you to find time to move
the shipment? How could this have happened?"
"I can't explain it all now. Just hurry over here. I can't reach the driver!" Fiona said frantically.
"Understood."
The call ended abruptly, and Fiona gripped the steering wheel with trembling hands, panic flooding her
gaze.



Vivienne was the Specter Healer? How was that even possible? How could she be the Specter Healer?
No way! Absolutely no way!
While Calista was lost in thought, Vivienne curled her lips into a smile. "The lab report from yesterday
that I let you get your hands on was meant for your eyes only."
With a flick of her wrist, Vivienne removed the needles from Calista's pressure points.
"You're Mr. B!" Calista gasped, her eyes widening in disbelief.
Hearing the answer she wanted, Vivienne said, "Mr. Wolf, we can leave now; the others should be
arriving soon."
Calista grabbed Vivienne's arm, "No, you're not Mr. B. Who are you, really?"
Vivienne shrugged her off with a cool detachment, "You talk too much."
With that, she headed downstairs.
Before Calista could wrap her head around what was happening, Percival knocked her out with a chop
to the neck.
Dragging her by the leg, he hauled her down the stairs.
"Mr. Wolf, do you always have to be so rough? Can't you find a more subtle approach?" Vivienne





She paused, then added, "By the way, my master is a renowned geomancer. His talent for fortune-
telling is unparalleled, especially in altering fates. Push him too far, and he might just change your
destiny, maybe even to that of a beggar. The kind that faces eighty-one tribulations."
Percival thought to himself, "Fine! I got the message. Champion of ensnaring husbands! Vivienne,
hands down!"
Percival wrapped an arm around Vivienne, his voice seductive, whispering in her ear, "Vivienne, would
you really let me suffer like that?"
His voice was magnetic, sending shivers down Vivienne's spine. She raised an eyebrow, "Of course
not. Let's keep things harmonious and loving."
Percival kissed her cheek, "Come to my apartment tonight, and I'll show you exactly what 'harmonious
and loving' means."
This time, it was Vivienne who was silenced.
Okay!
She blushed.

If Calista were still conscious, she would probably ask, "Are you two even human? Here I am being dragged by the leg, and you're flirting? Have you no consideration for others?" Of course, Percival and Vivienne believed there was no need to consider her feelings, as they didn't see Calista as a human. Seeing Vivienne silent, Percival teased her earlobe with a smile, "Are you blushing, Vivienne?" Vivienne cleared her throat, "Ahem! Business first!" With that, she turned and walked away. Percival chuckled. Vivienne blushing was quite a sight. He liked it. But it wasn't the time for romance. He didn't tease her further and followed her out, dragging Calista along. Before stepping out, Percival called out towards Richard's bedroom, "Grandpa, you can wake up now." From upstairs, Richard's voice boomed, "No, I'll sleep a bit longer." Percival was speechless, thinking, "So committed to playing sick." At the door, Percival handed Calista over to Leopold. Leopold hoisted her up like a sack of meat, "Where to?"



"It's a trap," Vivienne said, popping a lollipop in her mouth and nonchalantly handing one to Percival. Leopold looked on, "Hey, what about me?" "Go ask your sweetheart for one," Percival shot back with a glare. Leopold protested, "Sweetheart? Do I even have one? When I'm dodging bullets with you every day, when would I find time to date?" Percival queried, "Did you really throw away Griffin Martinez's affections like that?" "Please, just zip it. That shrew? She's the last person I'd want to marry!" Leopold retorted. As they bickered, a sleek red car pulled up a hundred yards away. Out stepped Astrid, clutching a bomb detonator in her hand! Chapter 429 Astrid eyed the laboratory entrance before her, the very threshold of a top-secret national research facility she had once infiltrated with Vivienne. A sly grin tugged at the corner of her mouth as she pressed the button on the remote. A gust of wind swept by, yet nothing ensued. Disbelief etched across Astrid's features as she jabbed the button several more times, her expression

darkening with each futile attempt.

Suddenly, she whipped out a gun, spinning around with a swift motion. Vivienne, along with Percival and Leopold who was bemused, emerged from behind her. Astrid showed no signs of panic; instead, a calm detachment washed over her. "Figures, you're not one to fall for tricks so easily," Astrid declared, wielding the gun in one hand while discarding the useless remote with the other. A flicker of regret crossed her gaze as she looked at Vivienne, "Had you joined us, our victory would've been assured by now." Vivienne's eyes sparkled with amusement, her smile broad and radiant. "Your disguise is pathetic, Mr. В." Mr. B, now unmasked as the impostor, gave a nonchalant shrug, making no move to remove his mask, "When did you catch on?" Vivienne pondered for a moment, "Around the time I stumbled upon Scott, perhaps?" Vivienne then let out a derisive chuckle, "You were too naive." Mr. B's eyebrows rose inquisitively, "Impossible. You'd never interacted with me when you blew Scott's



Vivienne's brows knitted together as she swiftly launched a silver needle from her fingertips.

Mr. B's control over his legs vanished, and with a thud, he knelt helplessly on the ground.

"When I'm speaking with Mr. Wolf, do not interrupt. It displeases me," Vivienne's eyes glinted with a

cold edge, adding a chilling beauty to her already enchanting face.

Mr. B gripped his gun tighter but knew better than to shoot.

Regardless of whether it was Vivienne, Percival, or even Leopold, Mr. B stood no chance of a

guaranteed hit.

In this open space, a well-trained individual could easily dodge a bullet. And even if hit by chance, Mr.

B was aware that he would be the one to suffer the consequences.

With his legs rendered useless, escape was out of the question. He needed to wait for the right

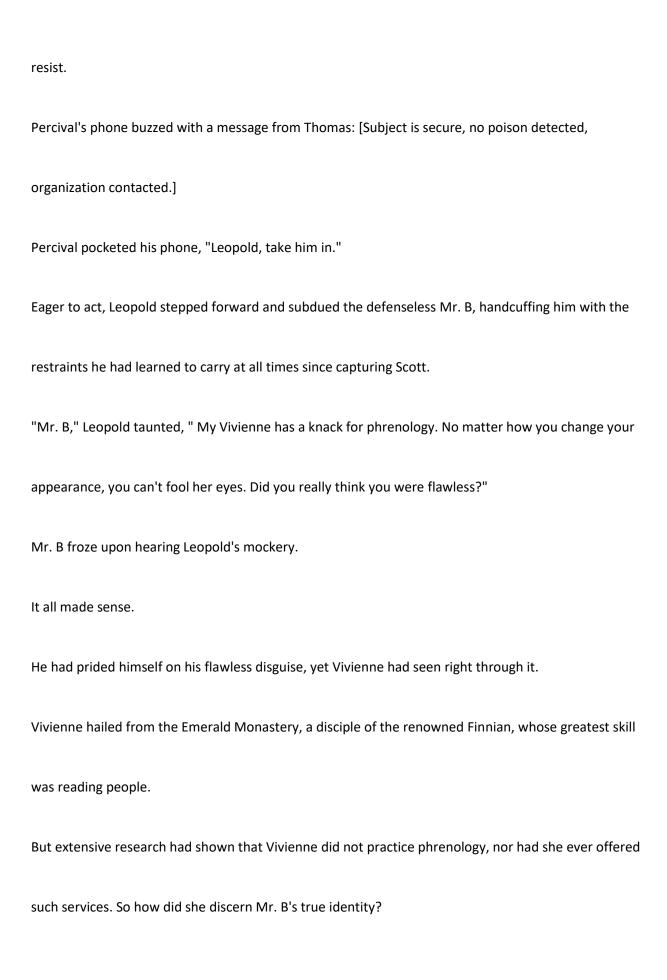
moment to act.

Percival, noticing her hesitation, wore a subtle smirk, "Mr. B, you didn't actually think you'd get the

chance to pull the trigger, did you?"

Mr. B paused, suddenly realizing his fingers were numb.

He looked at Vivienne's smug face and understood that he had been drugged and was powerless to



Mr. B looked up at Vivienne, forcing a smile, "You've played along with my charade for quite some time. It seems we must refine our art of disguise." Vivienne shook her finger, "No matter how skilled you are, you can't imitate the warmth in Astrid's eyes. The face reflects the heart." Vivienne's talent for phrenology exceeded even her master's. Finnian often remarked she was a rare genius. Until the age of twenty-five, she was forbidden from reading fortunes, lest she risk her life. She had heeded her master's warning and refrained from the practice. Although she couldn't read fortunes, Vivienne possessed the ability to read bone structure, a skill unrelated to mystic arts and solely based on physical attributes. Due to her special circumstances, she couldn't regularly practice this skill. Thus, her exposure of Rowan and Ismene was not through bone reading, but simply due to their poor disguise skills. Mr. B narrowed his eyes, conceding the conversation.

Agents from the Vanguard Agency closed in, escorting Mr. B to the prisoner transport vehicle.

Leopold massaged his wrist, "Vivienne, you're a freaking psychic. How did you know he'd come back

here?"

Even though the research facility was temporarily commandeered by GTO, the contents were a mix of truth and deception.

They wanted to use her to develop the virus they desired, worming their way closer through Astrid's connections, probing step by step.

And then there was her understanding of Astrid. She had only met Astrid once, but she always remembered the tenderness in her eyes, so similar to Cordelia's. That was something no amount of sophisticated disguise could replicate. Content of Drąmanovels.com

Like she said, the face is the mirror of the soul.

"Fiona, working with GTO? That's wild," Leopold had never been fond of Fiona, always felt she hid her cards too well.

But to think she'd stoop to colluding with GTO. She really would dabble in anything.

"It's not surprising," Vivienne chuckled, "She was behind the whole Boar Poison fiasco."

Leopold gasped, "What! The poison in Isolde, that was Fiona's doing?"
Percival's eyes narrowed, "Yeah."
For years, he'd been at peace with Fiona. But in truth, it was all just a facade, with very little interaction.
Vivienne's brows furrowed, "She still has a vial of Boar Poison, whereabouts unknown."
Percival's eyes turned steely, "Let's head back; we have to regroup." Chapter 430
Three companions climbed into the car and soon arrived at the Vanguard Agency's secret interrogation
room.
Inside, Fiona sat with her eyes downcast, lifeless and detached.
The sound of the door opening barely made her look up, only to drop her gaze once again.
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Percival took a seat across from her, his deep-set eyes emotionless as they fixed on her, wordless. A scoff escaped Fiona's lips. "Well played, Percival. You've bested me."



of joy are numbered. Mark my words, you'll never take over the Ellington legacy!"

For a moment, Percival paused, the corners of his mouth twitching into a smile before he continued out

Vivienne waited in the car outside. Seeing him emerge, she knew he had come up empty-handed.

Behind Fiona, there were others, a third party involved just as the mysterious text had suggested.

For years, Fiona had been using the Ellington Group and Jeffrey's gallery for shadowy dealings,

trafficking artifacts and expensive artworks. The profits couldn't be just this meager.

However, Vivienne had yet to uncover this third entity.

Percival got in the car, his mood as dark as thunderclouds, lifting only slightly in Vivienne's presence.

"Expected outcomes shouldn't weigh on the heart," Vivienne said, her fingers lightly massaging

Percival's temples to ease the tension.

the door.

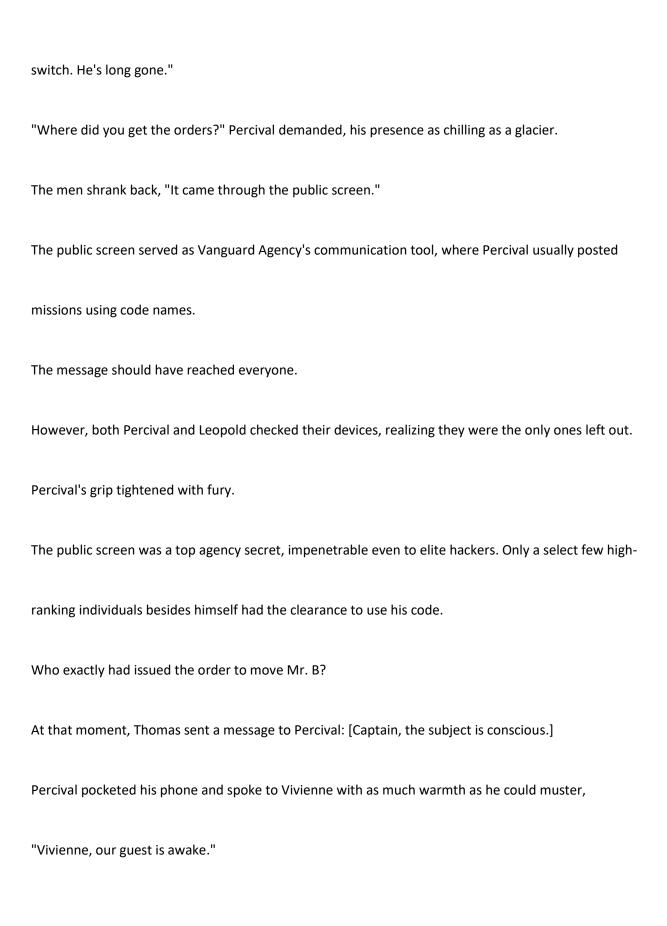
He held her hand in his, looking into her eyes, "I'm fine."

She nodded, understanding all too well that he was contemplating how to break the news to Richard.

Fiona was Richard's second favorite granddaughter after Isolde, and he had high hopes for her.

But life often defies expectations. Richard would no doubt be heartbroken once more. Percival pulled Vivienne close, his lips brushing her forehead in a rare display of affection. In the driver's seat, Leopold bit his lip. He said to himself, "Keep calm, don't get angry! Percival, you love-struck fool! Must you always be so affectionate with Vivienne? One day, I'll put an end to this!" Of course, these were thoughts Leopold would only dare shout within the confines of his mind. Suddenly, Leopold noticed the van designated for Mr. B's transfer parked ahead. "What are they doing here?" he muttered, stepping out to inquire. Percival and Vivienne exchanged a glance before following Leopold out. "Captain," greeted the driver. Percival's brow furrowed. "What's the matter?" The driver looked confused, "Didn't you order us here to interrogate Fiona?" "Who sent you that message!" Percival's urgency drove him straight to the van's cabin. It was empty! His anger erupted, "Where is he!"

The driver was dumbfounded, "Captain, we were told to release him at the crossroads for a vehicle



Understanding the gravity of Mr. B's escape, Vivienne nodded. It was no good news for her either. "I'll go alone," she said, communicating silently that she knew what he was thinking. Leopold handed her the car keys, and then he joined Percival in the agency's vehicle. Vivienne drove off to the hospital alone, where Thomas waited outside. Seeing her arrive solo didn't surprise him. News of Mr. B's disappearance had likely already circulated throughout the entire department by now. "Madam, your foster parents are inside, quite beside themselves," Thomas cautioned. Vivienne nodded, "Alright, you can go. I've got this." With an acknowledging murmur, Thomas hurried off. He needed to find Percival, and fast. Today's complications weren't going to resolve themselves easily. Once Thomas had left, Vivienne lingered at the door for a moment before pushing it open and stepping inside. The woman Thomas had rescued was Astrid. Cordelia was a well of pent-up words and overwhelming concern. Updated at Dramanovels.com

All Astrid could offer were soothing words. "Mom, it was just an accident, please don't cry. I'm okay,

look, Vivienne's here now."
Cordelia dabbed at her tears, "Vivienne, dear, you're here."
Vivienne nodded, "Mom, you and dad should head home. The doctor said Astrid needs to rest, and she
shouldn't be overexerted. I'll stay with my sister."
"That's right, Mom," Astrid chimed in, "I won't be able to recover if you keep worrying like this. Please
go back."
After a great deal of fussing and reluctant goodbyes, Cordelia and Dorian finally left the hospital.
Only later did they realize something peculiar: Vivienne had referred to Astrid as her sister!
Previously, Vivienne had simply called Astrid by her first name.
In the quiet of the hospital room, Vivienne set to work peeling an apple for Astrid. "Don't worry about
home; I'm there to take care of everything."