

Million-Dollar 51

Chapter 51

Oberon and the rest of students of Class Eighteen were dumbstruck.

They had initially thought Vivienne's "uncivilized method" was going to be a good old-fashioned brawl -

their class was infamous for its fights, after all.

But to their shock, Vivienne's "uncivilized method" turned out to be unleashing a snake attack!

This was outright terrifying!

Where on earth did the school leadership dig up such a weirdo?

Vivienne lifted her head, looking at the petrified Oberon, and asked, "Are you clear-headed now?

Ready to behave?"

Oberon didn't dare to refuse, he nodded frantically, "I'll behave, I'll behave, Ms. Vivienne, I was wrong,

please spare me!"

He felt his reign of terror in school was about to come to an end!

What awaited him was a brutal and dark life!

He felt cornered!

"Let him down." Vivienne said to Logan and the others.

Logan and his buddies turned pale and didn't dare to move!

Who would dare?

There was a snake!

Though they were the ones who brought the snake, they were scared too!

Who knew if the snake would listen to Vivienne and bite them?

"Oh, you're afraid of it??" Vivienne, noticing their reluctance, twitched her lips. So, these cowards had actually planned to use the snake against her?

She drew a small knife from her pocket and threw it at Oberon.

When Oberon heard Vivienne was letting him go, he heaved a sigh of relief. But before he could completely exhale, he saw a knife flying towards him, and his body jolted!

He was doomed! He might lose his life today!

However, the next second, the knife accurately pierced the snake's head, and both the knife and the snake got lodged into the wall.

Oberon felt like he just had a showdown with death itself.

The others were also dumbfounded. Vivienne must have had some training, right?

Vivienne then instructed Logan to let Oberon down.

Oberon stood on the floor, legs trembling, "Ms. Vivienne, I need to use the restroom."

He couldn't hold it anymore!

If he wasn't afraid of the embarrassment of wetting himself, he would have done so!

"Go ahead." Vivienne was surprisingly accommodating this time.

Oberon sprinted towards the restroom.

He was so fast that all people could see was a gust of wind.

Vivienne turned to the other students still dumbfounded and said, "You guys, move the lectern over, arrange your desks and chairs neatly."

She paused and added, "I don't want to resort to uncivilized methods!"

As soon as her words fell, the students started moving, those moving tables moved tables, those moving chairs moved chairs.

Their speed was jaw-dropping!

Charlotte, sitting in a corner, took a while to calm down and finally confirmed one thing.

The new friend she made a few days ago, her good friend, was now her teacher.

Oh my God! How did she get involved in this?

Recalling Vivienne's actions just now, she obediently got up and arranged her desk and chair.

She had a feeling that if she didn't comply, her good friend would turn against her and even beat her up!

About ten minutes later, everyone had arranged their desks and chairs, and Oberon returned from the restroom.

He stood at the classroom door and obediently announced, "Reporting!"

"Enter." Vivienne's indifferent voice rang out.

Oberon came in, dared not walk towards the lectern, and moved step by step along the wall to his seat.

He looked like a mouse in front of a cat, utterly terrified!

"I am going to lay down some rules now. Does anyone have any objections?" She stood at the lectern, her voice steady and unhurried.

Vivienne appeared to be a gentle and beautiful lady, but her aura was so strong that the students dared

not object.

Vivienne wrote her name on the blackboard, "Vivienne! Remember this name, in the next three months, it might be your nightmare."

Everyone kept silent.

Forget about the next three months, this name was already a nightmare now, okay?

"I'm paid a hefty salary by the principal, so I have to earn my keep. You make things easy for me, and I won't trouble you. No fighting, no bullying classmates, no disrespecting teachers, greet teachers when you see them, attend classes on time. These are my rules. I don't care about your backgrounds, as long as you are in this school, you have to follow my rules. If anyone doesn't want to comply, you can drop out. For those who don't drop out and don't follow the rules, I won't mind teaching you some manners. Understand?"

"Understood!" The students, not daring to object, responded loudly.

"The school demands that Class Eighteen must have one student admitted to a university this year."

Vivienne calmly looked at the students, "There are forty-five students in Class Eighteen, I want all forty-five to be admitted. Can you do it?"

Everyone fell silent.

Everyone else only knew that they were in Class Eighteen to get a diploma and inherit their family wealth, but no one knew that they were actually abandoned by their families.

Cloudcrest High School was a prestigious school, not lacking in children from wealthy and influential families. Class Eighteen students were assigned to the worst class because of their poor grades.

Teachers looked down on them and didn't want to teach properly, and they themselves were looked down upon at home for various reasons. They were also looked down upon at school, hence they developed a rebellious attitude.

Instead of being looked down upon, they'd rather make people fear them.

"They just need to get a diploma to go home and inherit their wealth." This was what their families told them to deceive them. How could a truly wealthy and influential family pass on their wealth to someone who doesn't understand anything?

Wouldn't that lead to the decline of the family?

But they were all from prestigious families. If their children couldn't even get a high school diploma, it

would be a disgrace, so even if their children wreaked havoc in school, they could only let their children run wild, as long as they could get a diploma.

No one cared whether they could get into university, because no one believed they could.

"How about it? Can't you do it?" Vivienne asked.

Everyone lowered their heads, no one dared to speak, partly because they feared Vivienne, and partly because they really couldn't do it.

Logan pondered for a moment, stood up, and said, "Ms. Vivienne, do you think students like us could ever get into college? We've pretty much forgotten most of what we've learned before."

"Why not?" Vivienne looked up, enunciating each word, "There's nothing you can't do, only things you don't want to do. As long as you're willing to try."

Her voice was gentle, but it seemed to carry a kind of magic that filled everyone with confidence.

Could they get into college if they tried?

Would people change their opinion about them?

After all, they started off with a genuine desire to study hard.

But being looked down upon by teachers and family members, they lost that confidence.

"Do you trust us?" Logan asked.

"I do."

Her words brought tears to the eyes of the students in Class Eighteen.

Someone trusted them.

For the first time in over a year, they heard someone willing to trust them.

Then the bell rang for break. Vivienne said, "Take a break. We'll have a little test next class! We're

going to test every subject. It's okay if you can't answer all the questions. Just do what you can. I need

to know your real level. Any problems?"

"No problems!"

This time, everyone spoke in unison, their voices filled with excitement!

Maybe, Ms. Vivienne was different from other teachers, she could lead them towards the light.

Chapter 52

After Vivienne finished her instructions, she left the classroom.

When she got to Class Eighteen, she had the principal print out all subject test papers for her to pick

up.

As soon as she walked out of the classroom, Charlotte chased after her, "Vivienne, wait up!"

Vivienne stopped in her tracks, turned to look at her, and said seriously, "You should call me Ms.

Vivienne now."

Charlotte's mouth twitched, but she obediently said, "Ms. Vivienne."

Vivienne nodded, patting her on the head, "Good girl!"

Charlotte was taken aback.

Did Vivienne just pat her like she was petting a dog?

No way!

She's not a dog!

Charlotte followed her, excitedly asking, "Ms. Vivienne, how did you end up teaching at our school?"

You're only nineteen, barely went to school yourself, how did the principal hire you?"

Curiosity piqued, she continued, "Come on, tell me, what's the story? I'm totally gobsmacked, Ms.

Vivienne, you're incredible. You might not know, but no one in the entire school dares to mess with the students of Class Eighteen, but you've got them eating out of your hand. I'm really impressed!"

Vivienne was momentarily at a loss for words.

How did she not notice Charlotte was such a chatterbox?

"If I told you that I got a doctorate in both Medicine and Biochemistry from Elite University when I was sixteen, would you believe me?" Vivienne asked.

"I believe you!" Charlotte answered very seriously.

Vivienne was taken aback, asking uncertainly, "You believe me?"

If she told the same thing to the Hawthorn family or Dorian, probably no one would believe her.

Even among the other teachers at this school, few would believe her.

But Charlotte didn't hesitate to believe her.

"Of course I believe you! For you to become a teacher at Cloudcrest High School, you either got in through backdoor connections or you're really talented. Considering how the Hawthorn family treats you, they likely didn't pull any strings for you. And the Hawthorn family doesn't have that kind of clout anyway." Charlotte was dead serious, "So that leaves us with talent, Ms. Vivienne."

Vivienne's mouth twitched, "I was joking with you, you don't have to keep calling me Ms. Vivienne, you can call me whatever you want."

"Got it!" Charlotte looped her arm through Vivienne's, grinning adoringly at her, "Vivienne, you're amazing, getting a double doctorate at sixteen, how did you do it?"

"I just...studied hard?" Vivienne said.

"It's all about talent!" Charlotte mused, "Not everyone can get a double doctorate. You got it at sixteen, you're a genius! What am I going to do, Vivienne, I'm starting to idolize you, you're my new role model!"

Vivienne had to admit, Charlotte had a knack for flattery!

She glanced at Charlotte, "Why are you still here?"

At twenty, shouldn't Charlotte be in college by now?

"Don't even get me started, I've been in senior year for three years now!" Charlotte said, seeming rather proud.

Vivienne was speechless.

Charlotte was proud of being stuck in senior year for three years?

"Do you look down on me? Being stuck in senior year for three years is kind of impressive, you know?"

Charlotte's eyes suddenly dimmed, "I want to graduate too, but I'm not very good at studying. I have to tell you, I didn't get into high school after middle school, so my dad paid for me to continue studying."

"He said, the Redwood family shouldn't have a child who didn't even graduate high school, so he wanted me to at least get a high school diploma. But from the start of my freshman year in high school, I couldn't understand what the teachers were saying in class. I was originally meant to repeat the year, but my dad made a donation to the school so I didn't have to. But getting a diploma isn't just about paying money, I have to pass the exams. Even though my classmates find the exams tough, they all cram before the exams, do all sorts of test papers, and memorize content. All in all, there's hope of passing the exams.

My parents are always busy with work and often on business trips, there's no one to take care of me. They hired a tutor for me, but I can't understand what the tutor's teaching either. I don't dare tell my parents that the tutor isn't good, because they'd just think I'm trying to shirk studying."

Charlotte said a lot, and Vivienne noticed that she seemed down.

This sadness stemmed from her family situation.

The Redwood family was different from the Wood family and the Harper family. Logan and Oberon had siblings.

Charlotte was an only child in her family, but she had cousins who were all more outstanding than her, the pride of the Redwood family, so no one wanted to play with her.

Charlotte's parents were often away on business trips, leaving her and the nanny at home. She was lonely because no one was looking after her.

Vivienne looked at her for a long while, then grabbed her by the collar and said, "Let's go."

"Uh, where are we going?" Charlotte looked puzzled, then remembered how formidable Vivienne was in class and involuntarily shrank back, "Vivienne, you're not going to beat me up, right?"

Vivienne was speechless.

Did she look like a violent maniac?

"Come with me to get the test papers. While others started revising from high school, you should've started from junior high."

After saying that, Vivienne paused, "Don't tell me you've forgotten all junior high knowledge?"

Charlotte blushed, "Are you underestimating me? Junior high knowledge... I should still remember... right?"

She was a bit unsure.

Because she really hadn't been studying these past few years!

Vivienne looked up at the sky speechlessly, struggling to say, "You -- start revising from elementary knowledge."

Charlotte said, "... uh, aren't you going a bit overboard? Elementary... elementary knowledge... I still remember such simple stuff."

Vivienne rolled her eyes.

Charlotte actually dared to say that.

She ignored Charlotte and dragged her to the principal's office.

The test papers were prepared from high school, 45 for each subject, several tall stacks of papers.

Vivienne and Charlotte obviously couldn't carry them all at once.

So, Vivienne called Logan, ordering, "Bring people to help me move the test papers."

She had saved the phone number after checking everyone's information in Class Eighteen.

On the other end, Logan stared at the ended call, completely baffled. After a while, he came back to his senses, "I knew she was no ordinary girl! She even has my number!"

This girl was terrifying.

"Hurry up, go to the principal's office to move the test papers!" Logan immediately shouted.

Chapter 53

In the principal's office, Vivienne asked the principal to reprint all the tests from elementary school to middle school.

No sooner had she finished printing them than the students from Class Eighteen arrived.

"Ms. Vivienne, Principal!"

Technically, Lysander should have been addressed first due to his position. However, because of

Vivienne's stern demeanor, the students were scared of her, so she was addressed first.

Although Lysander had mentally prepared himself and knew Vivienne could manage Class Eighteen,

he hadn't expected it to happen so quickly. Just after one class, the students of Class Eighteen started to behave and greeted him.

This was unprecedented!

Vivienne grunted in acknowledgment and pointed to the pile of tests, "Move these to the classroom."

Seeing those tests, everyone felt a great pressure.

Oh my gosh!

Although they wanted to study hard, wasn't this pace a bit too fast?

They might be exhausted after completing these tests.

Nevertheless, they didn't complain but obediently carried the papers out.

At the same time, Lysander received a phone call and his face suddenly turned serious, "I'll be right there."

After hanging up, he said to Vivienne, "Ms. Vivienne, I have to go ahead, here... I'll leave it to you."

"Alright."

Afterwards, a new scene emerged at Cloudcrest High School.

It was break time and the sight of Class Eighteen's students dutifully carrying papers surprised everyone at the school. Even some teachers couldn't help but come out to look.

"Am I seeing things? The students of Class Eighteen are... moving papers?"

"Is this their new trick to bully others?"

"Didn't you hear that Class Eighteen has a new class advisor? Normally at this time, Class Eighteen would be the noisiest, how come they're moving papers today? Did the new advisor manage to get

them under control?"

"How can that be? That's Class Eighteen! The person who can manage them must not be born yet!"

Everyone was puzzled.

Some people saw Vivienne and Charlotte following behind Class Eighteen.

"Who's that girl? A new transfer student? Why is she with Class Eighteen's Charlotte? Did she transfer to Class Eighteen?"

"What a pity! This student is so pretty, but she went to Class Eighteen."

"Don't judge a book by its cover, there might be good students in Class Eighteen too, right? Maybe, she's also not a simple person!"

On the other side.

Lysander hurried to the school gate, a black sedan just pulled up.

Several people got off the car.

Mr. Percy, the chairman of Global CK Group, its subsidiaries were all over the world.

Besides, he was also the largest shareholder of Cloudcrest High School, but this shareholder usually didn't involve in the school's daily affairs, many things were left to other directors to handle.

Mr. Percy rarely showed up, people who wanted to see him can line up for blocks, but they couldn't see him.

Lysander suddenly felt worried.

The problem of Class Eighteen, Mr. Percy had mentioned a long time ago, asking the school to solve it, but eventually this problem was handed over to the board of directors, but the directors thought that the

school needed to develop and needed investment, so they didn't take any action.

Perhaps Mr. Percy was too busy lately, he hadn't come to the school since then.

Percival, not knowing what he was thinking, walked forward while looking at the school's condition.

"The school is well built." The greening of this school was very well done and it's also very quiet, suitable for children to study.

Lysander quickly smiled, "That's also for the children to have a better learning environment."

Percival didn't say anything else, they walked around the school, it was break time, there were a lot of students.

When they arrived at the teaching building, they heard a group of people discussing, Percival stopped.

"Class Eighteen is acting unusually today, we better stay far away from them, not to be affected."

"Absolutely, who dares to provoke Class Eighteen's people? They're a bunch of troublesome people, if you provoke them, there will be trouble, I guess their new advisor has been tormented away by now."

"I'll pray for that teacher in silence for three minutes."

Lysander was sweating bullets.

Percival's eyebrows were furrowed. He glanced at Lysander and asked flatly, "What's going on?"

"It's like this..."

Before Lysander could finish, Percival suddenly saw a familiar figure in his eyes, he was startled, "Why is she here?"

Leopold and Thomas, who were next to him, looked over following his gaze, both were stunned, novelbin

"Vivienne?"

What's she doing at Cloudcrest High School? Studying?

She didn't go to school much before, could she keep up with the progress now?

When Lysander heard Vivienne's name, he was taken aback, "Mr. Ellington, do you know this

teacher?"

"Teacher?"

"Teacher?"

Leopold and Thomas exclaimed in unison.

Percival didn't have such a dramatic reaction, but there was a trace of surprise in his eyes.

"Yes!" Lysander looked up and saw Vivienne following Class Eighteen's students carrying papers into

the classroom, so he pointed to her, "If you're talking about her, that's Ms. Vivienne!"

"Oh my god!" Leopold was suddenly filled with curiosity, "Quickly tell me, what's going on? How did

Vivienne become a teacher? She didn't go to school before, why would you hire her?"

Lysander was stunned!

Vivienne never went to school?

Were they talking about the same person?

How could Vivienne possibly not have gone to school?

She had been skipping grades since she was ten years old and took the university entrance exam in

Eldoria City at fourteen - she's a freaking genius!

She even made waves in the entire education industry at the time.

What's more, she got her double PhD in Medicine and Biochemistry from Elite University in just two

years. Vivienne's story was nothing short of a legend in the world of education.

So why did Mr. Ellington say she never went to school?

Lysander pondered for a while, then said, "Here's the thing, the board never really wants to address the

issue of Class Eighteen. I'm powerless. This year, the higher-ups gave an order. If no one from Class

Eighteen gets admitted to a university, they'll revoke our school's elite status.

But the students of Class Eighteen are just too hard to manage, no teachers want to teach them. I had

to think of another way, so I hired Ms. Vivienne. You may not believe it, but Ms. Vivienne is truly

capable. After just one lesson, all those students started behaving."

Leopold's eyes widened in disbelief.

Could Vivienne really be so capable?

"The issue with Class Eighteen still hasn't been resolved, why wasn't I informed?" Percival's voice was

ice-cold.

Lysander jumped, "It's not that I didn't want to tell you! I just don't have the authority!"

He actually wanted to tell Percival, but couldn't find him.

Percival didn't say a word, just kept his gaze fixed on Vivienne in the distance. Suddenly, he gave a

small smirk, and asked Lysander, "Does Class Eighteen still need teachers?"

"Yes! Currently, aside from Ms. Vivienne, no other teachers are willing to teach them. I'm trying to find someone."

"Arrange it. Starting tomorrow, I'll be the gym teacher for Class Eighteen."

Chapter 54

The second Percival finished speaking, Leopold, Thomas, and Lysander all looked like they'd seen a ghost.

What the heck had they just heard?

Percival was going to become a teacher?

Were they hallucinating?

Lysander was the first to pull himself together. He asked, hesitantly, "Mr. Percy, did you just say you're going to be a PE teacher?"

Surely he'd misheard, right?

That was what Mr. Percy said, right?

"Is that a problem?" Percival's gaze followed Vivienne into Class Eighteen, then pulled back.

"Uh, well." Lysander hesitated.

Should he agree or disagree?

He mulled it over for a moment, then finally said, "Sure!"

He had to make this happen, no matter what!

"You handle it." Percival paused, then said, "Don't let anyone know my real identity. Use the name of

Percival, the seventh young master of the Ellington family, for the hiring process."

Lysander was stunned. He thought, "The seventh young master of the Ellington family, isn't he

disabled? Why would Mr. Percy pretend to be him?"

He had never met Percival and didn't know the man standing before him as Mr. Percy was actually the

so-called useless young master of the Ellington family.

But he quickly pieced together some things. Percival and Mr. Percy.

"I get it." Lysander showed Percival around the campus. After getting a brief understanding, Percival

left with Leopold and the others.

Back in the car, Leopold couldn't hold back anymore. He asked, "Mr. Ellington, are you trying to escape some trouble by becoming a teacher? We're really busy, you know? We still haven't found that potion, and people from GTO has reached Havenwood. Shouldn't you be rushing to find the potion instead of messing around with teaching?"

Percival leaned back in his seat. His deep-set eyes were half-closed, and his long fingers rested on the leather seat. He spoke unhurriedly, "I have some leads on the potion."

"You found it? Where?" Leopold immediately pressed, "We should go get it right away."

Percival didn't answer. "I need to confirm it first!"

"But since you already have leads, we should." Leopold wanted to say more, but Percival cut him off, "I have my own plans."

Then he turned to look out the car window, his stern face revealing nothing of his feelings.

After a while, he withdrew his gaze, took out his phone, and looked at a piece of information he'd received last night.

It was a top-secret level S file. The name on it was Vivienne!

He had ten files on Vivienne.

Each one was the same, except for this level S top-secret file.

There was very little information about Vivienne, not even a picture. Even in this level S file, there was no photo of Vivienne.

Other files showed that Vivienne moved to a place in the mountains at nine, left at nineteen, and then joined the Hawthorn family. He had a general understanding of what happened, and not much was left out.

The level S file showed that Vivienne was a strong learner from a young age. She took a university entrance exam at fourteen and became a nationally famous prodigy. At sixteen, she received double doctorate degrees in medicine and biochemistry from Elite University.

This big news was suppressed in a very short time, so very few people knew about Vivienne's past.

Besides, there was Vivienne's mother, Evelyn. She and Dorian met nineteen years ago. Afterward,

Dorian insisted on marrying her. Rumor had it that Evelyn was a rural woman, but after marrying into the Hawthorn family, she used a perfume formula to bring a declining family into the real circle of

Havenwood's elite in just one year.

Evelyn never made public appearances, and there was no news about her even in Havenwood's media.

He had investigated Evelyn, but he could not find any information about her, such as her age, appearance, or family situation.

The time when Evelyn entered the Hawthorn family and the time when that potion entered Havenwood were very coincidental.

He suspected Evelyn was related to the potion, so he asked the National Archives to get Evelyn and Vivienne's files. They gave him Vivienne's file, but for Evelyn's file—they simply told him that this was the highest level of confidential information, and only the highest authority could review it.

He had an answer in his mind, but something felt off.

He needed to verify it personally and test it. Only through Vivienne could he find the truth!

"Back to the villa. Pick up Isolde." Percival put away his phone and ordered.

Thomas responded. The car made a U-turn, heading towards the villa.

Cloudcrest High School.

Right now, the students of Class Eighteen were painfully filling in their test papers.

When was the last time any of them had even held a pen?

Now they had to fill in all these test papers, and it was like torture. The worst part was that they could

read the words on the papers, but they didn't understand them, and they had no idea what to write.

They really wanted to rip the papers up, but seeing Vivienne sitting at the front of the class, they had to

hold back.

There was a very strict person there. If they dared to rip up their papers, they would definitely be

punished.

After handing out the test papers, Vivienne ignored the students.

When the class was finally over, she got up and casually picked up a test paper from a student in the

first row. She frowned. "Over forty minutes and you only did five multiple-choice questions."

The student looked like he was about to cry. "Ms. Vivienne, please spare me. I really don't know how to

do this. I looked at all the questions on this paper, and I only knew how to do these five."

Getting five right was thanks to his fairly decent memory. At least he remembered some of the

knowledge he learned in his first year of high school, otherwise he wouldn't know a single one.

Vivienne put down the test paper and walked over to the other students. The situation was just the same.

On a single test paper, the most anyone had done was only a part of the questions, and the rest only managed a pitiful few.

What was even worse, Charlotte didn't do a single question on her first-year test paper.

Vivienne was silent.

She felt like punching someone. Was that allowed?

She massaged her temples, silently put Charlotte's test paper back, and then walked to the front of the classroom. "I asked you to do what you know, instead of finishing a test paper in one class."

At this pace, they wouldn't be able to finish all the test papers in a week.

"Take a break. After the next course starts, just answer the questions you know. Leave the rest blank, and you need to finish all the questions today."

"You should have said that earlier!" Logan had greatly admired Vivienne since he met her. When she

wasn't angry, she was quite approachable, so he wasn't as scared of Vivienne now, he said, "If we can leave the questions we don't know blank, then we wouldn't need a whole day. We could finish in one course."

Vivienne ignored this blowhard.

However, the fact proved that her assessment of these good-for-nothing, irresponsible students with nothing in their heads was still too high.

Chapter 55

The kids from Class Eighteen showed Vivienne their true colors. They finished all their test papers in a single lesson. What a waste of their talents!

They wrapped them up in just fifteen minutes.

Looking at the blank test papers they handed in, Vivienne only felt a profound sense of helplessness and depression.

She was sure that the next three months would not be the bottom of these kids' lives, but hers!

She was such a fool to have agreed to teach for Lysander!

She took a deep breath, trying to suppress the anger in her chest.

Then she began to mark the papers.

The students finished their tests fast, and she marked them just as fast.

With all the unfinished blanks, she couldn't be quicker!

The best score in the class was surprisingly Logan, who got a B on the freshman test.

As for the other papers, they didn't even get her started. It just pissed her off!

He only got a D in the sophomore comprehensive exam.

And for the senior comprehensive exam, he got an F.

The rest were even worse. They all got Fs in the senior comprehensive. Freshmen and sophomores could barely scrape a D.

She felt the sense of helplessness and depression rising again.

She wanted to yell, "Are you guys fools?"

If they didn't know the other questions, that was fine, but they could at least guess a few right in the multiple-choice, right?

But someone didn't even get a single multiple-choice question right.

That person was Ms. Redwood, Charlotte!

"You have half an hour to go to the principal and get textbooks from first year to senior year, one set for each person." Vivienne suppressed her anger before she could say it.

She planned to let the teachers teach them after she tamed these students.

But now, this plan was obviously not going to work.

If they couldn't even handle freshman papers, they won't understand even if a freshman teacher was brought in.

She could only start teaching from the simpler parts.

There was an exception, and that was Ms. Redwood. She needed to start learning from elementary school textbooks.

Vivienne felt a headache coming on.

Seeing Vivienne's unpleasant face, nobody dared to disobey her. They obediently went to the principal for books.

As soon as Lysander heard it was Vivienne who made the students come, he immediately arranged for someone to do it, and he couldn't stop laughing.

Was Vivienne planning to teach in person?

If she was teaching, Class Eighteen was a sure thing.

After the students left, Vivienne remained silent for a while. She took out her phone and made a call.

The call was quickly answered, and Vivienne said respectfully, "Mr. James."

"Hmm?"

Mr. James, who was busy doing academic research, answered the phone without looking at the caller.

When he heard the voice, he paused, looked at the screen on his phone, and suddenly stood up,

saying in surprise, "Vivienne! You finally decided to call me."

His voice was filled with excitement.

Vivienne was speechless, not understanding why Mr. James was so excited.

"Mr. James, how have you been? Is your health okay?" Vivienne asked.

Mr. James paused for a moment, and then his tone rose a few notches, "You don't usually call me on

your own! Tell me, what's your evil plan this time?"

He knew this proud student of his better than anyone. If there was nothing to discuss, she wouldn't

bother him. If there was something, she definitely needed him!

Although Vivienne didn't always communicate with him face-to-face, she did care about him a lot. Every year, she would regularly send him health pills and give him gifts during holidays, but she would never appear in person.

"Um." Vivienne felt exposed, coughed twice awkwardly and said, "I need a favor from you!"

"I knew it!" Mr. James said, "Tell me, what do you need help with?"

"I want you and your team to come to Cloudcrest High School Class Eighteen to teach over forty students. Their grades are a bit poor and might need to start from the simplest knowledge. And

Lysander will cover the payment." There's no way she was paying for it! novelbin

Her financial situation was tight.

She needed to earn money to take care of her father and stepmother, a kindergarten-going little brother, and a sister she had never met.

She needed money!

"What?" Mr. James yelled, stomping his foot in anger, "I am a professor in the Department of Physics at Elite University. I teach geniuses with talent, and you want me to teach a bunch of failing students?

Starting from the simplest knowledge?"

Mr. James felt like he was about to explode!

This was so infuriating!

He knew Vivienne wouldn't bother him unless it was something serious.

Class Eighteen of Cloudcrest High School was infamous nationwide. These students didn't play by the

rules and didn't listen to instructions. These were their labels.

He didn't want to teach them because it would affect his mental health!

Vivienne was a bit embarrassed, "I got a job. I became the tutor of Class Eighteen!"

"Beep beep beep!"

Before Vivienne could finish her sentence, Mr. James hung up.

Vivienne was speechless.

She called again, but Mr. James just wouldn't answer.

Vivienne rubbed her temples. She sighed lightly, then opened her phone and sent a text to Mr. James,

[About Atticus, I promise.]

Just as the message was sent, her phone rang within two seconds. She smiled slightly and answered

the call.

All she heard was Mr. James talking fast, "I'll be there at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

She hung up and the students of Class Eighteen came in with textbooks. Because there were so many textbooks, they had to run three times to get them all.

"Starting tomorrow, there will be teachers to teach you from the simplest knowledge. After school at noon today, I will give you half a day off. Have a good meal, relax, and cherish this half-day."

Vivienne continued, "Because, for the next three months, you guys won't have any breaks and you all need to live on campus."

"Ah! No way!"

The classroom suddenly exploded with cries of disbelief!

This was just too much!

They had no breaks, and they needed to live on campus for three whole months!

"Silence!" Vivienne shouted, instantly silencing the room.

"I will have Lysander notify your parents about the boarding situation. This decision is final, and I won't accept any dissent."

Then Vivienne looked at them. "If you have any objections, speak now."

No one said a word.

Objections? Was Ms. Vivienne joking?

She had already said she won't accept any dissent! Who would dare to object?

"Ms. Vivienne, we have no objections. We will completely follow your decision." Logan was the first to stand up and speak.

He was now a hardcore fan of Vivienne!

He was willing to listen to Vivienne.

Most importantly, he wanted to study hard and get into a good college!

Finally, there was a teacher who was willing to teach them seriously. He would definitely cooperate.

Whether he could get into college or not wasn't the main point. The main point was that he had tried his best, so that he wouldn't be regretful in the future.

Most importantly, if he could get into college, he would have the confidence to confess to the girl of his dreams!

Right now, he didn't dare to confess, afraid to scare her off.

If Logan was willing to comply, what could the others say?

Oberon had been scared silent by Vivienne.

Charlotte was Vivienne's good friend, so she wouldn't object.

And so, the matter of studying was happily settled.

Before long, the bell rang for a break. Vivienne headed to the cafeteria for lunch.

She had told Cordelia in the morning not to prepare lunch for her. The distance from Tranquil Estates to

Cloudcrest High School was too far, and it was inconvenient to travel back and forth.

As she made her way to the cafeteria, she saw the students from Class Eighteen also heading the

same way. She was a little surprised, "Aren't you guys going home?"

Logan answered, "We'll go home after lunch. No one leaves lunch for us at home."

They usually had lunch at school. Since it was a sudden day off, naturally no one would leave lunch for them at home.

Vivienne nodded, not saying anything.

She entered the cafeteria with the students from Class Eighteen. She was about to buy something to

eat when Logan loudly offered, "Ms. Vivienne, I'll buy the food for you!"

His voice was loud, and everyone around heard that.

The cafeteria instantly quieted down.

After a while, someone spoke, "Is there something wrong with my ears? Did Logan just call—Ms.

Vivienne?"

"I heard it too. He was really respectful!"

"Yes, yes, yes! What's going on? Where did this teacher come from? There's no teacher here, right?"

Chapter 56

Teachers at Cloudcrest High School all had their own dorms, so they usually didn't come to the

cafeteria for lunch. Most of them cooked in their dorms instead.

So, when news spread that a teacher was coming over, everyone was taken aback.

All eyes turned to Logan, who was seen flashing a polite smile at a pretty girl around their age.

"No need. I can do it myself," Vivienne refused.

"Ms. Vivienne, you've been working hard for our class. I should do this," Logan insisted.

He'd learned something that morning: stick to Vivienne to get the good stuff.

"Alright then!" said Vivienne. "I'm not picky. Just get whatever."

Most of the cafeteria food was fast food.

Vivienne wasn't a big fan of fast food, but since she was in the cafeteria, she'd have to make do.

"Okay." Logan quickly went off to get Vivienne's food.

This scene left all the students astonished.

They hadn't misheard. Logan was really addressing a teacher, a girl around their age.

Before long, the students started to whisper amongst themselves.

"What's happening? Has Logan changed?"

"Not just Logan, everyone in Class Eighteen seems to be different. Don't you think?"

"You're right! They didn't pick on anyone today. They're all behaving themselves. If we didn't know

better, we'd think they were model students!"

"Isn't that girl the new transfer student? Why is Logan referring to her as the teacher?"

The students were buzzing with chatter, their voices getting louder. Normally, the people from Class

Eighteen would cause a ruckus, but not today. Vivienne had just set down the law. Who'd dare to stir up

trouble now?

Vivienne didn't care about all that. She suddenly remembered she hadn't given Logan money and stood up to find him.

As she got up, she bumped into someone, "Sis?"

Arabella looked at Vivienne in disbelief, "What are you doing here?"

Then, as if something clicked, she muttered to herself, "Sis, have you finally agreed to Grandma's plan to come to school?"

She glanced at the students from Class Eighteen beside Vivienne and smiled, "They haven't been bullying you, right? If they do, just tell me. I'll make sure they pay."

Unlike others, Arabella wasn't afraid of the students from Class Eighteen. In fact, none of the students from rich and powerful families were scared of them.

"Why don't you ask them if they dare to bully me?" Vivienne said with a playful glint in her eyes.

Arabella was confused. Vivienne didn't look like she'd been bullied at all.

How could that be?

Everyone knew what kind of people were in Class Eighteen!

Every student or teacher that entered Class Eighteen had to go through some tough times, unless they were able to stand their ground.

Arabella thought for a moment, and then it hit her, "As long as you're not being bullied, that's what matters. I guess you wouldn't be scared of those lowlifes since you grew up in the countryside!"

Although it seemed like she was showing concern for Vivienne, she was actually making fun of her for being from a lower social class.

"What did you just say?" Oberon, who had just been put in his place by Vivienne, was now being mocked by Arabella. He was furious, "Who are you calling a lowlife?"

"Did I say something wrong?" Arabella smirked, "Don't you guys know what kind of reputation Class Eighteen has in this school? My sister came from the countryside. She doesn't know any better, but everyone at Cloudcrest High School knows who you guys are."

"Ugh!" A student next to Oberon couldn't take it anymore, "I can't stand it. I want to punch her!"

"Go ahead, punch her!"

Arabella laughed, "You dare to hit me? If you don't mind going to jail, then go ahead."

She wasn't scared of the people from Class Eighteen at all.

Because she was a famous talented girl from Havenwood, the daughter of the Hawthorn family. Even if people were scared of Class Eighteen, they'd still stand by her side.

How many of them were in Class Eighteen?

Did they dare to go against the entire school?

In fact, not only was she not afraid, but she often provoked the students from Class Eighteen and openly targeted them. Her sharp words often left the students from Class Eighteen with no choice but to swallow their anger.

As a result, she was adored by many students!

In their eyes, she was the embodiment of justice who dared to stand against evil!

"You!" Oberon was so angry he almost spat blood.

In his life, he'd only ever been frustrated by two people, one was Vivienne, and the other was Arabella!

Did Arabella just call Vivienne 'sis'?

They really were two peas in a pod. They were both so annoying!

Especially Arabella!

This two-faced girl always liked to play mind games. The students from Class Eighteen often suffered at her hands, so they tried their best to avoid upsetting her.

Arabella let out a soft laugh, making sure to speak loud enough for everyone to hear, "Let me introduce you all. This is my sister, the newly acknowledged daughter of the Hawthorn family who's been living in the Emerald Monastery in Eldoria City and isn't familiar with city life."

"Since she hasn't received a formal education, my grandma arranged for her to attend Class Eighteen.

Please don't bully her for not knowing anything. As long as I'm here, I won't let anyone bully my sister."

Vivienne laughed, looking at Arabella as though she were a complete moron.

She stepped up to Arabella, towering over her by a good half a head. "How did you get so shameless?"

She asked, looking down at Arabella.

Arabella was speechless, and then put on a hurt face. "Sis, what do you mean? I was just trying to stand up for you."

Coral, who was standing nearby, immediately jumped to Arabella's defense. "Vivienne, you're being way over the line! You've been picking on Arabella all this time and now when she's trying to help you, and you're still badmouthing her. Are you even human?"

"I'm not human, are you?" Vivienne shot back coldly, her harsh tone sending shivers down people's

spines. "If you want to act like a dog, go ahead. Just don't bark at me. I hate hearing dogs yapping!"

Coral was so angry her face turned pale, but she was too stunned to say a word.

The folks from Class Eighteen, however, were secretly cheering.

Ms. Vivienne not only handled situations well, but her words were also razor sharp!

Looking at Arabella's fuming face, they couldn't help chuckling.

Well done!

This teacher was worth praising!

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have stolen your thunder." Arabella suddenly began to sob. "I was just

thinking that you've just arrived at the school and might have a hard time fitting in, so I spoke up for

you. I'm sorry. From now on, I won't steal your thunder anymore."

Hearing this, the other students looked at Vivienne with disgust.

Arabella was such a scheming person!

Vivienne smirked, walking up to Arabella and stopping just an inch away. "You're addicted to playing

the rich girl, huh? You are flaunting your superiority in front of a real rich girl like me. Who gave you the guts? I haven't even settled the score with you for drugging me, and you think you're hot stuff?"

Chapter 57

Arabella's face suddenly flushed. She bit her lips tightly, "Sis, what are you talking about? What drug? I don't get it."

Even though that incident caused quite a stir at the time, the Hawthorn family managed to keep a lid on it. Plus, the news about her drugging someone never made the headlines!

Though it was still a hot topic for gossip, it didn't really affect her.

Vivienne just brought it up in public.

"You should count your lucky stars that you're Mr. Hawthorn's adopted daughter, not Beatrice's."

Vivienne raised her eyes, radiating a chilliness from head to toe.

If it weren't for Arabella being Dorian's adopted daughter, Vivienne, a popular talent in Havenwood, would have been the town's talk.

"I really don't know what you're talking about, sis. Did I offend you somehow and make you angry?"

Arabella's eyes welled up with tears. She looked so fragile and helpless that it tugged at people's heartstrings.

Vivienne didn't even bother to spare her another glance. "Whether you truly don't understand or are just

playing dumb. Stop bothering me. And don't even think about comparing your shallow knowledge to

mine, because you're not even on my level."

Vivienne turned to leave, but after a few steps, she abruptly stopped. "Since you're studying medicine, I

suggest you get your head checked. What I said yesterday was that I'm going to teach at Cloudcrest

High School!"

"What?" Arabella was so shocked that she couldn't even pretend anymore, almost popping her eyes

out. "A teacher?"

Was this a joke?

She thought Vivienne was just joking around yesterday!

Even now, she believed this was a joke!

Vivienne didn't reply. Charlotte, who was standing nearby, couldn't wait to step up. She held Vivienne's

arm and said cheerfully, "Ms. Vivienne, why don't we go eat outside? There's an annoying fly in the

cafeteria today. Eating here might upset our stomachs."

Without even glancing at Arabella, Charlotte continued, "There's a buffet restaurant outside the school.

They have a variety of delicious food, especially their cakes. They're scrumptious. It's not crowded at this hour, so no one will fight us for the food."

"Cake!" Vivienne's eyes lit up, "Let's go!"

She badly needed a piece of cake to sweeten her sour mood!

It had nothing to do with Arabella. She was just ticked off by the shocking grades of her fellow classmates.

"Make way. Who's picking on Ms. Vivienne, I'll show them."

Logan had originally gone to get Vivienne's meal. Back in the day, Class Eighteen never had to line up in the cafeteria, but since Vivienne set the rule of not making any trouble, he had to queue up obediently.

With so many students, the queue was long. Before he even got his meal, someone from Class Eighteen came to tell him that someone was giving Ms. Vivienne a hard time. Even Oberon was defeated. He immediately rushed over.

He didn't even get his food!

Logan pushed through the crowd, and immediately spotted Arabella. His temper flared up instantly, "It's

you again, Arabella. You've picked on our Class Eighteen before. I let you off once because of the

Hawthorn family's influence. But you dare to pick on Ms. Vivienne today! Are you asking for it?"

After saying that, he charged forward, ready to take action.

Although Logan was a bit of a tough guy, he did have his principles, especially about not hitting girls. Of

course, Vivienne and Arabella were exceptions.

Vivienne was so powerful that Logan had to submit to her.

Logan had long wanted to give this hypocrite Arabella a piece of his mind.

But just as he was about to act, Vivienne quickly grabbed his collar and yanked him back.

Before he could regain his balance, Vivienne had already smacked him on the forehead. "You shouldn't

fight with lowly creatures. It'll ruin your image."

Arabella yelled angrily. Was she being referred to as a lowly creature?

Logan looked confused, "Did God ever say something like that?"

Vivienne answered, "No, I made it up."

Logan was silent for a moment. "Oh, I get it. You mean if a dog bites you and you bite it back, you become just like the dog, right? Especially if it's a mad dog, we should just stay away from it." Logan said seriously.

Arabella was so angry she almost spat blood.

But the thought of Vivienne being Class Eighteen's teacher was all that filled her mind.

After a moment of silence, she asked, "Sis, are you really Class Eighteen's teacher? Did Mr. Ellington arrange this for you? Are you messing around? You don't even have professional training. How can you teach others? Class Eighteen's grades are bad enough. You can't drag them down any further."

She absolutely couldn't let Vivienne teach at Cloudcrest High School.

They both were daughters of the Hawthorn family, and Vivienne was a teacher while she was a student. Was that reasonable?

Even if Vivienne got the job through some special connection, it was not acceptable!

She would die from anger.

Before Vivienne could respond, Arabella continued, "You should focus on studying. Maybe you could

get into a university in the future. What you're doing now is just wasting your own time, and Class Eighteen's."

"Yeah, look at yourself. Thinking about being a teacher, people will laugh their teeth off!" Coral chimed in.

Vivienne glanced at her. "If you laugh your teeth out, put them in a bag and go to the dentist to get them fixed."

"You're the one who'll lose your teeth!" Coral retorted angrily.

Vivienne used to be the quiet type, but why has she suddenly turned into a chatterbox today?

"Oh, so you're dissing me now, huh? You didn't show me respect." Vivienne said.

Then Vivienne took out her phone and dialed a number.

As soon as the call connected, Vivienne said, "Principal, Arabella and Coral here. They're disrespecting me. They even insulted me. Please, I need you to publicly criticize them in front of the whole school."

"Sis!"

"Vivienne!"

Arabella and Coral yelled simultaneously, their faces turning red as tomatoes, fuming with anger.

Arabella's hands were clenched into fists, biting her lip so hard that she was about to draw blood.

Her voice trembling. "When have I ever disrespected you? Everyone saw that I've always been polite to you."

Vivienne barely lifted her eyelids, "Where are we?"

"School!" Arabella answered reflexively.

"Oh."

Arabella was speechless.

Oh? Was that all? Then why did Vivienne tattlet?

What would she do if she got publicly shamed in front of the whole school?

"Vivienne! Have you lost your mind, tattling to the principal over such a petty thing?" Coral's eyes were bulging out of their sockets.

Their lives couldn't afford a single blemish.

"Yes, I'm a snitch. Got a problem with that?" Vivienne said calmly.

Coral couldn't say anything.

Vivienne! She was not even embarrassed saying that!

Just as Coral was about to argue with Vivienne, a voice came from the school broadcast room.

"Arabella and Coral, for disrespecting and insulting a teacher, you are now being publicly criticized over the school broadcast system. This will be recorded as a demerit."

Arabella and Coral were both speechless.

Chapter 58

In the broadcasting room, the announcement was being played over and over again, making Arabella and Coral cringe in embarrassment.

Sure, the school had a system for criticizing mistakes, but it was usually done briefly during school assemblies. But today, through the loudspeaker, it was announced continuously.

And it was loud, making sure everyone heard it.

What's worse, Vivienne only asked the principal to criticize them, but he not only criticized them but also marked a demerit on their records.

The college entrance exam was coming up, and a demerit could affect their future!

Arabella's hand clenched tightly, her sharp nails digging into her flesh. She didn't notice the pain, and her delicate face was filled with anger.

She took several deep breaths, suppressing her anger, and managed a forced smile. "Sis, we're family, are you really gonna treat me like this? I know you don't like me, because Dad adopted me, and you think I stole your happiness. But I never intended to compete with you. Ever since you came back, I've been giving way to you, but why can't you let me be?" Tears streamed down her face, her crying was heartbreaking.

Vivienne glanced at her indifferently, "Please call me Ms. Vivienne! If you don't want to, I don't mind giving you another announcement."

Vivienne was not interested in Arabella's hypocrisy. On the contrary, she thought Arabella had a knack for acting. If she entered the entertainment industry, she would definitely win awards.

But she thought this kind of acting was just too fake.

She turned around and walked out with Charlotte. After a few steps, she stopped. Her voice was filled with a hint of coldness, "Arabella! I don't care what your plans are for the Hawthorn family, but if you dare to plot against Mr. Hawthorn and the others, I'll make sure you get to know me."

Then she left without looking back.

Logan and Oberon and the rest of Class Eighteen immediately followed.

"Ms. Vivienne, aren't you eating?" Logan looked apologetic, "There were so many people. We've been queuing for a long time and still haven't gotten our food."

"I'll treat you guys to a meal outside." Vivienne couldn't stop thinking about the cake from the buffet

Charlotte mentioned!

"Great!" The students of Class Eighteen were thrilled.

After they left, the students in the cafeteria were stunned.

They hadn't heard the announcement on the broadcast.

Knowing that Vivienne was Class Eighteen's teacher, everyone was shocked.

They couldn't even hear the noise outside.

After a long while, someone shouted, "Oh my god, Class Eighteen's head teacher is a girl who's almost our age! And she's got Class Eighteen all sorted out!"

"Yeah! I went to get food just now and saw Logan in line. I thought I was seeing things."

"Ms. Vivienne is amazing, isn't she? How did she manage to tame those unruly students?"

The surrounding chatter grew louder and louder, and everyone was praising Vivienne.

Arabella listened, feeling very embarrassed.

In the past, when she was in trouble, these students would help her. But today, even though she had hinted, no one stood up for her.

They were even praising Vivienne.

"I think Ms. Vivienne is special. Not only did she render the students of Class Eighteen powerless, she even got the principal to defend her. She only wanted the principal to criticize Arabella and Coral, but the principal even marked them a demerit."

"Didn't you hear the conversation between Ms. Vivienne and Arabella? Ms. Vivienne is the biological daughter of the Hawthorn family. I heard my mom say a few days ago that Dorian found his lost daughter who had been missing for ten years. But Ms. Vivienne is even more beautiful than Arabella."

"I think it's strange. Arabella just said that it was Ms. Vivienne who was targeting her, but it was obviously Arabella who provoked first."

Hearing these words, Arabella turned pale.

These ungrateful people!

When they needed her help in the past, they would flatter her. But now, seeing Vivienne become a teacher, they changed their attitude immediately.

Arabella looked at Coral with a wronged expression, "Coral, I didn't know it would turn out like this. I just saw my sister here and wanted to say hello. She probably doesn't like me."

Coral, who had been unjustly marked a demerit, was very angry with Vivienne. Hearing the students blaming Arabella, she couldn't help but retort, "What do you guys know? It's clearly Vivienne who's been causing trouble for Arabella since she came back. She's just jealous that Arabella is better than her."

The students fell silent.

Coral continued to defend Arabella, "She came to be a teacher through special channels. You guys investigate. Who doesn't know she grew up in the countryside? She didn't step out of the mountains for ten years. Did she even go to school? Don't you guys know what kind of people are in Class Eighteen?

If she can manage the students of Class Eighteen, it proves that she is even more ruthless. Her managing Class Eighteen will only make things worse. Having her in school is an insult to us. And tell me honestly, are you willing to call someone who hasn't been to school a teacher?"

Some of the students began to waver.

That was right!

Vivienne never went to school, but through special connections, she became a teacher. She might be able to discipline the people in Class Eighteen, but she was a teacher in this school.

As a teacher, they should greet Vivienne respectfully.

After all, they were not like the people in Class Eighteen. They knew respecting teachers was the basic courtesy.

But honestly, they didn't want to accept such a person as a teacher.

"Coral, zip it. I think my sis just finds teaching fun. Give it a few days and she'll probably lose interest and quit." Arabella chimed in.

Hearing this, some students got riled up. "Does she think teaching is a game? What does she think this place is? This is a place for learning, not for her amusement."

"Exactly! This is a crucial time for us. We have college entrance exams in three months. We can't afford to be messed up by her."

"No way! I have to tell my parents and get them to talk to the principal. We can't have her messing around in school. It'll affect my studies. If that costs me my college admission, it'd be a total disaster."

"Yeah, I'll get my parents on it too! She can't be allowed to work here!"

Seeing everyone getting all fired up, a smirk crept onto Arabella's face.

She thought, "Vivienne! You were not even in my league! Let's see how the mighty Ellington family is going to stand against the pressure from the parents on the principal."

Just as everyone was getting ready for dinner, a student burst into the cafeteria, all excited, "Guys, check Twitter! Mr. James from Elite University's physics department just posted that he and his team will be coming to teach at our school!"

"What!" The students were flabbergasted. "Mr. James is the most authoritative professor in Elite University's physics department. All his students are super talented."

"More importantly, Mr. James is bringing his team. They were all professors, and they all teach different courses."

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's phone home, and get our parents to pressure the principal to kick Ms. Vivienne out. We can't let Mr. James know our school has a teacher like her."

So, the students sprang into action.

Arabella's smile got even brighter.

It seemed that even the man upstairs was on her side.

Chapter 59

Vivienne and the students of Class Eighteen went out for a buffet. Charlotte really knew how to

appreciate good food. She picked a killer spot.

Especially for the cakes.

Vivienne basically didn't eat anything else, just the cakes.

This was probably the most satisfying meal she's had since leaving the mountains.

But Charlotte was a bit miffed. "A buffet worth over a hundred bucks and you were just eating the

cake? You were wasting food. You should try other dishes. Just eating cake didn't even cover the cost."

Vivienne replied, "As long as there's cake, I don't need anything else."

Even though they didn't have her favorite strawberry cake, the other cakes were still pretty good.

However, this meal ended up costing her over five grand for more than forty people, which stung a bit.

After the meal, the students of Class Eighteen got to know their new teacher better and became closer

to Vivienne.

She might seem icy on the surface, but she was actually easy to talk to and liked to joke around. Even

if her jokes were sometimes a bit lame, everyone still loved her.

After the meal, all the students went home.

Vivienne also went back to her home in Tranquil Estates.

Just as she got to the door, she could hear laughter coming from inside.

She opened the door, and a kid threw himself into her arms, "Vivienne, you're back! I've been waiting so long."

Isolde was hugging Vivienne's legs, her face full of smiles.

He was genuinely happy to see Vivienne.

"What are you doing here?" Vivienne picked him up and walked into the living room. She looked up to see Percival in his wheelchair, along with Leopold and Thomas sitting on the couch.

Dorian was pouring them coffee. They were chatting about something and Dorian was laughing happily.

Vivienne was surprised. Wasn't Mr. Hawthorn supposed to be at work at Alliance Enterprises?

"Vivienne, you're back," Dorian said with a smile, "Come over here. Mr. Ellington said you like

strawberry cake. He bought a bunch of them. I tried one, and it tastes really good."

Without waiting for Vivienne to respond, Dorian continued, "It's all Dad's fault. I forgot your favorite

strawberry cake. From now on, I'll buy it for you every day."

Vivienne said, "You should've said so earlier."

She had been wanting to eat strawberry cake, but the buffet didn't have any. Now that she was already

full, but she could still eat another piece.

She walked over with Isolde in her arms and saw more than twenty different kinds of strawberry cakes.

She picked up a piece of strawberry cake and started eating with a spoon. Her eyes lit up. It did taste

good!

It was even better than the place she tried yesterday.

She looked at Percival, "Mr. Ellington, where did you get this cake?"

Percival smiled, "I had the chef make it specially. Do you like it?"

Vivienne nodded, "Not bad."

Suddenly, Percival seemed a lot more likeable.

Yup! Definitely not because of the strawberry cake!

Vivienne paused, spoon in hand. Wait, Vivienne?

Were they on a nickname basis now?

Seeing her pause, Percival thought she was worried there wasn't enough cake, so he said, "Eating too

many sweets is bad for you. Two pieces of cake is just right."

Vivienne looked away, "Thank you."

His reasoning was sound.

As his fiancée, it was normal to eat two pieces of his cake every day, right?

After saying that, Vivienne turned to Dorian, "Mr. Hawthorn, didn't you go to work?"

"Indeed, it was my first day at work. I filled out all the paperwork. But there was an important meeting at

the company today, so they asked me to come back and familiarize myself with the company's

documents. They'll send someone to brief me tomorrow when they have time."

Vivienne nodded. Then didn't say anything more, focusing on her cake.

She was already full from the buffet, and then she ate two more cakes when she got home. She was really stuffed now.

"Vivienne, this is for you." Isolde took out a gift box from her bag and handed it to Vivienne.

"What is this?" Vivienne took the box and asked.

"This is my engagement gift to you." Isolde whispered in Vivienne's ear, "I bought it with my own pocket money, not with my brother's."

When Isolde first came to Havenwood and heard her brother was getting engaged, she wanted to buy a gift for her brother's fiancée.

At that time, he bought a pair of earrings. His grandpa said Arabella was his brother's fiancée, and he thought they would suit her, so he bought them.

Then he fell ill and his brother's fiancée became Vivienne, so he bought a new necklace.

As for the earrings, he gave them to Eartha.

Vivienne opened the box and found a diamond necklace inside. It was the latest style, but the diamonds were small, probably worth over a thousand dollars.

Vivienne smiled, "It's beautiful, I love it. Thank you."

The Ellington family was wealthy, so Isolde didn't have to worry about food or clothing, but they didn't give her too much money.

Isolde bought her a necklace worth over a thousand dollars with her own pocket money, and Vivienne was deeply touched.

Vivienne didn't refuse and put the box away, saying to Isolde, "I've accepted your gift, and I'll get you one too. What do you like?"

Isolde shook her head, "Vivienne, you've already given me the best gift. You cured my illness. I don't know how to thank you. I don't need you to give me a gift." Isolde paused. "But there is something I really need your help with."

"What is it?"

"So, here's the thing." Isolde glanced at Percival cautiously and whispered. "My brother wants to send me back to Rivenwood, but I don't wanna go back. I want to stay here and play with you. Can you help me convince him?"

Vivienne turned to Percival, "Why not let Isolde stay in Havenwood?"

"I've got some business to take care of. It's not convenient for Isolde to stay here," Percival replied.

"Oh." Vivienne didn't want to meddle in Percival's business and planned to persuade Isolde to go back, but Isolde gave her a pitiful look.

She had no choice but to say, "If Isolde wants to stay, let her stay. I like her."

"Vivienne!" Percival frowned, "There are some dangerous things."

Percival's words were vague, but Vivienne got the message.

She had to tell Isolde, "Isolde."

"Vivienne, don't you want me anymore?" Isolde's eyes welled up with tears, looking utterly wronged.

Vivienne couldn't say a word.

She couldn't bear to watch someone cry, especially when it was such a cute little girl.

After a moment of silence, she patiently told Isolde, "Be a good girl, listen to your brother and go back.

I'll visit you when I have time."

Considering all factors, she still insisted on her point of view.

It was not suitable for Isolde to stay with Percival.

"Sis, even if I go back, no one cares about me," Isolde pleaded. "I wanted to attend your and bro's

engagement party. Besides, Grandpa is also in Havenwood. My brother doesn't let Grandpa go back but wants me to go back. I'm so lonely. There are no friends in Rivenwood that I can play with. I'm always alone in my room. Sis, I've just recovered from my illness, and I want to be happy." As she spoke, tears began to flow from Isolde's eyes.

Once she started crying, Vivienne's heart softened.

She told Percival, "How about letting her stay? She can live in my house!"

"Okay!"

"Okay!"

Two people said simultaneously.

One was Percival.

The other was Isolde.

They agreed so readily that Vivienne suddenly felt like she had walked into a trap.

She glared at them and retreated back to her room.

These siblings were crafty. Neither of them was simple.

Chapter 60

When Arabella got home, she went straight to her room without even having dinner.

She wasn't hungry or anything. She just didn't feel like eating.

The thought of Vivienne weaseling her way into a teaching job at Class Eighteen got her all sorts of worked up.

Who did she think she was becoming a teacher?

If that were the case, with her smarts, she could be a teacher too.

But that was not what she wanted. She wanted to get into Elite University on her own merit, and then climb her way to the top.

The sound of knocking came from outside the door, followed by the nanny's voice, "Ms. Arabella, Doreen's here. Your grandma wants you downstairs."

Hearing the title gave her the creeps.

Before Vivienne came back, she was the lady of the Hawthorn family. After Vivienne returned, even though she didn't live at the family estate, people started calling her Ms. Arabella, like they were reminding her she was adopted.

Arabella brushed off her thoughts. She got up, opened the door, and went downstairs.

When she saw who was on the couch in the living room, she froze.

It was Doreen!

She married into the Churchill family.

Last time at the party, Doreen asked Arabella to help her daughter with her illness, but then she never came back.

She thought the story from the party got out and Doreen changed her mind, asking Vivienne to help instead.

Thinking about the party, Arabella was really pissed at Vivienne.

Ever since Joseph's affair was exposed, Octavia had been pushing for a divorce.

Joseph flat-out refused, so there was a big family feud that hadn't ended yet.

Of course, Grandma looked down on the nanny and quickly kicked her out, but Joseph still insisted on keeping the nanny and refused to divorce Octavia, which was infuriating.

What was worse, Joseph took his anger out on her, thinking her behavior was inappropriate and put him in a tough spot.

"Ms. Hawthorn!"

Seeing Arabella come downstairs, Doreen got up immediately. She looked sorry and said, "I'm sorry, I

said I'd bring my daughter to see you for treatment, but she's been really traumatized after the car

accident. I've tried to get her to go out, but she refuses." Doreen looked helpless. "I came today to ask

if you could come over to my place to help my daughter."

Arabella was confused. Didn't word get out that Vivienne cured Isolde's illness?

"Don't worry, I won't let you make the trip for nothing. I'll pay you."

"Ms. Doreen, you're too polite. Bertha Baker is a friend of my grandma. We're like family, so never

mind," Arabella said with a smile, "I'll go with Ms. Doreen to check on Ms. Faye."

Doreen breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you so much!"

She paused, then asked, "When would be a good time?"

She was really anxious! Super anxious!

Her daughter's illness had been keeping her up at night.

Her daughter had been out of school for half a year, and hadn't been in the mood to study. She was

about to take the entrance exam, and she didn't know what to do if her daughter continued like this.

Arabella thought for a moment and said, "How about the weekend? You know, exams are coming up, and students are under a lot of pressure."

Most importantly, Mr. James's team was coming tomorrow. She needed to be fully prepared. She must get Mr. James's approval.

If she could impress Mr. James and get his personal guidance, the title of 'Havenwood's top student' this year would be a cinch.

"Ms. Doreen, I'm flattered." Arabella's smile was faint.

She had heard a lot of praise like this, and she was used to it.

After setting the time, Doreen didn't stay long and left.

After she left, Beatrice asked Arabella, "Arabella, are you sure you can cure Ms. Faye's illness?"

The Baker family held a high status in Havenwood, and Doreen married into the Churchill family in

Rivenwood. Beatrice. Beatrice didn't want any mistakes.

"I need to see the patient before I can say," Arabella bit her lip lightly and said, "But it should be fine.

Ms. Faye's disfigurement is due to a car accident. Dr. William has treated similar cases, and he's taught

me."

In reality, she only observed Dr. William perform similar treatments, and he didn't actually teach her.

She was just an external student, only learning the basics. Only Dr. William's actual students got to learn his real skills.

"That's good!" Beatrice said earnestly, "Arabella, be careful with this. We can't afford to offend the Churchill family in Rivenwood."

"I know, Grandma."

Cloudcrest High School.

At half-past seven in the morning, Vivienne arrived at school and went straight to her office, which was separate from the other teachers.

The first class started at eight, but they started reading at half-past seven.

On the way to her office, she had to pass the principal's office.

Just as she was nearing the principal's office, she heard a commotion inside. She was going to walk right past, but then she heard her name and stopped.

"Lysander, you have to fire Vivienne today no matter what. We won't accept a teacher who got the job

through connections."

"If you don't fire Vivienne, we'll all drop out. Make the decision, principal!"

"What on earth were you thinking, Principal? That Vivienne has only just come from the sticks where

she's never been schooled a day in her life, and only recently got taken in by the Hawthorn family.

Rumor has it she's been fooling around with that Mr. Ellington, and now you're making her a teacher?

How do you expect our kids to handle this?"

"Not only is she messing with Mr. Ellington, but I heard she's a thief. The Hawthorn family just swept it

under the rug. What kind of lowlife like her deserves to be a teacher?"

Poor Lysander had barely stepped foot in the school before he was ambushed by a posse of parents in

his office.

Everyone had a piece to say, giving him a real headache.

What really got his goat was hearing these people badmouth Vivienne.

These so-called refined, classy parents were just pulling rumors out of thin air, showing such malice

towards a girl. It was absolutely disgusting.

"Ms. Vivienne was personally hired to be a teacher for Class Eighteen. She's not teaching any subjects, nor will she be teaching any other classes. I've already discussed this with the parents of the students in Class Eighteen and they didn't kick up a fuss. So I'd appreciate it if you all quit causing a ruckus for nothing."

"Are you accusing us of causing trouble for nothing?" a parent fired back. "She has no qualifications or integrity. What right does she have to be a teacher? If she was teaching at another school, it'd be none of my business. But when it comes to teachers at Cloudcrest High School, I won't stand for it. I don't want my child calling someone like that 'teacher'."

"Exactly! Even if she's not teaching, she's still a teacher!"

"You put her in through the back door and you think you're right? We donate so much money every year. Is it so you can bring in troublemakers like her?"

If he wasn't the principal, he would want to slap these parents.

"Ms. Vivienne didn't come in through any back door. Her hiring process was completely above board!"

Lysander retorted through gritted teeth.

"Oh, so if you say there's no problem, is there really no problem? Quit spouting nonsense. If Vivienne

isn't fired today, we won't let this go!"