

Million-Dollar 501

Chapter 501

At the Boyd Mansion, a shadow began to cast itself over Percival Ellington's usually charming features.

Truth be told, he had not frequented the Boyd Mansion often, but the few times he did, his visits

invariably ended with Cecilia in tears.

As a kid, he could not fathom why the Boyds had such contempt for his mother. As he grew up, the

reasons became apparent, and he stopped coming altogether.

Vivienne gazed out the car window. The Boyd Mansion was a majestic sight, grander even than the

Brooks Mansion, which Maddox Perez had offhandedly referred to as "little space."

"Percival, Ma'am, we've arrived," announced Thomas as he switched off the engine and stepped out to

open the car door.

Percival helped Vivienne out of the car, and they stood in front of the massive gates of the Boyd

Mansion. His eyes, deep as the ocean, seemed unfathomable.

He stepped forward and rang the doorbell.

"Who's there?" Came an inquiry through the intercom.

A slight frown creased Percival's brow as he replied, "Percival."

There was a momentary pause on the other end before the gate was buzzed open.

The wrought iron gate swung open slowly, yet curiously, no one came out to greet them.

Percival's frown deepened, a thin veil of anger enveloping him.

Vivienne gently tapped the back of his hand and offered a reassuring smile.

The anger surrounding Percival dissipated instantly, and with a smile, he took Vivienne's hand, and they walked in together.

At the entrance, two servants stood aside, revealing a man in a casual suit, the Boyd family butler. "Mr. Ellington, I presume. Please come in. The matriarch has been awaiting you."

Percival did not respond, intending to proceed with Vivienne.

Unexpectedly, the butler stepped in their way.

Had Vivienne not been holding his hand, Percival was sure he would have taken off the butler's arm with a single, swift blow.

"Mr. Ellington, guests must change their shoes upon entry and proceed to the decontamination room for a cleansing shower before they can meet with the matriarch. You haven't forgotten our rules, have

you?"

Both Percival and Vivienne's expressions darkened.

Changing shoes was one thing, but a decontamination shower?

Was the Boyd Mansion hiding a royal palace?

Requiring sterile processing before entry?

Vivienne stepped forward, gripping the butler's arm with her ring-adorned hand. A gentle squeeze was all it took for the sound of cracking bones to echo.

Pain shot through the butler's head, and as he was about to curse, he caught sight of the ring on

Vivienne's finger.

Was that the heirloom ring of the Boyd family head?

How did it end up in the hands of this young woman?

Reading through the butler's expression, Vivienne's lips curved slightly upward. "Isn't there a Boyd family rule that requires one to kneel to greet the head? You haven't forgotten that, right?"

The butler, clutching his limp arm, knelt in panic. "Greetings, Ma'am."

The Boyd family had many such protocols. In fact, many families did, but as time passed and the world

changed, these rules were slowly forgotten, especially by the younger generation, who would never truly expect someone to kneel in greeting.

Though these protocols were seldom spoken of, they were not extinct.

If the head of the family mentioned them, no one dared to disobey.

Looking down at the butler on the ground, Vivienne spoke sternly, "Is it just you here?"

The butler, understanding, quickly got up and bowed. "Ma'am, please wait here. I will fetch Madam Wendy."

With Vivienne's permission, the butler hurried into the Boyd mansion, his injured arm numb.

"Trouble, matriarch!"

Engrossed in the financial evening news, Wendy Boyd saw the butler burst in, agitation written all over his wrinkled face. "What's the rush? Is the house on fire? Didn't I tell you to take Percival and his country slut to the decontamination room?"

With her regal bearing and gold-rimmed reading glasses, Wendy looked every bit the matriarch despite her shrill tone.

Breathless, the butler managed, "No, it's that slut... That woman has the long-missing patriarch's ring!"

"What!" Even Wendy, ever composed, was visibly shaken at the mention of the ring.

She had searched for that ring for thirty years to no avail.

Wendy knew her mother had hidden it, giving it to that cheap woman Cecilia.

Her mother and mother-in-law were best friends, which was why she could marry into the Boyd family.

When she married into the Boyd family, her mother-in-law gave the ring to her mother, letting her

decide when to give it away. However, to Wendy's absolute surprise, her mother gave this extremely

important ring to her least favorite daughter, Cecilia!

Furious, Wendy did not even attend her mother's funeral.

Later, she tried to retrieve the ring from Cecilia, but no matter how much she prodded, Cecilia claimed

to have never seen it, and Wendy had no means to search the Ellington Mansion. Eventually, she had

to let go.

The Boyd family had thus been unable to unlock a mysterious trade route.

And now, Cecilia had given the ring to some country girl?

The butler gave Wendy a pained look. "Madam, she... she insists you come to greet her."

Wendy's face crinkled with rage, her wrinkles deepening as if about to burst from her skin.

"That bitch, she dares to expect me to receive her in person? The gall!" Wendy's lips quivered with fury.

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The butler stepped closer, a calming presence. "Madam, the lady's name is Vivienne."

"I don't care what her name is! Have her thrown out this instant. I refuse to lay eyes on her!"

A spark of cunning flashed behind Wendy's spectacles.

Indeed, she had agreed to Percival's proposal to unite families through marriage with the young

Ashford girl, all in pursuit of unlocking the enigmatic trade route of the Boyd family.

Now that the heirloom ring had surfaced, if she could somehow finagle the ring from Vivienne's grasp,

there would be no more need to grovel before the Ashfords.

With this thought, Wendy's expression softened slightly. She placed her wrist atop the butler's almost-

crippled arm. "Lead the way."

The butler, gritting his teeth against the discomfort, supported Wendy as they made their way to meet

Vivienne.

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In front of the Boyd Mansion.

As Wendy approached, she could not miss the sparkling ring on Vivienne's finger. Under her breath,

she cursed, "That little bitch!"

But her face was all smiles as she said, "Percival, darling, why stand out here? You're at granny's now;

there's no need to be so formal. Come on in!"

Percival scanned Wendy with a glance. If it weren't for the mission he was concealing, he'd never again

associate with the Boyds. It made his skin crawl.

"We haven't sanitized and showered yet; it wouldn't be proper to come in," Percival replied coolly.

Wendy despised him all the more for it.

Percival was even more insufferable than his grandfather. Give him an inch, and he would not take it.

Those Ellingtons, all with a stick up their backside! But for the sake of that elusive trade route, she had

to play along.

With a thwack, Wendy brought her solid oak cane down on the butler's shin, sending him tumbling to

the ground in surprise.

"You ungrateful wretch, Percival's family, isn't he? I told you to have those riff-raff from who knows

where to clean up, not Percival! You muddle-headed fool, you can kiss your bonus goodbye this month."

Vivienne watched from the side, the corner of her mouth twitching slightly.

Riff-raff from nowhere?

Was that directed at her?

Surely, it was.

After scolding the butler, Wendy turned back to Percival with a forced smile and said, "Percival, the servants are clueless sometimes. Please, come inside. Don't just stand out here."

But Percival acted as if he had not heard Wendy. Instead, he turned to Vivienne.

Vivienne smiled lightly. "I heard it's Boyd tradition to sanitize and shower before meeting the head of the house?"

Wendy's smile froze, taking a few seconds before replying, "We don't have such a tradition in the Boyd family."

"Well, you do now," Vivienne said, twisting the ring on her finger, and without changing shoes, she and

Percival stepped onto the luxurious wool carpet.

Wendy adored that carpet. She would have the staff clean it meticulously by hand. Now, with four dirty footprints stamped across it, she felt like her organs were about to burst with rage.

Vivienne settled down, crossing her legs and resting them on the coffee table, her gaze casually turning to Wendy. "After you've sanitized and showered, come to see me."

Wendy's grip on her cane tightened. She wanted to smash it over Vivienne's head but did not dare make a move.

This nineteen-year-old girl had a presence that even Wendy, well into her fifties, found intimidating.

After a moment of silence, Wendy reluctantly headed to the prepared decontamination room to shower and change, ready to cleanse herself!

Half an hour later, Wendy emerged from the decontamination room, freshly dressed. Vivienne looked her over; she really had showered, and the fragrance of her body wash had muted the unpleasant odor.

Wendy approached, her heart aching at seeing her precious carpet, but she remained silent.

Then, she sat down and took a sip of water, saying, "Percival, your aunt and uncle are still out working.

We'll have dinner when they get back."

Vivienne glanced at the clock. It was already 7:30 PM. Still out working? The Boyds were surely hardworking folks.

Percival's eyes narrowed, his lips curling into a sneer. After all these years, his grandmother had no new tricks. It was always the same.

As a child, every time he and Cecilia returned, only Wendy would be home, claiming his aunt and uncle were out working, and they would eat when they returned. But once they did, they would say they had already eaten, leaving Cecilia hungry.

Percival leaned back. "Fine, we'll wait for them. We'll eat together."

Wendy pressed her lips. As a child, she thought Percival had nothing to him but his looks. Now, he seemed to radiate a chilling aura, like someone who had returned from a battlefield.

And that little bitch beside him, not a trace of girlishness to her.

The room was silent, devoid of even basic pleasantries.

Soon after, the Boyds started to return.

The first to enter were the family members of Boyd's eldest son, Theodore, and his wife, Teresa,

followed by their children. The injured butler stopped them, "Master Theodore, please proceed to the decontamination room for a shower and change, as the head of the household ordered."

Having lived in the Boyd Mansion for over forty years, Theodore had never heard of such a thing as a household head or the need to sanitize before entering his own home.

He lost his temper and slapped the butler. "You mutt, who do you think you're speaking to?"

Then, Hayden, his wife Nancy, and their children arrived.

Hearing about the sanitization procedure, they were all bewildered.

The butler, clutching his face, helplessly implored, "This is all by the head of the household's command.

Madam Wendy has already showered, and I must ask you all to do the same."

Theodore cursed. "I want to see who dares to make me sanitize."

With that, he brushed past the butler and strode into the living room.

Seeing Vivienne seated there, he began to rant, "Who the hell thinks they can make me... saniti..."

Teresa's eyes widened in alarm. "Honey, what's happening to you?"

Percival's brow twitched. In the blink of an eye, he stood before Yannick.

With a sickening snap, Yannick's scream of agony sliced through the air!

The Boyds were terrified. None had seen how Percival moved so quickly to Yannick's side nor how he

managed to break his fingers with such swift brutality. New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

Heartbroken for her son and grandson, Wendy yelled at Vivienne, "What in heaven's name have you

done?"

Vivienne crossed her arms, an arch brow raised as she looked at Wendy. "Is that any way to speak to

the head of the family?"

"You..." Wendy caught her breath, thinking of her son and grandson. She swallowed her pride.

"Madam, what have you done?"

Only then did the Boyds realize that the young woman Percival had brought with him was, in fact, the

new family matriarch.

Vivienne nodded her head, satisfied. "Didn't I mention? One must be presentable when meeting the

head of the family."

Vivienne gave Margot a long, appraising look. Quick on the uptake, she noted silently.

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Theodore's family hustled into the decontamination room, shedding their day clothes and embracing

the sterility of the room. Yannick's tantrum was still echoing through the halls, a lingering reminder of the tension that had gripped the household.

Hayden's family stood back, observing the scene unfold with a wary detachment. They waited until Theodore's family emerged, and Theodore restored to his usual calm demeanor before they ventured into the room themselves.

It was just a matter of a bath and a change of clothes, they reasoned, a small price to pay for peace of mind.

Before Hayden's daughter, Mara stepped into the chamber, she smiled enthusiastically at her cousin, Percival. "Percival, wait for me. We'll catch up properly once I'm done," she said.

Percival managed a weary nod in response, his expression softening at the sight of his cousin.

Vivienne was not surprised. On the way over, Percival mentioned that Mara was the only one still in touch with Cecilia. Their bond had only grown stronger since their studies together in Rivenwood, and Mara had always been the little sister who idolized Percival the most.

When Isolde was born, Mara had even sent a gift—a delicate gold bracelet.

In Percival's eyes, Mara was the only Boyd worth acknowledging as family. The two of them had even

recognized each other as brother and sister.

Eliza followed the others into the decontamination room, silently taking her turn without comment.

The Boyd family members eventually all gathered together. Mara enveloped Percival in a tight hug.

"Percival, it's been too long. I've missed you so much. You never text me back."

"I've been busy," Percival replied, subtly stepping back to create some distance between them, his

eyes darting to Vivienne as if seeking understanding.

Vivienne simply arched an eyebrow, choosing to remain silent.

"I thought you wouldn't arrive until tomorrow. Had I known, I would've returned tonight to have dinner

with you," Mara said, her voice chipper. It was clear she was the most joyful member of the Boyds.

"We were waiting for everyone to come back for dinner," Percival said, flashing a knowing smile.

Mara glanced at Wendy, sighing helplessly.

Grandma was playing her old tricks again, as predictable as ever.

Theodore cleared his throat, relieved to find his voice working again, and said, "We've already eaten

outside, and the Boyds don't usually do suppers. You two will have to wait until tomorrow to eat

together."

His wife, Teresa, said, "Right, it's late, Mom. Let me help you to bed."

Wendy stood up gracefully. "Sure, let's head back. Percival, your rooms are downstairs by the staircase. You must be tired after the flight. Get some rest, and the rest of you should do the same."

Mara bristled at the slight. "Grandma, the space under the stairwell is for the nanny. You can't expect Percival to sleep there."

Before Wendy could respond, Yannick retorted with a sneer, "Then why don't you give up your room to your darling brother? Always causing trouble."

"Yannick, nobody would mistake you for mute if you stayed quiet," Mara snapped coldly.

"Enough! You two stop bickering. Don't you see Grandma wants to rest?" Theodore scolded, ready to ascend the stairs.

Hayden's family and Eliza rose to their feet but remained hesitant.

They had a feeling things were not going to be so straightforward.

Vivienne's soft call, "Leaving?" stopped Theodore's family and Wendy in their tracks, a cold sweat breaking out on their brows.

Vivienne tilted her head, annoyance creeping into her voice. "The head of the household hasn't eaten yet, and you want to rest? Are the Boyds' rules so easily forgotten?"

She did not relish using her authority to intimidate.

But it seemed some were determined to test her patience.

Wendy's eyes flickered with malice before she subdued it. "We didn't mean any disrespect. It's just that... I am getting on in years..."

Before she could finish, Vivienne stood up and surveyed the room. "Where's the dining area?" She asked Mara.

Mara pointed to the left. "It's there, but... it's so late, and we don't have much food prepared. How will we eat?"

Vivienne's lips pressed into a thin line. "There's a delivery app in Veridia. You mean to tell me the Boyds don't know about it?"

The Boyds stood silently, insulted by the implication of their ignorance.

Vivienne's gaze swept over them as she flatly stated, "You will join us for dinner."

With that, she took Percival's arm and swanned into the prime seat at the dining table.

The Boyds wanted to object, but Vivienne's regal presence and recent events forced them to swallow their protests.

However, as they watched Vivienne claim the head of the table, they exchanged uneasy glances.

Where were they supposed to sit now?

Then, as if on cue, Wendy and Theodore's family – the first branch, moved like marionettes, taking their places at the dining table.

With the seniors leading by example, Hayden's family – the second branch, and Eliza had no choice but to follow.

Soon, the beleaguered butler arrived with bags full of ingredients and barbecue fare.

Vivienne was determined to have a spicy feast in the Boyd Mansion!

Yet, cutlery in hand, Vivienne watched them with a chilling smile. "Not hungry?"

Her smile held a frosty edge, a silent warning to those who dared defy her.

Even Wendy was methodically munching away, bite after bite.

Seeing this, the rest of the family reluctantly joined in.

But the food seemed endless. No sooner had they cleared a platter of steaks than another was set down in its place.

Then, it escalated. Baked, fried, grilled - you name it, it was served.

Each person also had a heaping bowl of mashed potatoes and a side of garlic bread placed before them. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

She and Percival had gone all day without food, so this feast was nothing to them.

But it felt like torture for the rest of the Boyds, who had eaten their fill.

During the meal, Eliza and Nancy dashed to the bathroom to throw up, only to return and continue eating.

They had hoped to appeal to Wendy for some relief, but she kept eating, so they could not very well stop.

Finally, after they had managed to clear the table, Vivienne casually handed out super-sized milkshakes to everyone.

The overly sweet milkshake and their already bursting bellies were almost too much to bear.

Vivienne, holding her milkshake, smiled and said cheerily. "We can't waste food."

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Wendy was the first to pick up her milkshake and take a gulp, setting off a reluctant chain reaction

among the others. They had no choice but to follow suit and sip away.

It was not until the last drops of the milkshake were consumed that Vivienne stood up, flicking her wrist

in dismissal, "That'll do for today. Get some rest, folks. See you all tomorrow."

With that, Vivienne and Percival left the Boyd residence and returned to the house Maddox had

prepared for them to catch some sleep.

No sooner had they left than Wendy, forgetting her cane, bolted to the bathroom and began to hurl.

The other Boyds followed suit, much to the dismay of the household staff, who pinched their noses in

disgust.

It was revolting.

To have so many people retching at once was unheard of, and Yannick even spewed on Wendy's

beloved woolen rug.

Already, the house was tainted with the smell of barbeque and smoke, and now this collective upheaval

of recently chewed food added insult to injury.

The odor was insufferable.

The Boyds spent a grueling half-hour vomiting before they finally collapsed back onto the couches, utterly spent.

The once prized woolen rug had been relegated to the trash, a sight that made Wendy's heart ache.

Theodore, drained and pale, leaned on his wife's shoulder, still dry-heaving.

Teresa, repulsed, shoved him away. "Get off me. You stink of decay. It's disgusting."

Theodore weakly slapped Teresa, not because he could not bear to hurt his wife, but sheer exhaustion.

"You wench, you think you smell any better?"

"You dare hit me? Believe it or not, I'll divorce you for this!" Teresa howled, her voice nearly giving out from the strain.

Dehydrated and powerless, no one had the energy to argue further.

Wendy, propped up on the couch, accepted a glass of water from a servant and said weakly, "Enough bickering."

Hayden, the second son who had been silent until now, finally spoke up. "Mom, if you hadn't eaten so

much, we wouldn't have followed suit. Why did you have to be so compliant?"

"Yeah, Grandma," Huxley chimed in. "I gave you so many glances, but you just kept eating, forcing us to join in."

Wendy sighed. "Do you really think I wanted to eat that much?"

The others were taken aback.

Eliza, puzzled, looked at her mother. "What do you mean, mom?"

Hayden added, "It wasn't just you. I didn't want to eat either, but my hand acted on its own, reaching for food and bringing it to my mouth."

Margot choked back a sob. "Dad, could it be we've been possessed?"

Both Teresa and Yannick felt similarly manipulated. Teresa confessed, "It was indeed like being possessed. I moved when Vivienne moved and ate uncontrollably even though I was fully aware."

Mara shuffled closer to Hayden, frightened. "Don't scare me, not this late at night."

"Don't forget who Vivienne is," Wendy reminded them coolly.

Before Vivienne and Percival's arrival in Sea City, Wendy had thoroughly investigated Vivienne—or so she thought. What she found was likely only what Vivienne wanted to show.

Eliza connected the dots. "Vivienne stayed in some convent in Havenwood before going to Rivenwood.

Maybe she picked up some dark arts there to hex us."

Mara gasped. "That explains why Percival, of all people, would fall for a country girl. She must have

bewitched him. What do we do now?"

"We'll handle it," Yannick growled, still seething from the recent nausea. "Some backwater girl isn't

going to best us, especially not here in Havenwood."

Hayden, however, sensed something amiss. "She's just a girl. Even if she learned something, it

couldn't be that powerful. The real masters are all over fifty. There must be another reason."

"Regardless, Vivienne is trouble. We can't let her be with Percival, or who knows how much he will

suffer." Mara pressed, her lips thin. "Plus, Gillian is a far better match for my brother, right?"

The other Boyds agreed with Mara's statement.

This aligned with the Boyds' intentions for inviting Percival to Sea City—to marry him to Gillian Ashford

and cement an alliance between the Boyd and Ashford families. No matter how far Vivienne and

Percival had gone, Gillian was destined to wed into their family.

Meanwhile, back at their villa, Vivienne and Percival were settling in for the night.

Percival was curious about Vivienne's earlier antics. "What did you do to make Wendy so compliant?"

Vivienne giggled, "Just a little trinket from Brody. It's supposed to control people for half an hour,

making them do as they wish. I simply enhanced it a bit, extending the effect to an hour."

"Smart," Percival said, ruffling Vivienne's hair with pride. "Look at you, my clever girl."

They laughed together, making their way into the villa, where the servants had everything prepared for a restful evening.

Vivienne and Percival exchanged a puzzled glance.

Why the rush?

As Vivienne swung the door open, it took just one look to grasp the meaning of the maid's cryptic words and why she had taken to her heels.

Scattered across the bed were little boxes of condoms and various instruments that were unequivocally not for the faint of heart.

Only two sets of what could be considered normal pajamas hung on another rack.

But that was not all. A carpet of rose petals stretched across the floor, leading straight to the bed, and

the air was infused with the heady scent of essential oils emanating from the en-suite bathroom.

Vivienne felt like she had stumbled onto the set of some adult film!

Even Percival, with his usually stoic demeanor, felt a blush creeping across his face.

He had, after all, entertained more than a few thoughts about devouring Vivienne in the most intimate of ways, but not like this!

This was just too... explicit.

His gaze inadvertently caught a glimpse of a particularly seductive nightie, and his eyes involuntarily darted towards Vivienne.

The very thought of Vivienne, clad in such attire, lying beside him...

He shuddered, trying to push the thought away.

It was a battle between his primal instincts and self-control, and he managed to keep his desires at bay with sheer force of will.

Chapter 505

Vivienne massaged her forehead, utterly flabbergasted by Maddox's thoughtfulness.

It was beyond thoughtful—it was downright invasive!

Grinding her teeth, she snapped a picture with her phone and sent it to Jasper.

"Grandpa, please extend my thanks to Uncle Maddox!"

In the stillness of the night, Maddox, lounging in a bath at home and gazing at a photo of his beloved

Willa, suddenly felt a chill he had never experienced before.

The next second, his phone rang—it was his dad, Jasper.

Maddox spent the entire night weathering a storm of Jasper's blistering reprimands, not one word repeated.

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Vivienne instructed the maid to return her bedroom to its normal state and to escort Percival to his room.

The maid looked at Vivienne uneasily. "Miss, we only prepared one guest room. The others aren't ready—there's not even bedding."

Just one room?

In a mansion this size, there was only one room available?

You've got to be kidding!

Noticing the change in Vivienne's expression, the maid slowly explained, "Miss, we were notified by Master Maddox too late, so we didn't have time to prepare. Usually, it's just us here tending to the house—we weren't expecting to accommodate any guests."

Luckily, the staff had the foresight to prepare a clean set of sheets and blankets, preventing the pink surprise from continuing.

But even the staff had not anticipated that Vivienne and Percival would sleep separately.

Thus, there was only one room available.

The maid apologetically smiled. "It wouldn't be proper to have Mr. Ellington stay in the servants' quarters."

Indeed, it would not be suitable for Percival to stay in a servant's room—not to mention displacing one of the staff.

Percival sighed deeply. "Let it be, I'll bunk with Vivienne. You may retire for the night."

With that, Percival pulled Vivienne into the room and shut the door firmly behind them.

The maids, now alone, shared knowing smiles.

They were all mature adults here; there was an unspoken understanding.

In the room, Percival pressed Vivienne against the wall and kissed her deeply.

His kiss was fervent, pouring out long-suppressed emotions as if he wished to meld her into his very bones.

He pinned Vivienne's slender wrists with one hand while the other wrapped tightly around her waist, their embrace intense yet restrained.

Vivienne quietly reciprocated, expressing her tenderness and adoration in full measure.

She could hear the fervent beating of Percival's heart and felt the unique intensity of his emotions, responding to them with equal passion.

They held each other tightly, their embrace full of longing, yet never crossing that final line.

They fell asleep entwined, fingers interlocked.

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Come morning, Vivienne stirred, only to find the comforting warmth beside her gone.

Yawning, she sat up and heard running water from the bathroom.

Percival was showering.

Instantly alert, her heart raced like a startled doe at the thought.

Mr. Wolf was in the shower.

Hmm.

She wanted to peek.

Vivienne blushed at her thought, pulling the blanket over her head and giggling like a schoolgirl.

She had forgotten that she was, in fact, just a nineteen-year-old girl.

The sound of water ceased, and Vivienne composed herself, sitting on the bed as Percival emerged from the bathroom.

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf."

Percival was dressed casually, clearly ready for an outing.

For a fleeting moment, Vivienne felt a twinge of disappointment. She had hoped to see him in a bathrobe.

Percival sat down and tousled her hair. "What's on your mind, you little mischief?"

Vivienne arched an eyebrow and leaned in close, her bright eyes glinting. "I was wondering what Mr.

Wolf thinks about in the shower?"

In an instant, a blush crept across Percival's chiseled features.

Vivienne, already at the bathroom door, peeked out with a playful smile. "I'm going to freshen up first."

As the door clicked shut again, Percival realized he had been playfully taunted—again.

His lips curved in amusement, and he knocked on the bathroom door, "Vivienne, while I showered, I was thinking of you."

The sound of a toothbrush cup hitting the floor followed.

His grin deepened, and he contentedly left the room.

The game of wits was all part of the charm.

After freshening up, Vivienne joined Percival at the breakfast table, where the maid had just prepared a perfect soft-boiled egg, knowing it was her favorite.

Vivienne nodded her thanks and spread ketchup over the soft-boiled egg.

One of the maids chuckled. "You know, you eat just like Miss Sasha did when she was younger. She loved her eggs this way and even drew smiley faces with ketchup when she was little."

The comment gave Vivienne and Percival pause.

This habit had been instilled in Vivienne by Karen.

Karen had pacified a young Vivienne by drawing smiley faces in ketchup on soft-boiled eggs.

And when Percival, her apprentice, had been injured on a mission, Karen had done the same to lift his

spirits. Content of Drqmanovels.com

Vivienne's nose twitched with the threat of tears, but she quickly composed herself, taking a bite of her

soft-boiled egg before turning to inquire, "How long have you been with the Perez family?"

Everyone called this servant Juliet. She was practically an institution within the Perez family, having

served loyally at the Perez Mansion for decades.

Only when Vivienne came to stay did Maddox reassign her here.

After all, taking care of Vivienne required someone familiar and utterly reliable.

Vivienne nodded, her smile warm as she said, "Apart from the patriarch and my uncles, who else is in

the Perez family? I haven't gotten to know everyone yet."

Juliet, aware of Vivienne's standing with Jasper and feeling an affinity towards her reminiscent of the

late Sasha, spoke candidly and with warmth, holding nothing back.

Juliet sighed, a hint of sadness in her voice, “Ms. Willa has her demons. She left Sea City some time ago, and no one knows her whereabouts.”

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Vivienne savored the last bite of her soft-boiled egg, the yolk creamy and just the right amount of runny, a perfect morning indulgence.

With Juliet's insights, the picture was becoming clearer—Maddox, Yuri, and Zelda were all of the complex Perez family puzzle pieces.

But who had the power to tamper with a paternity test? Among them, who did want her to be recognized as part of the Perez family?

And then there was Willa.

Draven had messaged last night, his words still fresh in her mind: [The lab in Rivenwood was blown sky-high by someone named Willa.]

That Willa had to be the same one entangled with the Perez family. The waters she was wading into were murky—and it was a tale not to be unraveled in a mere day or two.

"Miss, take your time with your meal. I have things to tend to," Juliet said, having briefed Vivienne on the Perez family's intricate dynamics. With that, she busied herself elsewhere, leaving more unsaid

than spoken.

Vivienne understood Juliet's position—all those years within the Perez family had taught her a great deal about discretion.

Percival's phone buzzed. It was a call from Mara.

"Percival, you and the missus up yet?"

"Yeah, what's up?" Percival inquired.

Mara chuckled. "How about a swim? My friend just opened a new pool, and we're all invited!"

Percival switched the phone to speaker, looking to Vivienne for her take.

She nodded, indifferent to the location.

"Send over the address," Percival said, seeing Vivienne's approval.

"Will do, see you soon!" Mara's voice bubbled with excitement as she ended the call.

Percival's expression darkened, a chill briefly passing over his features.

Vivienne slid his egg onto her plate, now covered in a rich smear of ketchup. "Mr. Wolf, what's on your mind?"

"Just wondering why you're stealing my egg," he teased, playfully nudging her nose, the shadows in his eyes lifting.

Vivienne polished off the egg in a few bites. "Quality protein for the swim ahead. Can't let it go to waste."

He nodded in agreement. "Indeed, swimming is quite the energy burner."

They shared a knowing smile, their connection beyond words.

...

An hour later, they pulled up to the poolside, with Mara eagerly awaiting them.

"Percival, sister-in-law!" Mara squeezed in between them, linking arms with Vivienne affectionately. "I didn't get a chance to properly introduce myself yesterday. I'm Mara Boyd, just Mara is fine."

Vivienne greeted her with a polite smile, "Hello, I'm Vivienne."

"I know all about you! Auntie told me—perfumer Q and Master Eulalia. I've been dying to add you on social media, but she wouldn't let me. She said when we met, I should ask you myself."

Mara gazed at Vivienne with admiration, though her excitement was lost on the discerning eyes of Vivienne, who could see through people at a glance.

"Sure," Vivienne replied, maintaining her composure.

Inside the pool complex, Mara and Vivienne headed to the ladies changing room while Percival waited by the pool.

Despite being new, the venue was bustling. In the children's section, coaches were already guiding the young swimmers.

With his VIP pool card, Percival lounged in an exclusive area, a spread of fresh fruits and snacks at his disposal.

The VIP zone was not isolated; it was separated from the general area by a mere divider, allowing for a lively atmosphere. There was, however, a private pool for VIPs in another building.

As time ticked by without a sign of Vivienne or Mara, Percival sipped his juice, patiently waiting.

Suddenly, a whistle cut through the air, followed by a collective gasp from the crowd.

Out from the women's changing room emerged a stunning figure in a white bikini, her curves wrapped in a sheer shawl that teased the imagination. Her hair was neatly pinned, accentuating her graceful neck, and her long legs caught the light as she walked, her presence commanding attention.

The children paused their play, whispering in awe, "Wow, she looks like a fairy princess, so beautiful."

Percival, however, was still looking at his phone. The person on his chat background was his only princess.

All eyes were on this enchanting newcomer as she approached the VIP area, sitting beside Percival.

Hearts sank among the onlookers, both men and women—such goddesses were always destined for the gods.

Percival, absorbed in his phone, finally glanced up at the commotion.

He frowned slightly, indifferent. "This seat is taken."

Percival surveyed her, failing to recall their past encounter, although the name Gillian did ring a bell.

Gillian Ashford, the heiress of the affluent Ashford family.

She was the lady Wendy was adamant that he marry.

She was also the proprietor of the local swimming club.

Percival withdrew his gaze, every strand of his hair radiating detachment. "I don't recall."

Percival glanced at the delicate hand she extended towards him and looked up. "You've got lipstick on your teeth." Read at Drqmanovels.com

A few people in the VIP area could not help but snicker at his blunt remark.

Who would have thought Percival could be so tactless? Even if he felt the need to point it out, he could have done so quietly, sparing the lady's feelings.

And, of course, they did not expect someone to put on makeup for swimming. No matter how waterproof the products claimed to be, they would not stand a chance against a prolonged dip.

Gillian withdrew her hand in embarrassment and quickly grabbed a mirror to inspect herself.

There was no trace of lipstick; it was clear that Percival was just teasing her.

Setting down the mirror, she asked, "Mr. Ellington, why make such a joke?"

Percival looked at her with an impassive face, "I got it wrong. You just have a big mouth."

Chapter 507

Gillian bit her lower lip hard. It took a moment before she could regain her composure.

She had heard rumors that Percival was not interested in women, and she figured he might just be a bit of a straightforward guy. That did not bother her.

"Mr. Ellington, since you're here, let's take a few laps in the pool. Mara is probably going to take her sweet time getting ready. She's always dragging her feet when it comes to dressing up," Gillian said as

she stood up and walked over to Percival.

Without even lifting his head, Percival could see the two long, pale legs before him.

Percival stood up, towering over the 5'5" Gillian, making her look even more petite and endearing.

Gillian took a few deep breaths, looked at Percival's imposing figure, blushed, and said, "Mr. Ellington, shall we swim together?"

Inside the changing room, Vivienne watched as Mara obsessively scrolled through photos on her phone, all the paintings she wanted to discuss.

Vivienne raised an eyebrow and smirked slightly at Mara.

Checking the time, Vivienne stood up and covered Mara's phone with her hand. "Let's head to the pool."

Feeling it was about time, Mara nodded. "Alright, let's go."

"Ha, Vivienne, just wait until you see Gillian swimming with my brother. You'll be green with envy!" She thought.

As they exited the changing room, they were startled by a loud splash from the VIP pool!

A woman had fallen into the VIP pool, and a shimmering silk shawl fluttered in the air above her.

Mara gasped, recognizing Gillian's shawl.

What on earth had happened?

Vivienne chuckled softly and whispered into Mara's ear, "Satisfied?"

With that, she walked towards Percival.

Mara stood rooted to the spot, shivering as she recalled yesterday's dreadful scene at the Boyd

Mansion. Her fear deepened.

This Vivienne... She could really be something else...

Terrifying.

The lifeguard pulled Gillian out of the pool, her makeup smeared from the struggle in the water.

Black streaks marred her face, and her eyes were panda-like from the running eyeliner.

Her once neatly pinned-up hair was now a damp mess over her shoulders.

A curious kid came over, saw Gillian's state, and burst into laughter on the spot.

"That's no fairy princess; that's a panda!"

The child's frankness set off a wave of laughter that rippled through the pool area.

Gillian had never been so embarrassed. She coughed, stood up, and wanted to ask Percival why he had pushed her, causing her to slip and fall into the pool.

She had spent three hours getting ready, hoping to present her most perfect self to Percival, but...

As Gillian regained her footing, she saw Percival walking towards Vivienne in the distance.

The others in the pool followed his gaze.

Heavens!

Now, that was a goddess if there ever was one!

Who was that other woman by comparison?

Vivienne, donning the most ordinary and common swimsuit, with her hair simply tied back, exuded an unmatched aristocratic aura.

For a moment, everyone seemed to forget to breathe.

They finally understood why Percival had ignored Gillian.

With someone like Vivienne by his side, how could he notice anyone else?

The same child who mocked Gillian exclaimed, "Now that's a fairy princess! She's so beautiful! Can I marry you when I grow up? I promise to be good to you forever!"

Percival took Vivienne's hand and turned to the boy with a warning look. "Dream on!"

The boy, taken aback, started to whimper, "Mommy, the mean man took my bride away!"

"This is my bride!" Percival declared once more.

Vivienne sighed, "Mr. Wolf, he's just a little boy under ten."

"Not even then," Percival said as he wrapped his arm around Vivienne's shoulders and draped his towel around her.

"This is my Vivienne, off-limits to all!" He declared inwardly.

Vivienne wanted to say, "How do you handle a jealous husband? Need advice, pretty urgent!"

Percival confronted Mara coldly, "If this happens again, I will no longer acknowledge you as my sister!"

Without another word, Percival left with Vivienne.

Agreeing to come swimming was his biggest regret.

Too many perverts around here!

Mara had never heard such harsh words from Percival. Panicked, she explained, but Percival and

Vivienne had already left the pool area.

She bit her lip, her resentment towards Vivienne growing stronger.

Vivienne must have bewitched her brother; why else would he disown his own family?

"Vivienne, just wait. I'll drive you away from my brother's side and make sure you don't ruin the Boyd family's plans or my brother's happiness!" She yelled inside.

With a deep breath, Mara hurried over to Gillian. "Gillian, are you okay?"

Gillian's expression was a mix of pain and resentment.

How could she be okay? She was on the verge of tears.

"Mara, what did I do wrong for him to treat me like this? I am so heartbroken. We had an engagement.

Why is this happening?"

Mara hugged Gillian tightly. "Stop crying, Gillian. It's all Vivienne's fault. She's deceived my brother.

Don't worry; the Boyd family stands with you. We won't let that country bumpkin succeed!" Updated at

Drqmanovels.com

Gillian nodded silently, a whisper of agreement escaping her lips. "Yeah, I've always known that you and Wendy have been my biggest supporters."

Mara clasped Gillian's hand reassuringly. "Silly Gillian, once you marry my brother, you'll have to start

calling her Grandma, you know."

"Don't worry, her victory won't last long!" Mara's eyes narrowed as she watched the exit of the swimming complex.

Percival's mission in Sea City was clear: to uncover GTO's virus research lab in the area.

The local biotech companies were the logical first step to infiltrate.

Certainly, GTO would exploit such enterprises to further their agenda.

Chapter 508

Vivienne squinted her eyes, recalling the day her mother took her own life. Several prominent families had been spotted around their residence at the time.

One of those was the Ashford family.

Back then, the Rivenwood Ashfords came up in her search. Having thoroughly investigated them after arriving in Rivenwood, she found nothing amiss.

But the Ashfords of Sea City were a different story; she had not looked into them yet.

She had checked out the Churchills and the Pendletons, who had also been present that day, and found nothing noteworthy.

Only the Ashfords...

A sly smile played on Vivienne's lips.

After lying low for so long, they were finally showing themselves.

This was getting interesting.

Vivienne's gaze returned to the present as she suddenly asked, "What about the Perez family? Any sightings of them?"

Thomas shook his head, "No, not that we've found. The Perezes are well-entrenched; their dealings are not so easily uncovered."

She nodded in understanding. If the Perezes also had a research facility, it would make her work in Sea City all the more convenient.

Percival flipped through the dossiers Thomas had compiled, his eyes lingering on the biotech companies' transactions. The Boyds seemed to have only recently connected with the Ashfords, and there was more to their business than met the eye.

"It seems we'll be dealing with the Ashfords more closely," Percival remarked, his brow furrowed with distaste.

Dealing with the Ashfords meant entanglements with Gillian, a thought he found repulsive.

The memory of having to lightly push Gillian away, even with a towel separating them, made him feel unclean.

He would need a long, thorough shower tonight to wash away the feeling.

Seeing Percival's growing irritation, Thomas looked puzzled at Vivienne.

Blinking, he silently questioned, "Ma'am, what's gotten into Percival? I didn't upset him, did I?"

Vivienne reassured him with a dismissive wave, "It's nothing. Just a bit of disgust, nothing to worry about."

Percival shut the folder and said, "Let's find a place to eat. Afterward, we continue our investigation."

Thomas was quick to agree, ready to do anything, even jump into a river, to avoid Percival's wrath, which was far scarier than any physical danger.

After finishing their meal, Percival received a call from Wendy.

"Percival, the way you treated Ms. Ashford is completely unacceptable. Do you have any idea how much trouble you could bring upon us? You're being utterly thoughtless. Get back here, now!"

Wendy hung up before Percival could reply.

Storing his phone, Percival's expression darkened. "Thomas, take Vivienne home first."

"No need," Vivienne interjected with a faint smile. "I'm the head of the Boyd family, after all. How can I not be present when there's trouble at home?"

...

At the Boyd Mansion.

Mara was in tears, lamenting to her grandmother.

"I finally managed to get Gillian to meet up today, hoping she and my brother could get to know each other, at the very least. But Vivienne must have done something; Gillian was so upset today. Grandma, you must help her."

Wendy nodded emphatically. "Stop crying, dear. Gillian is the granddaughter-in-law I've chosen; I'll certainly stand by her. That Vivienne has gone too far."

Eliza poured Wendy a cup of coffee and sat beside her. "Mom, Vivienne has the Boyd family ring. What can we possibly do?"

Wendy scoffed. "So what if she has the ring? She must kneel and serve me if she wants to be my

granddaughter-in-law. If she insists on being the Boyd family head, she can forget any connection with Percival."

Eliza massaged Wendy's shoulders, her mind racing with schemes of her own.

No matter what, she had to improve Percival's opinion of her to uncover the truth of Nathan's feelings for Cecilia. If their love had waned, it was the perfect opportunity to get close to the Ellingtons using Percival's name.

And if their affection was still strong? Well, as long as Percival knew what kind of woman his mother was, that was enough.

The senior members of the Boyd household were seated across from Wendy.

Yannick's fingers were wrapped in bandages, still aching from the break inflicted by Percival.

"Hmph, I told Mara to introduce Gillian to me, but no, now look what's happened. If she'd introduced her to me, Grandma, you'd have a great-grandson by now, and we wouldn't be struggling with the Ashfords!"

Mara was the first to object, "You think you could woo Gillian? Have you looked in the mirror lately? You

don't have half my brother's qualities. Shameless!"

"Mara, I'm your brother. Watch your mouth!"

"Pfft, brother? You're nothing to me!"

"Mara, that's enough." Yannick stood, pointing a trembling, injured finger at her with a threatening air.

Nancy naturally defended her daughter. "Yannick, what do you think you're doing?"

Seeing the rising tension, Theodore pulled his son back down, "Calm down. She's your sister. We need to present a united front right now, not turn on each other."

Teresa quickly stepped in to defuse the tension. "Absolutely, our biggest threat right now is Vivienne."

The atmosphere eased a bit, and Teresa took a moment before suggesting, "Mom, I've got an idea.

Hear me out?"

"Go ahead," Wendy responded promptly.

Teresa's suggestion was something Wendy had already considered.

For someone like Yannick, there seemed little hope.

Teresa knew what was going through her mother's mind and pressed on, "I know it's a long shot, Mom, but it's better than putting all our eggs in one basket, don't you think?"

After concluding her point, Teresa shot a meaningful glance at Eliza.

Eliza nodded silently in agreement, "Teresa's right, Mom. It's always better to have a backup plan than to pin all our hopes on Percival."

Hearing this from her most beloved daughter, Wendy finally gave in. "Alright, we'll give Yannick a chance to get to know Gillian. Starting as friends isn't a bad idea."

Mara glanced at her father, Hayden, who shook his head, signaling her to remain silent. New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

The Boyds, although united in appearance, each harbored their own ambitions.

There was only one position for the heir, and both the first and second branches of the family were equally strong, each with a son and daughter favored by Wendy.

It was a race to see who could satisfy Wendy's expectations first.

Wendy's current ambition was to forge an alliance with the Ashford family and explore that lucrative trade route.

The Ashford family's trade route would then remain firmly in their grasp.

Everyone played their part in this harmonious facade, each with their own calculated intentions.

Soon after, the butler approached, his apron neatly tied as he said, "Ma'am, they have arrived."

As his words faded, Vivienne and Percival entered hand in hand.

Chapter 509

The living room was packed, with no space left on the couch for Vivienne and Percival.

Of course, nobody seemed inclined to make room.

Vivienne scanned the room and, without a second thought, grabbed the butler, "Seems like you've already forgotten yesterday's lesson, haven't you?"

The butler shuddered involuntarily, the memories of last night's ordeal etched deep in his mind, a painful experience he would never forget.

His eyes darted to Wendy, who was currently perched in the patriarch's seat of the Boyd household.

Clearing her throat, Wendy rose with Eliza's assistance. "Vivienne, have you come as the head of the Boyd family or as Percival's fiancée?"

Vivienne's lips curled into a slight smile. "Is there a difference?"

"Of course, there is. If you come as the head of the Boyd family, you may take this seat and listen to our discussions about today's affairs. But you shall not interject. Even as the head, you have no

authority over Boyd Group's matters, as I own it. Henceforth, you mustn't claim the fiancée status; it's against Boyd family tradition."

Vivienne nodded in understanding. "And if I come as Percival's fiancée?"

Wendy snorted with a smirk. "If you come as Percival's fiancée, then you stand there, serve tea, and listen quietly while we reprimand you. Everyone here is your elder; you must not be presumptuous!"

Without hesitation, Vivienne took her seat at the head of the table, crossed her legs, and gave Wendy a sidelong glance. "Well, it just so happens that I intend to be both the head of the Boyd family and Percival's fiancée."

Wendy huffed. "Don't be too greedy, girl. I don't acknowledge your engagement to Percival. But since you claim to be the head, I'll give you that much respect. If you want this position, remove yourself from Percival's life."

Percival's eyes narrowed with a chilling aura. He was about to speak when Vivienne cut in, "My mother and Richard arranged my engagement to Percival. What right do you have to dispute it?"

"You!" Wendy was infuriated, yet she found no words to retort.

Indeed, what right did she have to deny their engagement?

But what gave Vivienne the right to act so brazenly in the Boyd Mansion?

Vivienne glanced around the room and spoke calmly, "I've picked up a few dirty tricks over the years.

It's one thing to target me, but should anyone lay a finger on my dear Mr. Wolf..."

Her glittering smile sent chills down their spines.

Wendy and the others narrowed their eyes. Vivienne indeed knew some dirty tricks.

Yet, though they thought this, no one dared to speak up. Not until they figured out what Vivienne was

really up to. After witnessing last night's spectacle, they feared she might have something up her

sleeve.

Vivienne pointed at the butler and said, "Fetch a cup of water for the old lady to hold. That's the rule

she just established."

Wendy was taken aback, "What rule?"

With a sly look in her eye, Vivienne raised an eyebrow. "The person standing must serve water to the

head of the family. Do you have any objections?"

Wendy cursed inwardly; Vivienne had laid a trap!

“Vivienne, don’t push your luck!” Wendy scolded sharply.

Vivienne reclined in her chair, exuding a lazy confidence, “Addressing the head of the family by their first name, are we?”

Her tone sent another shiver through Wendy.

She might not take Vivienne seriously, but she couldn’t afford to disregard the head of the Boyd family.

The atmosphere tensed as the butler brought Wendy a cup of water, “Madam, you better hold this.”

No one wanted to antagonize the new head – it was not worth losing limbs over!

Reluctantly, Wendy held the cup, her hands shaking slightly. She had to bide her time; once Percival and Gillian were together, she would deal with this insolent girl!

Holding the cup to her chest, she turned to Percival. “I have important matters to discuss with you, my grandson.”

Percival frowned at his grandmother. “Grandma, when presenting water to the head, one must bow respectfully. You’re too old not to know such manners.”

“You...”

“Indeed, Mr. Wolf is correct, as expected from the man I admire,” Vivienne teased, flicking Percival’s chin playfully.

The implication seemed to be, “Smile for me, darling.”

Percival caught her wandering hand, bringing her fingertips to his lips for a gentle bite.

Their public display of affection made the elders avert their eyes in discomfort.

Such behavior was an insult to the family’s honor!

Wendy had no choice but to comply, bending her weary back. “Percival! Put that down. This is no place for such displays!”

Far from letting go, Percival intertwined their fingers further. “Discussing love with my fiancée is my right. Do you have a problem?”

Wendy nearly choked on her outrage. Percival’s words, influenced by that wretch Vivienne, were infuriating.

She was about to explode in anger when Eliza tugged at her sleeve.

“Mom, we need to focus on what’s important.”

Wendy came to her senses, nearly letting the couple’s antics distract her from the agenda.

Percival did not respond, absorbed in studying Vivienne's fingers.

"Percival, I'm talking to you!" Wendy barked with an edge in her voice.

Wendy, seething with frustration but holding back for the sake of the bigger picture, repeated herself once again.

This time, however, Percival had become distracted by styling Vivienne's hair!

Back and forth they went, and Wendy's hands began to tremble with irritation, her back aching as if it might snap in two from the stress.

It was not until she could no longer stand it that Percival finally nodded in agreement. "I'll make sure to apologize to Ms. Ashford properly."

Percival, pulling Vivienne to her feet, grinned at Wendy. "Next time, just text me for small stuff like this.

There's no need to drag the matriarch into it." New chapter available on Drămanovels.com

With that, the pair walked out side by side.

Mara could not hold back any longer and shouted, "Vivienne, you're not even married to my brother yet! Where do you think you're taking him?"

Vivienne stopped in her tracks and glanced over her shoulder at Mara. "Oh, I've asked your brother to join me tonight. In my bedroom."

Percival perked up instantly, thinking, "Join you in your bedroom? Count me in! Why wait until tonight?"

Vivienne rolled her eyes. "Keep it together, Percival. I was just kidding."

The remark left the Boyd household in utter shock. Such words from a young lady!

But before they could fully process it, Vivienne and Percival had already left the Boyd Mansion.

Wendy's cup crashed to the floor, and Eliza swiftly guided her to the couch, "Mom, I'll call the doctor.

You just sit tight and rest!"

Chapter 510

Eliza had just tucked Wendy in when she bolted out the door.

"Hold on a sec, Percival!" she called out.

Percival was about to slide into his car when he heard his name being called. He turned around and

asked, "What?"

Eliza tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Percival, we haven't had a proper chat in ages. Can

we catch up the day after tomorrow, maybe over dinner?"

Percival squinted slightly. "What's on your mind, Eliza?"

She chuckled awkwardly, "I just wanted to talk to you about your mother, my sister, you know?"

Percival gazed at Eliza, his thoughts concealed by the dim light around them.

After a moment, he said with a deep voice, "Day after tomorrow it is."

Eliza then pulled out something from her pocket, handed it to Percival without explanation, and headed back to the Boyd residence.

In the car, Vivienne sniffed the object curiously.

It was an antidote for some love potion!

"Why did she give you this?" Vivienne was puzzled.

Could it be that Eliza, a member of the Boyd family, did not want Gillian to marry into Percival?

Percival chuckled. "She probably wants to curry favor."

Vivienne nodded in understanding. "So, are you going to accept this favor or not?"

"Absolutely," Percival said, wrapping his arm around Vivienne and rubbing her shoulder, "It wouldn't be fun otherwise. Can't be completely uninvolved with the Boyds during this time."

Percival had come to Sea City on a mission, and getting close to the Boyds was just a cover.

He needed to entangle himself with them when necessary to mask his true purpose better.

Now that his enemies were hidden and he was exposed, he had to tread carefully.

This was also why Percival had agreed to dine with Gillian the next day. Gillian was a crucial player in his mission and had to be handled with care.

Vivienne rested in Percival's embrace, observing the scheming look in his eyes.

"Mr. Wolf, what are you plotting now?"

Percival snapped back to reality, pinched Vivienne's face playfully, and said deliberately, "I'm thinking about how to properly attend to the matriarch tonight to ensure her satisfaction."

Suddenly, Thomas slammed on the brakes so hard he nearly flew out of his seat!

"Sorry, Percival, a cat just dashed across the road."

"My goodness, are Percival and his lady now discussing such explosive topics? This isn't a mission — it's a honeymoon!"

Leopold Sterling, I demand a task swap. I'd rather guard Griffin's bomb factory and get blown to bits if I have to!" He thought.

Thomas discreetly lowered the privacy screen in the car, thinking maybe Maddox should consider a

new driver for Vivienne and Percival.

Vivienne's cheeks turned crimson. She had only been teasing Mara, after all.

Who knew he would take her literally?

Percival watched the flushed face on his lap, felt a stir in his heart, and leaned down to kiss the

blushing cheeks.

...

At the Perez Mansion.

"You mean that Vivienne has arrived in Sea City?" Diana Perez was having dinner when she overheard

the servants discussing Juliet's reassignment.

One nodded. "Yes, she has arrived. Master Maddox mentioned she's busy and might not visit the Perez

family. He said not to prepare or disturb her."

Diana clenched her fork tightly. Despite her years with the Perez family, she had never received such

attention from her brothers.

A mere foster granddaughter was getting all the adoration!

Just yesterday, she had called Jasper to check in, and all he talked about was his foster granddaughter.

It was maddening!

Diana nearly bent her fork before regaining her composure and smiling. "Vivienne's here, and I really should visit her. Please ask Maddox where she's staying when you have a moment."

...

The next morning, Percival was awakened by a frantic call from Mara.

"It's terrible, Percival! Grandma's back is acting up after the water ceremony yesterday. She's bedridden and can't get up. What should we do?"

Mara's sobs were so intense one might think it was a life-or-death situation.

Percival got out of bed, missing the warmth of Vivienne next to him, which only added to his frustration.

Juliet could be too efficient sometimes; she had cleared his room in just one day.

He did not mind sharing the sprawling king-sized bed with Vivienne.

When Percival remained silent, Mara grew even more frantic, "Percival, are you listening? I'm beside myself here. The doctor said Grandma might be bedridden forever, all because of that Vivienne."

“Mara Boyd, Vivienne isn’t someone you should talk about like that.”

Hearing Percival use her full name, Mara was taken aback.

They had always been close, and he had always called her Mara. His sternness, especially over

Vivienne, stunned her.

The thought made Mara seethe with resentment.

She’s quite a prominent figure, you know. If word gets out, it won’t sound too good. What do you think?”

Percival sat up from his bed, "So, what are you saying? Are you trying to threaten me?"

Percival cracked a slight smile. The Boyds were really something.

Were they afraid Vivienne would cause a scene at the diner with Gillian and were just looking for an

excuse to keep her away?

He got out of bed, knocked on Vivienne's door, and then pushed it open. New chapter available on

Dramanovels.com

Vivienne was still lying in bed. Hearing the noise, she sleepily sat up and kissed Percival's lips.

The sound, clear as day, traveled down the phone line to the entire Boyd family.

With that, Hayden hung up.

Vivienne leaned on Percival's shoulder, rubbing her tired eyes. "What's up?"

Percival wrapped his arms around her, slowly stroking her hair as he repeated Hayden's words.

Vivienne instantly perked up, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. "I just love taking care of the sick."

Watching Vivienne's expression, Percival could already imagine the interesting events that were about to unfold at the Boyd Mansion.

He playfully tapped her nose. "Yeah, you're the best at taking care of the sick."