

The Million-Dollar Heart by Rebecca Ryan

Chapter 6 Beatrice was lounging on the living room couch, watching Dorian and the girls pack up.

Dorian glanced at Beatrice without saying a word, then led Cordelia and Vivienne to the bedroom to pack their things.. realized Arabella had tagged along.

as they entered the room, they

She looked at the simple bedroom, and a hint of discontent flashed in her eyes. However, she quickly masked her emotions and softly said, “Dad, are you really moving out? You don’t earn a whole lot every month. How're you going to support the family? Where are you guys gonna live? Why not just listen to my grandma’s advice?”

Dorian turned his gaze to her without uttering a word.

Seeing his silence, Arabella turned to Vivienne, “Dad’s made a lot of sacrifices looking for you over the years. Now that you're back, you're just gonna let him live on the streets?”

Vivienne looked up, a mocking smile forming on her indifferent face.

“Why not marry Mr. Ellington? At least you'd have a secure future. If it were me, | definitely wouldn’t let dad wreck his relations with his own family because of me,” Arabella rambled on.

Vivienne flashed a faint smile, crossed her arms and replied, “You sure have a way with words, so why don’t you marry him? The Hawthorn family has taken care of you all these years. Shouldn’t you repay them?”

Arabella’s expression darkened, and while she mentally cursed Vivienne, she maintained a smile, “Too bad you’re the one engaged to Mr. Ellington. for Viv Vivienne’s smile widened. For some reason, Arabella felt a pang of anxiety. Without waiting for Vivienne to say anything, she quickly added, “If you guys are so set on this, | won’t say anything more. But Dad, grandma said if you don’t finish packing within an hour, she'll have someone throw your stuff out.*, “I got it.” Dorian responded, not bothering to say anything more.

Seeing this, Arabella had no choice but to return to the living room. Once she left, Dorian looked around the room full of stuff, and felt a bit worried, "With so much stuff, we definitely won't finish packing in an hour. Should I call some movers to help?"

Cordelia nodded, "Yes, that'd be faster."

Watching them busily packing, Vivienne felt a warmth in her heart. Aside from her mother and Finnian, only they would protect her like this. Vivienne bit her lip and slowly suggested, "Just pack the essentials. I have some money, we can buy a fully furnished house later, and get the rest of the stuff once we've moved to the new place."

"How can we do that?" Cordelia immediately retorted, "You just got back. We can't use your money. Even though Havenwood isn't as expensive as the the house. bigger cities, house prices are still high. Don't worry about the house. We'll rent one for now and figure out the rest later."

"Yeah, Vivienne, save your money for yourself. Don't worry about the rest, Dorian felt a sense of relief.

Vivienne had endured a lot since childhood, earning some money through part-time jobs, but she was still willing to offer it to help them now. This warmed his heart.

"The money for the house..."

Vivienne wanted to say she had already saved enough for a house, but Dorian cut her off, "But what Vivienne just said make sense. We just need to take our clothes and identification. Leave everything else. We can just rent a furnished house."

"Alright." Without another word, Vivienne went to her own room to pack. She didn't have much stuff, just a few sets of clothes, her laptop and phone. She packed quickly. After a glance at Dorian and Cordelia's room next door, she composed her countenance, took out her phone and sent out a text.

In the living room.

Beatrice was waiting for Dorian's family to admit their mistakes to her, but to her surprise, after a long wait, they walked out with their luggage. Each of

them carried a suitcase, leaving behind everything else, and left without a backward glance.

Beatrice stood up abruptly, her face turning green with rage, "Fine, just fine. You guys are really something. I want to see how you're going to survive in this city without me."

Dorian only turned to look at her once without saying anything, and walked away.

Once they left the neighborhood, Dorian looked at the bustling streets and sighed, "Let's find a hotel to stay in for the night, and I'll go house hunting." Vivienne nodded, and they checked into a nearby hotel.

Three hours later, Dorian returned looking disappointed. Cordelia immediately went over, "How'd it go? Did you find a place?"

Dorian shook his head, "I found a few suitable places that we could afford, but when it came to signing the lease, the landlords wouldn't rent to me after seeing my ID. I asked for the reason, and it turns out my mom said some things. She told people that if they rented a house to me, they'd be going against our family."

Beatrice had some sway in this city. With her words hanging in the air, naturally no one would rent to him.

Dorian slapped the table in frustration, "My mom's really pushing me into a corner."

Cordelia didn't expect Beatrice to be so ruthless and was at a loss for words.

Vivienne poured Dorian a glass of water, "Drink some water first. Don't worry. Someone will be willing to rent to us." Dorian sighed, "I guess we have no other choice. I'm really sorry."

After resting for a while, Dorian still didn't give up and was about to check again when someone knocked on the door. He got up to open the door and was surprised to see Jacob, "Jacob?"

Wasn't this the real estate agent? How did he find them here?

“Mr. Hawthorn, good evening. Jacob greeted with a cheerful smile, “I saw the address you left on the form was here, so I came over.”

Dorian was confused, he left an address? He didn't remember doing that. But he didn't ask further, instead, he asked, “What can I do for you?” “So here's the deal. Tranquil Estates has a beautifully furnished house available, with four bedrooms and two living rooms, for a monthly rent of five hundred dollars. Sounds perfect for you guys. What do you think?”

Upon hearing this, Dorian and Cordelia were completely gobsmacked.

Tranquil Estates? A lavish four-bedroom house? Get out of here! That was one of the poshest neighborhoods in town. It was full of loaded folks. Buying a small two-bedroom one already cost half a million dollars, let alone a four-bedroom. That was over a million dollars.

Cordelia was the first to snap back to reality, and she quickly dragged Dorian aside, “How are we so lucky to bag this sweet deal? You don't think it's a trap set by your mom, do you?”

Hearing her suspicion, Jacob hurriedly clarified, “You've got it all wrong. The owner is moving abroad and wants someone tidy to look after the place. He checked out your family profile and was super impressed, that's why he's offering this bargain. If you guys don't want it, I'll just have to...”

“We want it.” Before Jacob could finish his sentence, Dorian jumped in. “We'll sign the contract right now.”

Chapter 7

Vivienne, dressed in black casual wear and a leisure hat, found the corresponding room number according to the message someone sent in WhatsApp, and pushed open the door.

The person inside saw her and quickly stood up, “You're here.” He was Matthew from Emerald Monastery, who had been handling affairs for Vivienne over the years. “Mhm.” Vivienne took off her hat and put it on a chair nearby. “Where's the stuff?”

Matthew handed her a bag of documents, "I was planning to buy a villa, but you were in a hurry, so I could only find a house in Tranquil Estates. I bought it for three times the market price. Here are the property certificate and the transfer procedures, all done."

This house cost a whopping four million dollars. They could have bought a villa with that money. Matthew felt a pang of regret when he thought about it. "No worries, as long as there are no major problems. Vivienne put the bag of documents into her purse, then took out a ceramic jar, "Sell it." Matthew's eyes bulged in surprise, 'A whole jar? That much?"

These were mysterious healing pills that were being fought over on the black market. Each one was worth half a million dollars, and having more money didn't guarantee you could buy them. Vivienne only supplied one pill at a time, and it would take four or five months before she could supply another. As a result, the value of the healing pills was extremely high.

This time Vivienne actually brought out a whole jar. How could it not be shocking?

"Ah, I spent four million dollars, and I have to earn it back. Otherwise, I'll have to scrimp and save next month." Vivienne rubbed her temples, looking a little down. She was rather lazy and didn't want to spend too much energy on money matters. Over the years, she had only earned a total of four million dollars by selling healing pills, and she had just spent it all today.

She needed to earn some more money. She still had to support her father and mother. Dorian and Cordelia also had a son, who was attending a boarding school kindergarten.

Cordelia's eldest daughter, Astrid, didn't need her support. She was older than Vivienne and had her own job. But after Vivienne returned, Cordelia used the legacy for Astrid. This money, Vivienne still had to earn back.

Matthew chuckled awkwardly, "Ms. Hawthorn, don't you feel guilty saying that?"

Just selling this jar of healing pills should bring in at least ten million dollars, right? And she was talking about scrimping and saving.

"I'm really broke." Vivienne blinked, looking very serious.

“Ah, yes, you’re broke.” Matthew looked at the sky speechlessly.

Vivienne put on her hat and patted Matthew on the shoulder, “I gotta go. I’ll leave the task of making our business great to you.” Matthew thought to himself, “You really think too highly of me.”

Vivienne left, planning to go to a nearby shopping mall to buy some gifts for her family. Just as she was about to enter the mall, there was a commotion ahead.

“Whose child is this? Are her parents not with her? Look, what’s wrong with this child? Why is she convulsing?” “It seems this child came here alone. She suddenly fell to the ground. Is she sick?” “Is there a doctor? Come and take a look, please!”

Vivienne’s gaze fell on the crowd, and with just one glance, her eyes narrowed. A girl about five years old was lying on the ground, looking extremely weak. Her face was so shocking, it couldn’t really be called a face. At this moment, she was convulsing, making her already shocking face even more terrifying.

After a while, she stood up and walked into the crowd. When the crowd parted, a voice came, “Oh dear! This child is really ugly!” Vivienne looked over and saw Arabella and two other girls standing there, their faces filled with disgust.

Then another girl said, “Arabella, aren’t you studying medicine with Dr. William? Why don’t you go and take a look? This girl looks pitiful.”

“I’ve only learned a bit, and this girl’s illness looks serious. I’d better call an ambulance.” Arabella’s gazes were cold.

Vivienne walked past them, looking at them expressionlessly, then walked into the crowd. She picked up the little girl, fed her a healing pill, and then took out a bag of silver needles she carried with her.

Arabella was surprised to see Vivienne. When she saw Vivienne take out a bag full of silver needles, preparing to give the little girl acupuncture, she immediately stepped forward and said, “What are you doing? Stop right now!”

Vivienne gave her a cold look and ignored her. Just as she was about to start the acupuncture, a middle-aged woman suddenly rushed in, pushed Vivienne

away, and cradled the little girl in her arms, “Who are you? What are you going to do to her?”

Vivienne’s face turned gloomy in an instant. She hated being disturbed while treating patients. But seeing the little girl’s condition wasn’t good, she still patiently explained, “She’s having an attack. I’m going to give her acupuncture.”

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged woman breathed a sigh of relief, “Are you a doctor?”

Before Vivienne could answer, Arabella interjected, “Vivienne, don’t mess around. You haven’t properly studied the arts of acupuncture. How can you casually treat people? If something goes wrong, the Hawthorn family will be affected.”

Arabella was really afraid that Vivienne would cause a big problem. Now she was the granddaughter of the Hawthorn family, the Hawthorn family’s affairs would affect her, and if the Hawthorn family had a problem, she would be affected too.

12-49 Chapter 7

Hearing Arabella’s words, the people around also started to say, “Miss, we understand you want to save her, but you can’t risk it. This is a matter of life and death.” “We should wait for the ambulance. I’ve already called for it.”

The middle-aged woman’s expression changed drastically when she heard this, and she hugged the little girl even tighter, “What? You’re not a doctor?” Vivienne’s expression was so cold that it was hard to approach, and there was a chill in the air around her. Those who knew her would know that she was getting angry.

Just then, the little girl suddenly vomited white froth, her eyes rolled back, and her face turned pale as paper. The middle-aged woman was startled and quickly asked, “Is there a doctor? Someone please save her.”

Vivienne didn’t have time to be pissed, she yanked the little girl away from the middle-aged woman. Before the woman could utter a word, Vivienne shot her a look, “If you want her to kick the bucket, keep stopping me.”

The woman froze in her tracks, glanced at the little girl, then back at Vivienne, and kept her mouth shut.

Arabella saw Vivienne ignoring everyone and injecting the girl, and her face turned beet red. She shrieked, "Do you have any idea what you're doing? You trying to screw over the Hawthorn family?"

Vivienne suddenly turned her head, her gaze icy and filled with anger, "If you yammer one more word, I'll shut you up." Faced with Vivienne's icy glare, Arabella felt a chill, and clammed up. Elsewhere.

A black sedan was speeding along, the atmosphere inside was as cold as ice. Percival sat in the back seat, his face emotionless, an aura of seriousness and menace surrounding him.

Leopold glanced at him and murmured, "I've arranged for the nearest doc to take care of her. Isolde will be just fine."

Isolde was Richard's youngest granddaughter, and Percival's most cherished little sister. Percival didn't initially plan for her to come to Havenwood, but she wasn't happy in the Ellington family, so she insisted he bring her.

Percival's heart softened, so he brought her here and purchased a villa for her. He sent the nanny who had been looking after her to continue taking care of her here.

Lately, Isolde had been feeling insecure about her looks and didn't want to go out. So Percival had the nanny take Isolde for a walk around the villa. But who would've thought, they'd end up at the shopping center. As they passed by, Isolde saw a pair of earrings she thought her future sister-in-law would like, so she went into the mall with the nanny. However, when the nanny was paying, people started pointing at Isolde. She couldn't take the pressure and bolted, which triggered her condition.

The nanny couldn't find her and urgently called Percival. They found out what happened at the mall through surveillance and rushed over.

Percival's hand clenched his phone tight, his voice as cold as ice, "Step on it."

Chapter 8 At the entrance of the mall.

Seeing Vivienne being stubborn, Arabella angrily walked off with the two girls next to her. She definitely didn't want to get in trouble because of Vivienne.

After Vivienne gave the little girl an injection, her breathing gradually became steady. Just then, the ambulance arrived at the scene. She removed the silver needles from the girl's body and placed them in a needle box. She then reassured the middle-aged woman, "She's out of danger for now, but she still needs to be taken to the hospital for further treatment."

After saying that, Vivienne stood up to leave. "I'm from the Hawthorn family." She dropped this line before she turned and left.

When Percival and his group arrived, they just caught a glimpse of Vivienne's retreating figure. This time, he was in a wheelchair, being pushed by Thomas. Percival watched Vivienne's back, feeling a sense of familiarity. Before he could think more about it, Leopold had already reached Isolde and asked, "Isolde, how are you doing?"

Isolde gave him a weak smile. "Leopold, I'm fine. A lady just saved me. She was amazing." Isolde was still semi-conscious when Vivienne first arrived. "A lady?" Leopold was a bit puzzled.

"Yes, a beautiful lady. She gave me a pill and I felt better. And..." Isolde's voice grew excited. "She used a few needles on me. It was a bit painful but I felt so much better."

Leopold was taken aback, then laughed, "Well, she can't be better than Mystic Mistress." In his heart, Mystic Mistress was unrivaled.

Percival glanced back at the figure disappearing into the distance, deep in thought. "I'm sorry. I got you worried." Seeing Percival's silence, Isolde thought he was angry and cautiously apologized.

Percival looked into her clear eyes, and all his anger and worry vanished. He gently patted Isolde's head, his voice gentle, "Let's go to the hospital first."

In the VIP ward of the hospital.

Bruce burst into the room, his handsome face filled with excitement. "Mr. Ellington, good news, the toxins in Isolde's body have been reduced by more than half."

He was Isolde's personal doctor and only responsible for her condition. He had also come to Havenwood with Isolde, but Isolde, due to her insecurities about her appearance, tended to avoid people. So he usually didn't appear in front of her. He had therefore not accompanied them to the mall.

Leopold shot up from his seat, staring at Bruce in disbelief. "Are you serious?" Percival's eyes also showed a hint of surprise. "Are you sure?"

"Yes!" Bruce handed Percival the medical report, his voice filled with excitement. "Not only that, the pus-filled boil near Isolde's eye has also disappeared." Hearing this, Leopold's eyes widened. "The boil is gone? Are you kidding?"

Though Isolde was not conventionally beautiful, she wasn't born this way. At the age of two, Isolde was poisoned, which caused many boils and sores to appear on her face. The poison was so strong that even after three years of continued medical investigation, they still couldn't identify what the toxin was. Let alone control its spread. In fact, if they couldn't find an antidote, Isolde might not survive past this Christmas.

Percival found this deeply troubling. Few knew that he should have been the one poisoned, but his sister had taken the blow for him.

"How could I joke about something like this?" Bruce retorted. "I've double-checked. The toxins in her body have indeed been reduced by more than half."

Bruce turned to Percival, asking excitedly, "Mr. Ellington, which doctor did you find? They're incredible."

He had been studying medicine since he was young and was one of the few medical prodigies of his time, but he was helpless when it came to Isolde's condition. This was a huge blow to him, so hearing that someone was able to reduce Isolde's toxins by half made him very excited. He also saw this as an opportunity to learn and discuss the matter.

Percival's eyes flickered as he looked at Isolde, then asked Eartha, "Did the person who saved Isolde today leave a name?"

After thinking for a moment, Eartha replied, "She only said she was from the Hawthorn family. I didn't get the chance to ask more before she left."

“From the Hawthorn family?” Leopold pondered for a moment, then said, “The only Hawthorn family in Havenwood is Arabella’s family. Did Arabella save her?”

Thinking of this, Leopold slapped his thigh. “Right, it must be her. I heard Arabella has been studying medicine with Dr. William, and she’s very beautiful too. That aligns with Isolde’s description.”

Percival said nothing.

Leopold laughed and walked up to him, joking, “Mr. Ellington, why don’t you make use of your good looks and marry Ms. Hawthorn?”

Percival looked up at him, then smacked him across the face. “Get lost.”

He felt a headache coming on. Since he had agreed to call off the engagement, there was no turning back. He was silent for a moment, then said, “Thomas, prepare some gifts to send to the Hawthorn family’s house. Say they’re from me.”

Normally, he should go in person. But he thought the lady from the Hawthorn family might not want to see a disabled person like him.

At Tranquil Estates.

When Vivienne returned home, Dorian and Cordelia were sitting motionless on the couch, their expressions carrying a hint of tension. Vivienne poured a glass of water, looking at them, “What’s up with you guys?”

Chapter 8

Dorian, upon seeing Vivienne, immediately stood up and grabbed her arm, saying excitedly, “Slap me, quick!”

Vivienne silently withdrew her hand, coughed lightly, “What’s bothering you?”

“I feel like I’m dreaming.” Dorian looked at the house, cleared his throat, and said, “I did a quick search, and the furniture alone in this house costs a few thousand dollars. And they’re renting this amazing place to us for just fifty dollars a month. You tell me, is this some kind of trap?”

While speaking, Dorian glanced towards the door, then whispered, "Should we run for it? If the scammer shows up with his henchmen, we wouldn't be able to escape."

Vivienne's mouth twitched, wondering if they were paranoid or something. She patted Dorian's shoulder, "Mr. Hawthorn, we're at Tranquil Estates now."

Dorian blinked, "I know. The most luxurious neighborhood in Havenwood."

"Do you think anyone would dare to conduct such illegal pyramid schemes in such a high-end area?" Vivienne was somewhat helpless.

"After all, you're the son of the Hawthorn family, and you've seen a lot. Why are you so nervous about a house?" Dorian was stumped, "You're right."

He paused for a moment, then asked again, "But why is the landlord renting this apartment to us so cheaply?" He couldn't figure it out.

Vivienne rubbed her temples, "Didn't the agent tell you? The landlord needs someone to look after the house?" "But isn't fifty dollars a month too little?"

Vivienne chuckled, "Maybe the landlord is 'rich and kind-hearted.'"

"That makes sense. The landlord is indeed rich and kind-hearted." Dorian nodded.

'Rich and kind-hearted' Vivienne said — no, she was not kind-hearted at all. And she was broke. But what could she do? Her father was a penniless man. Cordelia, who had been nervous on the side, also relaxed, "Since there's nothing wrong with the house, let's just live here with peace of mind. We're able to live in such a nice house, it must be because of the good luck Vivienne brings us."

Chapter 9

Vivienne returned to her own bedroom and walked to the window, her expression extremely serious. She thought about the little girl she had just saved at the entrance of the mall, her brow furrowed tightly.

She had spotted it instantly. The girl was poisoned, and not just by any poison but a potent one concocted by her own mother that could mutilate the face if it

took effect. Before her mom passed, someone had come to snatch the formula for the poison. It had taken her years to figure out the antidote.

Vivienne tapped her fingers lightly against the window sill, deep in thought. Time was running out for the girl. Who in the world took the poison formula, and why on earth would they poison a kid?

Vivienne ceased her tapping, pulled out her phone and dialed Matthew. “Can you check if any hospital admitted a five-year-old girl with sores all over her face today?”

Matthew responded with a quick “okay” and hung up. Vivienne leaned against the window with her phone in hand, waiting quietly. About half an hour later, Matthew called back, “Found her. She’s in the VIP ward in Havenwood Hospital’s internal medicine department.”

“Alright, got it.”

Two days later.

Vivienne arrived at Havenwood Hospital. As she got out of the cab and walked into the hospital, a black sedan zoomed past her. Inside the car, Percival caught sight of Vivienne in the rear—view mirror. His eyes narrowed instantly, “Stop the car.”

Thomas hit the brakes hard, sending everyone lurching forward. He turned to ask, “What’s up, Mr. Ellington?”

Percival didn’t answer. He didn’t even wait for Thomas to help him with his wheelchair. He just opened the car door and got out. He scanned the crowd, for the figure he saw earlier but couldn’t find her.

Leopold got out of the car and walked up to him, asking, “What’s going on?”

Percival withdrew his gaze, “Nothing, let’s go.”

On the other side.

Vivienne entered the VIP ward. She stood at the ward door, looking at the little girl.

The girl looked much better after taking her medicine. Vivienne rested her hand on the doorknob, debating whether to go in.

This was one of the toughest decisions she'd ever made in her life. Getting involved could blow her cover. Her mother's affairs were complicated, and she needed to remain low-key. But the thought of the little girl's bright, clear eyes gave her pause. If only someone had helped her ten years ago, she wouldn't have had to watch her mother die right before her eyes. She couldn't bear the thought of the same thing happening to this five-year-old girl.

Just as she was hesitating, the ward door opened. "Miss, is that you? Are you here to see me?" Isolde asked, her eyes sparkling as she grabbed Vivienne's hand, feeling very delighted. She'd caught a glimpse of someone outside the ward who resembled the lady who'd saved her, so she ran out without thinking. To her surprise, it was really her.

Vivienne looked down at the hands holding hers, then up into Isolde's clear eyes. Her heart was inexplicably softened. She gave a small smile, "Yes, I came to see you."

"I knew you'd come to see me," Isolde said excitedly, tugging at Vivienne's hand. "Miss, can we go in?" Vivienne was pulled along by her, unconsciously entering the ward room.

Eartha looked surprised to see Vivienne, "Ms. Hawthorn?"

Vivienne nodded, "Yeah, I came to take care of some things and saw you guys here, so I came over." Eartha quickly poured Vivienne a glass of water, "Please, have a seat."

Vivienne nodded, then turned to Isolde, "I'm here to check on you."

Isolde nodded, smiling, "Great."

Her obedient demeanor left Eartha stunned. Because Isolde always hated it when doctors examined her. She'd only behave a little when Percival was around, but as soon as he left, no one could touch her. Yet now, she was voluntarily extending her hand to Ms. Hawthorn, so well-behaved it was unbelievable. If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, Eartha would've thought she was hallucinating.

Vivienne placed her hand on Isolde's wrist and used the medical knowledge she possessed to check her pulse. After a moment, Vivienne's brow furrowed deeply and her complexion grew increasingly grim.

Although Isolde had taken her medicine, the poison had already infiltrated her organs. Some of the toxins had been cleared, but her damaged organs were still failing, making treatment challenging.

Eartha felt a twinge of worry, “Is our young miss okay, Ms. Hawthorn?”

Vivienne glanced at Isolde, her lips pressed together. She reached out to stroke Isolde’s head, speaking softly, “I can cure your disease, but it might be a little painful. Are you scared?”

“Really?” Isolde’s eyes lit up. “Can my face go back to the way it was?”

“Yes.”

Then I’m not scared.” Isolde said seriously, “As long as you’re here, I’m not scared.”

Vivienne smiled, “Good, but I have one condition. You can’t tell anyone I’m treating you, not even your family.” Vivienne thought: Better play it safe.

Chapter 9

“Deal.” Isolde patted her chest in assurance.

Vivienne then turned to Eartha, “And you?”

Eartha looked a little troubled. She was just a nanny, and she couldn’t make such decisions on her own.

“She’s okay with it too,” Isolde chimed in before Eartha could answer. “But...”

Eartha wanted to say something, but Isolde suddenly burst into tears, “Eartha, I get called a ‘freak’ every day. I have no friends, and I can’t go to school.

I’m miserable.”

Taken aback by Isolde’s tears, Eartha quickly comforted her, “Don’t cry. I’ll agree to Ms. Hawthorn’s request.”

With her affirmation, Vivienne nodded, “Okay, I’ll start treating you tomorrow.” After leaving her phone number, Vivienne left. Inside a private villa.

As soon as Percival walked in, he heard a wailing voice, “Oh good heavens, why am I so unlucky! I finally found a wife for your grandson, but he was such a goof that he scared her off... At my old age, I can’t believe I still have to worry about his marriage. I can’t take it anymore, please come and help me.”

Percival watched as Richard was blowing his top in the living room, his brows furrowing. He pinched the bridge of his nose, helplessly saying, “Grandpa. It was the Hawthorn family’s daughter who wanted to call off the engagement.”

No sooner had he spoken than Taran bellowed, “You ungrateful grandson! Are you trying to make me a promise breaker? I promised Evelyn that I would marry him to the Hawthorn family’s daughter, but this ungrateful child is making me break my promise. What am I supposed to do? How am I going to explain this to Evelyn when I meet her after I die?”

Percival leaned back in his wheelchair, taking a deep breath. Behind him, Thomas and Leopold didn’t dare to utter a word. Speaking at this point would only invite Richard’s wrath.

“Enough. What do you want?” Percival was getting a headache.

“You’re coming with me to the Hawthorn family.” Taran sprung up abruptly, his sudden movement causing Leopold and Thomas to look on in shock.

Percival rolled his eyes. What else could he say?

Chapter 10

Beatrice looked at the head of the Ellington family, Richard, in front of her, and she dared not even breathe audibly. “What brings you here out of the blue, Mr. Ellington?” she asked.

She then turned to look at Percival, who was sitting in a wheelchair, feeling nothing but scorn. What use was having the status of the Ellington family?

Percival was disabled and the future of the Ellington family wouldn’t be in his hands.

“Madam, about the marriage arrangement between our families, I hope you could give it another thought.” Richard said, sitting upright, radiating a sense of authority.

Beatrice didn’t expect the Ellington family to take this marriage arrangement so seriously that Richard himself would come. She was caught off guard, “I’m not opposed to it. It’s just that the kids aren’t on board.”

At this moment, she felt a bit miffed at Vivienne. What a clueless child. She had made the decision on his own, putting her in such a passive position in front of Richard.

“The two kids haven’t met before, so it’s normal for them not to have feelings for each other. They’ll develop a bond as they spend more time together. Don’t worry, my grandson is very caring, and he won’t let Arabella down.”

Without waiting for Beatrice to respond, Richard took out a check, “To show our sincerity, consider this 10 million dollars an investment. On the day of the engagement, we’ll give another 10 million dollars as a gift.”

Beatrice’s eyes widened, a 10 million investment plus a 10 million gift? The Ellington family was truly loaded. She was so stunned that she couldn’t speak.

Seeing her hesitation, Richard continued, “A few days ago, Arabella saved my granddaughter; she’s a savior to the Ellington family. This shows that our families are meant to be, don’t you think?”

Beatrice was taken aback, “Are you mistaken? I didn’t hear Arabella say she saved your granddaughter.” “She saved a five-year-old girl at the mall entrance a few days ago, that was my granddaughter, Isolde.”

It turned out that Percival had asked Thomas to deliver a thank-you gift that day, but something came up, and the gift wasn’t delivered.

Arabella, who had just returned from outside, overheard this and stopped in her tracks. At the mall entrance? Did Vivienne really save that girl?

Arabella composed herself and walked in. “Granny.” She greeted Beatrice and when she turned to see Percival, her expression froze. He was so handsome. When did such a good-looking guy appear in this city?

She quickly averted her eyes, then turned to Beatrice and asked, "Who are they?" Beatrice introduced them, "This is Mr. Ellington from the Ellington family, and his grandson, Percival."

Upon hearing this, Arabella's expression changed and she looked at Percival with disdain. So this was the disabled guy. But what was the use of just being good looking?

Recalling Richard's previous words, Arabella scoffed, the average—looking little girl at the mall entrance was Percival's sister? This brother and sister duo, one was so ugly and the other was disabled. Although this was what Arabella was thinking, she didn't show it on her face, "Nice meeting you, Mr. Richard."

"Pleasure." Richard replied with a smile, "Arabella, I want to thank you for saving Isolde the other day. Name your reward. Don't hold back

He had been in the business world for many years and naturally noticed the disdain in Arabella's eyes. But she was Arabella, the daughter of the Hawthorn family. Even if he was a bit displeased, he couldn't show it.

Hearing such a generous offer, Arabella was somewhat tempted. The Ellington family was the largest family in Rivenwood, and everything they owned was valuable. However, she quickly suppressed this thought. She didn't want to have anything to do with Percival. She laughed and said, "I just did what anyone would do. If anyone else had fallen ill at the entrance of the mall, I would have helped."

Arabella then added, "By the way, Mr. Richard, I think you might have misunderstood. I'm not the daughter of the Hawthorn family."

Hearing this, Richard, Percival, Leopold, and Thomas were all surprised. After a while, Leopold suddenly looked at her, "You're not the daughter of the Hawthorn family?"

"Yes, I was adopted by my father. My sister was only brought back home a few days ago." Arabella replied with a gentle smile. Y

Leopold stared at Arabella for a few seconds, and his expression suddenly darkened, "Is the Hawthorn family trying to dodge the marriage agreement by using a stand-in?"

The fact that Arabella was adopted was true, which they knew from their investigations. But they had never heard that Dorian, who had adopted Arabella, had another daughter.

Richard's face also turned grim. He didn't necessarily want Percival to marry Arabella; he had just promised Evelyn and had been trying to make this marriage happen. But the Hawthorn family using this as an excuse was too much.

Percival's deep gazes narrowed slightly, his long fingers tapping on his leg. The person who had called him did sound different from Arabella.

"Since then, can we call her over for a chat?" Richard's face brightened up a bit.

"I've already given her a ring. She should be on her way over," Beatrice explained gingerly. When Vivienne arrived at the old house, Dorian and Cordelia were already waiting for her. She walked over and greeted, "Dad."

"Mm-hm." Dorian nodded, then explained, "Cassie gave me a buzz out of the blue, says your grandma's got heart attack and wants us to hurry back.

After all, she's my mom."

Vivienne was a bit flummoxed. Heart attack? What kind of excuse was that? Instead of taking her grandma to the hospital for her heart attack, they waited for her son to come visit in person? Did her son have some magical healing powers? Only a straight shooter like Dorian would buy such a story.

"I see. Let's go check on her then." She wondered what kind of game Beatrice was playing. They followed the nanny inside.

As soon as they entered the living room, they saw Richard and the others. Vivienne looked up at them, and her gaze met with Percival's.

Both of them were taken aback. It was him?

It was her?