

## **Million-Dollar 451**

### Chapter 451

Anna knew that Vivienne wanted her to neutralize the poison.

It was a test that came out of nowhere.

After Vivienne dropped that bombshell, she sat at the corner café, idly scrolling on her smartphone.

Anna's lips had turned a ghostly shade of white, her skin sprouting angry red welts, her breathing

shallow and fast.

Within two minutes, Anna's limbs began to spasm, the skin on her arms peeling away to reveal

festering sores.

The speed of it all was something Anna had not anticipated. She had thought she would have at least

an hour. But it happened so rapidly!

Vivienne, seeing Anna's plight, was not surprised.

To keep the poison at bay for two minutes was an achievement in itself.

There were not many who could do that.

Vivienne handed Anna her half-finished latte.

As Anna drank it, the corrosive sores miraculously began to heal before their eyes, the hives receded,

the spasms ceased, and color returned to Anna's lips.

Anna took a deep breath, relief washing over her.

For a split second, she had thought she was a goner.

"This poison's more vicious than GTO's," Anna said gravely.

Vivienne finally put away her phone. "GTO's child's play. Keep pushing."

Anna nodded, her gaze flickering past Vivienne, catching a swift shadow that disappeared as quickly as it emerged.

Vivienne's smile deepened. "Perhaps we should head back to the lab."

Anna was thinking the same. She clutched the latte - her lifeline.

She wanted to use the lab's equipment to dissect the concoction that had nearly claimed her life.

...

In the mall's underground parking lot.

Rex slid into his car, ignited the engine with the ferocity of a storm, and sped toward the lab.

Vivienne had neutralized his poison!

How was that possible? Only that damned Specter Healer was supposed to have that ability.

Now there was Vivienne too!

Could she be the elusive Specter Healer?

Impossible!

Was Specter Healer supposed to be this attractive?

Rex shook his head in disbelief.

It could not be this slip of a girl. There had to be a mistake.

Muttering curses, he floored the pedal and raced back to the lab.

Specter Healer or not, he had to flee.

But before he ran, he needed all the data on the potion. To him, it was a Pandora's Box filled with

endless possibilities. He had never seen anything quite like it. He vowed to use all his knowledge to

replicate it, to make it even more potent.

With it, he would defeat the Specter Healer.

And that Boar Poison!

He would create a toxin a hundred times stronger!

He would make the Specter Healer kneel before him!

Excited by the thought, Rex sped into the lab.

Donning his white coat, he entered with his usual genteel charm.

He collected the potion and all related materials methodically.

The others were engrossed in their work, oblivious to the impending theft.

This played right into Rex's hands.

Once everything was packed, a triumphant smile crossed his face.

Suddenly, he sensed someone approaching.

Whirling around, he saw a portly man with a genuine smile twirling a lasso in greeting.

"Hi, long time no see, my little peach!"

"Damn it!"

Rex cursed and bolted.

But the portly man, Brian, moved with surprising agility, his lasso striking Rex's legs with precision.

Rex's legs buckled, and he crashed to the ground, yet he managed to protect the potion in his pocket.

"Brian, you relentless bastard!" Rex spat through gritted teeth.

Brian casually rubbed his nose while his lasso kept moving. "Brody, you're still my cash cow. Hurry up,

and let me catch you. Run again later. Just let me secure the bag first."

"Go to hell!"

Rex was Brody, in disguise, infiltrating the YQ lab!

Potion in hand, he ran for his life.

Brian was relentless, alternating between lashing his lasso and hurling knives.

The lab echoed with the sounds of pursuit.

"Stop running!"

"Stopping would be idiotic!"

"Halt!"

"Chase me again and see if I don't poison you!"

The clatter of lab equipment crashing to the floor was interspersed with their shouts.

The lab staff had to halt their work, with Holden lamenting the chaos, "Oh, take it easy, that machine's

worth a cool 30 million dollars! Be careful, that's my completed reagent, oh my god, my research!"

But a mere lab brawl would not resolve the deep-seated feud between Brody and Brian.

Anna listened to the cacophony outside the lab and asked, "Ms. Vivienne, is everything good?"

Vivienne massaged her temples, "We're fine!"

With that, she kicked open the lab door and grabbed Brian, who was mid-whip.

Caught off guard, Brian cursed, "Who the hell is stealing my payday!"

He turned to see Vivienne's icy glare and shuddered.

Then, his anger melted into a placid smile. "Give me two more minutes, Vivienne, and I'll bag him!"

Vivienne kicked Brian aside, pointing to where Brody lay defeated.

Brian, all smiles again, swiftly tied up Brody.

Brody, limp and unable to resist, was now at Brian's mercy.

It was now crystal clear to him: Vivienne was none other than the infamous Specter Healer.

Only the Specter Healer could administer poison so stealthily, forcing him to spend a grueling half hour concocting the antidote.

Vivienne rolled her eyes with a bored expression. "Idiot." Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Initially, it was mere suspicion.

But when Rex had left Leopold eating his dust, attempting to poison her that same night, her suspicions solidified into certainty.

Rex was her old acquaintance, Brody.

After all the time spent searching for him, he had walked right into her trap.

Why not savor the moment, then?

She had been biding her time, curious to see what other tricks Brody had up his sleeve.

He did not disappoint, delivering the potion's breakdown right on cue.

If Brody had kept to himself, diligently working on potion research in his lab, she might never have called in Brian.

But Brody, ever the meddler, could not resist the urge to dabble in his old habits and poison Anna.

There was no other choice but to let Brian deal with him.

Chapter 452

Brody snorted coldly at Vivienne. "Just you wait. I'll concoct a poison that makes yours look like cherry soda, and you won't even know what hit you when you're lying six feet under!"

Without missing a beat, Brian's hand connected with a resounding smack to the back of Brody's head.

"What's with that tone? You talking to Vivienne like that? Looking for a knuckle sandwich?"

"You already gave me one!" Brody roared back.

Brian, unimpressed, hoisted Brody up by his collar and started fiddling with his face, poking and prodding. "Your face is quite real, isn't it?"

Right now, Brody was tied up tighter than a Thanksgiving turkey, unable to make any moves, much less poison anyone. His sharp tongue was about the only weapon he had left.

Seizing a moment of distraction, Brody sank his teeth into Brian's finger. "This is my real face!"

Instantly, Brian's finger started to turn a shade of purple as vivid as a ripe eggplant.

Vivienne casually dusted some powder on Brian's hand, then looked at Brody. "You're quite the spring chicken."

She had to admit Brody's disguise was top-notch.

Back in the loony bin, she had not even realized he was in disguise.

She had truly thought that the nerdy loser look was Brody's actual face.

Tsk.



She had underestimated her adversary.

"The secret's in the moisturizer!" Brody panted, plopping onto the floor. "Brian, cut me loose. I'm a small fry, really. I've got bigger fish for you."

Brian's interest was piqued, poison forgotten. "Bigger fish? Who?"

Brody wiggled a bit. "Untie me first."

"Spill first," Brian retorted, unmoved.

Brody took a deep breath, feeling like a caged lion taunted by mutts.

"Ever heard of GTO? They've got a second-in-command, who goes by Mr. B. I've seen her. The bounty on her head..."

"Is ten times yours!" Brian's eyes might as well have turned into dollar signs as he crouched down eagerly. "Describe Mr. B to me."

Vivienne's interest was piqued, too.

To think Brody had seen Mr. B's face, a visage not even the likes of Quincy had laid eyes on.

Brody's eyes darted around. "She's a dame, about five-six, with chestnut waves."

Brian nodded eagerly. "And?"

"And you cut me loose, then I'll spill the beans!"

"Damn!" Brian cursed, shooting a glance at Vivienne. His confidence swelled again. "Believe me, I'll let Vivienne here poison you dead!"

Brody, unfazed, scoffed at the threat. "Do it. Poison me. Then, say goodbye to Mr. B's bounty, too. Go ahead, I dare you!"

Brian was at a loss.

But the idea of just letting Brody walk and, with it, any leads on Mr. B's bounty – which would be a jackpot ten times Brody's size – was unbearable.

In Brian's world, looks did not matter; high bounties were the true beauties.

Seeing Brian's dilemma brought a smirk to Brody's face. "Cut me loose, and you have my word."

"Shut it!" Brian was not one to let go of either quarry.

What kind of bounty hunter would he be if he was not greedy?

Vivienne watched as Brody played Brian like a fiddle, then stepped forward with a smile, retrieving a potion hidden on Brody's person.

Brody's eyes were full of anguish as he watched his pilfered potion taken from him. "Hey, that's mine."

"I'll give it to you. Plus, I can offer you a lab to continue your research and protection from Brian's

hunting," Vivienne said, toying with the potion in her hand.

Brian stood by her side, wisely holding his tongue.

Once Vivienne had spoken, not even his greed could overstep.

Brody eyed Vivienne warily. "You'd do that for me?"

"Of course. Just tell me what Mr. B looks like, and I'll make sure you have everything you need for your

experiments," Vivienne replied coolly.

Brody was the only one who had seen Mr. B and could potentially spill the beans – easier to handle

than a wildcard like Scott.

She was not about to let this chance slip away.

Brody still could not believe it, eyeing her suspiciously.

Vivienne squatted down, her gaze intense. "You're the most talented poison master I've ever seen.

Your concoctions have earned a place in my collection, and you're the only one who can unlock the

secrets of this potion. Your expertise isn't just in poisons. If you wanted to create antidotes, you'd do it

with ease. Even this potion, I've been at it for ages with no luck, but you – you can crack it. I respect you, really."

"You're serious?" Brody could hardly trust his ears.

This was not just any recognition; it was from the Specter Healer herself!

He could scarcely believe that his long-time rival was actually showing him respect.

How could that be?

Vivienne nodded. "Yes, if you can help me find the antidote for this potion, my respect for you will only grow."

"Deal! I'll get to work on that antidote right now!" And so, with flattery from Vivienne, Brody's resistance

crumbled.

All he could hear was her saying how much more she would respect him.

A rare opportunity to one-up the Specter Healer? He would be a fool to pass it up!

Especially since he was convinced, he was the only one who could unravel the potion's secrets!

Vivienne's lips curled into a sly smile.

He really was an easy mark.

She handed the potion back to Brody. "So, what does Mr. B look like?"

"A lady, five-six, chestnut hair, weighs about 215, with a scar about an inch long on her face, almond eyes, thin lips. Didn't catch much more."

Brody shifted his shoulders. "Untie me, and I'll draw her for you."

Brian was hesitant, but Vivienne had already started to loosen Brody's bonds.

Vivienne glanced at the drawing.

Hmm...

It was hard to put into words.

Brian cursed, "You call this a portrait?"

"Let's see you do better," Brody retorted, unwilling to back down as he stared at Brian.

Brian grabbed a pencil and refined Brody's attempt, "How about now?"

Especially since Mr. B was a master of disguise.

This made her most distinctive feature, a scar, all the more concealable.

Vivienne snapped a photo of the drawing and sent it to Draven.

[Nationwide manhunt. Approach with caution, not alarming the target. Handle it yourself.]

The second-in-command of GTO was notoriously vigilant. If they tipped her off, the target would be long gone before they could even get close.

That was why Vivienne refrained from issuing a call to arms through the Order of Nine Mystics Society.

Besides, Draven had pretty much mastered the art of disguise from Rowan and Ismene, making him one of the best within the Nine Mystics Society.

Leaving the task to him seemed like the safest bet.

Draven's text came back swiftly, [Understood.]

Chapter 453

Brian tucked away Mr. B's portrait. Despite having a target worth ten times more than Brody's, losing the cash hurt, no matter how he sliced it.

But Brody was already buried in the schematics of a potion, oblivious to the ruins around him.

His sole focus was concocting the antidote to make the Specter Healer concede defeat.

"Vivienne, he isn't faking it, is he?" Brian asked, uneasy.

If Brody bolted again, finding him again would not be a walk in the park.

Vivienne's lips curved slightly. "No chance."

Brody was obsessed with medicine; once hooked, it was tough to pull him out.

His greatest adversary was her.

He had spent half his life trying to best her.

Now, why would he not be thrilled with a golden opportunity and Brian out of his hair?

Furthermore, staying put meant he could concentrate totally on his research.

Brian sighed. "Vivienne, what about my money?"

Vivienne glanced at him. "After all this, you'll get Brody's bounty."

Money, money, money. Were all her associates so greedy?

Brian chuckled. "Alright, Vivienne, I'm off the..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Vivienne kicked him into the lab. "Clean this mess first!"

Brian scratched his head. No escaping it, after all.

Using the equipment Brian and Brody had not wrecked, Anna deciphered the mystery of iced latte.

"Ms. Vivienne, am I right with my analysis?" Anna handed her report to Vivienne.

Vivienne skimmed it. "Yep, next time you encounter a toxin like this, you'll crack it."

Anna breathed a sigh of relief. Noticing Brody poring over diagrams, she commented, "I expected an old man, at least middle-aged, but he's barely older than Husky!"

Vivienne was curious, too. Brody was pushing forty; how was he so youthful?

She sat beside him. "Been studying anti-aging, too?"

Brody, pen in mouth, did not look up. "Nope. Fifteen years ago, I botched an experiment, face full of it.

Woke up looking like this."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow—an elixir of immortality by accident?

Suddenly, Brody looked up. "I've got it! The previous dosage was too low. A bit more, and the potion can't consume it!"

He dashed into the lab, cluttered with vials of viruses.

Vivienne watched, pondering the potion in Brody's hand, a new idea sparking.

Anna, clueless, asked, "Ms. Vivienne, what does he know?"

Vivienne shook her head. "What he knows doesn't matter, but his test tube's gonna blow!"

Right on cue, a boom echoed from the lab, followed by Brody's curses.



Such explosions were routine to the others—there was always a few per day.

Vivienne jotted down some formulas, left them for Brody, and took Anna away.

On the way, Vivienne got a text from Percival.

[Vivienne, news from Griffin. Miss you. Hurry over.]

A smile played on Vivienne's lips, tender only for Percival.

She replied: [Miss you too. On my way.]

Anna, witnessing it all, covered her face.

Oh, the drama!

...

At Griffin's house.

Rows of documents lay before Griffin, all about a new bomb, interspersed with her own research papers.

She had refined her original concepts, heightening the bomb's danger.

Percival and Vivienne arrived simultaneously.

The door was open, and they entered.

Anna and Leopold stayed outside as guards.

Griffin, with three pens in her hair and in pajamas, didn't look up. "This is what I've figured out. Take a look."

Vivienne skimmed the papers—classic weapons expert work, a quick sketch of the internal design in no time.

Percival nodded. "We do. I'll get it now. Anything else?"

"That's it for now. Get it to me today," Griffin buried her head back into the papers.

Vivienne and Percival exchanged glances; their job here was done.

Outside, Leopold approached eagerly. "How did it go?"

Percival smirked. "What exactly are you asking about?"

Leopold faltered, "Of course, about the bomb. What else?"

Vivienne eyed Leopold. "Griffin needs the data on those explosions from HQ. Fetch it."

Anna could not help but feel Leopold almost looked forward to it.

Vivienne wagged a finger. "Mr. Wolf can't go to HQ. You're the best fit. Anna will handle it from there."

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Leopold sighed with mock bravery as if he were ready to face the gallows. "It's okay. I can make this sacrifice for Vivienne."

Vivienne pressed her lips. Her gaze towards Leopold was a complex blend of amusement and exasperation.

Percival shared a similar look, exchanging a knowing glance with her.

Leopold silently got into his car, and with a press of the accelerator, he was gone from sight.

Vivienne's eyes twinkled with mirth as she said to Anna, "Let's head home."

"What? Shouldn't I stay here and wait to hand off the documents?" Anna asked, puzzled.

"No need." Vivienne smacked her lips thoughtfully. "Mr. Wolf, I think skipping home might be a good idea."

Percival nodded in agreement. "Yeah, why don't we call up Thomas and treat ourselves to a feast?"

Chapter 454

As the quartet happily indulged in a cozy fondue dinner, Leopold brought over the documents from headquarters.

Peering through the empty doorway, Leopold hesitated, unsure whether to enter.

He texted Anna: [Where are you guys?]

Anna, who had not quite finished chewing her lamb, hit the voice message button, "On a mission, gotta stick to Ms. Vivienne like glue."

Vivienne said, "Just drop the stuff off, and don't be a nuisance. You mess up the deal, I'll break your legs."

Percival added his own threat, "I'll dislocate your arm."

Thomas kept it simple, "Good luck, man!"

Listening to the sounds of bubbling fondue, fizzing sodas, and the stubborn mastication of lamb,

Leopold was in disbelief.

Was this really a mission?

This was sheer torture!

But he had no choice; he had to deliver the documents quickly.

Griffin had already sent a reminder in the Little Bombs group chat – a special group Vivienne had created for convenience.

With no other option, Leopold donned a mask and hat, covering himself completely, and entered

Griffin's home.

The evening was setting in, and Griffin had only a desk lamp on, leaving the main lights off.

Three different-colored pens lay strewn across documents, each marking various annotations.

Leopold cleared his throat gently, but Griffin showed no reaction.

He moved closer and tapped Griffin's head with the documents, "Hey, the papers..."

"Ah!"

Bam!

Stars danced before Leopold's eyes as he staggered backward and collapsed to the floor.

When he came to, or more accurately, when he could finally open his left eye again, all the lights in

Griffin's place were on.

Griffin was there, casually perusing the documents, and upon seeing Leopold awake, she nonchalantly

remarked, "Are you nuts? Sneaking up behind people all in black with a mask? How do you expect

someone to react?"

Leopold clutched his right eye. "You're the one who's nuts! Didn't you say you didn't want to see me?"

How else was I supposed to hide my face?"

Griffin nearly burst out laughing. "Since when did you start following orders so well?"

Leopold exhaled sharply. "I don't have the energy to argue. I've delivered your stuff; I'm out of here."

"Not so fast," Griffin pointed outside, "It's pouring rain, and the cops towed your car."

Leopold was dumbfounded, "Wait, what? Why would they tow my car?"

"You were blocking traffic," Griffin said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

Leopold clenched his fists, grinding his teeth, "Couldn't you, just maybe, help me out and move the car into your garage?"

Griffin smirked. "Sorry, my garage isn't for storing Husky sleds."

Leopold was speechless, finally settling on the couch in frustration.

Griffin continued her work as if he was not even there.

Eventually, Leopold's stomach began to rumble. He tapped the desk, "Hungry?"

Without looking back, Griffin gestured toward the fridge, "Help yourself."

Leopold found nothing but instant noodles and pre-made sandwiches inside, alongside cans of soda –

the classic bachelor's feast.

He could not help but ask, "Is this what you usually eat?"

Griffin hummed an affirmation, "Just me here, so I make do."

For some reason, Leopold felt a sudden pang of sadness.

For the first time, he noticed Griffin seemed much thinner than he remembered.

Well, of course, she would be on a diet like that.

Leopold started preparing two cups of noodles, mumbling, "For a young woman, you could take better care of yourself. Why not keep some veggies or some meat in the house? This..."

He turned to find Griffin with headphones on, ignoring him.

A shadow stretched out on the floor under the light, falling across her back.

Leopold licked his lips and silently added the only sausage left from the fridge into Griffin's noodle cup,

then placed it quietly on the desk beside her.

He sat on the couch, wolfing down the nutritionally void noodles.

After eating, the rain had not stopped, and Griffin was still engrossed in her research. Bored out of his

mind, Leopold eventually dozed off on the couch.

When he awoke, he found Griffin asleep on the carpet, leaning against the couch, blue pen still

clutched in hand, the other two pens precariously perched in her hair.

Her instant noodles were untouched.

Leopold sighed. "You're working too hard."

With his right eye less swollen, he approached and squatted beside her, staring at her with unknown

thoughts in his mind. Suddenly, Griffin's head dropped, and Leopold caught it as quickly as possible.

His face was a little flushed, and so was his hand.

After a few minutes of silence, he lifted her into a more comfortable position on the couch, draping his

jacket over her.

Glancing at the untouched instant noodles, he tossed it aside, grabbed Griffin's car keys, and left.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Griffin buried her face in his jacket, a secret smile on

her lips.

Despite not having eaten all day, she felt no hunger.

She had never been in love before, except for Leopold.



She always remembered his words. "A kiss seals the deal, and we're bound for marriage."

Because of that promise, she had pursued him for fifteen years.

She chased, he ran, but he could never truly escape.

It was almost comical, yet only she knew the bitterness behind it.

What girl would relentlessly pursue a man for fifteen years without reserve?

She was stubborn, her tenacity in chasing Leopold matched only by her dedication to her research in weaponry.

As she matured, her understanding of youthful love still in its naive stages, she suddenly realized she had been chasing Leopold simply because he was handsome. Content of [DramaNovels.com](http://DramaNovels.com)

The difference was that he was on the front lines while she was in the lab.

Yet, both were united by the same goal of world peace.

Only then did she truly understand that the boy she had once pursued so earnestly was genuinely exceptional.

Everyone, including Kellan Sterling, would say his grandson was quite the goofball.

But in her eyes, Leopold was the finest man in the world.

Bearing the comical "Husky" code name, he charged into the fray repeatedly, flawlessly accomplishing every mission.

How could such a man be considered a goofball?

And so, she was certain that her affection for Leopold was not due to a childhood jest or years of habit.

It was because he was truly outstanding and truly deserving of her admiration.

Chapter 455

Griffin clutched the jacket to her chest, reveling in a sweetness she had never felt before.

By the time Leopold returned, Griffin was truly asleep.

Cradled in her arms was Leopold's coat, her face adorned with the kind of smile unique to little girls who had just been gifted candy.

Leopold, arms laden with bags of groceries and takeout, stuffed Griffin's fridge until it was bursting at the seams.

He popped some ready meals in the microwave, leaving a note to remind Griffin to eat once she woke up.

After tucking her into bed and ensuring everything was perfect, he slipped away, leaving the jacket

tightly clutched in Griffin's hands.

...

The next day.

Vivienne's phone was bombarded with a flurry of texts from Griffin, gushing like an overexcited puppy.

[Vivienne, for the first time, our fridge is chock-full!]

[He carried me to bed last night, oh my god, does that mean he cares about me?!]

[Vivienne, is this a crush, or is it love? Am I torturing myself?]

Vivienne massaged her temples as she read the relentless stream of messages.

She did not know if Griffin was crushing or if it was love, nor if Griffin was torturing herself.

What she did know was that Griffin was torturing her!

[Zip it.] She texted back.

[Hehe, morning Vivienne! What do I do next? I don't know how to act around him. He hasn't said he

likes me, but why would he care otherwise? I'm worried I'm reading too much into this. It could just be

him being nice.]

Vivienne finally came to her senses and typed swiftly: [Meet me at Silver Bar tonight, 8 pm sharp.]

Then she called Dawson.

He picked up immediately, his voice oozing smugness, "My dear Vivienne, missing me this early?"

"Buzz off." Vivienne regretted the call for a moment.

"Tonight, 8 pm. Bring Leopold to Silver Bar."

"Got it!" Dawson paused, "Vivienne, is Griffin going too?"

"How'd you know?" Vivienne was taken aback.

Dawson laughed, "Come on, these little games girls play? We're onto them, except for Leopold, that

blockhead. He's always talking about you or Griffin; I should've seen him fretting when Griffin was busy

with her patent stuff. Don't worry, they've got chemistry."

Reassured by Dawson's words, Vivienne relaxed.

Her efforts were not in vain as long as there was a spark.

But then she frowned, "You're awfully well-informed."

Dawson choked. "All thanks to Larry's teachings... My heart is devoted, Vivi—"

She hung up, cutting him off mid-sentence.

Dawson texted Larry, [Vivienne's giving me the cold shoulder.]

Larry replied, [Serves you right.]

At 8 pm, Vivienne and Griffin made their entrance at Silver Bar, commandeering the most central booth.

With Griffin's rare beauty paired with Vivienne's charm, they immediately drew gazes.

Like goddesses, they sat amidst the crowd, deflecting advances and invitations with an air of untouchable grace.

Leopold and Dawson arrived shortly after.

"Vivienne, he's here, he's here!" Griffin grabbed Vivienne, nearly leaping with excitement.

"Calm down, will you?" Vivienne chided her.

Just then, Vivienne received a text from Percival: [Everything's set, Vivienne. I'll wait for you outside.]

Vivienne's eyes twinkled as she replied with an affirmative.

Griffin couldn't help but comment, "You're just like me."

Vivienne smirked, "No, darling, there's a fundamental difference. I'm texting my future husband!"

Griffin had no comeback.

Dawson ushered Leopold to a booth not far from the ladies and signaled for a bevy of beauties to join them.

Leopold nearly jumped out of his skin, "Dawson, if you want to drown in booze and babes, leave me out of it!"

Dawson clicked his tongue, "This is for you, buddy. It's about time you got into the dating game. Or are you saving yourself for Griffin?"

Leopold kept his distance, "I'm not... it's just that..."

The thought of dating anyone else felt disloyal to Griffin. And the idea of someone else pining for him for fifteen years was downright terrifying.

"Enough," Dawson said, pushing drinks toward him. "Live a little. Look at all these gorgeous women.

Don't be a killjoy."

Just as the women swarmed in, Leopold stood up, his gaze fixated on a booth in the distance.

He rubbed his eyes for a clearer view.

It was indeed Vivienne and Griffin!

"What are you looking at?" Dawson asked, feigning ignorance.

Leopold pointed. "The ones drinking with those guys over there—are they Vivienne and Griffin?"

Dawson peered over, "Looks like it. They seem well-acquainted."

"Bull! Griffin's never set foot in a bar before. I can count the men she knows on one hand," Leopold said, storming over.

Dawson yanked him back, "Who says this isn't the eleventh guy she's met?"

Leopold did not take the whiskey. Inside, he was a tangled mess of emotions.

Something was off. Way off.

How could Griffin possibly know some eleventh guy?

He settled back in his seat but kept his eyes locked on the scene unfolding across the bar.

He saw Griffin exchanging numbers with some dude who had the nerve to gift her a bottle of wine and clink glasses with her.

Wait a minute, he's making his move now!

That was the last straw for Leopold. He shot up and stormed over!

The stranger was brushing a stray hair off Griffin's shoulder when Leopold's hand clamped down on his

like a vise.

He nearly crushed the guy's hand.

Everyone around jumped at the sudden confrontation, Griffin most of all.

"Leopold, what the hell are you doing?" Griffin barked in anger.

Chapter 456

Leopold spun around and caught Vivienne's gaze resting on him with a profound intensity.

He was taken aback. Why was Vivienne looking at him like that?

Had he misspoken?

If he found out who the hell had brought Griffin to a joint like this, he would break the bastard's legs!

Griffin shot him an indescribable look and pointed at Vivienne. "Vivienne brought me here. This dude,

she's the one who introduced us."

Leopold was dumbstruck.

Holy shit!

Was it too late to make a run for it?

What was wrong with Griffin?



Why did she not say Vivienne was the one who brought her here sooner?

This was a disaster!

Leopold's gaze shifted, and then he turned on the charm, looking at Vivienne. "Vivienne, fancy seeing

you here! Need a refill? Tonight's on me. Have a blast."

He paused, then added, "But I'll take this gentleman with me. A high-class lady like yourself shouldn't

be slumming it with these bozos."

Vivienne reclined in her chair, arms crossed, a smirk playing on her lips. "Oh? Since when do you get a

say in who this jerk drinks with?"

Leopold dropped to his knees.

He was on the verge of tears. "Vivienne, I didn't mean it. I wasn't calling you out!"

Vivienne casually cleaned her ears, then turned to Griffin. "Do I have a problem with my hearing?"

Griffin, ever so earnest, replied, "Not at all."

Vivienne turned back to Leopold, silent.

Leopold was screwed.

"Griffin, whose side are you even on?" He shouted inwardly.

Griffin was obviously on Vivienne's side.

Leopold offered a sheepish grin. "Look, I misspoke. Can we just let bygones be bygones?"

Vivienne remained silent.

Leopold went on, "I've come into some money recently. How about I treat you?"

Still no response from Vivienne.

Leopold, getting desperate, tried another angle. "I'll cover your strawberry cheesecake fix for the next few months?"

Vivienne did not budge an inch.

Leopold was out of options.

He stood up, grabbed a beer bottle, and, without a second thought, cracked it over his own head with a 'thud.'

He then looked at Vivienne, dead serious. "I'm sorry, Vivienne. Truly."

Vivienne was speechless.

So was Griffin.

Dawson, not far off, was equally stunned.

The guy next to Leopold could not believe his eyes.

This kid was hardcore!

Vivienne pinched the bridge of her nose, feeling an overwhelming urge to boot Leopold out of her circle.

Was he missing a few screws?

Making a scene like this in front of everyone?

Was he trying to paint her as a tyrant?

And more importantly, she had not spoken because she wanted to see what Leopold would offer next.

Instead, he had gone and given himself a concussion!

Now, with several pairs of eyes on her, she felt a surge of frustration she could not release.

She tossed a pack of tissues at Leopold. "Clean yourself up, for heaven's sake. You're embarrassing yourself."

Leopold chuckled nervously, wiped off the booze, and sidled up to Vivienne. "We good now?"

He was used to tagging along on missions with Percival, facing all kinds of danger. During training, they

would smash bricks on their heads, not just bottles. This was child's play for him.

The main thing was to cool down Vivienne.

Vivienne ignored him.

Seeing that Vivienne was not angry anymore, Leopold ventured, "Look, Vivienne, why drag Griffin to a dive like this? Look at that guy; he's clearly up to no good."

Vivienne tilted her head, a mischievous glint in her eyes, and clamped a hand on Leopold's shoulder. "I was playing Cupid for Griffin. She's met too few guys. Once she's got a boyfriend, she'll stop pining after you."

Leopold was in disbelief. "You never said that before!"

Vivienne snorted. "You're my protégé. I wouldn't let you be mistreated. The person you don't want to marry—I'm not going to force you. Now get out of here and have fun. Griffin's my responsibility."

"Vivienne..."

"Beat it!"

Leopold bolted.

At the booth, the man whose wrist Leopold had nearly crushed rubbed it gingerly. "Ma'am, is that the hotshot leader of the first squad, Husky, the captain we were talking about? I'd rather not get assigned to that squad."

"Good luck with that," Vivienne chuckled, raising her glass. "Carry on; the show must go on."

The table erupted in laughter and chatter while Leopold's mood plummeted.

He stewed for a bit, then sent a video to Percival, and added: [Percival, look at this. Vivienne is at a bar with Griffin, hunting for guys!]

Soon, Percival's three-word response came through: [I am aware.]

Leopold could not believe it. [You knew and didn't come over?]

After a few seconds, a flurry of messages from Percival appeared.

[She's free to find guys. Once she's had her fun, she'll still be my Vivienne.]

[Men should be magnanimous. This is Vivienne's typical social life, and I support it.]

[Remember, she's doing this to save you from Griffin—to make her not yours.]

[Don't forget to bow down and thank my Vivienne later!]

Leopold was on the verge of a breakdown, especially after reading "to make her not yours."

He stared at his phone for a long, long time.

No way!

Absolutely not!

Leopold sprang to his feet and headed straight for Griffin's table.

But they were gone!

Dawson barely held back his laughter. "They left together about a minute ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Leopold roared and dashed outside.

...

Outside the bar.

Percival had Vivienne wrapped in his arms.

Across the way, Griffin was about to leave with that man.

Leopold yanked Griffin to his side with a jerk. "Where do you think you're going?"

Griffin, slightly tipsy, blinked and said with a slurred voice, "The cute guy's gonna walk me home."

"But your place is strictly no guys allowed!" Leopold roared, his patience wearing thin.

"He's different," Griffin giggled, followed by a perfectly timed burp.

The guy jumped at Leopold's command, his eyes flickering towards Percival for some sort of confirmation.

With a silent nod from Percival, the guy bolted out of there as his life depended on it.

"Vivienne, Percival, I'll take her home," Leopold declared, pulling Griffin towards his car.

From behind the bar's entrance, Dawson emerged, laughing so hard his stomach hurt.

"Vivienne, I swear we don't need to work this hard. The guy's practically walking into the trap himself."

As he spoke, Dawson's gaze landed on Vivienne, freezing as he saw Percival's audacity. "Percival,

back off!" Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Dare he put his hands on Vivienne's waist? He's got a death wish!

Percival just smiled and planted a kiss on Vivienne's cheek. "Vivienne, I'll wait for you in the car."

Oh, hell no!

Dawson's fists clenched, ready to hurl at Percival, when Vivienne's glance stopped him cold.

"Vivienne, he..."

Vivienne lowered her gaze thoughtfully. "I am."

A smile broke on Dawson's face. "Great, I'll swing by your place to pick you up."

"No need," Vivienne waved dismissively. "Your brother-in-law will be picking me up."

Brother-in-law...

In-law...

Law...

Dawson felt like he was about to lose his mind.

Chapter 457

On the ride home, Vivienne leaned against Percival, her thoughts drifting from Leopold and Griffin to the dinner plans for the next day.

Dawson's aunt.

Vivienne chuckled to herself at the smallness of the world where you bump into an acquaintance with each turn.

Percival meticulously removed a loose strand of hair from Vivienne's coat, "Let's bring a gift tomorrow."

"Yeah, good idea," Vivienne smiled at him.

As she looked up, she was met with Percival's sculpted features.



So handsome.

Her eyes sparkled, and without thinking, she straightened up and pecked Percival on the lips.

Taken aback, Percival looked down at the beaming girl in his arms.

Before he could react, Vivienne leaned in for a deep, fervent kiss.

Perhaps it was all those sweet nothings she had heard from Griffin lately, but Vivienne felt a sugary

sweetness in her heart.

She wanted to devour her Mr. Wolf, leave nothing behind!

Percival cradled Vivienne's head, pulling her even closer.

In the moment's intimacy, the air in the bus was thick with a sweet, sultry tension.

Thomas, the driver, quietly drew the curtain, well accustomed to such displays by now.

Meanwhile, Anna, sitting in the passenger seat, gaped in speechless wonder.

What just happened?

Did they just start making out?

Help!

She was barely an adult!

After dropping Vivienne off at her complex, Percival left.

As Vivienne and Anna were about to enter the building, they noticed a familiar figure standing at the entrance.

Vivienne paused before approaching. "Mr. Perez?"

Was he waiting for her this late?

Yuri Perez greeted her with a smile, "Vivienne, I've been waiting for you."

Without beating around the bush and casting a glance at Anna, he said, "I need to speak with you alone."

Anna quickly excused herself, "Ms. Vivienne, I'll wait for you inside."

Vivienne nodded.

Once Anna was out of earshot, Vivienne asked, "Mr. Perez, what did you want to talk about?"

After a moment of silence, Yuri said, "Vivienne, I need a few strands of your hair, some saliva, and a few drops of blood."

Vivienne sighed. "You're persistent, aren't you?"

She knew without asking that they wanted to do another paternity test. She had already proven not to be the Perez family's lost granddaughter, but they were not convinced.

Yuri looked slightly embarrassed, "My father feels a strong connection to you. He's convinced you're his granddaughter. I know this is forward, but please, do it for a man who's sick with worry."

Vivienne was silent momentarily before speaking, "You can have what you need, but it won't change anything. You should spend more time convincing Jasper."

She did not want to keep doing paternity tests.

Her parentage remained a mystery, as did the identity of the mastermind behind GTO.

Surrounded by danger, giving out her DNA could be risky.

She would not have agreed for anyone else, but she could not seem to say no to Jasper.

"I've been trying," Yuri said, then looked at her. "The main reason we need another test is that your genes were altered. And someone broke into my father's house recently, leaving a note with two words, 'Appraisal, wrong!'"

He had not wanted to tell Vivienne about the note. However, he felt that since that person could sneak into Jasper's room without being discovered, that person would know who Jasper had been in contact

with.

He wanted to alert Vivienne to be careful, for fear that this person might hurt her.

Vivienne froze, realizing she had forgotten that her genes had been modified.

Thus, no matter who, including her birth father, would not have a matching result in a paternity test with

her.

The note - could the person who left it be the same one who had been messaging her? Could she

really be a Perez?

"Someone left a note, and we don't know who. Just be careful, Vivienne. We'll do the paternity test as

soon as possible," Yuri said.

Vivienne hummed in acknowledgment, plucked a hair, and handed it to Yuri along with her saliva on a

swab. She then cut her finger with a tiny knife, letting a few drops fall into a plastic bag, and handed it

to Yuri, accidentally nicking him with the blade.

"Sorry," she apologized.

Yuri waved it off and left.

Once home, Vivienne messaged Matthew: [Come over.]

She chatted briefly with her siblings, Dorian and Cordelia, then retired to her room.

At her desk, she carefully transferred the blood from the knife into a new bag, preparing for whatever came next.

With a swift slice, she opened a small cut on her hand and let her blood drip into another pouch, carefully labeling it with her name.

Moments later, there was a knock at the window.

It was Matthew.

Vivienne's lips curled into a smile; of all the people in Emerald Mountain and the Nine Mystics Society, only Matthew truly understood her.

She had sent a simple text, "Come over," and Matthew instinctively knew she did not mean for him to use the front door.

Crossing the room, she opened the window, and Matthew slipped inside. "Vivienne."

She handed him the pouch containing Yuri's blood with a grave expression. "Take this to Frostfire

Intelligence Agency for analysis. I want your eyes on it every step of the way, no exceptions." Read at

[Dramanovels.com](http://Dramanovels.com)

Matthew's demeanor shifted to one of solemnity. "Vivienne, did you find your family?"

Though she never spoke of it, he knew that finding her kin was something Vivienne yearned for deeply.

Dorian, kind as he was, loved her as his daughter.

But blood calls to blood, and one must know their roots.

However, Vivienne's biological father was as elusive as a pebble lost at sea, without a trace to follow.

Not just Vivienne was anxious; Matthew felt the urgency on her behalf.

Vivienne nodded, a brief sound of acknowledgment. "Go then."

Chapter 458

At the Perez Mansion.

After Yuri returned, he found Zelda in her walk-in closet, rummaging through several designer bags still

in their pristine packaging.

Each one was a unique, limited-edition treasure!

"This one would look adorable on Vivienne. A little lady her age would look just darling with this color.

This one's not bad either; it goes with everything and is perfect for any outfit.

This one isn't for everyday use, but when Vivienne and Percival get married, she'll need something for the galas. This clutch would be just right."

Yuri watched his wife meticulously select each item, his smile indulgent. "That's enough for now, love.

We can always gift more another time."

They were having dinner with Vivienne's family tomorrow, and Zelda was taking it very seriously, spending days picking out the perfect present.

"There will always be a next time. How long has it been since we last saw Vivienne? Besides, just the other week, she sent some medicines for Yasmine and Natalia. We're already discharged, and still, she showed so much care, so we have to show our appreciation, don't we?"

Zelda rolled her eyes at Yuri. Then, her gaze fell on a set of matching outfits in the closet.

She had stumbled upon them while shopping and could not resist buying them. However, she had yet to wear them with Yuri.

Perfect, she thought, they could give them to Vivienne and Percival.

Jasper, leaning on his cane, frowned, "I still say that Ellington boy isn't good enough for Vivienne."

Zelda chuckled in disbelief, “Dad, why wouldn’t he be? Percival is one of the station's most capable and strategic young men. If he weren’t still climbing the ranks due to his youth, he’d have been promoted to a desk job by now.”

Jasper scoffed. “Hmph! And Vivienne isn’t exceptional? With her talents at such a young age, is that man really her match?”

Yuri sighed. “Dad, I think you believe there aren't many out there who are worthy of Vivienne, right?”

Jasper finally nodded with satisfaction, “Exactly.”

Zelda shook her head in resignation. Luckily, Vivienne was not her granddaughter. Otherwise, Jasper would have scared Percival off long ago.

In her eyes, Percival and Vivienne were a match made in heaven – in looks and capabilities.

She had been quietly shipping them for ages. In fact, she was the queen bee of their shipping community on Twitter!

After a bit more chit-chat, Jasper pulled Yuri aside.

Once the door closed, Jasper asked, “How did it go?”

Yuri nodded. “Got it.”



Technically, they could have gotten Vivienne's DNA after tomorrow's dinner, but to be safe, Yuri had arranged to get them from Vivienne a day early.

Though expected, Jasper was still somewhat surprised. "Vivienne wasn't upset?"

Yuri smiled, "She wasn't. She just asked me to tell you that running more paternity tests won't change anything. She wants you to let it go."

Jasper sighed. "I'm not obsessed. It's just she feels so close to me. Even if the result is disappointing, I have to try."

Understanding his father's feelings, Yuri replied, "I'll have the items sent over as soon as possible.

Don't worry, Dad. You'll be the first to know as soon as the results are in."

Reassured, Jasper relaxed.

...

The next day.

Zelda arrived early at the restaurant they had chosen, only to find Dawson already there, waiting.

"Auntie, you're finally here. You have to stand up for me. I can't let Vivienne really marry Percival. No

one on this earth is worthy of her!”

Dawson was Zelda’s only nephew and had always been close to her. He had always talked to her about Vivienne, singing praises so high that, at first, Zelda had thought he was seeing through rose-colored glasses.

Now that she knew who Vivienne was, she realized Dawson’s words had been true.

But now Dawson was trying to break up her favorite couple, and that was something she could not allow.

“What right do you have to meddle in Vivienne’s affairs? Say another word, and I’ll have Vivienne render you speechless!” Zelda eyed Dawson with disdain.

Besides Vivienne, the person Dawson feared most was his aunt. He clamped his mouth shut at her rebuke.

Soon, Vivienne arrived, supporting Jasper, with Yuri and Percival trailing behind.

Zelda greeted them, “You all came together?”

“We ran into each other outside,” Vivienne replied, helping Jasper to his seat and sitting down beside him.

Jasper beamed, "I told you, Vivienne and I are fated."

"Grandpa, we had planned to meet for lunch. What fate are you talking about?" Not fully aware of

Sasha's situation, Dawson did not quite grasp the tender bond between Jasper and Vivienne.

At this, both Vivienne and Jasper shot him a look.

"Is this any of your business?"

Dawson muttered, "Talk about fate. Jinxed it."

Percival, who sat next to Vivienne, said with a light smile, "Vivienne often remarks on her deep

connection with you, Jasper. It seems destined."

These words struck a chord with Jasper; throughout the meal, he could not have been more fond of

Percival.

Dawson gnashed his teeth in frustration. Percival always knew how to charm the people close to

Vivienne!

Percival thought, "That's called personal charisma."

The meal was more conversation than eating, and the topic shifted to the piece of land from the Brooks

family that Dawson had purchased.

Jasper's expression darkened. "Vivienne, the main reason we wanted to talk to you today was to discuss a partnership in developing a new type of explosive."

Vivienne was not surprised in the least.

Griffin hailed from an ancient warrior lineage, as did the Perez family.

These two families probably shared a closeness unknown to the common folk.

She had heard from Percival before that some of these ancient warrior lineages served the nation as hidden dynasties.

Once she perfected her invention, it was a given that Griffin would hand it over to the nation.

And Vivienne? She merely provided a covert space for Griffin's research while conveniently dismantling GTO's weapon production. Updated at [Drqmanovels.com](http://Drqmanovels.com)

She was the third party, what one would call an investor in business parlance.

The Perez family was surely aware of what the Martinez family was up to.

"What's your take on this?" Vivienne asked with a smile.

Jasper was increasingly impressed with Vivienne, not just because of her natural familiarity but also her

astuteness.

Conversing with her required no effort to clarify or elucidate; Vivienne instinctively grasped his intentions.

In this regard, even Yuri fell short.

She reminded him of Sasha, like a comforting warm jacket on a chilly day.

Chapter 459

Vivienne scrutinized the contract from top to bottom, each clause capable of sending shock waves through the business world if taken on its own.

The document stated that the Perez family would unconditionally provide all components and funding necessary for the development of a groundbreaking new explosive device. In return, Vivienne was only required to secure a location and manage security and insurance—the kind of overhead that would not cost her a dime.

The catch? The patent for the new explosive could not bear Vivienne's name.

But this term suited Vivienne just fine.

After all, the explosive device was Griffin's brainchild. She had simply come into possession of it by a

twist of fate and, coincidentally, had the means to bring the project to fruition.

Without hesitation, Vivienne signed her name on the dotted line.

It marked the second time she had officially collaborated with the government.

"Grandpa, I agree to the terms here," Vivienne handed the contract to Jasper.

Jasper chuckled. "Kiddo, you don't want to ask around a bit more?"

"I trust you, Jasper. That's enough for me."

Vivienne had that kind of confidence; once she believed in someone, she trusted them completely.

Jasper felt a wave of relief and nodded in approval. "Alright, this old man won't let you down; rest assured."

Vivienne glanced at Percival, who, in turn, presented another contract.

"Jasper, Yuri, please take a look at this contract as well," Percival said, passing it over with both hands.

It was a gift from Percival and Vivienne to the Perez family.

Jasper's brows twitched, and Yuri was visibly stunned. "Vivienne, are you sure?"

Their surprise was not overblown; they simply had not expected Vivienne to be willing to offer up such an asset.

The contract was another win-win partnership, where the Perez family would not need to invest much effort or time into maintenance.

It pertained to the YQ Lab—a highly secretive venture of Vivienne's, with every project somehow linked to Karen.

Yuri had previously uncovered a bit about it, but not in great detail.

He only knew that Karen had ties to the Vanguard Agency. But for the Perez family, it was a different department and direction.

Yet here was Vivienne, revealing even this card.

"I'm certain," Vivienne affirmed. She wanted the Perez family to join the YQ Lab to ensure its utmost protection.

Karen had been the previous captain of the Vanguard Agency's special squad. However, her last mission failed due to certain reasons, and the YQ Lab was subsequently shut down.

Vivienne did not believe for a second that it had happened without the involvement of the Vanguard Agency's leaders.

Now that the YQ Lab was rebooting, it was only a matter of time before word got back to the Vanguard Agency's leaders.

Percival was currently caught between a rock and a hard place, with his immediate superior constantly trying to suppress him. If the higher-ups insisted on reintegrating the YQ Lab back into the Vanguard Agency, Percival would not last long.

Before Percival could climb the ranks, they needed to suppress all uncertain factors with external help.

The Perez family was the best choice.

Although neither Vivienne nor Percival knew the full extent of the Perez family's power, it was enough to protect the YQ Lab.

Jasper nodded emphatically. Vivienne's willingness to sign this contract proved her trust in him and the Perez family—a gesture that touched him deeply.

He gave Yuri a nod, and Yuri signed his name without hesitation.

"Vivienne, here's to a successful partnership," Yuri said, returning the contract to her.

Seeing that the serious business was concluded, Zelda seized her chance to speak up. "Vivienne, we haven't seen each other in so long. Don't you want to give me a gift?"



Just as Vivienne was about to present her gift, Zelda smiled. "I've chosen the gift already. Change into these matching outfits, and let me snap a few photos!"

As the biggest shipper of Percival and Vivienne, she had to maintain her online fan page.

This was first-hand material, and it had to go up immediately.

The fans were getting anxious.

Vivienne blinked in confusion. "Matching outfits?"

"Right here! You two, go change!" Zelda thrust the couple's outfits into Vivienne's hands and pushed the pair into the adjacent private room.

Dressed in the outfits Zelda had chosen, Vivienne and Percival emerged to find Dawson ready with the lighting, awaiting the entrance of the two models.

Zelda's camera was itching to start. "Get in position. I won't photograph your faces, so don't worry."

Vivienne and Percival looked on in bemusement, having never realized Zelda had this quirky hobby.

And so, under Zelda's repeated directions, they posed for a series of couple photos where their faces remained obscured or blurry.

While holding the lighting equipment, Dawson watched Vivienne and Percival's repeated intimate poses in front of him, grinding his teeth in frustration.

What kind of madness was this?

This was killing him!

How was he supposed to explain this to the other disciples?

To say he not only watched Percival kiss Vivienne right in front of him but also had to repeatedly watch them cuddle and hug while he held the lighting!

Leopold would say, "Heh, what are you complaining about? They kissed right in front of me more than once."

Other disciples, "You might as well apologize with your lives!"

After the dinner party, Vivienne had seemingly made up for years' worth of missed photo opportunities.

Having bid farewell to Jasper and the others, Dawson was responsible for driving Vivienne and Percival back.

All the way, Dawson continued to grumble under his breath.

Vivienne did not even flinch at the question; instead, she queried, "Your family, the Lynette family,

they're an ancient warrior lineage, too?"

Hearing the phrase 'ancient warrior lineage,' Dawson regained his composure.

"Hardly. We're just your average tycoons from Sea City, much like the lovestruck old rogue sitting next to you."

Vivienne glanced at Percival.

He was not lovestruck; he was dashing.

That dashing, lovestruck rogue raised his phone, aiming it at the rear-view mirror.

Displayed on the screen was the photo Zelda had just snapped.

It looked like something out of a wedding album.

"Dawson, like what you see? I've had your aunt send it over to you. Make sure to save it," Percival said nonchalantly.

Dawson ground his teeth; one day, he swore he would make a meal out of Percival!

Vivienne patted the car seat as Dawson returned to the matter, "Vivienne, why do you ask?"

"Aren't ancient warrior lineages usually at odds with the big families? How come you were able to

intermarry?"

So, Vivienne was curious about why the Lynette family could form a union with the Perez family.

Dawson casually chuckled, "My aunt and her childhood sweetheart, my uncle, have been inseparable

since they were kids, thick as thieves, my dad says. And besides, the Perez family has come into the

limelight. Even if they are an ancient warrior lineage, what of it? As long as my uncle treats my aunt

well, that's all that matters." Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Vivienne nodded; it seemed that even to a powerhouse like the Lynette family, ancient warrior lineages

were not intimidating.

It was the less powerful yet prideful families that truly feared them.

But why would the Sterling family dislike Griffin, who was of an ancient warrior lineage?

It seemed that Griffin's path had fewer obstacles than she thought.

The biggest obstacle was Leopold getting over his own hang-ups.

Indeed, Vivienne felt tired; the photo shoot had been more draining than she had expected.

Dawson, who had barely kept his anger at bay, was once more infuriated by Percival's gesture, almost

spitting blood.

Dawson thought furiously, "Percival, just you wait! Just you wait!"

Holding his lady, Percival thought contentedly, "There's nothing quite like the comfort of embracing my wife."

#### Chapter 460

In the bowels of an unnamed city, a clandestine lab was the scene of yet another failure for Calista. Her frustration at yet another botched experiment reached a tipping point, and she sent glassware and papers flying off her desk in a fit of rage.

Why was she unable to develop the "Boar Poison"? And why, oh why, could she not surpass Vivienne's accomplishments in medicine? She was just as competent, if not more so. Yet, this "Boar Poison" formula continued to elude her grasp.

The door to the lab burst open, and Calista jolted upright, stumbling backward in a panic. "Mr. B... I'm working on it. I'll have it soon. I promise no more troubles, oh!"

However, before she could finish, a pair of iron-strong hands grabbed her by the hair, slamming her head against the sharp edge of the lab table. Blood gushed from a gash on her forehead, painting her vision in a haze of red.

Mr. B's face twisted with fury as she continued to shake Calista by the head, bashing her against the wall and the table, unleashing his anger.

Calista felt the grim reaper's presence, certain her last breath was imminent.

Finally, Mr. B ceased her onslaught, flinging Calista to the floor with a force that was calculated—cruel enough to torment but careful enough to keep her alive.

Blinking through the blood, Calista made out the scar that marked Mr. B's face, a constant reminder of her cruelty.

Trembling, Calista knelt, pleading. "Mr. B, please give me another chance."

Mr. B, with a nonchalant gesture, unscrewed a water bottle and poured its contents over Calista's head, leaving just enough to quench his thirst.

Calista's hair dripped, and a chill crept over her limbs.

Mr. B exhaled deeply, troubled by recent events. A bounty hunter had been snooping around, constraining her operations. Thankfully, her location remained a secret, or the hunter would have already been on her tail.

Turning back to Calista, she said, "Do you realize the lengths we went to to pull you out? Twice I've

risked exposure for you, and you've been nothing but useless!"

Calista shuddered with fear. "I'm close to a breakthrough, I swear. The 'Boar Poison' will be ready soon."

Disgusted, Mr. B looked away.

Her last meeting with White Tiger, the elusive leader of CK, had been a farce. Not only had she failed to secure the "Boar Poison," but she had also narrowly avoided capture thanks to her carefulness of not showing up with her real face.

Placing all her hope on Calista and that man was the only thing she could do now.

Her phone rang, and her demeanor shifted as she walked to a quieter place and answered the call.

"Hello."

On the other side, a passive and chilling voice came.

"Useless." Mr. B glared at Calista again as she said this.

Calista quickly lowered her head, afraid Mr. B might give her another beating out of rage.

"As expected." The person on the other side of the phone seemed to be doing a stretch. "I got a

message from CK.”

Mr. B was stunned momentarily before asking, “What was it?”

“They said they’d prefer us to bail Fiona out because she’s still of use to them. In exchange, they’ll give us the Boar Poison.”

“The Boar Poison in exchange for Fiona? I didn’t expect Fiona to be this important to them. Did you agree?” Mr. B smiled and asked.

“Yeah. It’s no difficult task to release Fiona, given she never committed that big of a crime. The Boar Poison is more important than that. Things will be much easier for you with it.”

“Okay. Understood.”

Mr. B hung up and smiled, turning to look at Calista.

She slowly squatted down, raised Calista’s chin, and said, “Recover well. I have something important for you to do in a few days.”

Calista nodded as quickly as she could. “Okay, I got it.”

...

Meanwhile, in the Ellington estate, Heloise was desperately trying to pull strings to free her husband.



With her daughter gone and Jeffrey as the sole heir, the family's status was in jeopardy. Then came a call.

"Are you Fiona's family? She's sick and is eligible for medical parole."

Apparently, Fiona had a heart attack in the cell and would have died if not for the warden's timely discovery. Afterward, she was sent to the hospital and was diagnosed with severe Organic cardiovascular disease, more commonly known as acute heart disease, something that could take her life easily if not treated with caution. Basically, she was unfit to be imprisoned.

Vivienne and Percival, upon hearing the news, shared a knowing smile. Fiona's sudden and convenient illness was laughably transparent.

"How are you two still laughing?" Leopold's face flushed with rage. "That's another one escaped. I've known Fiona for so many years and have never heard of her having any heart issues at all, and now she's suddenly on the verge of death? This is absurd!"

Vivienne simply smiled and did not speak.

She had personally checked on Fiona's health before she was imprisoned and knew very well that

Fiona was more than healthy.

Percival sat on the sofa with Vivienne's leftover fruit juice, looking at the signature on Fiona's medical parole application form.

It was his direct boss, Micah.

When Percival and the likes of Leopold joined the ranks of Vanguard Agency, Micah was their drill sergeant.

And he had their respect.

But now—Percival's eyes narrowed, a dangerous glint flickering at the corners.

Fiona was not your garden-variety crook.

She was the right hand of CK, the infamous Black Dragon that cast a shadow of dread across the underworld. Read at [Dramanovels.com](http://Dramanovels.com)

Letting her walk could unleash chaos untold.

Besides, the special squad at Vanguard Agency had been racking up wins only to see them turn into epic fails.

Where did that leave their squad's reputation?

Mr. B had bolted, Calista had vanished while in transit, and Fiona was being sprung on some medical technicality.

Might as well throw in the towel.

A team like the special squad could not afford these kinds of slip-ups without morale taking a nosedive.

How would they ever rally the troops again?

Especially when it seemed like they were just letting everyone go in the end.