

Million-Dollar 511

Chapter 511

After breakfast, Vivienne hopped on her motorcycle and set out to the Boyd Mansion alone.

At the Boyd Mansion.

Wendy was, indeed, bedridden, completely unable to rise from her plush mattress that morning. It was during the previous day's ceremony that she had twisted her back, and a careless turn in her sleep had nearly snapped her fragile bones in two. Now, she lay there, immobile and in pain.

Eliza was beside herself with worry. "Mom, do you really want Vivienne to care for you? It's like throwing yourself to the wolves!"

Wendy gestured weakly towards the corner of the room. "Take a closer look. What do you see?"

Eliza's eyes followed her mother's direction, and she gasped in understanding.

A hidden camera was tucked away in the corner, cleverly disguised to blend in with the ornate plasterwork. To the untrained eye, it was virtually undetectable.

Someone like Vivienne, unfamiliar with the intricate workings of the Boyd household, would never notice its presence.

If Vivienne behaved and took care of Wendy, everything would be fine. After all, Wendy only wanted to

trap her here so she could not cause a scene at the restaurant. However, If Vivienne attempted to abuse Wendy, she would pay a heavy price.

It did not matter that Vivienne was Master Charles, perfumer Q, or Master Jessica. Her reputation would be utterly ruined!

Eliza relaxed a bit. "Okay, Mom. Take care of yourself. We're off to the office."

"Alright, dear."

Before long, Vivienne arrived at the Boyd mansion. Aside from the butler and a handful of servants, the only other person present was Wendy, lying helplessly in her bed.

Dressed in her leather riding gear, Vivienne walked in, and Wendy glanced at her with a sneer. "Forgive me, Madam. I can't get up to greet you."

Ignoring Wendy's sarcasm, Vivienne sat beside the bed. "I heard about your injury. I'm quite concerned. Feeling any better?"

Wendy's brow furrowed at the sight of Vivienne's insincere smile. "If you cared at all, you wouldn't have treated me that way last night. As my granddaughter-in-law, you show no initiative. Don't you know I

haven't had my breakfast yet?"

Vivienne had an epiphany. "Right, I'll make you breakfast!"

She headed to the kitchen and began to prepare a simple soup.

Wendy was baffled by Vivienne's compliance.

Soon, Vivienne brought in her homemade meal. "Here, let me feed you."

As Vivienne helped Wendy sit up, her fingers discreetly delivered a quick needle into Wendy's waist.

Leaning against the headboard, Wendy asked, "Did you make pumpkin soup?"

Vivienne spooned some into Wendy's mouth, saying, "No, it's egg custard soup."

Wendy spat out the first mouthful. The yolk was raw, and there were eggshells in it!

Vivienne was clearly trying to do her in!

Enraged, Wendy knocked over the bowl and swung at Vivienne, grabbing a nearby cane to strike. "You

wish me ill, don't you!"

Vivienne stepped back, eyeing Wendy, who had suddenly stood up. "Your back, it's better?"

That was when Wendy realized that her pain was magically gone, and she had unconsciously stood

up.

Vivienne smirked. "Well, if you're better, I'll be leaving."

She paused, casting a meaningful glance at the corner of the room before turning to leave.

Wendy, of course, never expected her waist to recover so soon. Knowing she could not let Vivienne go

just yet, she stepped forward and grabbed her, then purposefully fell to the ground.

To an onlooker, it would seem as if Vivienne had pushed her.

The fall took its toll on Wendy's frail back, instantly paralyzing her.

"Vivienne! How dare you push me? You serpent!" Wendy shrieked as the butler rushed to her aid,

chastising Vivienne. "Madam, how could you? Even as the head of the household, you can't just take a

life!"

With her arms crossed, Vivienne leaned against the door frame, watching the theatrics unfold.

Wendy had really outdone herself, trying to frame her.

If Wendy had stayed still, the needle would have healed her waist. Now, she would be wheelchair-

bound forever.

"Vivienne, I'm an elder! How can you do this to me? You'll get what's coming to you!" Wendy declared

from her wheelchair, realizing she could not move. The fall was deliberate, and she knew she would not hurt herself. So, why could she not move?

The butler, who had been monitoring the situation through the camera, was shocked to find Wendy genuinely injured. He immediately called an ambulance and notified the family to come to the hospital.

With the Boyd household in disarray, Vivienne took the opportunity to investigate. Thomas had found suspect dealings between the Boyd and Ashford families that were not recorded in the Boyd company files.

Vivienne's hacking prowess was a direct inheritance from Karen's teaching, but Karen had never fully divulged all her secrets before taking her own life.

Apart from the firewalls set up by Karen, there was no system in this world that Vivienne could not infiltrate.

She had never imagined that the Ashfords had any connection to her late mother.

Their primary operations were now firmly established in Sea City.

What exactly had the Ashfords been searching for back then?

Unable to break through the Ashfords' formidable firewall for the time being, Vivienne decided to start

with the Boyds instead.

She slipped into Wendy's study and discovered a safe with a digital lock. Content belongs to

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Cracking the lock, she retrieved the files within.

Vivienne jotted down what she could and meticulously returned the file to its original place.

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At the hospital, members of the Boyd family were arriving in succession.

Theodore burst in first, raging. "Where's that conniving Vivienne? She pushed my mother, and she's

nowhere to be seen! Does she think we Boyds are pushovers?"

His voice echoed through the corridors, a blend of fury and accusation.

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Hayden leaned against the wall, his gaze dripping with disdain as he watched his older brother.

He knew Theodore only dared to raise his voice because Vivienne was not around. He would not dare

to let out a peep if she were here.

Just like last night, when Vivienne had Wendy serve water, who came forward to stop her?

After Theodore had his fill of shouting, he started to feign concern for Wendy's well-being with an air of hypocrisy.

"Mom's life has been so tough," he lamented. "What would we do if something happened to her? Mom, don't you worry. I'll make sure the business runs smoothly and won't let it suffer the slightest loss!"

At this, Nancy could not hold back any longer. "Theodore, Mom's still okay, isn't she? And you're already eager to take over the company? Besides, Hayden's right here. Aren't you being a bit premature?"

Teresa said, clearly displeased, "Hayden, Theodore is the eldest son. It's only right he takes precedence. Surely, you understand such basic principles, don't you?"

"I don't like the sound of that," Nancy retorted. "Precedence or not, it's about whether he's got the chops!"

"Nancy, how can you talk like that?"

Eliza, who had been listening to the bickering, was so irritated she kicked over a flowerpot. "Will you all just stop? Mom's still in surgery, and here you are, divvying up the estate. I'm telling you, keep this up, and you'll get nothing!"

Eliza had always been Wendy's favorite, and for years, the members of the first and secondary branches of the family had been trying to curry favor with her.

They all knew that Eliza was the real gatekeeper to Wendy's authority. Winning her over was akin to pleasing the matriarch herself.

Of the bunch, Teresa and Eliza were closest. Nancy never really liked Eliza but maintained a cordial facade.

Mara, however, knew how to play the game and was always on good terms with Eliza.

Seeing Eliza's anger, Mara quickly came over to comfort her, tears welling in her eyes. "Auntie, please don't be upset. Grandma's still in the OR. You're our rock right now."

Eliza patted Mara's head. "You're always the sweetest. I'm not mad anymore."

After all, appearances had to be maintained.

The corridor outside the operating room finally quieted down, and Eliza remembered the surveillance system Wendy had installed in her room. Thus, she called for the butler.

"Rest assured, Ms. Eliza, everything has been arranged. The footage has been edited, and it's all been

pinned on Vivienne. It'll be posted online in five minutes."

Eliza nodded her approval. "Good work. When Mom wakes up, you'll get the reward you deserve."

"Thank you, Ms. Eliza, and my greatest gratitude to Madam Wendy."

The video went viral that evening, with Vivienne's face clearly visible.

Vivienne had a legion of fans online who adored her looks, and her multiple identities only bolstered

her following. She had always been scandal-free.

Once the video hit the internet, the comments exploded.

[Looks can be deceiving!]

[How could this happen? My world is crumbling!]

[No, not her! I've adored her for so long. How could she be this kind of person?]

[To treat an elderly person like that, it's just despicable!]

Vivienne, being accused of elder abuse, shot to the top of the trending searches.

Many flooded Vivienne's Twitter with insults, and of course, many were trolls paid by the Boyd family.

But five minutes later, celebrities with millions of followers like Stephen, the rising star Darren, and

Kala, who had recently made a comeback with "Betrothed Understud," all shared an unedited video

with full audio of the actual surveillance footage.

They even slowed the footage of Wendy's fake fall by twenty times to show that Vivienne never touched her!

Following their lead, Vivienne's protégés tweeted the video en masse. When Cecilia, who was scrolling through Twitter, saw it, she was disgusted by her mother's actions.

She retweeted Stephen's post, adding: [Mom, after all these years, why are you still like this?]

Cecilia, being the wife of the third branch of the Ellington family, was constantly in the public eye, with Nathan handling the Ellington Group's affairs.

Her direct involvement and acknowledgment of her mother's actions fueled the public's outrage.

In just three minutes, the Boyd Group's website crashed, and the internet dug up more scandals about the Boyd family's workplace manipulation and other unsavory dealings.

The Boyd Group's PR could not keep up; their reputation was ruined before they could react.

Vivienne watched Twitter with satisfaction and sent a message to Stephen, Darren, and Kala.

[This month, you're all getting a bonus!]

The three cheered: [Long live the boss!]

Content, Vivienne stowed her phone and parked her motorcycle outside the restaurant.

Inside the restaurant, Gillian was dressed to kill in a floaty, ethereal gown that showcased her elegant collarbones as she sat opposite Percival.

Her pale, slender fingers held the cutlery as she gazed at Percival, her eyes brimming with affection.

"Remember our first meeting? It was also in a restaurant like this. Fate really does have a sense of humor."

Percival meticulously sliced his steak into neat pieces, yet none made it to his mouth.

Touched, Gillian thought, "Is Percival cutting steak for me?"

Perhaps he had taken Wendy's advice and chosen to engage with her, forsaking Vivienne.

Gillian set her utensils aside, waiting for Percival to swap their plates.

"Mr. Ellington, you're so considerate," she murmured, a shy sparkle in her eyes.

Percival simply replied, "It's what a fiancé ought to do."

Gillian's heart soared with secret delight. Percival was already referring to himself as her fiancé!

She knew it; without Vivienne around, Percival would never treat her like he did at the pool.

In Sea City, countless folks seemed eager to fall at her feet—Percival was no exception.

"Mr. Ellington, where should the engagement party be hosted?" Gillian asked with a smile.

In her mind's eye, she could already envision her engagement to Percival. Content of

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She would be clad in a pristine white gown, linking arms with Percival, exchanging rings amid the

cheers and well-wishes of their friends and family.

Percival paused, shook his head, and said, "No need for an engagement party; we could go straight to the wedding."

The thought of Percival wanting to marry her immediately was surprising and delightful.

"Not hasty," said Percival, his lips curving into a slight, proud, and charming smile.

Gillian could almost lose herself in that smile.

This was the kind of man who was worthy of her—sophisticated, noble, with an alluring charm unique to him alone.

Those fawning admirers who constantly hung around her paled in comparison to Percival. He was in a

league of his own!

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Gillian's words hung unfinished as Percival suddenly stood up and gestured towards someone in the distance. "Vivienne, over here!"

Gillian blinked in surprise. Vivienne?

What on earth was Vivienne doing here?

Should she not be back at the Boyd estate, caring for Wendy, who was bedridden?

Gillian turned to see Vivienne stride in, decked out in a leather biker jacket, her hair cascading down her back, helmet in hand.

The very epitome of cool and spicy!

Vivienne walked over, placed her helmet on the table, and pecked Percival on the lips in front of Gillian without a second thought.

"Sorry, I'm late."

"Not at all. You're just in time." Percival took her hand and pulled her close, seating her at the table and sliding a freshly cut steak in front of her. "Just cut it for you, eat up."

"Thanks, Mr. Wolf." Vivienne grinned and dug into the steak with gusto.

Percival ruffled her hair affectionately, then turned to Gillian. "So, what were you saying?"

Gillian clenched the tablecloth beneath the table, her knuckles turning white with tension, the veins in her hands standing out starkly. Yet, for the sake of her image, she maintained a strained smile.

"I was suggesting maybe the wedding bash should be in Sea City before heading back to Rivenwood for the ceremony."

Gillian did not believe for a second that Vivienne could be oblivious to the implications of her words.

After all, she was the one the Boyd family had accepted as their future granddaughter-in-law!

Percival smirked. "Vivienne and I only want a ceremony in Rivenwood. Sea City? We don't really have relatives there."

Gillian nearly bit through her lip. "Mr. Ellington, you must be misunderstanding something. Our parents have arranged this meeting of ours, and that's why we're here."

Percival's smile turned cold. "The reason we're here isn't some family setup. I wanted to make it clear: Vivienne is my fiancée. I did not introduce her properly last time, but you get the picture this time, right?"

Tears rimmed Gillian's eyes. She could not believe Percival could be so heartless.

What was so special about Vivienne?

Was she not just some artisan perfumer, a designer, and a painter? In other words, someone who worked for their kind of aristocracy, a country bumpkin who thought a bit of skill could turn her into a swan.

She was nothing but a clown!

What bewitchment had Percival under to choose Vivienne over her?

She was the Ashford heiress, a top-notch family in Sea City. Even the well-rooted Boyds had to curry favor.

How could a country bumpkin compare?

Whether by birth or beauty, Gillian was certain she did not lose to Vivienne!

Was Percival blind?

After finishing her meal, Vivienne wiped her mouth with a napkin and noticed Gillian's untouched steak.

"Ms. Ashford, your steak will lose its flavor if it gets cold."

"Don't concern yourself, Ms. Hawthorn!" A single tear fell from Gillian's eye as she glared at Vivienne,

fantasizing about tearing her to shreds.

Shouldering her indifference, Vivienne shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Percival stood, taking Vivienne's helmet and wrapping an arm around her slender waist, not looking back as they left.

With her back to Gillian, Vivienne called over her shoulder, "Ms. Ashford, you might want to head home early. Be careful, wouldn't want any mishaps!"

Gillian's grip tightened, her nails nearly drawing blood.

This was not over. Vivienne would pay.

Her frustration manifested physically as she yanked the tablecloth, toppling the candle centerpiece.

Wine glasses shattered, spilling over Gillian, igniting as the flame met the spilled wine.

"Ah! Help!"

Her lightweight, flammable dress caught fire instantly, but quick-thinking waitstaff doused the flames with an extinguisher, sparing her skin.

However, the dress was ruined, revealing far more than intended, including her lacy black lingerie.

Who would have thought such an innocent-looking girl would wear such suggestive lingerie?

In embarrassment, Gillian clutched her clutch bag close, barely covering herself until a waiter kindly offered his jacket.

She fled without a word of thanks.

Once home, Gillian locked herself in her room and sobbed.

She had never been so humiliated.

Her father, Patrick Ashford, concerned by her cries, knocked gently on her door. "Gillian, what's wrong?"

Through her tears, Gillian sobbed into her father's chest. "Dad, Vivienne's gone too far. Please, make her go away from Mr. Ellington!"

Patrick frowned at the mention of Vivienne.

Could it be that Vivienne?

Gillian, still crying, implored, "Dad, are you even listening to me? I've been humiliated, and you don't seem to care!"

Patrick snapped back to the present. "Gillian, this Vivienne... Who is she, exactly?"

Gillian was in full pout mode.

She had always been the pampered princess of the household, her every whim indulged by her father.

When the Ashfords were just a modest family in Havenwood, Patrick had hustled tirelessly for the family business, taking any job to pay the bills.

So much so that he had broken his health, and then, in a tragic twist, a car accident left him unable to father any more children.

Thanks to his boss, Gillian came into this world, elevating the Ashford family.

Tragically, not long after Gillian's birth, Mrs. Ashford passed away from a severe illness.

Patrick raised Gillian single-handedly, playing both mother and father and spoiled her rotten.

Eventually, the Ashfords moved to Sea City, riding the tech left by his boss and quickly becoming one of the city's elite families. New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

Nowadays, even the Boyd family was eager to cozy up to them.

And so, Gillian grew even more entitled, getting whatever she fancied, with Patrick going to great lengths to keep her happy.

Thus, When the Boyds came knocking for a business partnership, Patrick's sole condition was for Gillian to wed Percival.

Hearing his daughter's words, Patrick felt reassured.

In his impression, Vivienne, although motherless, still had a father—Dorian Hawthorne of the Hawthorne family.

Over the years, Patrick had not kept up with the happenings in Havenwood and was unaware of the calamity that had befallen the Hawthorns.

Nor did he realize that Dorian was anything but Vivienne's father.

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Patrick managed to soothe Gillian and retreated to his study to call the Boyd family.

Wendy had just come out of surgery and was still unconscious. The one who answered the call was Eliza.

"Hey, Patrick, what's up?" Eliza greeted warmly.

But Patrick's tone was icy cold. "Ms. Boyd, my daughter came home in tears today. Do you even have to ask what's wrong?"

Eliza was taken aback. The Boyds were all at the hospital, swamped with managing the online PR

crisis, with no time to worry about Gillian's date with Percival or even Vivienne's whereabouts.

Realizing the gravity of the situation from Patrick's tone, she knew something major had happened.

"Listen, Patrick, I'm so sorry. That girl Vivienne caused some trouble with my mother today, and now

we're all at the hospital. What happened exactly? We can't even get hold of Percival. Did that bitch

Vivienne mess with Gillian again?"

Eliza's casual use of harsh words was meant to defuse Patrick's anger, pinning all the blame on

Vivienne.

"What exactly is the deal with this Vivienne?" Patrick asked.

He had heard Gillian's explanation but wanted to confirm the details for himself.

Eliza chuckled, "She's just a country bumpkin who doesn't know any better, eyeing Percival for his

money. If she wasn't somewhat pretty, Percival would not give her the time of day. Don't worry. She's

not even close to being a match for our Gillian."

Hearing Eliza speak so confidently reassured Patrick. It seemed there was a case of mistaken identity.

If it was that Vivienne, she certainly would not be after Percival for his money. After all, the inheritance

left by Patrick's boss was more than Percival could earn in lifetimes.

"Hmph, you can't handle a country girl, and you expect me to trust you with my daughter?" Patrick complained.

Eliza quickly tried to smooth things over, "Come on, Patrick, we're practically family. Don't you trust us?

Look, as soon as Mom is out of the hospital, we're throwing an engagement party for Percival and

Gillian. We'll invite all the big shots from Sea City. How does that sound?"

Patrick narrowed his eyes, "Are you sure Percival will play ball and agree to the engagement?"

"Of course, we have our ways. Don't worry about it."

Satisfied with Eliza's assurance, Patrick did not press further. Ultimately, all that mattered was sealing the engagement between the Boyd and the Ashford families.

"If you mess this up, you'll have me to answer to!"

With that, Patrick hung up.

Eliza sighed heavily after the call ended.

Beside her, Mara expressed her concern, "Auntie, you promised Patrick just like that? But Grandma is still unconscious, and where are we going to host this engagement party? Plus, I'm sure my brother

won't agree."

Eliza clenched her phone tightly. Between dealing with Wendy's situation, the online PR, and now getting a ticking off from Patrick, she was at her wit's end.

"Cecilia, this is all your amazing son and daughter-in-law's fault. You piece of useless trash. All you do is cause trouble to our family. If only I had married into the Ellington family, none of this would be happening," Eliza cursed inwardly, blaming her sister for the family's troubles. To Mara, she maintained a serene facade, saying, "Don't worry, I've got it covered. You'll help me when the time comes, okay?"

Mara nodded firmly, "Of course, Auntie. Whatever you need, just let me know. I won't let you down."

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Five days later, Percival received a call from Eliza.

"Percival, your grandmother's been discharged. Don't you want to come see her?" Eliza inquired.

Percival was out shopping with Vivienne and responded coolly, "No."

"I figured as much. But there's a business dinner tonight. Your grandma can't attend, and our partners insist on meeting you. Can you represent us? Some attendees have ties to the Ellington Group, and I

can't really turn them down. So..."

Percival smirked and handed the jeweler's flagship necklace to the clerk to wrap up, "Fine, I'll be there tonight."

"Great. Remember the thing I gave you a few days ago? Bring it, and leave Vivienne at home. We don't want any drama with your uncles seeing her," Eliza cautioned before hanging up.

Percival pocketed his phone and the necklace, then went to find Vivienne, who was choosing a restaurant upstairs.

Tired from shopping, Vivienne was starving. Seeing Percival finish his call, she pointed to a sauerkraut fish restaurant above. "Mr. Wolf, let's have fish."

Percival nodded. "Sure, eat up. We'll have dinner late tonight."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. "Okay, let's feast."

A good meal now meant they could enjoy their evening even more.

That night, the Boyd family held the banquet at Sea City's largest hotel—the Bright City Inn.

The last time any event was held here was the twin daughters' first-month celebration of Yuri and Zelda.

Mara and Margot stood at the entrance, greeting the arriving guests.

Margot was slightly resentful. "Why do we have to stand here? It's so annoying."

Mara, being only days older than Margot, did not get along with her cousin; sometimes, they could not even keep up appearances.

"Just stand there if you're told to. Why all the fuss?" Mara gave her a sharp look.

Margot scoffed. "Percival's lackey, just wait till he learns what's really going down tonight. Let's see if you can still call him 'brother' then."

"I'd rather be acknowledged as his sister than be invisible to him, like you."

"You!"

The bickering ceased as Mara and Margot sullenly took their posts by the door.

Before long, Patrick and Gillian arrived. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Clad in a pristine strapless mermaid gown, Gillian exuded regal grace that highlighted her swan-like neck. Her delicate princess up-do added a charming touch.

Mara rushed to greet her, "Gillian, you look absolutely stunning tonight. It's true what they say: brides-

to-be are the most beautiful beings on earth.”

Gillian blushed and giggled. “Oh, Mara, you’re such a flatterer.”

“Not at all. I’m genuinely envious,” Mara replied as she escorted Gillian into the banquet hall, leaving

Margot to stew alone in the chilly night air.

Eliza, too, entered the banquet hall with Patrick, leaving Margot to her own devices.

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When Percival arrived, he took one look at the ballroom’s opulent decor—streamers of gold and silver,

crystal chandeliers casting a warm glow over the sparkling crowd—and his face gradually darkened.

He stepped into the fray, and a crowd of well-dressed socialites immediately swarmed him.

"Mr. Ellington, what a surprise to see you gracing Sea City with your presence! Why didn’t you tell me

you were coming? I would've loved to treat you to dinner."

"Mr. Ellington, you really should've given me a heads-up about your visit. After the success of our last

collaboration, I would have rolled out the red carpet for you!"

"And if anyone's going to roll out the red carpet, it should be me first. Mr. Ellington, Are you free

tomorrow night?"

The crowd pressing around him represented the crème de la crème of Sea City's various industries, all

of whom had previous dealings with the Ellington Group.

Percival handled the greetings with a practiced grace until Hayden made his way through the crowd.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I must borrow Percival for a moment. After the festivities, we'll find time to gather. My treat, agreed?"

Everyone understood that Percival was the man of the hour that evening, and naturally, no one objected.

After all, with Percival there, who would dare to interfere?

Hayden led Percival away to a private lounge in the back.

Wendy sat in a wheelchair, having missed her window for optimal treatment, resigned to a life bound to her chair.

"Percival, I assume you know what tonight is all about. If you play your cards right and get engaged to

Gillian, we can all live peacefully. But if you refuse, well, don't say I did not warn you."

Percival chuckled at Wendy's threat. "And what are you going to do?"

Wendy smirked and waved her hand dismissively. Theodore produced a tablet; on it were scandalous

photos of Cecilia and Vivienne.

Percival's eyes narrowed, a chill radiating from him. "Threatening me?"

Was it that his hands had been too clean for too long? Did the Boyd family really think they could use doctored photos to threaten him?

Wendy chuckled, "I know my daughter better than anyone. I'm aware of every mole on her body, so what if the photos are fake? I have plenty of ways to prove that it's Cecilia. As for Vivienne, it's enough that her face is recognizable. Even if you clear things up later, the damage will have been done. Are you willing to gamble with your mother and Vivienne's reputations?"

Percival looked at her, his gaze dispassionate.

After a moment, he straightened his cufflink with an air of indifference, his expression unreadable.

"Percival, have you thought it through?" Wendy pressed, seeing his silence.

Percival stopped fidgeting with his sleeves, hands in his pockets, his tailored suit accentuating his lean figure. He spoke slowly, "I'll attend the engagement party."

He paused, then added with a hint of a slow drawl, "I hope you can handle the consequences."

With that, he left the lounge.

As Wendy watched Percival's retreating figure, an inexplicable panic settled in her heart.

The others did not think much of it, simply impressed by Wendy's power to make Percival concede.

Hayden exhaled in relief. "Mom, that was... pretty cutthroat."

Defaming his daughter and a twenty-year-old girl was something he could never do.

Wendy scoffed, unconcerned. "What does it matter? Once Percival and Gillian are engaged, the

Ashford family will be locked into a partnership with us. And Vivienne will be too ashamed to stay once

she sees her fiancé engaged to another. Without Percival, what is she worth? She'll be at my mercy!"

She would never forgive Vivienne for making her wheelchair-bound for life!

Teresa muttered under her breath, "Gillian knew Percival was engaged and still chased after him.

Wouldn't it be easier to just pair Yannick with Gillian?"

"Shut your mouth!" Wendy snapped, throwing a furious hand in Teresa's direction.

On the sidelines, Nancy could not help but revel in the drama.

In the dressing room, Gillian had touched up her makeup and clasped Mara's hand affectionately.

"Mara, Mr. Ellington will surely agree to get engaged tonight, right? I can't have any more

complications. This is what I've been looking forward to the most."

Mara comforted her, "Don't worry, Grandma has everything under control. After tonight, we'll be family, and I could not be happier."

"Me too."

Outside the ballroom, Vivienne listened to the excited voices through her earpiece, her lips curling into a smile.

Yes, she, too, was thrilled beyond words.

Dressed in a simple gown, she handed her invitation to the attendant at the door.

Not recognizing Vivienne but seeing the invitation, the attendant let her in.

After Vivienne went in, Margot finally returned from having her fill of fun and replaced the attendant, knowing that she would be reprimanded if her family found out she had been missing from her post.

Vivienne found a seat in the ballroom and looked at the screen displaying photos of Percival and Gillian, her lips twitching into a smirk.

When the time came, the engagement party officially began.

Eliza pushed Wendy onto the stage, delivering a string of pious blessings and thanks, then announced

the arrival of the main attractions.

To prevent any sabotage from Percival, they had cunningly separated him from Gillian, placing them on opposite sides of the stage to avoid suspicion.

The spotlight shone on the front door, and melodious background music began to play. The doors opened slowly.

Guided by the light, Percival stepped forward, making his way to the stage.

His profile was as sharply defined as a sculpture, reminiscent of the sun god Apollo, a mysterious and radiant presence descended among mortals.

The young ladies in the audience sighed in secret disappointment. Such a dashing gentleman, and yet, taken in the prime of his youth!

Perhaps Percival's extraordinary presence made everyone momentarily forget that the leading lady, Gillian, had yet to make her appearance.

Only when Percival stood alone on the stage did the realization dawn upon the crowd.

Where was the bride-to-be? Read at Dramanovels.com

Wendy could never have imagined that the issue would lie with Gillian.

She cast a questioning glance at Patrick, who looked equally perplexed.

Despite her coaxing, there was still no sign of Gillian, and even Mara, who had been by her side, was nowhere to be found.

A ripple of confusion spread through the crowd. Could it be that Gillian had gotten cold feet?

At that moment, Percival took the microphone from Eliza's hand and called out to the assembly, "My bride-to-be, no more playing hide and seek."

His voice, magnetic and alluring, echoed through the hall, sending a flutter through the hearts of the women present.

Chapter 516

In the dimly lit grand hall, a woman in a strapless white gown slowly rose from her seat. With her head half-bowed, she took deliberate steps toward the stage where a single spotlight shone, leaving the rest of the space shrouded in semi-darkness.

The guests could hardly make out the identity of the woman ascending the stage. Clad in the white gown, they mistook her for Gillian.

The Boyd family and Patrick sighed in relief, thinking Gillian was adding a dramatic flair to her entrance.

Only when the lights softly illuminated her like a thin veil could the crowd finally see her face clearly.

It was Vivienne!

The unexpected twist nearly sent Wendy tumbling out of her wheelchair.

What was happening?

Had they not stationed someone at the door to keep Vivienne out? How did she get in?

On stage, Percival took out a necklace he had purchased just that afternoon and placed it around

Vivienne's neck.

As soon as the necklace settled, Vivienne's gown transformed like fireworks, shifting its style entirely in

the blink of an eye. The pure white turned into a green reminiscent of rainforest.

The emerald dress made Vivienne look even more dignified and radiant, her usual delicate appearance

now infused with a hint of resolve. Yet, in the face of Percival, her tenderness remained undiminished.

To the audience's amazement, the massive screen on stage now displayed a slideshow of Percival and

Vivienne's photos—candid moments captured by Zelda and shared with Vivienne, each displaying their

flawless visages.

Holding the microphone with one hand and cradling Vivienne's face with the other, Percival asked with an uncharacteristically gentle voice, "Vivienne, will you marry me?"

Vivienne returned his gaze with equal intensity, her lips curving into a smile as she answered, "Yes."

It was undoubtedly a more joyful engagement party than the last one, and they had Wendy to thank for her unintentional sponsorship.

Meanwhile, Wendy was seething on stage, pushing Theodore and Hayden forward. "What are you waiting for? Go find Gillian. Where on earth is she?"

At her command, Patrick refrained from questioning; he was too preoccupied. Because Vivienne bore an uncanny resemblance to his boss.

In the makeup room, Gillian and Mara were pounding on the door and screaming for help, but it would not budge.

"Is anyone there? We're stuck. The door won't open—help us!"

Five minutes earlier, they had been preparing to make their entrance when they discovered the door was jammed, and to their dismay, their phones had no signal.

Outside, Thomas casually tossed the key into the trash, content to remain behind the scenes.

When Theodore and Hayden arrived, they scrambled to find a staff member to locate a spare key, only to discover the hotel had none to offer. They had no choice but to break down the door.

On stage, with the lights fully bright, Vivienne and Percival stood hand in hand before everyone.

"Thank you all for joining Vivienne and me on our special day," Percival announced with his usual composure.

With a dark glint in her eye, Wendy proclaimed, "The Boyd family will never accept such a daughter-in-law!"

As she spoke, the big screen lit up and sent the crowd into an uproar.

The footage was scandalous!

Many in the audience looked on with scorn.

"Even for a high-society lady, this is too much!"

"Our modest family would not accept this behavior, let alone the Boyds."

"This is outrageous to be seen playing such a game with so many men!"

Wendy smirked at Percival and Vivienne, thinking they had tried to humiliate the Boyds and the

Ashfords in vain.

But Vivienne and Percival turned to watch the screen with significant looks.

"Looks like Ms. Ashford is having quite the time," Vivienne murmured, her voice amplified for all to hear.

Wendy froze and looked at the screen.

Instead of the compromising photos she had prepared, it was Gillian playing a game of passing paper slips with her mouth in a bar, kissing countless men!

Patrick's face turned ashen. He glared at Wendy and said, "The Boyd family sure knows how to surprise people!"

Gillian, who had just hurriedly escaped the makeup room, tripped over her gown and fell onto the stage.

She scrambled to her feet, only to see the video of her playing games with her admirers. She nearly fainted.

This was her private video from her phone!

How did it end up here?

Gillian had always been the epitome of grace and beauty in high society, a model of propriety who had never openly dated.

Even Mara was shocked to discover Gillian's secret revelries.

Percival glanced at Gillian and said dryly, "Miss Ashford, your boyfriends seem to be waiting for you in the audience."

And sure enough, the men from the video were among the guests.

"Gillian, didn't you say you only liked me? Who are these men in the video, and who are they?!"

"Babe, didn't you say you felt sick and hit the hay early last night? What's the deal? Aren't you my girlfriend?"

The disbelief in the eyes of Gillian's numerous boyfriends was palpable as they bombarded her with questions.

Each of the young men sitting below her was, without exception, from well-to-do families in Sea City, all around Gillian's age.

Most of them had met her at various networking evening events.

After entering into a relationship with Gillian, at her insistence, they all agreed to keep it under wraps to avoid their families finding out. Updated at Dramanovels.com

Gillian had reassured them that it was just a formality, not a real engagement party.

But now, it seemed that was not the case at all!

As Gillian was cornered with questions, the boys' parents began to realize their sons had been duped.

And all by the same woman!

But these young men were full of vigor and not so easily appeased.

After several heated arguments, fists started flying.

Chapter 517

The scene was utter chaos. Gillian did not even see who yanked her away, and Patrick was besieged by a mob of angry parents demanding explanations.

Even the Boyds were not spared, with numerous hot-headed lads demanding to know why their sweethearts were suddenly engaged to someone else.

Amid the turmoil, Vivienne and Percival exchanged a knowing glance and could not help but chuckle.

Vivienne turned her head to Percival with a smile, "Mr. Wolf, is it just me, or do our engagement parties always seem to end in a ruckus?"

Percival took Vivienne's hand, and they walked down from the stage side by side, "It seems the heavens are telling us we should marry sooner rather than later."

Vivienne rested her head on Percival's shoulder. "Is the betrothal gifts ready?"

Percival lightly tapped her nose. "Don't worry, you've got me, lock, stock, and barrel!"

Patrick had to fight through the crowd to rescue Gillian from those who had lost their senses, and with the help of the bodyguards, they made it to the safety of the parking lot and away from the scene.

Safety, however, was a relative term. Gillian's face bore the marks of slaps, her princess-like coiffure was a tangled mess resembling a bird's nest, and her gown took the prints of several shoes, clear evidence of being trampled on.

Gillian had never imagined such a scenario. Although she had many men around her, none were boyfriends, and any talk of love or affection was just lip service.

She had them all under her thumb and had even fabricated excuses to prevent them from attending the engagement party with their parents.

How on earth did they all end up here?

And that video - who dug it out?

It was just a night at the bar playing games with some good-looking guys. How did it come to this?

"It had to be that Vivienne behind this. Dad, I swear I'll destroy her!" Gillian shouted at the top of her lungs.

Patrick looked at his daughter and, in a fit of rage, slapped her across the face. His eyes were sharp as a hawk's.

"Dad... You hit me?" Gillian looked at Patrick in disbelief.

Patrick had never hit her before, not even a poke, let alone a slap...

"That's right, I hit you!" Patrick's face turned red with anger. "Tell me, who exactly is this Vivienne?"

He saw a striking resemblance.

When he got a clear look at Vivienne, he thought he was seeing his boss for a moment. She had to be the missing daughter of his boss!

Gillian was even more shocked to realize that her father was more concerned about Vivienne's identity than her rough treatment.

"Dad, she's just some country bumpkin. Why do you care who she is? Just get rid of her. I don't want to

see her face again!"

"Shut your mouth!" Patrick massaged his temples, "Do you have any idea who you've crossed? If

Vivienne really is her daughter, our family, the Ashfords, are done for."

Gillian, of course, was clueless. She could not understand what her father was going on about, "Whose daughter could she be that's so important? Why are you afraid of her? Even the Boyds wouldn't bat an eye!"

"You wouldn't understand. Go home and forget about Percival. If you dare touch Vivienne again, you'll answer to me!" With that, Patrick stepped out of the car and instructed the driver to take Gillian home.

Meanwhile, Patrick switched cars to head directly to Vivienne's villa.

It was not surprising that Patrick could find Vivienne's address since she did not hide it.

After waiting four hours outside the villa, Patrick saw Vivienne and Percival return, hand in hand and carrying a plethora of snacks.

Vivienne's lips curved into a smirk as a cold glint passed through her captivating eyes.

"I'll go inside," Percival said as he draped his jacket over Vivienne's shoulders, knowing it was not the

right moment for him to intervene.

Once Percival left, Patrick knelt on the ground before her. "Madam."

Vivienne looked down at the figure kneeling before her, her gaze indifferent. "Mr. Ashford, seems like you've got the wrong name."

"No, it's correct! Boss once instructed that if anything happened to her, we were to follow your orders.

My daughter is young and foolish; I beg your forgiveness. I, Patrick, am willing to take full responsibility for all her wrongdoings, Madam."

Vivienne's hands were in her pockets as she loomed over the kneeling Patrick, "Is that so?"

She had never met Patrick before. In fact, aside from her mentor and Dorian's family, she had never encountered anyone related to her mother before she left the mountains. Those people certainly had not met her either.

Percival had searched for ten years to find her, and neither the Pendleton nor the Churchill families had recognized her.

Only Patrick had identified her at first glance.

The Ashford family was indeed full of surprises.

Patrick pressed his lips. "Had it not been for Boss, there would be no Ashford family today. Not just us, but the Pendletons and the Churchills within Rivenwood all owed allegiance to Boss. But after she passed, we never saw each other again."

Vivienne remained silent.

The Pendleton and Churchill families were her mother's allies, a fact she only learned after arriving in Havenwood when Matthew uncovered that there had been four families who had lost touch after her mother's death.

William had learned of her mother's passing and set out to find her only daughter, determined to protect

her. But by the time he arrived, Vivienne had already been taken in by her mentor, and William's

journey was in vain. Later, after leaving her mentor's care, she saved William's life, and in gratitude, he became her apprentice.

At the time, she did not know William's connection to her mother. Not until they went to Havenwood and had Matthew dig into the past did she learn of their shared history.

Vivienne's reason for saving Faye was not solely at Clara's request. She was also curious about what

the Churchill family was really after. Faye's father and William shared a common goal: to find and protect Vivienne.

The Ashford family was the one group she had yet to make contact with.

Vivienne looked up, eyeing Patrick intently, a flicker of something unreadable passing through her gaze.

"What brings you to me?" Vivienne asked, her tone neither warm nor cold.

Patrick moistened his lips nervously. "I've come to apologize, Madam, and to ask for your continued support of the Ashford family. We are willing to go through hell and high water for you. No task too daunting!"

Vivienne's lips curled slightly. "You're quite forward with your intentions."

"The Ashford family has been surviving on the technology left by Boss. My abilities are limited, and progress has stalled. Seeing you, Madam, is like seeing hope, and I dare not hide anything from you."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. "What's this deal you're making with the Boyd family?"

Patrick's legs tingled with numbness, yet he dared not move. "Bionics."

Bionics was also part of a project that Karen, Patrick's boss, had worked on. After a failed mission,

Karen secretly established the YQ Laboratory. Only Percival, Daphne, and later Anna knew that YQ

was Karen's operation. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Therefore, Karen kept the technology private and under her control. Unexpectedly, the Ashford family

was also involved.

"How did this technology end up in your hands?" Vivienne asked, her brow furrowed.

"Boss entrusted me with the unfinished tech for safekeeping. I was to derive products from it to

establish a foundation for the Ashford family and clinical trials. But after Boss died, there was no further

word."

Vivienne eyed Patrick sharply. "And how did the Boyd family come to know of it?"

I just wanted to learn how the Boyd family got wind of it. I never intended to truly cooperate with them.

I'm telling the truth."

Chapter 518

Vivienne had no patience for Patrick's explanation; she already knew enough about what the Boyd

family and Patrick were up to.

She extended her hand to Patrick, her tone brisk. "Hand over the key of your code."

Patrick blinked in confusion. "What code?"

"The code of your contract!" Vivienne pressed, irritation creeping into her voice.

Patrick looked even more bewildered. "I don't know anything about a code. Our contracts are straightforward. It's in my car. Let me fetch it for you."

With that, Patrick hurried to his car and brought back the document to Vivienne. "Please, take a look, Madam."

Vivienne took the contract and immediately noticed it was an agreement between the Ashford and Boyd families.

However, the format and wording differed from what Vivienne had seen in the Boyd family's safe.

She did not know what that contract in the safe was about, but it certainly was not the same as this one. It seemed Patrick was not lying.

"You can go back now," Vivienne said, handing back the contract.

The contract contained nothing substantial, just the usual business dealings. The Ashford family, a biotech leader in Sea City, also operated shipping routes. Their collaboration with the Boyd family had

made many things more convenient, but there was no mention of the cutting-edge bionics.

After Patrick took the documents, he hesitated, casting a knowing look at Vivienne.

Vivienne gave him an icy glance, her face expressionless. "Keep Gillian away from me, and you'll stay safe."

"Thank you, Madam." Patrick watched Vivienne enter her villa before getting back into his car.

As soon as the car door closed, his sycophantic smile turned into a heavy frown. He gazed at the villa's grand entrance before tapping the car seat, signaling the driver to depart.

Inside the villa, Vivienne watched through the sheer curtains as Patrick's car disappeared, a smirk playing at the corners of her mouth.

Everyone makes mistakes.

For instance, Vivienne had once misjudged Mark. And Karen had misjudged Patrick.

Percival came in with a cup of steaming hot milk. "Try this. I've heated it."

Vivienne left the curtains and sipped the milk, nodding appreciatively. "Not bad. It's even better than the

plain water you usually boil."

A twitch of annoyance flickered across Percival's mouth. "Can't your man even warm up milk to your satisfaction?"

It seemed to him Vivienne always doubted his ability to fend for himself.

Had she forgotten that his cooking was actually quite decent, especially compared to her disastrous attempts in the kitchen?

Vivienne chuckled. "I just think your talented hands should be making more money for me."

Money was indeed sweeter than milk.

Percival pinched her cheek affectionately. "My little money-lover!"

Vivienne clicked her tongue playfully. "Who could ever have enough money?"

Percival stroked her hair, his voice gentle. "Well, it's rare that I have such a skill. Don't worry, my dear.

I'll make sure to earn plenty. Enough to last us this lifetime and the next."

"Good." Vivienne's smile was radiant, like the break of dawn.

After finishing the milk, she leaned on Percival's shoulder to rest.

Suddenly, she looked up at him. "Mr. Wolf, have you ever heard my mother talk about bionics?"

Percival shook his head. "No, my mentor knew I never had much of a knack for medicine and never

discussed her research with me."

Vivienne shifted to a more comfortable position. "Well, my mom mentioned it once. She said every technology has its pros and cons, like a bomb. It's a dangerous weapon in the wrong hands, but in the right hands, it can protect you and your family.

Biotech is the same. If we develop ones that could replace the human body, and they become widespread, criminals won't even need to show their faces to commit atrocities. It would pose a severe risk to society and public safety."

Percival held Vivienne close. "But if used for early-stage reconnaissance, like when I was trapped in that mine, it could prevent a lot of dangers and preserve fighting strength."

Yawning, Vivienne looked tired. "I just wonder how far my mom's research has gone..."

As she spoke, she fell asleep on Percival's lap, her breathing even and calm, though her brow was furrowed as if pondering the issue of bionics even in her dreams.

Percival's fingers gently smoothed her furrowed brow until she was deeply asleep, then he carefully carried her to the bedroom.

"Goodnight, Vivienne."

He kissed her forehead and was about to turn off the bedside lamp and leave when Vivienne, still in her slumber, grasped his hand tightly.

In the quiet of the night, she murmured with longing, "Mom..."

With a soft sigh, Percival did not pull away. Instead, he sat on the floor, watching over her as she slept peacefully until dawn.

When Vivienne woke and saw Percival asleep on the floor, a wave of warmth filled her heart. She leaned over and kissed his lips softly.

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf."

Percival's eyes snapped open, a smile spreading across his face. "You're awake?"

"Yes." Vivienne got out of bed and began to dress. "Mr. Wolf, get ready. We're going to the Boyd family's place."

Percival responded affirmatively, "Good, I have a score to settle with them."

...

The scandal had rocked Sea City to its core the day before. No one in the Boyd family could remember

a time they had been more embarrassed. Read at Dramanovels.com

Wendy had tossed and turned all night, her mind racing with anger and worry.

First thing in the morning, she summoned her son, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren to discuss a game plan.

Teresa, her nails clicking in annoyance, spoke with haughty disdain. "Pfft, as if she could ever match up to our Yannick. Even if she paid me, I'd have to think twice about it."

"She's tainted goods now. Only a fool like Percival would take her. The Boyds can't afford to be dragged down by her mess," Wendy agreed, nodding at Teresa's words.

Mara, who had little patience for Teresa's two-faced tactics, could not help but speak up. "Even if Gillian's reputation is in ruins, men will still be lining up for her. Auntie, you might want to check if your son even stands a chance."

Teresa's face reddened with anger. "You little brat, since when do children get to talk back to their elders? You're no better, keeping company with Gillian all this time. You've probably got your own set of dirty little secrets!"

Chapter 519

Watching the two families on the brink of another spat, Wendy tapped impatiently on the floor with her cane. "Marrying you two into the Boyd family has been headache enough. There's no way Gillian is setting foot in our house. You can forget that fantasy right now!"

Nancy's anger subsided a bit at her mother-in-law's words. As long as Mara and Gillian remained tight as thieves, she felt secure that the Ashford fortune would not slip through their fingers.

Teresa, momentarily distracted from her quarrel with Nancy, chimed in anxiously, "Mom, aren't you worried about the Ellingtons sticking their nose in our business?"

"The Ellingtons don't have the guts," Wendy snapped, giving Teresa a sharp look. "Eliza and Patrick have already come to an understanding. No need for you to fret."

With a dismissive wave, Wendy signaled for them to retire to their rooms.

Seeing this, the members of the first and secondary branches of the family had no choice but to leave the room.

It was then that the butler rushed in, his face flushed with panic. "Vivienne and Percival have arrived!"

Wendy raised an eyebrow, her expression darkening. "So they're here. Why the fuss? It's not like they can eat you."

The butler stammered, clearly terrified, "Wolves, wolves!"

"What wolves? You idiot. What's the point of keeping you if you can't even form a proper sentence?"

Wendy's expression turned gloomier.

"They've brought a pack of wolves! They let them loose in the courtyard, and they're tearing up your prized rose garden and... and Mr. Theodore's pet beagle... it's been eaten, and now..."

He paused, glancing fearfully at Wendy before continuing with a trembling voice, "Some of them have even jumped through your bedroom window. The servants are hiding everywhere, too scared to come out."

The Boyd household's servants were usually bustling about from dawn, not idling in the main hall.

When Vivienne and Percival entered with their pack of wolves, the terror they incited was palpable.

One servant had even fainted from fear.

"Wolves? Here?" Wendy gasped in disbelief. "Where did they come from?"

"I don't know, Madam!" The butler was near tears, his legs shaking. "What should we do? The doors to the great hall are shut tight; the wolves can't get in there for the moment. But they've already made it to

the second floor. Any minute now..."

Before he could finish, a blood-curdling scream erupted from upstairs, followed by a chorus of shrieks.

Panic-stricken, members of the Boyd family thundered down the stairs. Teresa clutched her daughter

Margot close as she ran to Wendy's side, her voice shaking. "Mom, what is happening? Why are there

wolves running amok in the house?"

Nancy held Mara tightly, her voice laced with panic. "I was in the bathroom when one crashed through

the window. I nearly passed out from fear. Mom, we have to do something! They could kill someone!"

The younger generation, Mara and Margot, usually at odds, were now huddled together in terror.

Wendy's heart raced with fear as she ordered the butler to call the police. But before he could act,

several wolves bounded down the stairs, heading straight for her.

"Ah!" Wendy cried out, pinned to the ground by the wolves. Trapped in her wheelchair, she swung her

cane desperately, but the more she fought, the more vicious they became, shredding her clothes with

their claws.

In moments, her garments were torn to ribbons, leaving her exposed.

The onlookers were stunned and silent, having never anticipated this development. The wolves were not biting—they were stripping Wendy's clothes?

Confusion reigned, but the immediate concern was for Wendy. Her sons and grandsons, red with anger and embarrassment, were helpless to intervene as they witnessed Wendy get stripped naked.

Who would dare wrestle with a wolf?

Meanwhile, the butler turned his back, unable to witness Wendy's distress.

Just then, more wolves descended, sending the family into a frenzy of hide and seek. But they were quickly subdued, their clothes ripped away by the ravenous animals.

Before long, every member of the Boyd family, from Wendy down to her youngest grandchildren, was stripped bare.

The butler stood trembling, unable to leave, as the servants had scattered in fear. The great hall was empty save for him, and he was too scared to help.

Wolves encircled the Boyds, drooling as if they were the main course at a feast, and the family was paralyzed with fear, huddled together in their nakedness.

Wendy's granddaughters and daughters-in-law sobbed and screamed for help, "Someone save us!"

"I don't want to die! Grandma, save me!"

Wendy, though accustomed to crises, had never faced anything like this. As her children and grandchildren clung to her, shaking her violently, she fainted on the spot.

Theodore and Hayden fared slightly better but were still far from composed. They stood rigid, staring at the hungry wolves, their bodies tense with the instinct to survive.

Just when the Boyd family was on the brink of collapse, the front door swung open.

Percival and Vivienne stepped in.

The sight that greeted them made Percival's typically composed face twist with disgust. Without a moment's hesitation, he grabbed Vivienne, spun her around, and walked right back out, his hand swiftly covering her eyes.

Vivienne was becoming more rebellious by the day.

He would have never consented if he had known that Vivienne intended to settle debts in this manner.

He had plenty of ways to deal with the Boyds without letting Vivienne tarnish her eyes.

Vivienne was still underage, yet she was supposed to witness the Boyds' unsightly mess?

The Boyd family was done for!

"Mr. Wolf!" Vivienne protested, a touch of annoyance in her tone. "I haven't even started yet!"

Percival flicked her forehead gently, "No need for you to get involved. I'll have someone take care of it."

Vivienne would not spoil her eyes, and neither would he! Read at Drămanovels.com

Percival was at a loss for words.

Vivienne continued with conviction, "For the sake of our future harmony and a loving relationship with my brothers, it's best you keep me happy, don't you think?"

Percival could only mutter, "Yes..."

Vivienne smiled, hooking her arm around Percival's neck like they were the best of chums. "We can't both spoil our eyes, so you wait out here for me, okay?"

Vivienne exhaled in exasperation. "Could we please avoid such nauseating talk under the bright light of day?"

Chapter 520

Percival waved his hand, summoning the servants who were hesitating in the shadows. They dared not approach, but fear of Percival made them comply.

"Get in there and separate the men from the women," Percival instructed, spinning Vivienne around so

she would not peek.

The servants hesitated, their hearts pounding with trepidation. They had no clue what was happening inside, but the mere thought of the wolves prowling the estate was enough to chill their bones.

Percival cast a nonchalant glance at them. "The wolves won't bite you."

Despite his assurance, the servants remained rooted to the spot in fear.

Raising an eyebrow, Percival's tone remained casual yet firm, "Not going?"

His words were light, but the servants felt a shiver run down their spines—not so much from Percival himself, but from the drooling wolves eyeing them from behind.

Frightened, they scurried off to the main hall.

The sight that greeted them was astonishing—everyone stark naked!

And it seemed the wolves really had not bitten anyone!

The servants approached, whispering to the confused butler, "Sir, Madam ordered us to separate the men and women."

Snapping back to reality, the butler quickly commanded, "Do it then!"

He realized the wolves were not attacking anyone. They must belong to Percival and Vivienne, who had some mysterious control over them.

Though ignorant of their motives, the butler was concerned about the family's dignity. If word got out that the Boyds were caught in such a scandalous state, it would be a disaster not just for the family's reputation but for his position as well.

With the butler's word, the servants hurriedly escorted the women upstairs.

The Boyds, still in shock, followed without protest.

Soon after, Percival and Vivienne entered the now male-only main hall. Percival's face turned green at the sight. He reached to cover Vivienne's eyes but noticed her looking disdainfully at the Boyd men,

"Tsk, so small!"

Percival was speechless. His little lady seemed a bit too interested in the opposite sex. What to do?

He needed advice—and fast!

Sensing his intent to cover her eyes, Vivienne spoke lazily, "Mr. Wolf, don't bother. There's nothing worth seeing here. I'm heading upstairs."

She walked away, shaking her head in mock regret.

Percival, massaging his temples, felt utterly helpless.

Upstairs, Wendy was still unconscious.

When Vivienne sauntered in, Teresa and Nancy were protecting their daughters, preparing to dress them. Her captivating gaze scanned the room before she crossed her arms and watched them with apparent amusement.

"Vivienne! You wretch, did you orchestrate this? What have the Boyds ever done to you to deserve such treatment?" Teresa exploded at the sight of Vivienne.

The women were still too shaken to think clearly.

Seeing Vivienne enter untouched, they had no doubts—she and Percival were behind the wolves.

Nancy, Mara, and Margot joined Teresa in their fury.

"You heartless thing, you're part of Percival's family, his fiancée no less! Aren't you afraid of your future mother-in-law's wrath?"

"Vivienne, a person as vile as you is no match for my brother!"

Vivienne just stood there, silently enduring their tirade.

Once they exhausted themselves, Vivienne smirked. Ignoring them, she approached Wendy and skillfully inserted a silver needle, waking her.

Consumed by rage, Wendy lashed out at Vivienne the moment she saw her. "You scoundrel! You dare set wolves on us! I'll kill you, you!"

Thoughts of how Vivienne could control so many wolves were beyond her—she was consumed by the humiliation of being stripped bare in front of her son, grandson, and butler, all because of Vivienne.

Wendy's strike did not reach Vivienne, who caught her hand and snapped it with a swift twist.

Wendy screamed in agony.

Vivienne bent down, examining the broken hand. "Well-maintained, but poorly used. Since you can't use it properly, should I just chop it off?"

"You wouldn't dare!" Wendy spat through clenched teeth, disbelieving that Vivienne would go that far in

a law-governed society.

Vivienne's smile widened, "Oh, there's a lot I dare to do. Like—burying someone alive? Poisoning?

Maiming? Throwing someone to the dogs? Or maybe the wolves?"

Resting her chin on her hand, her smile grew chillingly beautiful, "Chopping off a hand is the least of my daring deeds."

Wendy did not believe Vivienne would actually do it, but that evil smile made her panic.

"You... you can't! I'm Percival's grandmother! When you marry him, you'll have to call me that, too!"

Wendy, desperate, tried to reason with Vivienne.

All she wanted now was to save her hand.

Vivienne laughed again. "Didn't you say you don't acknowledge me as your granddaughter-in-law?

Changed your mind now?"

Wendy was speechless.

She barely opened her mouth when Vivienne cut her off, "There's something that's been bugging me.

Why do you think you're such a big shot?"

Wendy was puzzled by her remark and did not dare to respond.

"Mr. Wolf is the grandson of the prestigious Ellington family, and Richard and his parents are arranging his marriage. And you, a grandmother who hasn't been in touch for years, where do you get the nerve to object to my marriage to Mr. Wolf?" Vivienne spoke with deliberate slowness, neither hurried nor

dragged. Updated at Dramanovels.com

"I am his grandmother, and naturally, I have a say in his marriage," Wendy asserted.

"Oh, please!" Vivienne glanced at her dismissively, "Give you an inch, and you take a mile, don't you?"

Wendy had never been so insulted by someone younger, and anger was starting to flare, "Vivienne,

what exactly are you trying to pull?"

Despite her rage, she held back from lashing out.

Her hand was still in Vivienne's grip, after all.

If Vivienne lost her temper and really went through with it, Wendy might as well wish she were dead.