

Million-Dollar 491

Chapter 491

At that moment, Nathan and Cecilia returned home with Isolde, who was just back from school.

"We were picking up Isolde when a car crash happened right outside the daycare. In the chaos, some thug tried to snatch her. If it weren't for the bodyguard Flynn arranged for us, they might have taken our baby girl."

Cecilia was pale, sitting on the couch, still visibly shaken from the ordeal.

Isolde did not speak; she was nestled in Nathan's arms, her tear-streaked face buried in his chest.

Flynn's heart skipped a beat. "Nobody got hurt, right?"

Nathan shook his head. "No, thanks to the bodyguard you arranged. But Isolde's been scared out of her wits. The bracelet she cherished was snatched, and they nearly took her too."

"Something's not right," Flynn said, standing up and pacing the living room. "They were undoubtedly targeting Isolde!"

Isolde flinched at his words, and Cecilia gasped, "Flynn, what are you saying?"

"With Percival and Vivienne still missing, and considering recent events..." Flynn pressed his lips, then turned to Richard. "Dad, I think you should go abroad with them. I'll let you know once I have news

about Percival and Vivienne."

Richard frowned deeply, considering Flynn's words.

Nathan comforted his daughter briefly before saying, "Flynn, you're suggesting we lay low overseas?"

Flynn nodded. "Yes. Our family has been through one crisis after another. I won't have peace of mind until you're all safe. You take Dad and Isolde and go. I'll sort things out here with the company and then join you with Imogen and Kenneth. Meanwhile, I'll keep looking for Percival and Vivienne."

After a moment's thought, Flynn asked, "Dad, what do you think?"

Richard was silent for a few seconds before saying firmly, "We'll do as Flynn suggests."

"I'll get someone to book your flights right now. You'll leave tonight," Flynn said, immediately taking out his phone to instruct his secretary.

The tickets were swiftly booked, and the family packed only the essentials before hurrying to the airport.

At the airport, Imogen was tearfully saying goodbye to Cecilia. "Cecilia, We'll find Percival as soon as we can. Don't worry."

"Be careful back home. Things are unstable," Cecilia advised with worry in her voice.

Flynn helped Richard straighten his suit jacket. "Dad, wait for me over there. I promise I'll bring Percival and Vivienne to you."

Richard nodded silently, then boarded the plane with Nathan's assistance.

Flynn watched the plane take off, his gaze lingering in the sky long after the aircraft had vanished.

Finally, he turned away. He ruffled Imogen's hair. "Let's go home."

In Weststart City, Griffin pressed the detonator repeatedly until the last 10 feet of the mine finally blew open.

Beyond this point, they could not use explosives anymore.

Vivienne seized Leopold's shovel and started digging with such furious strength that even the seasoned agents of Vanguard Agency were amazed.

They could not believe that although their captain's wife had not eaten or slept in two days, she still had this much energy.

Soren, who had been bandaged up at the hospital, ignored the doctor's advice and rushed to the scene. Seeing Vivienne's fingers bleeding from the relentless digging, he felt a profound respect for

her. She was not just infatuated with Percival's looks; her love was genuine.

"Stop gawking! You're wounded; go monitor the map and keep us posted on the captain's location,"

Leopold barked at Soren, pushing him toward the computers.

Vivienne dug tirelessly, her voice hoarse from calling into the headset, "Mr. Wolf, respond to me!" But

there was no reply from Percival.

Her fingers were bleeding profusely, and she had almost lost her voice, yet there was no response from

Percival.

Anna and Griffin joined the digging, the tension mounting with each passing minute.

It had been an hour since Percival's last response. They couldn't dare to imagine what could happen if

they could not find Percival as soon as possible.

Soren, noticing the blinking red dot on the computer that signified Percival's vital signs, shouted, "Nine

o'clock direction, hurry!"

When they finally hit a metal barrier, they were met with a new challenge. The door to the commanding

room was jammed shut by the soil.

"Shit, what now?" Leopold cursed, his frustration peaking at this last hurdle.

Suddenly, with a loud bang, the doors burst open, the dust choking Leopold into a coughing fit.

Vivienne had kicked it open and emerged from the control room, carrying an unconscious Percival on her back.

"Vivienne, Percival!"

"Ms. Vivienne, Captain!"

"Captain! Madam!"

A chorus of concerned voices rang out, but there was no response from Percival, who lay motionless on Vivienne's back.

Seeing this, Griffin was near tears, tugging at Leopold, "What do we do now?"

Micah rushed to bring the medic over, but Vivienne silently laid Percival on the ground. She pulled a sterile silver needle from her pocket and quickly inserted it into Percival's forehead.

Suddenly, he spat out a mouthful of black blood and, with it, a breath of air.

They fell silent for a few seconds, then erupted in cheers.

Percival was awake. He was alive!

Even with his eyes still closed, they knew that Percival had narrowly clung to life.

"Mr. Wolf, open your eyes," Vivienne urged, patting his face gently.

"Easy there, Vivienne. He's just starting to get better," Leopold interjected with a hint of concern.

But Vivienne's hand did not retreat; it continued to pat Percival's cheek.

Seconds later, Percival weakly grasped Vivienne's hand and murmured, "My face is going to swell."

"You scared me," she sobbed, her tears mixing with the dirt and dampening Percival's shirt.

She had never really been afraid of anything, except for the thought of losing the ones closest to her.

Her mother back in the day, and now Percival.

In those moments of uncertainty, she was terrified. Read at Dramanovels.com

Lying on the ground, Percival wrapped his arms around her and chuckled. "Stop crying. I'm alright. I'm

not dead yet."

Seeing the smile on his face finally eased Vivienne's anxiety.

Micah chimed in, "Let's get him on an ambulance!"

Still, for safety's sake, a thorough checkup at the hospital was in order.

Leopold was exasperated. "Of all the things, you remember that at a time like this!"

Percival replied, "No, I only remembered Vivienne at that time."

Chapter 492

After a thorough check-up at the hospital, Percival was discharged.

Even the doctors were astounded. How could a man who had been buried in a mine for two days walk out without a scratch?

What kind of physique did he have?

Leopold and Thomas, who had been part of the rescue operation, were exhausted and had to be admitted to the hospital, too.

Leopold kept begging Vivienne to give him an injection, convinced that one of her shots would revive him instantly.

But Vivienne refused.

Her services came at a steep price, one that Leopold could not afford.

Once they left the hospital, Vivienne and Percival returned to the Ellington Mansion.

In the car, Percival tenderly changed the dressing on Vivienne's fingertips. "Don't be so reckless next time. I told you, with you waiting for me, I could hold on."

Vivienne looked at her injured fingertips, wounds that could easily be healed, but she let them heal naturally.

Otherwise, Mr. Wolf would not be there to tend to her.

How considerate of her.

Vivienne curled her finger, watching Percival apply the ointment. "You're not allowed to worry me like that again."

Percival pulled her close. "Never again."

...

Back at the Ellington Mansion.

Flynn had just signed some documents when Percival burst through the door.

Sunlight streamed in, casting a square of bright light on the floor.

Flynn stepped forward, standing at the edge of the light, looking worriedly at Percival. "Percival, where have you been these past few days? Do you have any idea how worried everyone's been? Did something happen?"

"Don't you know where I've been, Uncle Flynn?" Percival replied with a smile, a hint of mirth in his eyes.

Flynn paused, then chuckled. "How would I know where you've been? I've been going mad looking for you. There's been a lot of trouble at home. Let me fill you in."

Vivienne stepped beside Percival at the doorway, taking over the conversation. "We're aware of the car accident and robbery in front of Isolde's Daycare."

Flynn's smile froze as he stepped back into the shadows.

"Since you know already, there's not much to say."

Footsteps echoed from behind Flynn.

Two figures appeared, holding Imogen and Kenneth at gunpoint, explosives strapped to them.

Imogen's face was streaked with tears, disbelief in her eyes. She never imagined facing such a predicament.

Kenneth was in shock.

Nathan had taken him in as his foster child, and even though he had been raised in a distant part of the family, Flynn was still his father in his heart.

Why would his father aim a gun at him?

Percival and Vivienne seemed to have expected this, showing no surprise.

"Percival, I must admit, you're quite clever. You're tough to deal with, and now you have an even tougher fiancée. You really give your uncle a headache."

Flynn removed his glasses, pulled a cloth from his pocket, and meticulously cleaned the lenses.

Percival chuckled. "Uncle Flynn, you handed me the clue on a silver platter. Otherwise, I wouldn't have noticed."

"Really? When did I slip up? I've been careful," Flynn said with a slight smile, sliding his glasses back on and looking at Percival and Vivienne.

"It wasn't romance when you were flirting with Ms. Imogen in the living room, squeezing her palm. It was a signal—your life was in danger."

Understanding dawned on Flynn. He had absentmindedly squeezed Imogen's hand earlier, and though it seemed flirtatious, he was filled with disgust.

If not for the need to maintain his cover, he would not bother keeping a little girl happy.

Without realizing it, he had given away a code, which Percival had caught in that fleeting moment.

Flynn smirked. "I was careless. Next time, I'll be more cautious."

Percival raised his gun towards the man he had respected all his life, the uncle who had always been peaceful. "There won't be a next time, White Tiger!"

Flynn was Fiona's boss, the mastermind behind CK, having built it from the ground up. When Fiona turned against him, he lured her into becoming his substitute.

All these years, Fiona's actions had been for Flynn.

On the surface, it looked like Fiona wanted Percival dead, but the real threat to his life was Flynn!

Unfazed by the gun in Percival's hand, Flynn said, "Percival, I hold two lives in my hand. Are you sure you want to gamble with me?"

Vivienne suddenly laughed, gesturing behind them. "Maybe you should take a look behind you."

Confused, Flynn turned to see.

The supposed kidnappers had revealed their true identities.

It was Draven and Matthew!

The bombs strapped to Imogen and Kenneth were fake, and they were now under the protection of

Draven and Matthew.

Flynn licked his lips and nodded, a sinister glint in his eye. "So, the shrimps have turned."

Then, Flynn's laughter ceased. He pulled out his phone and played a video.

It showed Richard and others.

"Percival, did you really think they were my only hostages?"

Percival looked at Flynn calmly. "That's your father."

The serenity, the life of a botanist? None of that mattered!

All he craved was the right to inherit the Ellington family!

Percival, filled with that boundless hatred, met Flynn's gaze and sighed silently. "Grandpa, Uncle

Flynn's bitterness... now you know."

Flynn's brow twitched as he glanced at his phone. Richard was being held captive. What was Percival

talking about?

Suddenly, from outside the door, a deep, slightly hoarse voice broke the silence. "Now I know." New

chapter available on Dramanovels.com

Flynn could hardly believe it.

How could this be?

"Flynn, if you wanted to inherit the Ellington family, why didn't you just tell me?"

The surveillance feed on Flynn's phone switched, all of it a sham.

It dawned on Flynn—Percival had known his intentions all along. Every move he had made was no secret to his nephew.

Flynn did not answer Richard's question. Instead, he turned to Percival, "Knowing I wanted you dead, why would you still go down into the mines?"

"I did not anticipate that."

Percival and Vivienne had prepared for everything except Flynn's ability to take control of the Vanguard Agency's headquarters.

Otherwise, so many days would not have been wasted.

Chapter 493

Crashing his phone to the ground, Flynn unleashed a fury of stomps upon the shattered device.

"I lost. Take me in." Flynn's voice dripped with laziness as he raised his hands in mock surrender, tilting his head to catch Percival's gaze.

But then, with a swift bite, he crushed the cyanide hidden in his molar.

He had always known this day would come.

Even in death, he would not be cuffed by the likes of Percival!

Blood spilled from his mouth as he knelt, the light fading behind his designer spectacles, "Percival,

you'll never unearth the kingpin behind GTO."

His laughter echoed through the dark alley, a spectral sound that chilled to the bone.

Yet, the agony he anticipated never arrived.

F-Poison had given him this poison, and it was a lethal concoction, sure death on contact. How was he

still alive?

Lifting his head, Flynn locked eyes with Vivienne, whose expression was akin to someone watching a

fool. It all clicked.

She, the Specter Healer, was behind this.

Vivienne towered over him, her aura that of a queen, "Wish to die?"

Flynn glared back, bitter. "There's no grudge between us. My death serves you no ill!"

Her smile bloomed, radiant and short-lived, replaced by a chilling murderous intent. "Your death means nothing to me. But you dared cross Mr. Wolf. For that, I would have relished your end. However..."

Her smile returned as she said, "Since you so desire death, I won't oblige you."

His eyes narrowed, venomous. "There are a thousand ways to die if I wish it."

She tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear, her piercing gaze lifted slightly, "The poison I bestowed upon you, I named it 'Mandragora.' It will hijack your nerves. Should suicidal thoughts arise, it will paralyze your body. Moreover..."

Pausing, she continued, "It will tear at you, two hours each day, gnawing at your insides while leaving no physical mark. Enjoy the rest of your days."

Flynn's pupils dilated.

Before, he would have scoffed at such claims, but knowing she was the Specter Healer, he believed.

Vivienne had the means to craft such a torturous venom.

He could face death, but not the dread of daily torment with no escape.

Vivienne's satisfaction was evident as she crouched to meet his eyes, her voice a cold, clear chime.

"Cross me, you die. Cross those I care for, and you'll beg for death. White Tiger, if fate grants a next

time, strike me first—you might find a quicker end."

Her words, calm and steady, bathed in sunlight, highlighted her majestic beauty.

All present made a silent vow never to provoke those dear to Vivienne; a life of suffering with no escape was too grievous a fate.

Percival's heart raced at her words, overwhelmed by the depth of her love.

Vivienne had given her all to him; he resolved to be worthy of her for the remainder of his days.

Without another word to Flynn, Vivienne rose and walked over to Percival.

He took her hand, signaling the waiting Vanguard Agency operatives with his free hand. They stormed in, securing Flynn.

Richard watched, lips pressed tightly, one last attempt for understanding, "Flynn, why?"

Was being the Ellington heir so enticing?

His sons, one after another, vied for that position.

The Ellington family was the wealthiest in Rivenwood, sure, but not in Veridia.

The true powers were the ancient warrior lineages, hidden from the world.

The Ellington family had wealth but no political sway. Percival's integrity as the captain of the Vanguard Agency, now the Deputy Director, was its only political power.

Plus, Percival had never abused his power for his own benefit. Basically, the Ellington family had zero influence in the government.

He could not fathom why his sons fought so bitterly.

Handcuffed, Flynn glanced at his father. "You needn't know."

And with that, he was escorted away.

Richard sighed, resigned. Old age was upon him.

Percival holstered his weapon, his expression unreadable. Until today, he had refused to believe Flynn was White Tiger.

His faith in his own judgment wavered.

Flynn was not a stranger; he was his uncle, the man he trusted more than anyone else in the family.

He had suspected Ryan but never Flynn.

If not for Flynn's recent slip-ups, he would never have suspected him.

The idea that the person who cherished him most sought his life was unfathomable.

Then, from the holding vehicle, Flynn's voice cut through. "Percival, you think I've only got hostages up my sleeve? Listen closely. The countdown begins."

The door slammed shut, sealing his haunting laughter inside.

Vivienne and Percival's eyes met, a silent understanding between them.

The next moment, Vivienne's voice pierced the tense air like a siren's call, "Kenneth, get Grandpa out of here. There's a bomb!"

Kenneth's heart skipped a beat, and before he could even process the warning, Imogen was tugging him away, shouting over her shoulder at Nathan. "Nathan, move it! Get the old man to safety!" Updated at Drąmanovels.com

Snapping to action, Nathan whisked Richard away to a safe distance.

After the family had evacuated, Vivienne and Percival, accompanied by a few special squad members, began a frantic search through the Ellington family's historic mansion.

Bombs were discovered in the most unsuspecting of places: tucked in a corner of the living room, nestled beneath the sofa, hidden among the spirits in the liquor cabinet.

But there was no telling how many bombs Flynn had planted within the walls of the ancestral home.

The detectors were useless, leaving them to search blindly.

Suddenly, Imogen burst in, calling out to Vivienne, "Vivienne, I know where the bombs are hidden; he

planted them with me."

Chapter 494

Vivienne looked pale as a ghost.

Clearly, it was time to fast-track the development of the new bomb detector. They could not afford

another incident like this.

But Imogen's face was a tapestry of tension, and Vivienne noticed.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

Imogen shook her head, troubled. "No, there should be thirty-one... Yesterday, he found one..."

She reached up, touching the headband nestled in her hair—a gift from her beloved, cherished more

than gold. Just yesterday, he had whispered to her with undying affection, "Your hair is your crowning

glory, love. With this, you're even more radiant."

Tick-tock, tick-tock.

Three seconds remained.

Tears welled in her eyes as she dashed out of the Ellington Mansion.

Vivienne and Percival had no time to react before a deafening explosion shook the air.

When the smoke cleared, only a shattered necklace remained on the ground. It was the token Richard had given to Imogen, a symbol of her acceptance into the Ellington family.

The bomb's force had vaporized Imogen instantly, like a plane plummeting from the sky, obliterating everything in its path.

Vivienne and Percival were frozen. If Imogen had not acted on her instincts, they, too, would have been reduced to nothing.

Not far away, in a parked car, Isolde burst into tears. She had watched her beloved aunt vanish, her waterfall of hair gone without a trace.

Cecilia nestled into her husband's embrace.

Out of all Flynn's sins, Imogen was the most tragic victim—a solitary girl who vanished from existence without a last word, as if she had never been.

Vivienne stepped outside; the air still held a tinge of fire powder. She picked up the unrecognizable

necklace and wiped it clean with her hands.

Richard exited the car, addressing Percival, "We owe her a dignified farewell. The Ellington family failed her."

Percival nodded, drawing Vivienne close, comforting her with a gentle hold.

Vanguard Agency's special squad cleared the Ellington Mansion and raided Flynn's room, taking away all related materials.

Composing herself, Vivienne entered Flynn's bedroom.

Photos of Imogen and Flynn stood on the nightstand, everything untouched. The bed was made to perfection, two sets of clean pajamas folded neatly.

As Vivienne approached, she noticed a hair entangled in a button of Flynn's pajama top—likely Imogen's.

She untangled the hair, holding it between her fingers. Suddenly, her expression froze.

Carefully examining the strand, something felt off.

"What's wrong, Vivienne?" Percival approached, concerned at her uneasy demeanor.

She plucked one of her own hairs and placed both strands in his hand. "Feel these. Notice anything

odd?"

Percival's brow furrowed as he felt the hairs, and realization dawned on him.

The hair from Flynn's pajama was synthetic—a wig!

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Elsewhere in Rivenwood.

F-Poison returned to GTO headquarters, stretching her neck before firing up the helicopter.

With Flynn captured, it was time to leave Rivenwood behind.

“Vivienne, Percival, we'll meet again another day.”

Had they been there, they would have recognized her as Imogen, supposedly dead.

Meanwhile.

Imogen's body was nowhere to be found.

Vivienne had intended to issue an Order of Nine Mystics Society to pursue the allegedly deceased

Imogen. But she could not risk exposure with a traitor still lurking within the Nine Mystics Society.

She turned to Draven and Matthew. "Search for any trace of Imogen in secret. Report back the moment

you find something."

Matthew hesitated. "But Vivienne, isn't Imogen already..."

He stopped, seeing her stern face, and accepted the task.

Vivienne's brows knitted together.

Imogen was still alive; she knew it. But her true identity within GTO and her connection to F-Poison

remained a mystery—perhaps someone even more significant than Belle.

Imogen had hidden her identity well.

Outside, Percival finally uncovered the secret of Imogen's feigned death.

The person they saw and the bomb that exploded were real, but the person was an illusion.

He found a sophisticated projector on the Ellington Mansion's gate. The shattered necklace was its

remote.

The concept had originated with Karen, intended to cast deceptive images to confuse enemies and

also to be employed in training exercises for the operatives of the Vanguard Agency.

It was a task not just anyone could undertake.

And yet, this piece of elite technology, which should have been secured within the Vanguard Agency

HQ's walls, had somehow been perfected by the GTO and was now operational.

To Percival, it was nothing short of a blatant insult to Karen and the integrity of the entire Vanguard Agency.

His brows knitted together, casting a chilling aura that could freeze the air, his visage as imposing as an advancing glacier, compelling anyone to give a wide berth.

Many within the Vanguard Agency had the clearance to access such tech, but none would dare from Rivenwood HQ.

This meant that neither he nor Micah could be responsible.

Who, then, was behind this? Read at Dramanovels.com

Vivienne emerged from the Ellington Mansion, catching sight of the projector in Percival's grasp, and instantly grasped the gravity of the situation.

A cold, steely resolve flashed in her eyes.

Whoever was responsible, she would not let them off lightly.

Her phone rang with the distinctive tone reserved for the Nine Mystics Society members.

[Young Master, the Miller family's stronghold has been attacked. We've suffered heavy casualties and need immediate backup!]

Vivienne had gathered her most trusted allies from the Nine Mystics Society that day, fortifying their position to ensure the capture of White Tiger went off without a hitch.

Richard and the others were among those the Nine Mystics Society had snatched back from the brink of death.

Thus, the defense deployed at the stronghold was now weaker than usual.

And yet, despite their vigilance, their stronghold had been hit when they least expected it.

Chapter 495

Vivienne's eyes narrowed as she and Percival rushed to the attacked stronghold of the Miller family.

"Imogen's got some nerve," Percival said, his voice turning cold.

Launching a preemptive strike on the Miller family's stronghold, she aimed to distract Vivienne, buying herself time to escape.

Vivienne gripped the steering wheel, her tires leaving deep marks on the asphalt as she drove.

Her face was as dark as a storm cloud, fury simmering within her.

With a screeching halt, the car arrived at the Miller family's stronghold.

It was an old Victorian mansion that served as the Miller family's headquarters within the Nine Mystics Society.

Mark had been one of the first Vivienne had brought into her fold, and this place was a home base for the Nine Mystic Society's members in Rivenwood.

Draven would often stay here when he was on missions.

It had always been secure.

But now, it had been struck with devastating damage!

The bronze front door was blasted halfway to oblivion, and the building was belching thick, black smoke. Firefighters and police officers were swarming the scene.

Aaron was there, talking to them, trying to piece together how the blaze had started.

After an investigation, they concluded it was a gas leak that led to the explosion.

But everyone inside the Nine Mystics Society knew better. Someone had planted a bomb at their doorstep, leading to the destruction and sending several brothers to the hospital.

After the firefighters and police had left, Aaron approached Vivienne, sweat beading on his forehead.

"Vivienne," he said, obviously fresh from receiving the news.

Vivienne nodded. "Just you here? Where's your dad?"

Aaron pursed his lips, "He was here when it happened. He's been taken to the hospital. Vivienne, can you... save him?"

Despite their strained relationship, Mark was still his father. The thought of losing him had never crossed Aaron's mind.

Vivienne's eyes took on a shadowy gleam. "Yeah, I got it. Anna will take care of things here."

Aaron did not respond; they just looked at Vivienne deeply.

He knew his strength was not enough, not by far.

Like the panicked call he received about the explosion at home, it had left him in utter disarray.

He felt inadequate beside Vivienne.

Sensing the turmoil in Aaron's eyes, Vivienne clapped him on the shoulder. "The future of the Miller family is in your hands now."

Aaron was taken aback, not quite understanding her meaning.

But Vivienne was not one for explanations. When the time came, Aaron would understand.

Vivienne and Percival got back in the car and headed to the hospital.

Most of the Nine Mystics Society's members had been treated at the hospital. Only a few who were near the blast were still in surgery.

Mark had been closest to the explosion and was the most severely injured.

Vivienne stood outside the operating room, already in her surgical scrubs.

She had managed to save the others upon arrival at the hospital.

Now, only Mark remained.

Slipping on her gloves, she looked back at Percival.

He gave her a reassuring half-smile and said, "Everything's ready. Go on."

With a nod, Vivienne entered the operating room.

Although Mark's injuries were severe, they were not life-threatening, and with Vivienne's skilled hands,

he would soon be on the road to recovery.

In the recovery room, Mark slowly opened his eyes. He wiggled his fingers and toes – everything seemed normal.

He sighed with relief. As his vision cleared, he saw Vivienne sitting at his bedside.

"Young Ma..."

"How do you feel?" Vivienne asked, holding a syringe, expertly tapping out the air before injecting its contents into Mark's IV line.

"Just a heavy head," Mark replied, swallowing hard.

Vivienne emptied the syringe, her tone cool, "With all those secrets, it's no wonder you feel weighed down."

Mark tensed, licking his dry lips. "You're right, Young Master. It wasn't easy bringing Aaron back, especially with all the conflicts between us. I guess it's been weighing on me."

She tossed the empty syringe in the trash and said, "If you really cared about him, you wouldn't have done the things you did, Dark Brew."

Mark's eyes widened in disbelief, his face flashing with panic. Dark Brew was his code name within the GTO, a secret known only to F-Poison and Mr. B.

Even Scott, his seemingly innocuous brother-in-law, was unaware they were colleagues!

Mark looked at Vivienne, wanting to flee but feeling utterly powerless, his body no longer under his

control.

There was no point in pretending any longer.

"I'm sorry, Young Master. I betrayed the organization. But Aaron is innocent. Please, let him go, will you?"

Vivienne leaned back in her chair, her long legs crossed at the ankles. "Aaron is my protégé, not like you."

Hearing this, Mark relaxed a bit. He knew Vivienne was just and had her own sense of right and wrong.

He swallowed hard and confessed his betrayal of the Nine Mystics Society.

"They found me eighteen years ago, just after Aaron was born, and his mother... Well, they helped me get my son back. I've been watching over him ever since, even though we never acknowledged each other."

Vivienne chuckled with a hint of irony. So, before Mark had even joined the Nine Mystics Society, he was already in the clutches of GTO.

For years, he had kept his double life a well-guarded secret.

"So, you disregarded Aaron's safety and allowed CK's goons to target him just to force my hand in trading Belle for his life?" Vivienne's gaze was icy as she stared at Mark.

He claimed to be sorry, to love his son Aaron above all else.

Yet all the danger the boy faced came from his own father! Content of DramaNovels.com

Aaron's martial arts skills were negligible; even Kenneth could hold his own against him. And now,

GTO's top fighters had him in their sights.

No one within GTO knew Mark's true identity.

What if they tried to kill Aaron?

Had Mark never considered the risk?

No, he had. He had thought through all the consequences.

But to fulfill the mission GTO had charged him with, he was willing to push his son toward the brink of danger.

Seeing that Vivienne was unmoved, he had staged this elaborate ruse to add insult to injury. It was a ploy to protect Imogen while simultaneously begging Vivienne to disclose Belle's identity—a two-for-

one deal.

Hearing Vivienne's words, Mark hung his head in a mixture of shame and regret. "I've been watching over Aaron from the shadows. He shouldn't be in any real danger. I've made sure of that."

Vivienne sneered. "Shouldn't be?"

Chapter 496

Mark knew his fate was sealed. Betraying the Nine Mystics Society and harming his brethren had left him no escape.

His only option now was to divulge what he knew about GTO to save his own skin.

"Young Master, my latest orders were to shift our operations to Sea City and locate someone named Imogen to await further instructions. That's all I was told, Young Master. Please, can you spare my life?"

Vivienne's eyes narrowed.

Imogen had fled to Sea City, the turf of the Perez family.

Mark continued to plead as a tear traced his cheek.

Vivienne brushed off the man's insincere tears and pressed, "Once in Sea City, how will you find

Imogen?"

"I don't know, but our base there is at a virus research facility. I haven't been given details."

Seizing a thread of hope, Mark blurted out, "Young Master, I'll make amends. I'll go to Sea City, uncover the research facility, and deliver this woman, Imogen, to you. I swear I'll complete the mission."

His voice was urgent, punctuated by fits of coughing that suddenly brought forth blood. His heart felt pierced with a thousand needles, suffocating him with pain.

Vivienne stood, dusted off her jacket, and said indifferently, "I gave Flynn a poison that's tearing him apart from the inside. Yours is a hundred times stronger. You'll spend every moment in agony."

Mark collapsed, his face ashen.

No one knew better than him the potency of the Young Master's poisons.

His pleas were in vain.

Just as he thought this was the harshest punishment, Vivienne spoke slowly, "You think this is enough?"

Mark shuddered.

Was there something worse waiting for him?

Vivienne, hands in her pockets, looked down upon him. "I've always said, from the day you joined the

Nine Mystics Society, death would never be the best outcome. For a traitor... even a death wish is a luxury."

As she opened the door, Draven entered. "Young Master!"

Vivienne grabbed a document, pressed Mark's thumb for a print, and walked out, leaving behind a chilling command, "Throw him into the hound pit!"

Mark's pleas escalated to a fevered pitch, "Young Master, I beg you. I'll never betray you again. Please, you can kill me, but don't send me to the hound pit."

Even Draven was stunned by her decree.

Vivienne owned a private kennel of ferocious dogs used to punish traitors. For years, no human had ever been thrown in.

Everyone knew of its existence and Vivienne's temperament. No one dared to cross her. She had hoped she would never have to use it. But now, she had.

It was clear how much Mark's betrayal had infuriated her.

Draven felt a pang of sympathy. A simple betrayal might have ended with poison, but Mark had joined

GTO, the organization that had killed Vivienne's mother, and she was relentless in her quest for vengeance against it, swearing to destroy it at all costs.

Vivienne had dealt with many from GTO, but none suffered as Mark would.

Those GTO members Vivienne had previously dealt with were not directly involved in her mother's death. They were not GTO's boss, and she never had any personal grudge against them. Thus, if they did not cross her, she might grant them a quick death if she was feeling kind.

However, she trusted Mark. Plus, she was attached to all Nine Mystics Society members.

Hence, Draven could understand why Vivienne would throw Mark into the hound pit. If he were betrayed by someone he trusted, he would do the same.

As Vivienne paused at the exit, hearing Mark's begging, she smiled, a poisonous bloom. "I'm a law-abiding citizen. Why would I kill? Don't you worry, you won't die. You'll be tended to every day, year after year unless I die. That's when your relief may come."

Her words crushed Mark's last hope. He sat, mouth agape, unable to utter a word.

Outside, Aaron was waiting, having overheard everything. Mark's betrayal was now unmistakable.

He, of course, would not forgive Mark either.

His father had always been absent, and that only seemed more accurate than ever.

Vivienne handed Aaron the document and said, "From today, you are the head of the Miller family.

Everything is in your hands."

It was Mark's will. It stated that upon his death, everything would pass to Aaron.

For Aaron, whether Mark was truly dead was irrelevant. What mattered was the will.

However, he knew very well that whether he could obtain complete control of the Miller family still depended on himself.

"Vivienne, I won't disappoint you. I promise, the Miller family will never harbor another traitor!"

Aaron's pledge was filled with a young man's resolve.

Vivienne patted his shoulder, her confidence in him unwavering.

"Hmm, I'll have Matthew and Draven pull some strings for you behind the scenes."

With a chuckle, Vivienne turned on her heel and walked away.

Aaron opened his mouth to say something, but then he saw Percival approaching, taking Vivienne's hand, and they strolled off together, side by side.

He bit his lower lip in frustration.

His gaze followed Vivienne's retreating figure, her image long since etched in the depths of his heart, impossible to shake off.

But for now, he was powerless to declare his feelings to Vivienne.

He would have to wait until the day he was strong enough.

Vivienne and Percival stepped out of the hospital to find Anna and Thomas already waiting in the car.

Vivienne noticed the pallor on Thomas's face and felt a surge of certainty in her heart. Read at

Dramanovels.com

As she opened the dossier, her suspicion was confirmed: the bomb came from Micah.

After all, it required meticulous planning to maximize the bomb's effectiveness.

This time, they had all been used on the Nine Mystics Society's stronghold.

No wonder, although the explosion was so vast, aside from the target itself, not even the leaves on the surrounding trees had fallen.

Vivienne had suspected from the start that Mark did not have the resources for such a grand gesture; someone must have been helping him from the shadows.

She just had not expected Micah to make such a blatant move.

Chapter 497

Vivienne snapped the file shut and tossed it aside with a flick of her wrist, her face a mask of composure that belied the storm brewing within.

Thomas maneuvered the car with practiced ease while Anna glanced back uneasily and asked, "Ms.

Vivienne, what do you make of the information in that file?"

A chill flickered in Vivienne's eyes. "What do you think?"

Anna was taken aback, suddenly feeling like she had touched a nerve.

Percival wrapped an arm around Vivienne, his touch as comforting as a warm blanket on a cold night.

"Easy, no need to get all worked up."

Vivienne remained silent, her gaze lowered, thoughts hidden behind a veil of introspection.

The reach of GTO had become far too invasive.

And the real mole had burrowed so deep that they were untouchable.

This person was not just a threat to the safety of the average Joe; they were toying with national security.

An unsettling intuition gripped Vivienne; her mother's death might not be solely tied to GTO's head

honcho. Perhaps the final blow, the ultimate betrayal, was orchestrated by the Vanguard Agency itself.

As she remained lost in thought, Percival's voice, honeyed with affection, broke through, "How about I

take you out for a grand feast?"

Her train of thought was derailed by his suggestion, and Vivienne considered his offer seriously before

agreeing. "Alright, let's go."

After dinner, Percival dropped Vivienne off at her place.

He watched her enter her home before sliding back into the car. "Head to HQ," he instructed Thomas.

Thomas did not question it; it was time to return to headquarters to sort things out.

Back in her room, Vivienne checked her phone and saw a cryptic text from an unknown sender. [It's not

him.]

...

At headquarters, Leopold and Soren stood guard outside the deputy director's office, having

dispatched all other agents.

As the only two captains left on duty, their expressions were far from relaxed.

Now donned in the crisp uniform of the Vanguard Agency, Percival entered the headquarters and waved at Leopold and Soren.

The two captains exchanged glances, then stepped away, joining Thomas to ensure no one else could enter.

Percival paused at the office door before knocking.

Inside, Micah removed his reading glasses and called out, "Come in."

Percival entered, his face stoic as he faced Micah without a word.

Micah glanced up briefly. "You're here?"

His tone was even, betraying no emotion.

"Thanks for waiting," Percival said, his deep voice carrying an undercurrent of solemnity.

Micah let out a chuckle. "You're getting bold, detaining me like this."

Percival took a seat opposite Micah, his lips parting slightly. "It's more like protective custody."

"Get on with it then, ask away," Micah said, leisurely sipping his coffee.

Percival leaned back, his long legs crossed, fingers rhythmically tapping on his knee. "What are you

investigating?"

Micah's hand paused, eyes shrouded in steam betraying a flicker of surprise.

Percival's fingers ceased their tapping, his gaze piercing. "You brought me into the Vanguard Agency, trained me under my mentor, and watched me rise through the ranks. Don't you trust me, boss?"

Moved by the question, Micah remained silent.

Percival's eyes held the same respect as they always had, despite his icy demeanor, which was not directed at Micah but at the real traitor.

At first, both he and Vivienne had suspected Micah. After all, Micah was Percival's direct superior, the one who could most easily alter the outcome of any operation.

But over time, he realized that Micah seemed to be acting deliberately and was always trying to communicate with his superiors.

This changed Percival's view of him.

The moment that fully convinced him and Vivienne of Micah's loyalty was when Percival was trapped in a mine. If Micah had hesitated even slightly or tried to obstruct the rescue, Percival would not have been saved so swiftly.

Micah finally laughed, put down his coffee, and nodded with satisfaction. "Good, the many times I took the blame for you weren't in vain."

He had deescalated things countless times when Percival disobeyed orders, took too big of a risk to complete the mission, and caused trouble, among other things. The only punishment he ever gave Percival was to ask him to write a reflection letter.

Percival finally allowed a slight smile to crack his stern facade, sliding a file across to Micah. "The Morning Glory has been leaked. The authorization came from you."

Micah was taken aback. "I've never signed this document."

He recalled receiving a classified document the night before. It seemed unimportant, merely requiring his signature.

But unbeknownst to him, his signature was transferred to approve the usage of "Morning Glory."

The document had come from headquarters, beyond his and Percival's clearance level to investigate the sender.

"It seems someone wants me to take the fall. I'm becoming quite the scapegoat," Micah said with a

carefree laugh, well aware of the murky depths within headquarters.

Micah studied Percival's stern face. "You did the right thing, keeping me under watch. It will make those above us lower their guard."

Percival looked up. "Tell me the truth."

Micah let out a heavy sigh, his hand resting on his leg. "All these years, there's been only one thing I've been investigating—the truth behind the death of your mentor, my partner Lark."

Percival's eyes flashed. "You also believe my mentor's death wasn't an accident!"

"Someone in our HQ had it out for my mentor," Percival said, his fists clenched tight, anger flickering in his eyes.

Micah let out a sardonic chuckle. After Karen's death, he had tirelessly submitted reports to the higher-ups, demanding an in-depth investigation into the cause of her death and the related mission failure.

But every single request had been a dead end, all rejected on the grounds of insufficient evidence.

That was when Micah knew that if he wanted to unearth the truth, he would have to penetrate the very heart of power.

So, for the past decade, he had been climbing the ranks, steadily making his way up. His body was

marked by injuries, preventing him from front-line duties and making his ascent even more challenging than Percival's.

But perseverance pays off. He had finally made it to the position of Deputy Director.

The Director was often out on field assignments, leaving Micah to call the shots at Rivenwood headquarters.

Yet, even with such authority, he could still not achieve the results he sought.

The agency was too corrupt, too murky.

Thankfully, he now had Percival and Karen's daughter, Vivienne, by his side. Their combined efforts promised a much brighter future than Micah's solitary struggle.

The first time he laid eyes on Vivienne, Micah felt as though Karen had left behind a treasure in this world.

A treasure that one day would expose the darkness of the agency and restore Karen's good name.

Pulling open a drawer, Micah retrieved a file. "Percival, this appeared in my office out of the blue on the day you were rescued from that mine. Take a look."

Chapter 498

Percival took the file from Micah, his brows furrowing in confusion. It was a mission dossier handed down from HQ but without its origin.

The target was the GTO's virus research facility nestled in Sea City!

The file demanded Percival's covert presence, with Micah coordinating from Rivenwood HQ and the three squad leaders on standby.

Such an order was out of season; it did not make sense.

Percival rubbed his fingers. "Someone inside HQ is helping us?"

Micah shook his head. "I called HQ this morning, and they were still steamed about me sending

Vivienne into the war zone, as well as you and Husky leaking our war zone position to her. No way they sent this."

Percival's eyes narrowed in thought.

If not from HQ, then where did this mission come from?

Micah tapped the table, "What's our first rule of thumb upon joining the team?"

Percival raised an eyebrow. "Absolute obedience to command!"

"Right. We've got the dossier, and it's top-secret, so there's no need to report back. We execute."

Percival and Micah exchanged a knowing smile. Whether or not the file was legit, it was an unmistakable asset to them.

After all, Vanguard Agency's headquarters was in Sea City!

Percival handed over all command to Micah, silently signaling Thomas to follow suit, and instructed Leopold to guard Griffin's munitions base. At the same time, Soren stood ready for a call to support Sea City.

The next morning, Vivienne went to the Ellington Mansion early without asking Percival to pick her up. She had squared away her affairs the day prior, telling Dorian she would be away from Rivenwood for a spell.

Dorian did not pry. There was no stopping Vivienne once she had made up her mind.

...

At the Ellington Mansion.

Percival spoke to the family, "Grandpa, I'm taking Vivienne to Sea City. Grandma Wendy had called Mom a while back, wanting me to swing by."

Richard sighed heavily, his distaste for Percival's maternal side of the family evident.

Cecilia also hesitated, her gaze on Percival betraying her dissatisfaction with the trip to Sea City.

After a long pause, Cecilia finally spoke, "Percival, it's no bother if you don't go. Your grandmother's side doesn't have anything pressing—just a bunch of hypochondriacs. Why seek out their disapproval?"

Vivienne found it strange.

Why was Cecilia so averse to her flesh and blood?

Nathan agreed. "Your grandmother's place isn't worth a visit, especially with Vivienne. What if she gets bullied?"

Richard chimed in. "Indeed, we've cut ties with your grandmother's family for years. There's no good coming from them calling on you now."

Percival took Vivienne's hand, assuring the family. "With me by Vivienne's side, she won't face any bullying. Relax."

"I'm not so sure I can," Cecilia complained. "Your grandmother is no saint. I remember all too well how she wronged your father."

At this, tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes.

Nathan quickly enveloped Cecilia in his arms. "It's been years, darling. Why the tears every time?"

"How can I not cry? We're both her daughters, yet how could she play favorites like this? As if I wasn't her own!"

Cecilia had even gone so far as to take multiple paternity tests, unable to believe she was really born to her family. How else could they have treated her so poorly?

Percival sighed quietly, sitting beside Cecilia, Isolde on his lap. "Mom, I promise, Vivienne won't face any slight, nor will Grandma Wendy get the chance to. They need to know I already have a fiancée."

At that, Vivienne raised an eyebrow.

No wonder the family was concerned about her facing mistreatment. Someone was vying for Mr. Wolf.

All the more reason to see who dared challenge her for her man!

Nathan, soothing Cecilia, found his son's words sensible. They should show them just how stellar his future daughter-in-law was.

"Percival's right. Take her to show your mom. Our daughter-in-law is the best there is, right?"

Richard nodded along. "Then, it's settled. Call me if you need anything. I'll deal with that old hag myself!"

Nathan quickly intervened. "Let's not, Dad. Just wait for good news at home."

He vividly remembered Richard's confrontation at the Boyd family's home. The Boyds were probably still cursing them to this day!

Cecilia dabbed her eyes, conceding as her father-in-law and husband agreed, then turned to Vivienne.

"Darling, come with me to the room. There's something I need to tell you."

This was the first time Vivienne saw a serious look on Cecilia's face.

She followed Cecilia to the bedroom and immediately noticed her perfume on the vanity, shining brightly.

Cecilia sat down, pulled out a box with a lock from the bottom drawer, and opened it with a delicate key from her necklace.

"Vivienne, come take a seat," Cecilia said, patting the chair beside her.

Vivienne moved across and sat down. Her eyes widened as she saw the contents of the small box before her—a ring.

The design was vintage, yet the material still sparkled brightly, a clear indicator of its considerable worth. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Cecilia lifted the ring and placed it gently in Vivienne's palm, her eyes brimming with reluctance and affection.

She was not hesitant to give it to Vivienne; rather, the ring held immeasurable significance to her, perhaps even more than life itself.

Vivienne's lips parted, ready to refuse such a meaningful heirloom, but Cecilia caught her hand firmly.

"The ring is for me?" Vivienne had no interest in leading the Boyd family.

As she spoke, Cecilia took out a notebook and a pen and began to jot down a list of names from top to bottom.

Chapter 499

At the top of the family tree sat the matriarch of the Boyd family, the iron-willed and formidable Wendy

Boyd. Below her name were the names of her descendants: Cecilia's eldest brother, Theodore Boyd;

her second brother, Hayden Boyd; and her younger sister, Eliza Boyd.

Then came the names of their children. Theodore's son, Yannick Boyd, and daughter, Margot Boyd;

Hayden's daughter, Mara Boyd, and son, Huxley Boyd.

It was noted that Eliza had no children.

Cecilia drew a line through Eliza's name and sighed, "They say her husband died in a tragic accident.

Now she's living back home under our mother's wing, the apple of her eye."

Vivienne could see a veil of resentment and a touch of sorrow in Cecilia's eyes.

Taking a moment, Cecilia resumed, "Years ago, my mother tried to trick Nathan into marrying Eliza.

She lured him to a hotel room under my name and... drugged him, planning to set them up in a

compromising situation. Luckily, Nathan sensed something was off and escaped before their scheme

could come to fruition.

Despite that, my brothers detained him, insisting he marry Eliza anyway. Only when your grandfather,

Richard, the patriarch of the Ellington family, came to our estate and declared in front of everyone that I

was the bride they had chosen. He stated plainly that if the Boyd family attempted to substitute another

bride, the Ellingtons would call off the union. That's how I was finally able to marry Nathan."

Vivienne was taken aback by the dramatic tale of the Boyd family's intrigue.

No wonder Nathan spoke of them with such disdain.

Cecilia grasped Vivienne's hand tightly, her voice heavy, "Ever since I was young, my mother had little affection for me. After Eliza was born, she could barely stand me. I was treated worse than a gardener at the estate. It wasn't until I met Percival's father, Nathan, at Rivenwood during my studies that I experienced what it felt like to be truly cherished. But when my family discovered your uncle was the heir to the Ellington estate, they tried to pull a bait and switch, replacing me with Eliza as the bride. After a whole saga, we managed to avert disaster, but from that day on, my family turned even colder towards me. Even Percival wasn't spared from their disdain. After our daughter Isolde was born, I never returned to my family home. Percival maintained some business ties with his uncles, though. This time, they insisted Percival return, hinting at him marrying some lady from another family. We'd already refused, but they wouldn't relent. So, I'm giving you this ring to let everyone in the Boyd family know that you are the bride I've chosen, the new matriarch of the Boyd family!"

Vivienne chuckled after hearing the story. So that was why Cecilia entrusted her with such an important ring—to back her up.

In a family that valued tradition and symbols like the ring, it carried immense weight. With it, even if the

Boyd family disapproved of her, they could not just send her away. They might even have to bend to her will.

Though she did not need the Ellingtons to stand up for her, the support was undeniably reassuring.

Of course, if anyone in the Boyd family were audacious enough to even lay a finger on Mr. Wolf, she would not hesitate to break that person's fingers.

"Thank you," Vivienne promised, touching the ring on her finger. "I'll use it well."

Cecilia smiled back, "Remember, you're an Ellington now. You don't have to face trouble alone; we have your back."

A warmth flickered in Vivienne's heart.

Cecilia added, "Be careful in Sea City, Vivienne. It's unfamiliar territory, and you mustn't get separated from Percival."

Vivienne nodded, though she knew she would be safe even if they did get separated.

As they left the bedroom, the Ellingtons saw the ring on Vivienne's finger and understood Cecilia's intentions.

The Ellington family bid Percival and Vivienne farewell with a touch of melancholy.

...

At the Perez Mansion.

Jasper pulled out his phone and called Vivienne.

"Are you heading out on a long journey, dear?"

Vivienne was not surprised; the Perez family had their ways of finding things out. "Yes, we're off to Sea City."

"Well, once you're on our turf, you can do as you please. I'll have someone there to welcome you."

Sea City was Perez territory, and upon learning of Vivienne's visit, Jasper had already sent word to the family estate to prepare for her arrival.

"Thank you," Vivienne said with a laugh.

Jasper grunted playfully, "No need for formalities. I should be thanking you for delivering White Tiger to me."

Jasper had long been on the trail of CK, but the leads had dried up at Fiona.

White Tiger was cagey, never once showing his face in public.

The Perez family had their suspicions about this elusive figure, wondering if he might be a mole from within the ranks of the Ellingtons. However, despite their thorough investigations, they could not find anything amiss.

But who would have thought? Ultimately, it turned out to be Flynn from the Ellington family.

When Vivienne paraded Flynn before the Perez family, Jasper's reaction was a mix of shock and a touch of pride.

He knew he had not misjudged her.

Yet, a part of him could not help but lament how wonderful it would have been if Vivienne were his flesh

and blood.

Alas, she was not.

Jasper's emotions were a roller coaster for a moment, but eventually, they settled back into calmness.

Vivienne smiled, "Glad I could lend a hand."

Even Natalia and Yasmine did not receive such treatment. Read at Dramanovels.com

This feeling was especially pronounced after she saw the paternity test report.

Jasper was her maternal grandfather, her mother's biological father.

The bond between them was unbreakable.

"Alright, I'll follow your lead," Vivienne said as she hung up the phone, her smile lingering.

Percival tenderly pinched Vivienne's cheek and said, "Rest up. We won't make it to Sea City until later tonight."

Vivienne nodded, snuggling into Percival's lap, and comfortably closed her eyes.

Chapter 500

Rivenwood.

The abandoned GTO research facility stood eerily silent.

A woman with a leather jacket and a high ponytail stood at the entrance, her gaze icy as she surveyed the desolation before her.

The layout, the machinery—it all felt vaguely familiar as if it had once danced through the edges of her memory.

But no distinct recollections surfaced. It was a lot to expect, given that the remnants of her infancy were entangled with this place.

Familiarity? That was asking too much.

"Willa, I swear, it was empty when we got here. You gotta believe me."

The woman was none other than Willa, who had grown up under the watchful eye of Jasper within the Perez family.

The speaker was a scattered disciple of the Perez family, once a subordinate under Willa's command in the organization.

Even though Willa had left the Perez family, they had never revoked her access. She could summon the family's resources at a moment's notice, anywhere in the world.

Willa's expression remained unreadable as she fingered a bracelet on her wrist, engraved with the mysterious moniker "F-Poison."

Her waterfall-like hair swayed in the breeze, occasionally whipping the face of her former subordinate, who stepped back quietly. Willa cherished her hair, and it would not do to lose its luster on someone else's face.

After a final stroke of her hair, Willa turned and strode away, her subordinate hurrying after her. Before he could utter a word, a deafening explosion shattered the silence.

They turned to see the GTO facility now reduced to rubble.

Willa did not look back. Tossing the detonator over her shoulder, she hopped onto her motorcycle.

"F-Poison, where the hell are you? Alive or dead, I need to know. I have to get Sasha back!"

Her subordinate let out a heavy sigh. "Willa, how am I supposed to get back?"

But no plea would bring her back. He reluctantly pulled out his phone and dialed the number.

"What's going on?"

The voice that came through was deep and charismatic, yet the tone carried a hint of amusement.

The subordinate was used to this and did not miss a beat. "Bro, Willa took off on her motorcycle and blew the place."

"Blew it up? She's not hurt, is she?"

"Willa? Of course, she's fine. But I'm stranded," he complained. "I rode here on the back of her motorcycle."

"What! You got to ride Willa's motorcycle? Dammit, don't you dare come back. I'm green with envy. Just disappear!"

The line went dead, leaving the subordinate feeling like the sky was falling.

Meanwhile, the man the subordinate addressed as “Bro,” righteous indignation fueling his wait at the airport, sat in a flashy sports car, his aviators barely concealing his frustration.

"That's just unfair. I grew up with Willa. That motorcycle was my present to her for Children's Day, and I haven't even ridden it yet, but that bastard got to it first!"

As he cursed, VIPs began to emerge from the airport terminal. He floored the gas pedal and pulled up at the pickup area, leaping out without even opening the car door.

From a distance, he saw Vivienne and Percival walking arm in arm.

His gaze lingered on Vivienne. She was the spitting image—it was no wonder the old man had demanded two paternity tests.

He closed the gap quickly, waving as he approached. "Vivienne, I'm here!"

Vivienne paused, puzzled.

Who was this eccentric calling out to her?

She glanced back. No one else seemed to be the target of his calls—it appeared he was indeed beckoning her.

"Who's that?" Vivienne asked, perplexed.

Percival's brow furrowed. "Seems like it's someone Jasper sent?"

As they converged, the man removed his aviators and ruffled Vivienne's hair. "Hey, kiddo, I'm your

Uncle, Maddox Perez."

Realization dawned on Vivienne. This was the Perez family's third son, Yuri's elder brother Maddox.

And to think she expected the Perez men to be as composed as Yuri; instead, here was Maddox,

channeling the spirit of a middle-aged Leopold.

"Let's roll. Your uncle's gonna show you a good time," Maddox declared, any previous gloom now lifted.

Vivienne was confused. "Mr. Perez, why should I call you uncle?"

The paternity tests had shown no blood relation to the Perez family, yet Maddox insisted on the familial

title.

Maddox clicked his tongue. "Didn't you accept our old man as your grandfather? You gotta call me

uncle. Mr. Perez sounds too cold, don't you agree, nephew-in-law?"

Percival was momentarily taken aback before nodding. "Uncle's got a point."

They followed Maddox to his car, with Thomas initially poised to drive. However, Maddox refused on

the foundation that this car was a gift from his love, and no one was allowed to touch it.

Once inside the car, Vivienne took a quick glance around.

Although both she and Percival had several sports cars, they rarely drove them, let alone with an open roof.

Seeing Vivienne was a little uncomfortable, Maddox closed the roof and gave Thomas a few keys.

"Here's everything: house keys, car fobs, the works. You'll need to get your fingerprints and retina scans done when you have a moment—I've already squared it with the bank."

Thomas was taken aback by the array of limited-edition luxury cars. The gesture was grand, to say the least.

Vivienne felt somewhat awkward. "We already have a place to stay."

"No way, we can't be cramped in the Boyd family's little space. Take it!"

Vivienne was speechless.

Extravagance beyond measure!

"Go ahead and unpack your stuff. I'll take you out for some fun."

Vivienne sighed, "Uncle, we still need to visit the Boyds, maybe some other time. We can't exactly skip town right now."

Vivienne did not refuse; there was no point in doing so. She had her own black card, but Maddox's was definitely more convenient. Content of Dramanovels.com

"Thanks, Uncle," Vivienne said as she took the card and exited the car.

Maddox slid his sunglasses back on and waved at Vivienne and Percival. "I'm off. Give me a ring when you're done with your business. I need to report back to the old man!"

After Maddox drove off, Vivienne massaged her temples, feeling a mix of frustration and admiration.

They shared a knowing smile as Thomas finished dealing with the luggage.

Not that there was much to handle—Maddox had already arranged for a staff.

They had not even reached the front door when a butler swiftly took Thomas's bags and sorted everything in no time.

Thomas headed to the garage to pick out a car. Maddox had thoughtfully provided a selection of vehicles: sports cars, sedans, family cars, SUVs, and even a couple of motorcycles.

Thomas chose a sedan, and with Vivienne and Percival aboard, they set off to navigate their way

through the intricacies of their stay and the impending visit to the Boyd family.