

Million-Dollar 461

Chapter 461

Leopold, the leader of the first squad, knew the unwritten leadership rules all too well. So, it stood to reason that Percival, the head honcho of the entire task force, would be even more clued in.

But now, even Leopold's moves were being curtailed, never mind the liberty of the whole special squad.

Percival set aside the application form he had been holding, tapping his polished fingertip on the signature line. "Why don't you take this up with the boss yourself?"

The rage on Leopold's face fizzled out in an instant.

Would he dare?

For someone even Percival called "boss," he was just a small fry; there was no way he would throw himself into the shark's jaws.

Leopold slumped into his chair, rubbing his temples in frustration.

After a few seconds of silence, he asked, "Boss didn't even ask you before signing off on this? Why didn't you go to him first?"

Percival took a sip of his sweet fruit juice and said, "He said since Fiona's my flesh and blood, having

me sign could give someone leverage over me. If anything went sideways, there would be no one to cover for me, so he just went ahead without telling me."

Leopold's jaw worked silently, failing to snap shut.

Every word Micah said was for Percival's sake. How could anyone argue with that?

Unable to sit still any longer, Leopold cursed under his breath, stood up, and stormed out. He slammed the door behind him, not caring if he would end up getting a beating.

This was just too damn suffocating.

Percival neatly filed the application form away and glanced up at Vivienne, his eyes usually icy, now melting with a certain warmth. "Vivienne, shall we go have a look?"

Vivienne rose, taking the fruit juice from Percival's hand, and sipped the rest through the straw. "Yeah, let's check it out."

...

Inside the Ellington family's private hospital.

Heloise was wailing in the hospital room, and from her cries, one could have thought her daughter

Fiona was already gone.

"My poor baby," she sobbed, "Dad, you've seen it. Fiona was fine when she went in, and now she's in the ICU. Can you imagine her suffering? It's all Vivienne's fault. If not for her, my girl wouldn't be like this. Dad, even if you're mad at your son, you can't just stand by and watch your granddaughter get tortured to death!"

Heloise, her face wet with tears, laid the blame thickly on Vivienne, pouring out her grievances to Richard.

"Dad, the things Henry did, Fiona and Jeffrey weren't involved at all. I'm just an Ellington by marriage; you can ignore me, but my children are Ellingtons by blood. If you don't step up, we three might as well die now and stop bothering you!"

Richard's forehead knotted in irritation. He had never approved of Heloise marrying Henry, knowing she was not the type to settle down. But she was pregnant, and the scandal was huge. The Ellington family had no choice but to take responsibility.

He would have sacrificed half the Ellington fortune to keep such a woman out if he had known it would come to this.

Fiona weakly tugged at Heloise's sleeve on the hospital bed, her complexion ashen. "Mom, please leave us. I want to speak with Grandpa alone."

Heloise wiped her tears, knowing when to stop her theatrics. She left, allowing Fiona to make her own appeal — it was always more effective than her own hysterics.

Moreover, the more she made a scene, the more reasonable Fiona appeared. That was the real reason behind her relentless pressure.

"If you don't stand up for yourself like before, I'll disown you," Heloise warned before slamming the door behind her.

Fiona closed her eyes briefly, and when she opened them again, they were rimmed red with distress.

She turned to Richard. "Grandpa, this mess is my fault. It has nothing to do with Percival or Vivienne."

Richard seldom meddled in the younger generation's affairs. He had taken even more of a back seat since the Ellington family was now in Percival's hands.

He knew Percival had his own fish to fry and never interfered.

Fiona's stint in jail was not just a simple case of financial fraud; it was bound to be part of a bigger

scandal.

Percival had his way of doing things, and Fiona would not be wrongfully accused.

"Fiona, I'm glad to hear you say that," Richard said, his voice softening. "Now that you're out, live your life well. I won't let you down. My promises are still good, and I've kept that credit card for you. Think about what you want to do next."

Fiona nodded. "Grandpa, I don't want anything. I'm too ashamed to stay with the Ellington family. Once I'm better, let Mom, Jeffrey, and me leave Rivenwood. As for Dad... Grandpa, can you spare him?"

Richard did not immediately agree, nor did he have the heart to outright refuse. He could not forgive his second son, but his granddaughter was a different story.

Fiona was his first granddaughter, and before Isolde was born, he cherished her like a treasure.

How could he not dote on her, the only girl amidst a houseful of rambunctious boys?

Fiona had always been self-reliant, never troubling the family, and had a knack for business.

While others jostled for the Ellington fortune and butted heads with Percival, she focused on improving herself and genuinely considered the company's welfare.

If not for her crime, Richard would have welcomed her back to the company without a second thought.

What a pity...

Richard sighed. "Don't worry about your father. You've always been by my side, never left Rivenwood;

nowhere else is suitable for your recovery. Stay here. In a little while, your uncle will return, and you'll

have to meet him. He's always been fond of you young ones."

Something in Fiona's heart seemed to lift, and a genuine smile spread across her face.

Their Uncle Flynn, Richard's youngest son, was the cool uncle of the bunch.

Not much older than his nieces and nephews, Flynn had been the ringleader of their childhood

shenanigans, the proverbial pied piper of the Ellington family.

He had left for study abroad a decade ago when Percival and the others were just stepping foot into

their college years.

And he had not returned since.

Flynn was the most easygoing member of the Ellington family. He never sought conflict or competition.

Defying family expectations, he had switched his major from finance to biology in a heartbeat, eager to

study plants of all kinds.

That decision nearly drove Richard to disown him, or so the family legend went.

It was no wonder that Fiona and even Percival held a soft spot for their Uncle Flynn.

Richard looked down, a shadow crossing his features. "Well, the company's in dire straits. He has no choice but to come back." Read at Dramanovels.com

Fiona pressed her lips.

Indeed, without Flynn, the Ellington family would be up a creek.

The family's main branch had lost its influence, and the second branch was falling apart. If Flynn did not return, the Ellington Group would be leaderless.

And before Henry had been caught, he had left a mess of bad debts.

Percival had been managing, more or less, but how could he, as the heir, run the empire without a few good lieutenants?

"At least with Uncle Flynn back, we can sit down for a proper family meal, all of us together," Fiona sighed, exhaustion seeping into her voice.

Richard patted his granddaughter's hand. "Alright, you rest up now. Getting your strength back is what

matters. Sleep."

Fiona closed her eyes, and sleep claimed her swiftly.

Chapter 462

Outside the hospital room, Heloise pressed her ear against the door, straining to catch snippets of

conversation from within, but the soundproofing was too effective; not a whisper escaped.

Unaware of her eavesdropping, Richard swung the door open, sending Heloise tumbling forward. Much

to her chagrin, she landed with a graceless thud on the tiled floor.

"What on earth are you doing? Have you no decorum? Making a spectacle of yourself!" Richard

scolded, thumping his cane on the ground before striding away in disgust.

He had not gotten far when Percival and Vivienne approached, arm in arm.

"Grandpa," they greeted Richard.

His mood visibly lifted at the sight of them. "What brings you two here? Fiona's resting now; let's head

back."

No sooner had he spoken than Heloise charged forward, her face contorted in rage.

"Vivienne, you wretched girl, you have the nerve to show up here after what you've done to my

daughter."

In a fit of fury, Heloise snatched up a trash can from the corridor and hurled it at Vivienne.

Vivienne did not flinch, too bored to even bat an eyelash.

With a swift kick, Percival sent the trash can flying back to its sender, zeroing in on Heloise's

unsuspecting head.

Caught off guard, Heloise stood frozen as the can collided with her skull, spilling its contents over her.

Part-eaten fast food, disgusting fluids, and a medley of sticky, used tissues tumbled down, a revolting

mess enveloping her.

Remarkably, Heloise's slender frame had managed to lift the bin in the first place.

A nurse passing by hesitated, recognizing Heloise as the lady of the Ellington family's second branch.

But Richard's furious shout echoed down the hallway, "Let her be! She can pick herself up when she

comes to!"

With that, Vivienne and Percival escorted Richard away, leaving Heloise sprawled amid the trash, her

limited-edition velvet dress marinating in filth.

A woman with long hair watched the scene from the shadows. Only after Vivienne and Percival

departed did she don a mask and slip into Fiona's room.

Fiona, previously feigning sleep, opened her eyes with more strength than she had shown during her earlier conversation with Richard.

"Mr. B, in such a hurry?" She teased with a smile.

The woman stood beside Fiona's bed and injected something into her IV bag. "I thought your first words to me would be of gratitude for rescuing you."

Fiona watched the liquid drip slowly into her line, her expression darkening.

"You're just following orders. What do I have to thank you for?" Fiona sat up, gasping for breath.

The medication was the very cause of her heart condition.

Mr. B flicked her hair back and pocketed the empty syringe. "You were foolish to fall for such an obvious trap. I can't fathom what the boss sees in you."

"Mind your own business," retorted Fiona, clutching her chest. After a few moments, her breathing steadied.

Mr. B watched coldly until Fiona's color returned. She then produced a box of pills from her pocket.

"Take one each night for the first week, then one a week after that. Any more, and you might actually

die. Good luck."

With that, Mr. B left the room.

Fiona secured the pills and called after Mr. B's retreating figure, "Killing Percival with Boar Poison won't be easy. Vivienne knows how to cure the Boar Poison."

"Thanks for the advice. Get well soon," Mr. B replied without turning, a smirk playing on her lips.

Fiona lay back down, staring at the sterile ceiling, trapped in a web of others' designs.

...

Elsewhere, in Percival's car, Vivienne sat in the passenger seat while Percival and Richard occupied the back.

"Vivienne, is there really no hope for Fiona?" Richard queried.

Vivienne nodded. "I've seen her medical records. There's a chance for recovery, Grandpa, but she might not want it."

Richard understood her implication. A healed Fiona would likely return to jail, while her current state afforded her a semblance of freedom. Plus, the second branch of the family might not trust Vivienne's

intervention.

He had asked merely to gauge whether Fiona's condition was fatal. The prospect of burying a younger family member was not an experience he wished to endure.

As long as Vivienne believed Fiona would be alright with proper care, that was enough for him.

"That's good to hear," Richard said, looking at Vivienne. "I'm sorry you've been put through this."

Vivienne chuckled. "There's no need, Richard. I'm not troubled in the slightest."

She indeed felt no hardship. If CK's second-in-command landed in prison without any fuss from the organization, her adversaries were weaker than she thought.

Catching Vivienne's mischievous grin in the rear-view mirror, Percival knew she was plotting something.

She winked at him through the mirror, her bright face brimming with charm.

Percival suppressed a smile, returning his focus to the road ahead.

"Grandpa, isn't Uncle Flynn due back next month?" Percival inquired after a moment.

"Yes, that rascal," Richard grumbled. "Always a worry, and now he's coming back."

"I'll tell him to stay away a bit longer, save you the stress," Percival said, reaching for his phone.

"Hah! Vivienne, give him a pinch for me!"

"Sure thing, Grandpa. Where should I aim?" Vivienne teased, pretending to ready an acupuncture needle, sharing a conspiratorial smile with Richard.

Percival's mouth twitched in a feeble protest, "Darling, have mercy."

"Grandpa, is that okay?" Vivienne asked.

Richard gave a noncommittal grunt, "That's more like it. Next time, then."

Their playful banter had lightened the mood in the car quite a bit.

After dropping Richard off at the Ellington estate, Percival retreated to his room for some rest.

Vivienne did not have much on her plate; she had only wanted to glance over Fiona's medical records at the hospital. Now that she was done, she felt at ease knowing what was happening.

"How come you've never mentioned your uncle before?" Vivienne asked in between bites of a freshly sliced strawberry.

Percival sat beside her, his brow furrowing slightly, "My uncle? He's quite the looker."

"Hmm?" Vivienne paused, surprised. It was the first time she had ever heard Percival compliment

someone else's looks.

This piqued Vivienne's interest, and she snatched Percival's hand, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Pictures? Show me!"

A man even more handsome than Mr. Wolf!

Just how gorgeous could he be?

As a self-confessed beauty enthusiast, Vivienne could not let such an opportunity slip by!

Percival's brow furrowed deeper, and he quirked the corner of his eye. "I don't have any!"

"That's impossible." Vivienne tugged at his hand, "Come on, just a peek."

"Not even a peek. I don't have any."

"Mr. Wolf!"

"No way!"

Vivienne bit her lip in a pout, "You won't?"

Percival shook his head resolutely, "Won't."

"Fine!"

With that, Vivienne hopped off the swing, slipped on her shoes, and made a beeline for the living room.

Just then, Cecilia walked in with Isolde in tow.

"Hey, Vivienne, you're home! Look what I've got. Let's snack together." Isolde, carrying a bag full of treats, ran over to Vivienne.

Vivienne scooped up Isolde in her arms. "Isolde, do you have a photo of Uncle Flynn? Show me, please."

Chapter 463

Vivienne glanced over and could not help but marvel.

"Damn, he's handsome!"

Mr. Wolf was not wrong; Flynn was a knockout!

He had that refined, aristocratic charm with just a hint of rebellion—undeniably attractive.

A different breed from Percival entirely.

But she still thought Mr. Wolf was the handsomest of them all.

That did not stop her from acknowledging Flynn's appeal, though.

"Gorgeous," Vivienne said, stars practically twinkling in her eyes.

There it was, her weakness for a pretty face had kicked in!

Isolde wrapped her arms around Vivienne's neck, her tiny finger pressed to her lips, "Shh, Percival can't hear you call another man handsome, though I admit, Uncle Flynn is quite a looker."

Vivienne flipped to another photo—this one a selfie.

The girl in it was turned away, her back to Flynn, who was facing the camera, her hair cascading down like a waterfall.

Isolde peeked at the picture and said, "That's Uncle Flynn's girlfriend. I adore her hair—it's like a cascade."

Vivienne nodded, about to say more when Percival snatched the phone away.

His fingers danced over the screen, swiftly deleting Flynn from Cecilia's photo album.

Cecilia yelped, giving Percival a playful slap. "Hey, what are you doing deleting your uncle?!"

In a fit of jealousy, Percival plucked Isolde from Vivienne's embrace, swiped a few snack bags, and whisked Vivienne away.

Isolde stared at the half-empty snack bag and sighed like a tiny adult. "Boy, jealous men are scary."

Cecilia shot a glare at Percival's retreating back. "Just like your father, stubborn as a mule!"

Swept away by Percival, Vivienne snuggled into his embrace, her slender arms wrapped around his

neck, allowing him to carry her back to the bedroom.

Once inside, Percival tried to set her down on the couch.

Unexpectedly, Vivienne nimbly shifted her position, straddling him instead of the princess carry.

Percival wrapped his arms around Vivienne's waist, steadied himself, and sat on the couch, looking up at the mischievous girl above him. His Adam's apple bobbed, his eyes filled with barely restrained passion.

Vivienne perched on Percival's lap, her fingertips teasing his neck. "Mr. Wolf, your uncle really is quite handsome."

Percival tightened his embrace, pinning her close. "Not as handsome as me."

"Really?" Vivienne leaned into Percival, her breath brushing his face in a faint whisper.

Overwhelmed, Percival shifted and pressed Vivienne into the bed, his suit jacket draping over her slender frame.

His breathing grew heavy, her legs entwined with his, their gazes deep as the ocean.

Her fingers played restlessly at the nape of his neck, pulling at the exposed collarbone.

She flipped them over the next moment, seated firmly on his stomach.

Leaning down, her lips tenderly quenched the thirst of the land beneath them.

He restrained himself, holding back the intensity of youthful passion about to fade as he approached twenty.

She responded, affirming a commitment recognized at first glance.

Knock, knock, knock—the sound at the door broke through the steamy atmosphere.

Vivienne swiftly stood, sat on the couch, and grabbed a bag of chips.

Percival adjusted his suit, concealing the lipstick mark on his collar.

The knocker was Isolde.

Her little head appeared, her young face wearing a knowing smile, “Vivienne, I didn’t mean to interrupt.

Someone's here to see you both. That’s why I came.”

A bit embarrassed, Vivienne stood. “Who’s looking for us?”

“Don’t know, a pretty lady, Grandpa’s downstairs chatting with her. Oh, and an unfamiliar uncle.”

“Okay, got it.” With that, Vivienne and Percival descended the stairs.

Downstairs, Richard was conversing with a man and a woman about business matters, allowing Cecilia

to listen on the side.

“Mr. Ellington,” the man from Ellington Group's HR department said, “this is our new Head of Design, Belle. She’s a famed designer from Omorol Design Company. The hit designs from last year? That was her doing.”

Belle greeted Richard with a nod, “Mr. Ellington, now that I'm on board, I'll be straightforward, and I hope you won't mind.”

“Speak your mind.” Richard always appreciated candor; though it was his first encounter with Belle, he liked her frankness.

Belle smiled. “I heard Master Jessica provided the latest jewelry concept. I wonder, do I have the fortune of meeting her?”

“What do you need with Master Jessica?” Suddenly, a deep, dark voice came from Percival.

The three in the living room paused, turning to look.

Percival was descending the staircase, hand in hand with Vivienne.

Belle caught her breath, her gaze lingering on Percival, a blush creeping across her cheeks.

“Belle, this gentleman right here is the chairman, Mr. Percival. Mr. Percival, this is our new head of the design department, Belle,” whispered the HR director, tugging discreetly at Belle's sleeve.

The audacity of youth — staring down the Chairman like a fearless calf facing a wolf. She must have a death wish!

Jolted back to reality, Belle managed a greeting, “Hello, Mr. Percival. I'm Belle.”

Vivienne eyed Belle from head to toe, a suppressed smirk playing at the corner of her mouth as she sat across from Richard.

Richard, mid-sip of water, nearly choked.

Madam?

Vivienne could not help but rest her forehead in her hand.

Whether it was Q, Charles, Jessica, or any other identity for that matter, why did everyone assume she was an old person?

Was a youngster unworthy of standing at the pinnacle of these fields?

Percival squeezed Vivienne's hand, seeking her opinion.

Vivienne lifted her head to address Belle, “Sure, continue with the products. But first, bring your

designs to life, then we can talk details.” Content of Drāmanovels.com

Belle paused, bewildered by the young woman beside Percival.

What was she saying?

Percival used Vivienne's hand to scratch his forehead, then said, “Vivienne is Master Jessica.”

Now, Belle was utterly flabbergasted, blurting out without regard for the setting, “That's impossible!”

“It's true, Vivienne is Master Jessica. Just do as she advised and bring the designs once they're ready,”

Richard said with a chuckle.

Belle slowly came back to her senses. “Oh, right. We'll just be going then.”

After the two departed, Vivienne and Percival finished their meal, and he drove her home.

On the way, Vivienne burst into laughter. “Mr. Wolf, looks like there's some fun on the horizon.”

Their fingers intertwined, Percival gently massaged her fingertips, responding softly, “Indeed.”

Chapter 464

Belle was indeed a gem unearthed by the hardworking HR Director of The Ellington Group. Within just

a week, she had delivered the designs to Percival's office.

Thomas had finished his boot camp training and returned to Percival's side. “Boss, the design

department's Belle is waiting outside."

Percival glanced at the designs in his hand and handed them to Vivienne while saying, "Vivienne, take a look at these."

Vivienne flipped through the pages and nodded. "Let her in."

Belle walked in nervously, stealing glances at Percival and quickly looking away, "Mr. Percival, Vivienne."

Vivienne did not look up, simply muttering, "Good design work."

"Thank you, but it's still not up to par with your work. I feel something's off. It doesn't match the initial concept. Could you perhaps offer some guidance?"

As Belle spoke, her gaze involuntarily drifted towards Percival.

Vivienne made a few quick annotations on Belle's design and handed it back.

Belle accepted it with both hands, nodding at Vivienne and then turning to Percival. "Mr. Percival, I plan to host a launch party next week. We'll invite Rivenwood's A-list celebrities and society ladies to create a buzz for our new line. What do you think?"

Percival barely looked up as he replied, "Mhm."

Belle pursed her lips and left Percival's office in silence.

Once the door closed, the timid look on Belle's face disappeared.

Back in the office, Vivienne's lips curved into a smile, sensing something amusing afoot.

Percival waved Thomas away, who left discreetly.

Standing up, Percival sat next to Vivienne. "You seem pleased?"

"Of course, the show's about to start."

...

Days later, at the launch party.

The venue was packed with journalists and influencers, all there to hype The Ellington Group's new product line.

Many attended voluntarily, for being part of The Ellington Group's launch was a prestigious affair that could bring valuable connections to their own ventures.

Percival and Vivienne waited backstage.

Soon, Belle knocked, "Mr. Percival, everything's set. We can start anytime."

Percival nodded, straightening his suit. "Vivienne, wait here for me."

Vivienne acknowledged, her gaze fleetingly brushing over Belle before withdrawing.

Belle's heart skipped a beat. Had Vivienne noticed something?

Impossible, her disguise was perfect!

Biting her lip, Belle followed Percival out.

As they left, Vivienne received a call from Dorian. "Trouble, Vivienne. Thaddeus has come down with a stomach bug at the nursery and has been rushed to the hospital. Come quickly."

"I'm on my way." Vivienne smiled.

Well-prepared, indeed.

Vivienne slipped out the back as Percival finished his speech onstage.

A waitress handed him a glass of red wine, and amid the media, he could not refuse. Taking a sip, he felt his vision blur and his breathing tighten. Something was happening to his body, but the subtle sensations were his alone to perceive.

After giving Thomas some instructions, Percival silently retired to the backstage lounge.

Belle watched from a distance and followed once Percival had left, unaware that a rotund waiter also

trailed behind.

No one in the venue had noticed that the protagonists of this party had disappeared.

In the lounge, Percival found Vivienne absent.

He sat on the sofa, eyes closed, a mask of stoic beauty.

Click!

The door lock was gently picked.

Entering was the dark muzzle of a gun, inching closer to Percival.

Percival's lips curled slightly, eyes opening, "Mr. B, how do you do?"

Belle was unfazed.

Percival must have realized he was poisoned with Boar Poison and guessed her identity. Not a

surprise.

"Percival, how do you do?" Belle looked down at Percival with arrogance, "Perhaps I misspoke. Given

your condition, you're hardly well."

Percival chuckled, "How can you be so sure?"

"Ha, Vivienne's not here. Who else would cure your poison?"

Since infiltrating the Ellington Group, Belle had been itching to administer Boar Poison to Percival. But

he was always with Vivienne, never allowing an opportunity.

This time, she had managed to send Vivienne away and poison Percival when he was unguarded.

It took some effort.

Percival's smile deepened, speaking towards the lounge, "Vivienne, she says you're not here."

Belle paused, her expression faltering. "What did you say?!"

"He said, you said I wasn't here." A voice emerged from the lounge.

"How did you? I thought you were gone!" Belle exclaimed in shock.

She would not have attempted to poison Percival without being absolutely certain that Vivienne had left

the premises. Everything had to be foolproof.

Vivienne chuckled softly. "You're right, one Vivienne did indeed leave. Under your watchful eye, she's

headed straight for my place, except..."

Her lips curled into a mischievous smile. "That person is Ismene."

With a sigh, Vivienne mockingly chided, "You can't even recognize your own people, and you're

supposed to be the GTO's right-hand woman!"

Grinding her teeth, Belle spat out, "Vivienne, go to hell!" New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

Her finger squeezed the trigger, but the anticipated gunshot never came.

Instead, Belle suddenly found herself on her knees, coughing up blood.

She looked up at Vivienne in disbelief. "You poisoned me!"

How had Vivienne managed it without her noticing a thing?

"Mhm, Boar Poison," Vivienne said, a satisfied gleam in her eye.

The poison had been administered the moment Belle walked in, designed to go undetected until it was too late.

The parlor door swung open just then, and a chubby waiter waddled in.

"Boss, can I get you a drink?"

"Antidote. Now. Or he doesn't make it out of here alive!"

Chapter 465

Vivienne and Percival acted as if they were blind to the crisis, treating the life in Belle's grasp as

nothing worth mentioning.

Belle pressed the blade a fraction deeper. Her voice was laced with a threat. "Percival, you're the head of Vanguard Agency's special squad. You gonna let this hostage die on your watch and kiss your career goodbye?"

She was convinced Percival would not let the hostage die. That was the Vanguard Agency's way; they valued life, even that of a stray dog, above all else. It was laughable, really. Because of this soft spot, they had missed countless opportunities to corner the notorious GTO.

As Belle mused over this, her smirk widened.

Yawning ostentatiously, Vivienne plopped down beside Percival, resting her head on his shoulder. "Cut the drama. Let's wrap this up."

Belle's brows knitted in confusion. What was that supposed to mean?

Then, the plump waiter who had been serving them burst out indignantly, "Seriously? I'm just trying to bring you your drink, and this is how you repay me!"

Before Belle could react, the waiter grabbed her ankle in a swift motion, flipping her over and slamming her to the ground with a thud.

"Ugh!" Belle grunted, pain shooting through her already poisoned body, bones fracturing under the

impact.

Vivienne frowned. "Brian, go easy on her. If she dies, it's on you!"

Belle was a key player in GTO, second in command. There were secrets to be extracted, and a dead captive was worthless.

Brian peeled off his waiter's vest and, drawing a whip from his belt, bound Belle up like a crab ready for the pot.

"Don't worry, Vivienne," he assured her, his eyes gleaming with the prospect of a hefty payout. "I've got a light touch."

The bounty on Belle's head was making Brian's eyes turn into dollar sign emojis. Brody's bounty was peanuts compared to this. How was he going to spend all that cash?

"Percival, you're the captain of Vanguard's special squad. The capture's done; do I collect the bounty from you?" Brian asked while securing Belle, a smug look on his face.

Percival gazed at Belle with unfathomable depth in his eyes, then stated flatly, "No, the bounty goes to Vivienne."

Belle's last shred of hope evaporated upon hearing this, and Brian's hopes also fizzled out.

What a joke! Letting Vivienne handle it meant he would probably end up shortchanged. Everyone knew

how tight-fisted Vivienne was – it was the talk of the internet, with fans from every corner coming to

collect a debt of merely a thousand dollars!

Brian's face fell. "You're seriously taking her, Vivienne?"

Basically, he was saying, "You're seriously not going to pay me, Vivienne?"

Percival watched with amusement, curious to see if Vivienne really was that stingy.

Vivienne did not disappoint. "I'll take her," she said, knocking Belle out with a precision strike. "As for

the bounty..." She turned, pointing a delicate finger at Mr. Wolf. "He's paying."

Percival inwardly groaned. He should not have gotten involved in this mess.

"Keep it up!" Vivienne cheerfully said.

Brian's gloom turned to glee at the mention of the bounty. "Long live my bro-in-law!"

Percival exhaled sharply and handed over a card loaded with Belle's bounty. "The PIN is Vivienne's

birthday."

Brian blinked in confusion. "What's that?"

Percival's eyes twinkled with delight. "The PIN is Vivienne's birthday."

Brian stood dumbfounded. Who the hell knew Vivienne's birthday? She probably did not even know it herself!

"These two are playing me!" But Brian kept his thoughts to himself.

With a pat on the shoulder, Percival offered Brian another job. "Can't get the cash out? No worries. I've got another task for you. Complete it, and I'll double the bounty."

Brian's face lit up. "You name it, boss."

"Keep up the hunt for Mr. B under your bounty hunter guise."

Brian did not question further. He knew the score the moment Vivienne took over Mr. B's case.

"Done. Whatever you say." Handing over Belle to Vivienne, Brian prepared to leave.

"Hold on," Vivienne said, giving him a nod.

Brian tried one last time. "I'm really going now!"

Vivienne pinched the bridge of her nose, slightly exasperated with her money-obsessed protégé. "Go bug Matthew for pocket money and get outta here!"

"Right away!" Brian vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

With the loose ends tied up and the press conference winding down, Percival delivered a few closing remarks before stepping down.

Outside the venue, Percival's phone rang. It was Micah.

"Boss," Percival answered, putting Micah on speaker.

"Can you talk?" Micah's voice was muffled, a tinge of anger lurking beneath the surface.

Percival glanced at Vivienne. "Sure."

Micah sighed. "Your fiancée, Vivienne, she's been tinkering with that new bomb with Griffin, hasn't she?"

Upon hearing this, a mist of worry clouded Vivienne's eyes.

Sure enough, the Vanguard Agency had set its sights on developing a new type of bomb.

"Yes," Percival did not deny it. The fact that Micah was asking meant he was already privy to the

backstory. Read at Dramanovels.com

Micah had authorized the last request for Leopold to pull records from headquarters, so his awareness was not surprising.

Micah exhaled sharply, his anger more pronounced. "Why wasn't this reported to the agency, Percival?"

"You're getting bolder by the minute!"

Percival snorted, "What do you mean by 'concrete action'?"

Percival and Vivienne exchanged glances, a slow smile playing on his lips, taking on an ambiguous

curve, "I'll discuss it with her."

Chapter 466

Percival ended the call with a snap.

He tapped the back of the driver's seat. "Thomas, write up an apology."

Thomas nearly choked on his own spit, glancing at the rear-view mirror. "Yes, sir."

One rank up in the hierarchy could crush a man, and boy, did Thomas get that now!

Percival drew Vivienne back into his embrace, his fingertips gently caressing the palm of her hand,

"What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking I should pay Jasper a visit," Vivienne answered, her expression unreadable.

Percival was on the same page. "Thomas, drive us to the Perez residence."

Soon enough, Thomas pulled the car to the curb near the Perez residence.

"Sure you don't need me to come with you?" Percival asked.

Vivienne shook her head. "No need. I can manage on my own."

Percival did not insist, watching as Vivienne headed toward the stately Perez mansion and then signaling Thomas to drive off.

As Vivienne walked, the air carried the faint scent of locust blossoms.

Jasper had good taste, that was for sure. Even though he had bought the mansion on a whim, its location was prime—tucked away amidst the chaos, surrounded by natural locust trees.

When the wind blew, the whole courtyard was fragrant.

Approaching the Perez Mansion, Vivienne took out her phone.

On it was a report from Matthew, sent the night before.

A paternity test report between her and Yuri.

The results showed a 58.99% probability of a parental relationship—affirming a blood connection.

That number was enough proof of her kinship with the Perez family. At the very least, Yuri could be her uncle.

But she could not be entirely sure.

After all, this was a test with Yuri, not with Jasper, and neither was it a test for her mother and Jasper.

She had never heard her mother mention anything about the Perez family.

This test made her feel a mix of emotions.

If only she could get her mother's DNA, she would definitely confirm it once more.

Vivienne turned off her phone and stepped inside.

She had no intention of sharing the test result with Jasper.

The Perez family had also conducted a paternity test between her and Jasper. They were waiting for that result—if it matched, it would fully confirm her relation to the Perez family.

And if it did not...

Well, that would be interesting.

Before she knew it, Vivienne was standing at the front gate of the Perez Mansion.

She rang the bell, and the grand gate swung open before she could announce herself through the intercom.

Zelda, holding a child in her arms—hard to tell if it was Natalie or Jasmine—greeted her, "I thought my

eyes were playing tricks on me, but it really is you! Come on in!"

Vivienne was ushered into the courtyard by Zelda's warm embrace.

She noticed a fresh scar on the child's face, probably from a recent scratch, and the little puffed cheeks added to her cuteness.

"What happened here?" Vivienne could not help but ask.

Zelda chuckled. "Just the kids roughhousing. Natalie is still sulking because she didn't win against her sister."

"Hit back next time," Vivienne said playfully, pinching Natalie's chubby cheek, "But remember, sisters should love and care for each other."

She did not have siblings of her own and sometimes envied those who did.

Natalie seemed to understand Vivienne's words and nodded earnestly, taking Vivienne's finger and kissing it repeatedly.

"Aw, Natalie really likes you," Zelda exclaimed, surprised.

Vivienne naturally took Natalie into her arms.

With that, Natalie was no longer upset, cuddling against Vivienne and adoring her.

Meanwhile, in the front courtyard.

Jasper was comforting his other little granddaughter, "Jasmine, your sister didn't beat you, so why the tears? You should be comforting her, right?"

Jasmine stopped crying and turned her head upon seeing Vivienne holding Natalie, pouting and gesturing towards Vivienne, her little legs kicking excitedly.

Jasper looked up, a warm feeling washing over him.

If only she were his granddaughter.

"Hey Jasper, long time no see," Vivienne said as she sat opposite him, scooping Jasmine into her other arm.

Jasmine calmed down, snuggling against Vivienne's cheek just like Natalie, clearly very fond of her.

Thanks to Vivienne, the sisters fighting just moments ago were now holding hands. "Are you going to make up?"

Natalie and Jasmine seemed to understand and hugged each other, whispering and giggling.

Vivienne felt a warmth in her heart.

If Yuri was her uncle, then these girls were her cousins.

The more she looked at them, the more she liked them.

Knowing Vivienne was here for a serious talk with Jasper, Zelda took the reconciled sisters away,

saying, "Vivienne, you must stay for dinner."

Vivienne nodded. "Sure, I'd love to."

After the kids were taken away, Jasper said, "So, Vivienne, what brings you to me today?"

Vivienne recounted the call with Micah to Jasper. "Vanguard Agency wants to get involved."

When Jasper made that remark, Vivienne could not help but chuckle.

Her hunch was spot on. The clout behind Jasper was indeed enough to put the squeeze on Percival's boss.

"I'm not sure," Vivienne replied with a shake of her head.

But even Vivienne could not be too sure now.

Jasper nodded in understanding. "Bureaucracy can be a slow climb. Tell him not to rush; these things take time."

"Will do," Vivienne said with a smile.

They sat in silence for a few seconds.

Then Jasper straightened up, looking at Vivienne with a hint of regret. "You know, even if you hadn't come to see me today, I was planning on seeking you out."

A knot of tension formed in Vivienne's stomach. Jasper's expression alone meant it had to be about the paternity test they were waiting on.

Timing-wise, the results should be in. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

"What's up?" Vivienne asked, her grip tightening unconsciously.

This was the first time she had felt so on edge.

Jasper let out a heavy sigh. "About that paternity test, you helped arrange... We got the results."

Vivienne pursed her lips, listening intently.

"They show that we have no biological ties, Vivienne. I have overstepped, and for that, I apologize."

Vivienne was stunned, and her brow furrowed like willow leaves caught in a gust.

No biological relationship?

She shared a fifty-eight percent genetic match with Yuri, yet there was not the slightest connection with

Yuri's biological father.

Ha!

Just as she suspected.

The waters of the Perez family ran deep, too!

Chapter 467

Jasper was still wading through a swamp of guilt as he continued, "I've been treating you like a stand-in

for my daughter, and I crossed a line. I hope you're not upset. I'm just an old man with selfish desires; I

don't want to lose contact with you."

Vivienne snapped back to reality and offered a gentle smile. "It's okay. If you like, I'd be happy to call

you 'Grandpa.'"

Hearing Vivienne's words, Jasper was overwhelmed with emotion, tears tracing the lines of his

weathered face.

She offered to call him 'Grandpa.' How could he not be moved?

Jasper patted Vivienne's hand, struggling for words before finally managing, "Yes, yes, that would be

wonderful."

With each affirmation, Vivienne felt her own eyes mist over.

Every time she met Jasper, she experienced a peculiar sensation.

It was an instinctual pull to be close to him.

Not a duty, not an obligation, but an innate desire for closeness.

When she received the paternity test results, her emotions were anything but calm.

She was elated.

Happy for herself and for her mother.

If her mother was indeed Sasha, then whatever her fake family had done, it did not matter to her anymore.

In this world, there were true family members who cherished her, protected her, and loved her.

Vivienne and Jasper talked for hours, the air filled with laughter and warm conversation.

After dinner, Vivienne left the Perez Mansion.

She did not call Percival to pick her up; instead, she strolled down the road, her cool face set in solemn contemplation.

There was no mistake in her paternity report.

She was definitely related to the Perez family!

The mistake lay with the Perez family!

Who did not want Jasper to recognize her?

And could her mother's disappearance have another explanation?

As these thoughts circled her mind, a slow smile crept across her lips.

The Perez family, how intriguing.

Behind her, a discreet black Bentley inched along the road so slowly that it was overtaken by electric scooters.

Inside, Percival sat in the back seat, silently watching Vivienne's retreating figure.

"Percival, shouldn't we offer Vivienne a ride?" Thomas, the driver, inquired.

Percival shook his head. "No need. Vivienne is in a mood; she needs some time alone."

Thomas nodded, though he did not understand how Percival could read Vivienne's mood from her silhouette.

...

Back at the Perez residence, Jasper remained seated in the garden.

"Dad, Willa is leaving. She asked me to give this to you," Yuri handed over a bag.

Jasper looked inside to find all of Willa's savings throughout the years, along with a few articles of clothing.

Willa had served as his bodyguard in Sea City and had grown up by his side, raised like his daughter.

But Willa's background was distinct.

She was the child Jasper had found during a crackdown on RST, barely four at the time, remembering only that her name was Willa.

She wore a bracelet engraved with the initials 'F-Poison.'

He knew Willa was the daughter of F-Poison.

But back then, F-Poison had fled, and young Willa, innocent and alone, was taken in by Jasper.

Before Sasha disappeared, Willa would follow her everywhere, calling her 'sister' as if they were blood.

After Sasha was taken, Willa wept for ages. Once her tears dried, she approached Jasper with a request to train in martial arts to protect him in Sasha's stead.

Throughout the years, Jasper never revealed Willa's true identity.

And Willa, for her part, had always regarded him as her birth father.

But one day, Willa confronted him with her bracelet, asking if her father was the man who had taken Sasha.

From that day on, Willa knew her origins and was submerged in guilt.

Despite Jasper's attempts to guide her, she was adamant and determined to leave the Perez family to find Sasha.

Jasper, naturally, refused. Willa had never been outside of the Perez family's protection, and he feared what dangers she might encounter on her own.

Though skilled, her naivety and stubbornness made her vulnerable.

Willa persisted, selling everything the Perez family had given her over the years and working odd jobs to save money—all to atone for her father's sins.

Jasper saw it all, and it pained him, for she was his child in all but blood.

And to make matters more complicated, his third son still harbored feelings for her, remaining unwed and loyal to her memory.

Now that Willa was set on leaving, Jasper could not stop her.

He resolved to let her go freely and to have her secretly protected, ensuring she would not fall into despair.

Storing the bag safely, Jasper decided, "When that stubborn child returns, I'll give this to her."

Yuri nodded in agreement. "Dad, there's something else. Willa mentioned she stepped out for ten minutes during the DNA test."

"Stepped out for ten minutes?" Jasper furrowed his brow. "Where did she go?"

Jasper's concern did not wane. "How is Diana?"

Yuri helped Jasper to his feet and into the house. "She's fine, just a few scratches. It was more of a scare than anything, and she called Willa in a panic."

"That's good. Give Diana a comforting call. She wanted to come with me to Rivenwood, but I disagreed. She's probably a bit upset."

Yuri simply acknowledged, not showing much reaction to his father's words.

Jasper knew his son well. "Even if she's not your blood sister, she grew up with you. A little compassion wouldn't hurt. I remember when she spat with Zelda, and Zelda forgave her. Why can't you?" Updated

at Dramanovels.com

"It's not that I'm petty; I just can't warm up to her. I can be nice to Willa, but Diana..." Yuri let out a heavy sigh.

Diana Perez, the foster child Jasper had taken in, never quite managed to bond with the brothers. Back then, only Sasha took a liking to playing with her.

But Diana, they could only manage civility at best.

Jasper looked at Yuri, his gaze sharpening. "Regardless, she's your sister. We took her in, and it's our duty to treat her well."

Yuri pursed his lips. "Dad! She's not related to us by blood and can't replace Sasha. I can't treat her the way I did Sasha."

It was not a question of blood relations that made Yuri feel distant from Diana.

But with Diana...

Jasper gave him a look as if to say something but finally relented. "Suit yourselves!"

Chapter 468

In the dimly lit basement of a house tucked away in the sleepy suburb of Rivenwood, Calista found herself inexplicably transported to this place, shrouded in darkness.

She huddled on the cold floor, with the constant, eerie sound of dripping water echoing throughout the room. Each drop seemed to land directly on her heart, causing her to shiver uncontrollably.

The bruises from Mr. B's beating had not fully healed, and she winced at the occasional twinge of pain.

After what felt like an eternity, punctuated only by drifting in and out of sleep, Calista finally heard footsteps approaching.

Scrambling to kneel, she began to plead toward the sound, "Mr. B, I've done it - I've developed the Boar Poison, just like the sample you gave me. Please, I beg you, let me go!"

Click.

A blinding light suddenly filled the room, causing her to squeeze her eyes shut in pain and fear.

"You've got the wrong person, sweetheart. Stand up."

Calista's heart skipped a beat at the sound of the voice, not unlike the mechanical tone Mr. B had once used before dropping her facade.

As her eyes adjusted, she could make out a figure dressed just like Mr. B - a trench coat and a fedora shadowing his face.

"You're not Mr. B?" She whispered, disbelief lacing her words.

"I'm the boss, the one she answered to. Call me boss if you like, but I'm not fond of the title. I prefer you call me F-Poison."

F-Poison dusted off her coat nonchalantly. "Ah, got it. You thought I was Belle because of the outfit, right?"

Despite her terror, Calista could detect a note of amusement in the grating mechanical voice.

F-Poison's smile was there, but the aura he exuded – one of unflinching ruthlessness – was never present in Mr. B.

"Belle is Mr. B. I told her that name was too harsh, not fitting for a girl. 'Clementine' would've been much cuter. Don't you agree, Dr. Pendleton?"

F-Poison squatted in front of Calista, seemingly earnest in her inquiry.

"Yes, whatever you say is right..." Calista stuttered, seated on the ground, shivering.

F-Poison nodded approvingly, "That's my girl. It's a shame, really. Raising her to be wiped out just like that."

Calista's mind raced. Mr. B – Belle – was dead?

That would explain the sudden change of location.

Swallowing hard, she ventured, "Mr. F, what would you have me do? I am at your service."

Calista knew her life hung by a thread, useful only for her talents.

Satisfaction was apparent on F-Poison's face as he patted her head. "Good girl. I do have a task for you if you're willing."

"Willing, I'm willing, Mr. F. Whatever you ask of me!" Calista agreed instantly, her survival instinct trumping all else.

"Then brace yourself."

Before she could react, F-Poison struck her across the face. As Calista fell, her consciousness fading.

She watched F-Poison reshape her features with her fists...

While beating the living hell out of Calista, F-Poison said calmly, "I don't have a choice. Vivienne recognizes people by their bones, and a simple disguise won't work. I have to reshape your bones."

Feeling the beating and filled with misery, Calista blacked out.

...

At the Ellington family.

The Ellington family was rarely complete, and tonight was an exception. With Fiona in her wheelchair, brought by Heloise, and even the elusive Kenneth present, there was a sense of occasion.

Percival and Vivienne were the last to arrive, bearing gifts.

"Richard," Vivienne greeted, sitting beside him as naturally as if she had always belonged there.

Heloise watched with barely veiled jealousy. Even after years of marriage into the family, she had never dared to claim such intimacy with Richard. Yet here was Vivienne, not even officially part of the family, and she acted with such familiarity.

"Vivienne, you've arrived. Good, now the family's all here. Once your uncle arrives, we can start dinner," Richard announced, clearly delighted at the prospect of seeing his youngest son after so long.

Vivienne caught Kenneth avoiding her gaze, a trace of guilt in his eyes. She paid it no mind and continued to chat with Richard.

Aurelia burst in with excitement. "He's back, he's back! Flynn has returned, and he's brought a girlfriend!"

Richard stood, Vivienne at his side to greet the newcomers.

A young man and woman stepped from the taxi, each with a suitcase.

Vivienne's eyes brightened. Flynn was even more handsome in person, his tan skin exuding vitality.

Feeling a surge of jealousy from beside her, Vivienne pulled her gaze away.

"Men and their egos," she thought, amused.

"Dad!" Flynn set down his luggage and embraced Richard. "I'm back!"

Richard clapped his son on the back. "You rascal, finally decided to show up, huh?"

"Dad, Imogen's here. Let's not get all mushy," Flynn said, introducing his girlfriend. "Dad, this is my girlfriend, Imogen. Sweetheart, this is my father."

"Hi, Sir," Imogen greeted with a sweet smile, yet her gaze drifted involuntarily to Vivienne.

Vivienne felt the look and responded with a subtle, gentle smile. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Flynn playfully punched Percival's arm. "You rascal, you've grown up so fast, and now you're bringing home a fiancée!"

Percival chuckled. "This is Vivienne."

Vivienne paused, a bit surprised. Her future niece was a fan of hers?

Vivienne could not help but laugh at being called "Master." "Just call me Vivienne, okay?"

"Alright, Vivienne, it is!" Imogen beamed with a laugh.

Cecilia called to everyone, "Come on in, let's not just stand around outside. Flynn, you've got to

introduce us to Imogen properly."

Chapter 469

The group followed Flynn into the house, where he was immediately taken aback at the sight of his

niece, Fiona, in a wheelchair.

"Fiona, what happened to you?" Flynn asked, his voice laced with concern.

Richard had been vague when he called Flynn back home, mentioning only that a lot of things had

gone south and they needed his help sorting things out. But seeing Fiona like this was a shock to the

system.

Flynn had always had a soft spot for his nephews, but Fiona, his only niece, was like a precious gem to

him—someone to be protected at all costs.

Fiona gave a weak smile and shook her head. "Uncle Flynn, it's nothing serious. It's just a bit of a heart

condition. I can't be on my feet too much."

"How on earth did you end up with a heart problem? What did the doctors say?" Flynn asked urgently.

Heloise let out a disdainful snort. “Why don’t you ask the great Master Vivienne about that? She knows exactly what’s going on. Don’t you, Vivienne?”

Vivienne lifted her gaze coolly, a hint of sarcasm in her eyes. “Fiona knows better than I do, doesn’t she?”

Fiona pursed her lips, holding Heloise back. “Mom, not everything is Vivienne’s fault. Uncle Flynn just got back, and Aunt Imogen is here too. Please, let’s not do this now.”

Flynn glanced at Vivienne with a hint of reproach but said nothing more.

Imogen, standing close to Flynn, also kept quiet.

Heloise, however, was not so easily silenced. “If I can’t even talk about what she did...”

Cecilia, fuming, looked ready to lash out. “You...”

“Enough, Aunt! How has my sister-in-law Vivienne wronged you? Do you really want me to tell Dad everything your family has done and see who ends up embarrassed?”

The sharp rebuke stunned everyone—not least because it came from Kenneth, the youngest after Isolde.

Vivienne was taken aback, too. Kenneth was standing up for her?

Kenneth's face turned red at the sudden attention. Ever since he found out Vivienne was Aaron's coach, he did not know how to face her and had come to believe she was worthy of his brother Percival.

Caught up in the moment and fed up with Heloise's relentless attacks on Vivienne, he had blurted out his defense.

Finally, Flynn broke the awkward silence, ruffling Kenneth's hair with a laugh. "Look how much you've grown, Kenneth! When I left, you were only this tall. Now look at you, a star in the E-sports scene!"

Kenneth was a child Flynn had found and wanted to reunite with his biological parents. After a fruitless search, Flynn had intended for one of his brothers to adopt Kenneth, but none were willing except his third brother. However, he was too occupied back then and never followed through on the matter. He had thought about sending Kenneth to an orphanage, but with his pleading eyes, the boy had won Flynn over, and he ended up adopting him.

Flynn had no experience with children, so he relied heavily on his third brother's family. Over time, Kenneth had become more their child than his.

"I learned from the best," Kenneth mumbled, still embarrassed.

"You followed your brother around as a kid, and you still do," Flynn teased, earning a few chuckles and easing the tension brought on by Heloise.

Aurelia called everyone to dinner, and Richard, supported by Vivienne and Imogen, made his way to the table. Flynn and Percival trailed behind.

"You've got good taste, kid. Vivienne is impressive," Flynn said, nodding towards Percival.

Percival replied indifferently, "How would you know Vivienne is impressive?"

Flynn glanced back and explained, "Your mom told me. When Imogen found out who Vivienne was, she went nuts wanting her autograph."

At the dinner table, everyone doted on Imogen, with Isolde cheekily asking, "Auntie Imogen, how did Uncle catch your eye when he's so much older?"

Flynn nearly choked on his food. "Hey, little miss. You were just gushing over how good-looking I am compared to your brother. Standing next to you, anyone would look old!"

"That's because I didn't see Auntie Imogen yet. She's so young and pretty, like Vivienne. So, compared

to her, you look much older.”

Isolde’s comment drew laughter, and Flynn could not argue—Imogen really was much younger than him.

“It’s true. Imogen is only twenty-five, fifteen years younger than me,” Flynn said, looking at Imogen adoringly. “She’s still in grad school. We met at Magnolia University.”

“So, it was love at first sight for Uncle Flynn?” Isolde looked excited.

Imogen giggled shyly. “Not exactly. When your uncle gave a lecture at our school, lots of girls were smitten. But I was the one who fell for him first.”

Flynn took Imogen’s hand, his voice tender. “Out of all those girls, you were the one I saw. So yes, you could say it was love at first sight.”

As sweet sentiments floated between them, Richard smiled approvingly. Isolde giggled behind her hand. “So sweet, even sweeter than my brother and Vivienne!”

Percival, who was nonchalantly feeding Vivienne, looked at his sister and stated, “Vivienne and I aren’t like that.”

Vivienne nodded in agreement after swallowing the piece of meat Percival had offered.

Percival wiped a smudge of grease from Vivienne's lips.

"Right, right," Flynn teased, "you two are just the picture of subtlety."

"Of course," Percival said, offering another piece of meat to Vivienne.

Dinner was quite the scene, watching two lovey-dovey couples making everyone else look bad!

After the meal, the whole family caught up on old times. Fiona was not feeling well, so she and Heloise decided to head home early.

Isolde was fighting to keep her eyes open, and Cecilia ushered her upstairs to bed.

Kenneth felt it was time to make his exit, too, and scurried back to his room without much fuss.

Richard took Flynn and Percival to the study for a more serious chat.

Downstairs, Vivienne and Imogen were deep in conversation about perfumes and fashion design.

Imogen was studying to be a fashion designer and had heaps of questions for Vivienne, who was a

well of knowledge on the subject.

The atmosphere in the study was not as lively as the rest of the house had been. New chapter

available on Drqmanovels.com

Flynn nodded. "He did, but I want to know what's going on with Fiona?"

Percival raised his eyes, his voice calm and measured, "She broke the law."

His words were succinct, and that was all Flynn needed to know.

Flynn pursed his lips, mulling it over. "Dad, I'll join the company, but once Percival has fully taken over,

I'd still like to pursue my own endeavors."

Chapter 470

The three chatted in the study, their conversation stretching on for hours. When they emerged, the

storm clouds on Flynn's face were the only tell of the weighty matters they'd discussed.

In the meantime, Vivienne and Imogen had made plans to collaborate on a fashion project—a line of

evening dresses that would surely turn heads.

As the three appeared, the women approached them with eager smiles.

"Flynn, darling," Imogen cooed, linking her arm through his, her voice a whisper of concern, "What's

wrong?"

Flynn offered a wry smile and shook his head, a silent indication that now was not the time for such

discussions.

"I'll take Vivienne home," Percival announced, taking Vivienne's hand with a gentlemanly grace.

The evening was creeping in, and with Dorian's messages asking after her, it was clear Vivienne needed to return to her own abode.

After bidding farewell to Richard and the others, Vivienne and Percival stepped outside where Thomas and Anna were waiting.

"Ms. Vivienne," Anna began, her tone solemn, "based on Belle's intel, we located the lab where Calista was working on the Boar Poison. But by the time we got there, they had already evacuated."

Vivienne nodded, unsurprised. GTO's mysterious boss would have been the first to sense anything amiss and would have moved Calista to keep the Boar Poison within their control. Yet, the poison did not seem that useful to her—it was curable, after all, and mainly just had a prolonged incubation period that could disfigure a person. She had more lethal toxins at her disposal. Why were they so obsessed with this one?

Regret washed over her as she realized the trouble her past dealings with the poison had caused.

Back then, she traded Fiona only for the medicine in her possession. To her, the medicine was more important than the Boar Poison. Plus, she wanted to know if Fiona would use the Boar Poison on

Percival.

However, Fiona never did it. Afterward, due to how occupied Vivienne had been, she had forgotten entirely about the Boar Poison, thus bringing so much trouble.

Thomas opened the car door for them, and as Vivienne and Percival settled inside, he mentioned,

"Percival, the boss wants to see you too."

"Okay."

After ensuring Vivienne was safely home, Percival headed to the headquarters. The building was quiet, except for the light from Micah's office.

Percival knocked on the door. "Boss, you wanted to see me?"

Micah, aged but still commanding in presence, looked up from his desk. His silver hair spoke of years of service, and his glasses hinted at a life spent scrutinizing finer details.

The others often joked that Percival would look just like Micah in time, though Soren was certain their captain would never sport a single wrinkle.

"Sit," Micah gestured, pointing to the sofa with his cane.

Percival took a seat. "Working late, boss. Is there overtime pay for this?"

Micah snorted, pouring coffee. "As if you need it."

Percival took a sip of the coffee. "Delicious. Compliments to your supplier."

Micah smirked. "The coffee and the supplier are both exceptional. Do you know who brought it?"

Percival looked at him, waiting.

"It was my boss. He came by today inquiring about Mr. B's whereabouts."

"And?" Percival prompted.

"And Mr. B vanished after that press conference at the Ellington estate. I've lost track of her since."

"Where is she?"

"Where?" Micah snorted. "She's been under my monitor until three days ago when she went to the launch party at your family. After that, I completely lost track of her. Where is she?"

Percival raised an eyebrow. "I was about to ask you the same thing. Why wasn't I informed when she had already infiltrated the Ellington Group?"

Micah sighed. "It's classified. I couldn't tell you."

"Classified?" Percival's voice held a note of irritation. "I've been tracking GTO for years, and now you're

saying my job is classified? Should I be tried in a military court?"

Micah licked his lips. "I know you're upset, Percival, but I'm just following orders. If you have Mr. B, hand her over. I'll handle it."

"Don't know, haven't found her, still looking," Percival replied, leaning back casually.

Micah exhaled. "You're as stubborn as Leopold. Fine, get out of here."

Percival stood and left swiftly, like a whirlwind passing by Micah's side. Micah watched him go, a faint smile playing on his lips.

Once outside headquarters, Percival texted Vivienne.

[Cover's blown. Stay vigilant.]

Vivienne, already in bed, read the message with a slight curve of her lips. First GTO's elusive boss, and now Vanguard Agency.

It seemed that the undercover was getting a bit too eager.

Vivienne narrowed her eyes, staring at the three photographs that had popped up on her phone screen.

Each person in those photos was intimately linked to the botched operation from years ago that

involved her mother.

Topping the list was Micah, a name she knew well. The other two? Just faces and code names. Their real identities were a mystery.

There was nothing for it but to wait. Wait for them to slip up.

The following day, Percival received a stern warning from Micah himself.

[Special squad leader, Wolf, has botched the operation, key suspect gone missing, suspension warning!]

The first to blow his top was Soren.

After kicking over a couple of trash cans and smashing three mugs and four plant pots, Soren was finally restrained by Thomas and Leopold.

"Get the hell off me!"

"Will you cool it for a sec? The boss is suspended, and if you get punished too, how are we supposed to get anything done?" Thomas pushed Soren away, fuming as he saw a tear in his newly tailored suit.

Read at Dramanovels.com

Even without being unsheathed, the depth of the blade indicated the thrower's strength.

Kenneth struggled to pull it out for ages without any luck. The knife would not budge.

With a lazy effort, Percival stood up and effortlessly yanked the knife from the door.

"What the heck is this about, bro?" Kenneth asked, stunned. He had put his back into trying to remove that knife!

Percival ran a finger along the blade, leaving a mark. He chuckled and then casually tossed the knife onto the concrete floor, where it sank in handle-deep.

"It's nothing, kids playing house."