

Million-Dollar 61

Chapter 61

Lysander was seething with anger, his face darkened as he snapped, "Can't you guys just back off?"

Ms. Vivienne got her double PhD from Elite University at 16. I had to move heaven and earth just to get her here. What more do you want? Do you think just anyone can get her to teach? If not for my personal connection with her, she wouldn't be here at all. Your kids get to call her teacher, isn't that an honor?"

Lysander thought his words would calm these parents down. Instead, they were incredulous and even sarcastic.

"A sixteen-year-old with a double PhD from Elite University? Lysander, how much did Vivienne pay you? You're even willing to toss aside basic decency. Who is Vivienne? Everyone in the city's high society knows that."

"Yeah, right. She left the Hawthorn family with her mother from the sticks when she was nine and has been at the Emerald Monastery ever since. She hasn't left the mountain in ten years. Where did she go to school? Did she self-study? Are you saying she's a genius? That's hilarious."

"Absolutely! The Hawthorn family did take Vivienne back, but even Beatrice refused to acknowledge

her. If she's really that exceptional, why hasn't Beatrice held a recognition banquet?"

"You guys!" Lysander was livid. He wanted to defend Vivienne, but she hadn't brought her diploma when she was hired.

Actually, Vivienne brought it, but Lysander didn't ask.

Vivienne was hired to teach Class Eighteen and wasn't expected to lecture. There was no need for her diploma. Plus, he knew about her degrees, so he thought it wasn't necessary.

He didn't expect these parents to question it, and he was at a loss for words.

Lysander was furious, so he pulled out his phone to call Vivienne. He wanted her to bring her PhD certificate and slap it in these people's faces to prove she didn't get in through the backdoor.

Just as the call connected, a ringtone sounded from outside the office.

Vivienne outside the office was taken aback that Lysander would call her at this moment. It was a bit awkward.

She hung up and walked into the office.

"Lysander."

Seeing Vivienne enter, Lysander immediately went up to her, "Ms. Vivienne, did you bring your PhD diploma?"

"No."

Who would carry their diploma around all the time?

"Can you go back and get it?" Lysander whispered to her, "You see how outrageous these parents are."

Although Lysander was the principal, he could only manage school affairs. These parents all had high social status and wouldn't listen to him.

Only Vivienne's diploma could shut them up.

"I can go get it, but do you think it would help?" Vivienne gave a mocking smile.

These people's prejudices were deeply ingrained. They had always thought she was not fit to be a teacher.

Even if she brought her diploma, they would find other reasons. They might even suspect it's fake.

"Are you Vivienne?" While Vivienne and Lysander were talking, a woman suddenly asked Vivienne.

Vivienne looked at her and answered emotionlessly, "I am."

"I hope you can leave Cloudcrest High School voluntarily. Our children can't accept you as their teacher!"

Vivienne glanced at her, "I'm paid by the principal, and unless he asks me to, I won't leave."

The parent frowned, "Are you deliberately opposing us? Be clear, our families are no worse than the Hawthorn family. If we unite, you won't be able to stay at Cloudcrest High School. Even the Hawthorn family won't be able to stay in Havenwood."

"So are you threatening me?" Vivienne laughed, her eyes slightly squinted, but the smile didn't reach her eyes.

"Yes, I'm threatening you!" The parent held her chin high, "If you're smart, you'll leave Cloudcrest High School. Otherwise, don't blame us for not warning you. My child is facing entrance exams and can't be affected by you."

"Oh?" Vivienne raised an eyebrow, and then she suddenly looked up, "Which family are you from?"

The parent frowned, then lifted her head proudly, "The Field family."

The Field family was in the clothing business and had developed their brand into a second-tier brand

over the years.

This woman was Hilda Field, who always liked to compare herself to other socialites.

If it was about family status, the Field family was no match for the Hawthorn family.

But the Field family was rich. If it was about money, the Hawthorn family was outrun.

Because the current Hawthorn family, without a good perfume formula and a large investment, would soon face bankruptcy.

Vivienne walked up to Hilda and said calmly, "I have a pet peeve, and that's being threatened. Hilda, you seem to have a lot of free time. Let me give you something to do."

Before Hilda could respond, Vivienne took out her phone and made a call, "Dawson, I'm being bullied."

On the other end of the phone, Dawson, the chairman of Alliance Enterprises, stood up at once. "Who's that?"

He swore that messing with Mystic Mistress was a one-way ticket to hell!

"The Field family from Havenwood."

"Hold tight, Mystic Mistress, I'll get your revenge for you!"

"That's fine. You alone will do."

Dawson was about to rally his brothers, but stopped when he heard Vivienne's words, "Alright, got it."

After hanging up, Dawson immediately summoned his assistant, tossing a check at him, "Invest 20 million bucks into messing with the Field family. If any of the Fields could still cause a fuss, it's on you!"

The assistant shivered, "I'm on it!"

He scampered away immediately.

The Field family must be out of their goddamn minds!

It was rare for the chairman to single out a company. They even had the balls to piss him off!

Hearing Vivienne's phone call, Hilda scoffed, "You trying to scare me? Give it a shot, and see if I flinch.

Do you think I'll let you continue teaching here? Dream on!"

Vivienne kneaded her temples, speaking indifferently, "I never thought that you had the say over my coming and going."

"You!"

Hilda was fuming, ready to explode. Then a teacher rushed in, excitedly exclaiming, "Principal, Mr.

James' team has arrived."

Upon hearing this, Vivienne glanced at the time on her phone. It was exactly 8 am.

Mr. James was punctuality personified. When he said eight, it was eight.

Hearing this news, The other parents dropped their grudges against Vivienne. With smiles on their

faces, they were eager to meet Mr. James and show off their kids in front of him.

"Quick, let them in." Lysander was also very excited.

Soon, the teacher led Mr. James' team into the office.

The principal's office was huge. It was dozens of square meters, but with the parents and Mr. James'

team, it felt packed.

The moment Mr. James walked in, he spotted Vivienne, "Vivienne, finally, there you are! Let me see.

Have you lost weight or gained some?"

The parents who had been ready to greet Mr. James were taken aback by his words, their eyes wide in

disbelief as they stared at Mr. James, too stunned to react.

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Lysander knew that Mr. James was brought in by Vivienne, but these parents were totally in the dark.

They were absolutely flabbergasted to see Mr. James being so chummy with Vivienne.

After a long silence, someone finally piped up, "What the hell's going on? How does Mr. James know

Vivienne?"

"I'm just as shocked. Isn't Vivienne from some backwater town? Mr. James has been teaching at Elite University and rarely leaves Rivenwood. How could he know a country girl like her?"

"Looks like Mr. James and Vivienne go way back!"

Everyone started buzzing about it.

Their voices were loud enough for Vivienne to overhear.

With a sly lift of her eye, Vivienne shot them a glance then turned to Mr. James and said with a chuckle,

"I think I've put on some weight."

She had been indulging in strawberry cakes lately and had gained a couple of pounds.

Mr. James pinched her cheek, "A little weight suits you. You're too skinny. You need to eat more and get a bit plump. That's much more appealing."

Vivienne was speechless.

She thought, "So, am I supposed to puff up like a pig?"

After a bit of small talk, Mr. James asked, "Where's that class you mentioned? Take me there. We need

to assess their level to plan a study program."

Mr. James shot Vivienne a reproachful glance, "You're really stirring up trouble for me. At my age, I didn't expect such a big challenge."

Vivienne laughed, "You've guided plenty of Ph.D. students. This should be a piece of cake for you."

"Humph!" Mr. James snorted, "I haven't seen you in years, but you've certainly become more eloquent."

She had a way with words that warmed one's heart.

At his age, he enjoyed a bit of flattery.

Of course, he wouldn't just take any sweet talker's bait.

Vivienne gave a small smile and turned to Lysander, "Principal, I'll take Mr. James to Class Eighteen."

After saying this, she led Mr. James towards the office exit.

Her words took the parents aback.

"What! Mr. James is going to teach Class Eighteen? Are you kidding me?"

"Principal, what are you playing at? First, you bring in Vivienne who knows nothing to teach, and now you're bringing Mr. James's team to teach Class Eighteen. Aren't you going overboard?"

"Who even are the students in Class Eighteen? They were a bunch of rich brats with no talent. Do they even have a future? Mr. James and his team should be teaching the elite students. Isn't this a waste of educational resources?"

Lysander had long been fed up with their complaints. He coldly retorted, "Do you think anyone can invite Mr. James? Don't you know I've invited him over a dozen times, and he's always declined?"

"But you did invite him this time, didn't you? You're giving this golden opportunity to Class Eighteen? If you really do this, I'll report you to the Department of Education!"

Lysander couldn't help but laugh, "Mr. James was invited by Ms. Vivienne, and since she's the teacher of Class Eighteen, naturally, Mr. James is here to teach that class. If you want to report me, go ahead. I have nothing to fear because my conscience is clear!"

He had had enough of these parents.

Hearing this, the parents were gobsmacked. Their eyes widened.

"Mr. James was invited by Vivienne? Are you joking? She's just a country girl!"

"Lysander, are you lying? Look at Vivienne. Does she have the capacity to invite Mr. James?"

"Are you hiding something with Vivienne? Is that why you're always protecting her?"

The parents were extremely agitated, and their words were becoming more vicious.

Lysander's face turned ghostly white with rage.

He couldn't believe how nasty these people were. Vivienne was only nineteen, and he was in his forties. She was like a daughter to him.

And they even dared to slander them like this.

It was absolutely disgusting!

Mr. James thought these people were teachers discussing school matters with the principal. But when he heard what they were saying, he realized it wasn't as he thought.

He even heard someone insulting Vivienne as a country girl!

His face instantly turned grim, and he turned to Vivienne, "What's going on?"

Seeing Mr. James speak up, the parents rushed to speak before Vivienne, "Mr. James, you're a highly respected professor at Elite University. We're all thrilled that you're here at Cloudcrest High School. But why would you teach Class Eighteen?"

"That class has a terrible reputation. None of the students show any potential. They don't even

understand basic knowledge. Teaching them would be a waste of educational resources."

"Mr. James, please don't waste your time on them. Teach our elite students instead. They have excellent grades and with your guidance, and they'll definitely get into top universities."

"Vivienne is just a country girl. We don't know how she managed to trick you. Be careful."

"We don't know what's gotten into Lysander either. He insisted on having Vivienne teach Class Eighteen. She doesn't even have an education. On what basis is she a teacher? Moreover, that class is dangerous. It's uncertain whether you and your team can avoid the danger."

Mr. James looked visibly pissed off as he listened to the parents' complaints.

He was fuming, his eyes wide and furious. He yelled, "What a load of crap!"

At Mr. James's outburst, the parents instantly shut up.

Lysander stood off to the side, silently observing. Mr. James's words carried even more weight than his own.

These parents were just ganging up on people.

"Who called Vivienne a country bumpkin? Stand up!" Mr. James's tone was icy as he roared, "You

bunch of uncultured lot. How dare you look down on country folks? Aren't the food you eat grown by them? What makes you better than them? And who said Vivienne never went to school, stand up too! I want to see who got their brains kicked out by a donkey!" Mr. James had many students, but Vivienne was his favorite.

Seeing Vivienne insulted, and so rudely at that, pissed him off to no end!

"Mr. James, I think you're being a bit biased. Vivienne comes from a rural background, and she hasn't had a formal education, but you can't defend her just because she's close to Lysander," a parent expressed displeasure.

"What did you say?" The usually polite Mr. James was provoked to the point of cursing, evidently, he was livid, "You bunch of troublemakers, spouting nonsense and blaming Vivienne. Collin, get a lawyer. I'm going to sue them and make them pay for their words! If they don't apologize to Vivienne, it's on you!"

The other members of Mr. James's team were equally infuriated.

Collin immediately responded, "Right away, I'll contact a lawyer."

"Mr. James, you're a renowned professor at Elite University. How can you be fooled by Vivienne,

unable to distinguish right from wrong?" The parents instantly retorted upon hearing Mr. James's intention to sue.

Normally, his team members would remain quiet in Mr. James's presence.

But at this moment, Collin couldn't hold back anymore, "Vivienne is Mr. James's student. She topped the Eldoria City exams at fourteen and earned a dual PhD in Medicine and Biochemistry from Elite University at sixteen. And you say she never went to school? And are you even accusing her of improper relations with the principal? With these two points alone, our team could sue you into oblivion!"

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Parents were all gobsmacked by Collin's words.

"Is Vivienne really a PhD student? And is she also Mr. James's student? Holy cow! That's unbelievable!"

When Lysander said Vivienne held two PhD degrees, they didn't buy it.

Vivienne was brought in by Lysander, and they weren't sure if it was a hoax or not.

But the fact that Mr. James's team personally vouched for it meant it must be true.

A national champion at 14.

A PhD student at 16.

That was one in a thousand.

To have such a high-achieving teacher at Cloudcrest High School, the students were so lucky!

"My daughter's been missing the admission score for top universities by over 30 points in her recent exams. If Ms. Vivienne could tutor her, she'd definitely get in."

"My daughter too. She's good in humanities, but her science is not up to par. With a PhD student like Ms. Vivienne guiding her, she should be able to improve."

After their initial shock, the parents started discussing.

This time, everyone referred to Vivienne as a teacher.

As they were considering how to get Vivienne to teach other classes, an inappropriate voice rang out,

"Are you guys nuts? How can you just swallow whatever they feed you? If Vivienne really was a national champion at 14 and had two PhD degrees at 16, why wasn't it all over the news?"

The one who spoke was Hilda.

Everyone was stunned.

That was right!

Why wasn't it all over the news?

A national champion at 14 should've been a piece of big news!

It was definitely a big event that would have attracted attention.

All of them had kids, and some were in the same grade as Vivienne years ago, but they never heard of a national champion named Vivienne.

"I can't believe that Lysander, just so that Vivienne could get this far, even conspired with Mr. James to deceive us." Hilda sneered looking at Mr. James, "You're a highly esteemed professor, yet you teamed up with Lysander to puff up a country bumpkin to such high status. I have no respect for you. You can go teach Class Eighteen. My child doesn't need a teacher like you!"

After a pause, Hilda added, "Vivienne is just a pretty face. You're in your sixties, and you are old enough to be her grandpa. Could it be that you have impure thoughts about her too?"

"That's outrageous!" Mr. James roared, "You're going too far, making up stuff and slandering people. If you don't get punished by the law, my sixty years of life would have been in vain."

Mr. James furiously turned to Collin, "Get a lawyer right now. I want the Field family to receive a lawyer's letter within an hour. Tell the lawyer that I will not accept any settlement!"

"Huh, sue me. Go ahead. Do you think I'm scared of you? Shameless old man, ah?"

Before Hilda could finish her sentence, her neck was tightly gripped by Vivienne. Vivienne's cold face was covered with frostiness, her whole demeanor was icy. Her slender fingers tightly gripped when she said with a chilly voice, "Do you think I'm easy to bully just because I didn't fight back when you insulted me?"

"You, you let go of me!" Hilda's face turned red, her hands struggling to pry Vivienne's hand off her neck.

However, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't break free from Vivienne's grip.

"Vivienne, you dare to hit me! Let me tell you, if you lay a finger on me, my family won't let you off!"

Unable to break free, Hilda started to threaten Vivienne.

Vivienne leaned into her ear, her icy eyes squinting. Her voice was colder than before, "I won't hit you. I'll kill you!"

"You dare! We live in a society ruled by law!" Hilda stared at Vivienne, her heart filled with terror.

Vivienne's eyes were indifferent. When she said she would kill Hilda, there was no wavering.

At that moment, Hilda felt that Vivienne really could kill her.

"Vivienne, stop it!" Mr. James cried out anxiously, "Stop messing around. This is not Emerald Mountain."

Seeing Vivienne holding Hilda by the neck, Lysander and other parents were all stunned. None of them could react in time.

Mr. James's words brought them back to reality. Lysander quickly pulled Vivienne away, "Ms. Vivienne, Hilda's words were offensive. We can sue her. Don't get yourself involved."

Lysander was very angry at Hilda.

After Mr. James confirmed Vivienne's identity, all other parents believed it. Only Hilda was still causing trouble.

She even insulted Mr. James.

Mr. James was Vivienne's university teacher. Now someone was insulting her teacher. Nobody could tolerate that, not to mention Vivienne.

Other parents also tried to dissuade her, "Ms. Vivienne, calm down. Don't hurt anyone, Hilda didn't mean it."

Although everyone agreed with Hilda's words, no one dared to voice it out at this moment.

Because Vivienne was too scary!

Those eyes were like the eyes of the king of hell, completely devoid of mercy.

They all knew Vivienne was from the country, and might be a bit rough, but they didn't expect her to resort to violence in school. From the looks of it, she was about to strangle Hilda.

Vivienne's icy gaze swept over everybody, then she indifferently looked away.

She looked at Hilda, and coldly said, "Apologize to Mr. James!"

"You want me to apologize just because you say so? Why should I?" Seeing others defending her,

Hilda got her confidence back. She wasn't afraid of Vivienne anymore, and she returned to her arrogant self.

"Mr. James is my teacher. You don't have to say sorry, unless you have a death wish," Vivienne

whispered coldly into Hilda's ear. "Don't underestimate me. I can make you disappear and no one would know it was me."

Hilda couldn't help but shiver! Seeing Vivienne's icy stare, she instinctively recoiled, pondering for a

moment before gritting her teeth and saying, "Fine, I apologize!"

Once she got out of this school, she'd make Vivienne regret this!

"Mr. James, I'm sorry. I was out of line just now," Hilda said respectfully.

"I don't accept your apology!" Mr. James retorted angrily. "Go home and prepare yourself for legal consequences."

He overheard Vivienne's threat to Hilda, and he knew she was capable of carrying it out.

He was touched. Despite her cold exterior, Vivienne was actually kind-hearted.

He declined Hilda's apology, partly to stand up for Vivienne, and partly to prevent Vivienne from acting on her threat.

There were things that, once started, couldn't be taken back.

Vivienne had a bright future. There was no need to risk it for Hilda.

Then Vivienne let go of Hilda.

Hilda took a few deep breaths. She glared at Vivienne and gnashed her teeth, "We'll settle this later."

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Vivienne eyed Hilda's retreating back with a frosty gaze. She reached into her pocket, pulled out her phone, and was about to dial a number when a pair of old hands landed on her shoulder.

Turning her head, she saw Mr. James shaking his head at her. After a moment of silence, she put her phone back in her pocket.

She had almost lost her cool.

She had more important things to do after coming down from the mountain. If she blew her cover, it would mean trouble for her family.

Vivienne retracted her gaze. She turned to the other parents and declared coldly, "I've said it before and I'll say it again that you guys can't decide whether I stay or go. If you have any doubts about my qualifications, you can check it out with the right people."

She lifted her head, her aloof eyes sweeping over everyone, "Don't try to teach me how to live my life.

You have no right to do so!"

With that, Vivienne headed off to Class Eighteen with Mr. James and the rest of their party.

They left Lysander and a dozen parents in the room. Lysander looked at them, sighed, and then

explained patiently, "Ms. Vivienne's qualifications can be verified with the authorities. I went through a

lot of trouble to get her here, so I won't fire her."

"Furthermore, since her arrival, she managed to get the students of Class Eighteen to fall in line in just one class. Regardless of her qualifications, the fact that she managed to bring order to Class Eighteen is something to celebrate. Don't you want your kids to have a good learning environment?"

"Mr. James's team was brought in by Ms. Vivienne. Now the students of Class Eighteen are bad in their academic performance.. They will create a study plan for Class Eighteen students. Once their performance stabilizes, I'll discuss with Ms. Vivienne about having Mr. James tutor the other classes."

After hearing Lysander's words, those parents didn't argue further and left.

Of course, they wouldn't go to the authorities to verify if Vivienne really had a PhD. Like Hilda, they didn't believe she could have one. But, with the situation as it was, they wouldn't stop Vivienne from continuing to work at the school.

Most importantly, having Mr. James give lessons to other classes was a good thing. Given the current situation, Mr. James's team would stay in Havenwood until the exams were over. This was good news for the parents.

Vivienne led Mr. James's team to Class Eighteen. Just as they reached the classroom door, someone called out, "Stand up!"

Immediately, all the rest students stood up and greeted her with respect, "Good morning, Ms. Vivienne!"

The one who called for everyone to stand was Charlotte Redwood.

After the students of Class Eighteen went home yesterday afternoon, Logan Wood created a WhatsApp group for everyone (they usually kept to themselves and didn't talk much. That's why they didn't have a WhatsApp group before), urging everyone to strictly follow the class rules.

After a discussion, they decided to make Charlotte the class monitor.

Charlotte accepted it as her due. Vivienne was her good friend, and now her head teacher. Being a class monitor would help her support Vivienne better.

Mr. James, seeing such well-behaved students, thought he was in his dream, "What's going on here?"

Vivienne smiled at Mr. James, "The kids are pretty sensible."

Mr. James became speechless.

Don't forget you were once a kid too! He thought.

Then she pointed to Collin, "His name's Collin and he'll be teaching you chemistry."

She then introduced the other teachers.

One after the other, Vivienne had finished introducing all the teaching staff.

The students were over the moon!

All these teachers were graduates of Elite University!

Were these best graduates becoming their teachers from now on?

With their guidance, we can definitely do well in our exams, they thought.

So, everyone greeted the teachers loudly and energetically.

Mr. James smiled in satisfaction and said, "Good, it seems like I had some misconceptions about you

guys before. Study time is precious, so I won't waste any more of it. From now on, we need to reassess

your studies and make a study plan for you."

Upon hearing that they were going to be assessed, the students were not annoyed, but excited.

"Thank you, Mr. James!" they all said in unison.

Vivienne gave a few simple instructions, then left.

The students of Class Eighteen would be living at the school from now on. Mr. James would be in

charge of their studies, while she would handle their daily life.

And she had other matters to attend to as well.

Just as she reached her office, Lysander arrived, accompanied by two people.

They were Thomas and Percival Ellington!

Percival was still in his wheelchair with Thomas pushing it from behind.

Vivienne turned around and saw Percival. She paused for a moment.

As soon as Lysander entered, he said to Vivienne with a smile, "Ms. Vivienne, I've found a PE teacher for Class Eighteen. You'll have to work together."

He introduced Percival to Vivienne, "This is Mr. Ellington. Say hello!"

Vivienne was quiet for a second.

She twitched her lips, then looked at Lysander and forced out, "Are you joking?"

Lysander was taken aback, then said seriously, "No, I'm serious."

After saying that, he touched his face and asked Vivienne seriously, "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Vivienne became speechless again.

Just go away! I don't want to talk! She thought.

"I'm looking forward to working with ya, Ms. Vivienne" Percival extended his hand, and flashed a smile at her.

His fingers were particularly good-looking.

Vivienne glanced at his extended hand, fell silent for a moment, and then opened her mouth , "Did your family go belly up?"

Can't I ever catch a break? You're my fiancée, so how does my family going bankrupt benefit you?

Percival thought to himself.

He cleared his throat, then said seriously, "My granddad said that since I've got a fiancée now, I have to support her myself, so he cut off my credit card. I'm broke."

Vivienne was lost for words.

You and your grandfather really know how to cause a trouble, she thought in her mind.

"We don't need a PE teacher in our class." Vivienne told Lysander, "There's only three months left until the big exam, so our class is under a lot of study pressure. PE classes have been canned."

"About this..." Lysander glanced at Percival, a little troubled. He had no objections to Vivienne's

arrangements.

The class was different. They were way behind in their studies so they really need to rush up.

"Vivienne, as you know, I have a disability so no company wants to hire me. If you don't need me, I'll be

left high and dry. My granddad and Isolde are both depending on me and I need to take care of them.

I'm really strapped for cash." Percival said, sounding really pitiful.

Disabled? No company wants to hire you? Broke? What a nerve! She thought to herself silently.

Mr. Ellington, does your conscience not prick you when you say these things? Thomas, who's standing

behind Percival, thought to himself.

"Um..." Lysander began to persuade her after seeing her cold silence, "Ms. Vivienne, the students do

need a balance between rest and study. How about we keep Mr. Ellington on?"

Before Vivienne could respond, Lysander added, "I've already signed a contract with Mr. Ellington, if he

doesn't stay, I'll have to pay him double his salary. Oh, by the way, his monthly salary is twenty grand."

Vivienne's eyes widened.

What the hell? You literally pay a PE teacher twenty grand a month? Are you pulling my leg? She

thought.

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Vivienne rubbed her temples, looking a bit helpless.

After a while, she looked up at Percival, her gaze sweeping over his legs, "Are you planning to teach like this?"

Percival put his finger on his leg with a faint smile on his lips, "Although I'm disabled, it doesn't affect my teaching."

"...Alright! If you insist, let's give it a shot. But I have to warn you that you can only teach two PE classes a week." Vivienne said.

Vivienne did understand the importance of balancing work and rest. But Class Eighteen was a special case with a heavy course load. She hoped to solidify the subject knowledge for Class Eighteen within a month and then consider scheduling PE classes.

But Percival suddenly proposed to teach gym classes. That was something unexpected.

Oh well!

She decided not to make a fuss about it considering the strawberry cake he gave her.

"Alright." Percival agreed quickly.

Seeing that they had reached a consensus, Lysander breathed a sigh of relief, "Ms. Vivienne, could Mr.

Ellington share an office with you? I don't have a new office available at the moment, but I'll move Mr.

Ellington once I do."

"Sure." Percival answered.

Vivienne shot him a look and then told Lysander, "I have no problem with that."

With everything finally settled, Lysander left. He had only walked a few steps when he suddenly

remembered something and turned back, "Do you two know each other?"

He hadn't paid much attention to how Percival and Vivienne addressed each other when he first came.

At that time, he was worried that Vivienne might disagree. He also felt that mishandling the situation

might upset Percival.

Now that everything was resolved, he realized that Percival had been calling Vivienne by her name.

They didn't say anything, but Lysander understood it from their expressions. He chuckled before

leaving.

In Class One.

Twenty minutes had already passed since the bell rang. The students were watching the classroom

door anxiously.

Arabella Hawthorn was particularly nervous in the front row.

Suddenly, the door opened and the head teacher of Class One came in.

Arabella immediately stood up, "Ms. Olivia, when will Mr. James come?"

Ms. Olivia sighed, "Mr. James is not coming."

"What?" Arabella's face changed, "Why? Our classmates saw Mr. James come to school."

Mr. James arrived when the class was about to start, so most students didn't see him; only a few who were late did.

Their class had a latecomer today, who happened to see the dean bring Mr. James into the school.

The student couldn't see it wrong. But why did Ms. Olivia say that Mr. James wouldn't come?

"Mr. James did come to school, but he is here to teach Class Eighteen." Ms. Olivia looked regretful.

"Teaching Class Eighteen!?" The students of Class One were immediately stunned!

"How is that possible? Why Mr. James is teaching Class Eighteen? Do they deserve a teacher like

him? They've probably forgotten most of their knowledge, right? Isn't it a waste for Mr. James to teach

them?"

"We are Class One, the key class of Cloudcrest High School. Almost every one of us can get into a great college. If Mr. James guides us, the whole class might get into even better colleges. Why would they choose to teach Class Eighteen instead of our class?"

The students of Class One were very emotional.

They couldn't accept that Mr. James was going to teach Class Eighteen.

Arabella was also shocked by Ms. Olivia's words. She never thought that Mr. James would give up Class One because of Class Eighteen! Had Mr. James lost his mind? She couldn't accept this outcome!

"Ms. Olivia, do you know why Mr. James is teaching Class Eighteen? Will these teachers continue to teach us?" Arabella asked.

"The head teacher of Class Eighteen invited Mr. James's team." Ms. Olivia looked approving while saying, "I only found out today that Class Eighteen has a new head teacher. I heard she manages the students very well. Seems like the principal made the right choice this time."

Ms. Olivia laughed, "I even heard the students of Class Eighteen greet their teacher this morning,

which was quite unexpected. But I don't know the details. This morning a lot of parents wanted the principal to fire Ms. Vivienne, but it turns out she's a Ph.D. with double degree.."

Ms. Olivia was a gossip type, but she had been away from school for a couple of days because of some family issues. When she came back today, she heard about the new head teacher of Class Eighteen and how well she was managing the students, which piqued her curiosity.

Then she heard that Mr. James was coming to the school to teach. The students asked her to enquire about the situation. She was also curious so she went to the principal's office.

In fact, many other teachers went too.

But the principal's office was in chaos so they didn't dare to go in.

Later on, a scuffle broke out inside. The other teachers were so scared that they bolted, leaving her to observe from a short distance.

Only when the principal's office was empty did she go in to inquire about the situation.

Honestly, she was utterly awestruck by Vivienne.

Class Eighteen was a notoriously hard class to manage. Vivienne not only handled the class, but also

made them fall in line. That's something most people couldn't pull off.

No wonder she acquired a double doctorate from Elite University at the tender age of nineteen.

"Double doctorate?" Arabella's eyes nearly popped out of her head as she looked at Ms. Olivia in disbelief.

She thought she must have heard it wrong. Maybe she was just hearing things due to lack of rest.

But then, the next second, she heard Ms. Olivia say, "That's right. Ms. Vivienne not only has a double doctorate from Elite University, but she's also the youngest Ph.D. student there. Mr. James was her professor at Elite University.

Ms. Vivienne brought Ms. James here just to teach Class Eighteen. The principal wanted him to teach other classes as well and he hoped Ms. Vivienne could discuss it through with Mr. James. But given the ruckus caused by the parents today, that's probably not going to happen."

Facing a group of students, Ms. Olivia said, "Don't be discouraged. Class One is a top class, and as long as you maintain your current level, you'll all be able to get into university smoothly. Mr. James will officially start teaching Class Eighteen this afternoon, starting with some basic knowledge. I'll go talk to Ms. Vivienne about auditing some classes. I can't promise anything in other areas, but if I gain some

experience in physics, I'll share it with you."

Ms. Olivia is a physics teacher. She has always been obsessed with physics.

Ms. Olivia rambled on, completely oblivious to the shocked faces of Class One's students. Especially

Arabella and Coral Lockwood.

Coral and Arabella share a desk. Coral whispered in Arabella's ear, "Vivienne is a Ph.D. student? Why

didn't you guys mention this before? I thought she never went to school."

Arabella was brought back to reality, and after a moment of silence, she said, "I don't know how my

sister could be a Ph.D. student. I'm sure she never went to school. Maybe Mr. Ellington helped her buy

the certificate?"

"So that's it. I knew Vivienne's been lying all along!" Coral said angrily, "We can't get her kicked out of

school just because of a forged certificate. What a shame."

Arabella wore a worried expression, "I'm afraid if the authorities find out that my sister's certificate is

bought, it will be awful. It's illegal!"

Coral's eyes flashed on hearing this, "Hmph! People like her should be punished by the law."

Chapter 66

Inside the head teacher's office of Class Eighteen.

The office was set up simply at Vivienne's request, with just a desk and a comfy sofa.

At the moment, Vivienne was busy at the desk, Percival was dealing with stuff in his wheelchair, and

Thomas was sitting on the sofa. It was all quiet, nobody was speaking.

Mr. James's team had completed all subject tests for Class Eighteen's students and set up a study plan.

Once the study plan was confirmed, Vivienne started scheduling the classes.

The learning tasks for the first month were quite heavy. Vivienne even filled the self-study time at night with classes. However, she didn't arrange any PE classes within the first week.

Percival didn't object to this.

Class Eighteen's students had had enough fun; it was time to get serious about studying.

By the time she finished scheduling the classes and sorting out different things for the class, it was already half past twelve in the afternoon.

She looked up and was surprised to see Percival and Thomas still there, "Aren't you guys going to eat?"

"Waiting for you." Percival responded after sending out his last message and putting his phone back in his pocket. He was smiling faintly, his voice gentle.

"Waiting for me?"

She was going home for lunch today. She wasn't used to the school's canteen, so she had Cordelia prepare some when she left home in the morning.

She and Percival were not close. Why would he wait for her?

"Well, I called Cordelia this morning, saying that we're going to have lunch at your place." Percival wheeled over to Vivienne, and before she could say anything, he added, "Don't get me wrong, I'm not freeloading. I've paid the living expenses, and from now on, I'll eat at your place except for breakfast."

"What about your grandpa and Isolde?" Vivienne asked.

Percival looked up, a smile tugging at his lips, "I forgot to tell you that I paid for four people's meals, me, my grandpa, Isolde, and Thomas."

Vivienne straightened up her desk, and as she turned around, her gaze fell on the pendant on

Percival's neck. It was identical to the one she had on her wrist, and it should have been with her

mother. It was now sparkling brighter in the sunlight.

Without showing any emotion, Vivienne withdrew her gaze. She took a glance at Percival, and then walked out, "Let's go."

Just as they exited the office, they saw a figure standing at the door.

As soon as she saw Vivienne coming out, the figure immediately approached with a smile, "Ms.

Vivienne, nice to meet you! I'm the head teacher of Class One, my name is..."

Ms. Olivia had arrived at half past eleven but saw Vivienne busy. She thus waited at the door.

Little did she know, she would end up waiting for an hour.

She didn't expect Ms. Vivienne to be so dedicated, still busy with student affairs way past lunchtime.

"Ms. Olivia." Vivienne greeted, "What can I do for you?"

"I have a favor to ask. I was wondering if I could sit in on Mr. James's lessons?" To prevent any misunderstanding, Ms. Olivia quickly explained, "I don't have any other intentions. It's just that all my students wish to be taught by Mr. James, but he only teaches Class Eighteen. I'd like to sit in and learn some new methods so I can teach my students better."

Vivienne looked at Ms. Olivia. Among all the teachers she met since she came to Cloudcrest High

School, Ms. Olivia was the only one who put students' needs first.

She pondered for a moment, then said, "Sure, I'll call Mr. James and let him know."

"Thank you so much! I'm really grateful." Ms. Olivia said excitedly, "You are so beautiful yet also very

kind, Ms. Vivienne. "

Kind? That's a misconception!

"If there's nothing else, may I leave now?" Vivienne was quite hungry at the moment, she wanted to eat.

Just as Vivienne was about to leave, Ms. Olivia suddenly remembered something and hurriedly asked,

"Ms. Vivienne, could you please ask Mr. James if he could also teach other classes when he has time?

Even just one or two lessons would be fine."

"For the next month, Mr. James won't be teaching any other classes. My class has a heavy learning

load and every single lesson is fully scheduled."

Vivienne thought for a moment and said, "A month later, once Class Eighteen performs better, I'll

arrange it."

"Okay!" Ms. Olivia left happily after getting a clear reply.

...

On the way back to Tranquil Estates.

Thomas was driving, with Percival and Vivienne in the back seat.

Vivienne was leaning against the car window, her gaze fixed outside. Her hand was tightly clutching her phone, as if she was waiting for some news.

Percival glanced at her and suddenly asked, "Why don't you teach the classes yourself?"

Vivienne was interrupted by his question, "I'm busy."

She was not a superwoman! Although she could teach every subject, from freshman to senior, for the whole class of forty-five students, the time and energy it would consume would be enormous.

She could hire the best education team to teach them, so why wear herself out?

Furthermore, she had other things to do at the Cloudcrest.

"What was your mother like?" Percival suddenly changed the topic.

He looked at the coldness in Vivienne's eyes and his lips curled up in a smile, "I'm curious. What kind of person can raise such an outstanding woman like you? I heard your grandmother didn't like your

mother because her family was poor?"

Vivienne looked at him silently, her face still cold.

"I also heard that the Hawthorn family's comeback back in the day was all thanks to your mom's

perfume recipe. She practically saved the Hawthorns from going under and got them back in the high

society of Havenwood. Is that true?" Percival was tapping on the car window ledge casually, like he

was talking about something as mundane as the weather.

Up front, Thomas was checking out Vivienne's reaction through the rear-view mirror.

Vivienne stared at him for a good while before leaning in closer. She said it with a bright smile on her

face, "Ever heard the saying, 'The more you know, the quicker you die?'"

Her face was so close that he could clearly see her smile. But it wasn't a warm one. It carried a chilling

atmosphere instead.

Percival gently patted her head with a hint of indulgence in his voice. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you."

He could smell a faint scent of strawberry cream on her. Maybe that's because she'd been stuffing

herself with strawberry cakes recently.

It smelt sweet and delightful.

Vivienne slightly leaned her body, placing one hand behind his neck, her smile even brighter. "Don't

worry about it, my mom's pretty easy-going. She won't hurt those who offend her. It's just that her ghost

likes to communicate with people."

Chapter 67

While Percival and Vivienne were testing each other, the car pulled into Tranquil Estates.

When Vivienne got them home, Richard and Isolde Ellington had already arrived, along with Leopold

Sterling.

Vivienne leered at Leopold, then turned to Percival, "You only gave living expenses for four. Why there

are five people now?"

Before Percival could answer, Leopold chuckled and said, "Hey, don't be so stingy with me, I'm just

here for dinner. Plus I brought a gift. The money I spent on it should cover your family's meal."

"Feels like you're about to get some bad luck unless you eat some garlic." Vivienne said.

"You also know how to tell one's fortune?" Leopold asked.

Vivienne nodded seriously, "I might not have mastered everything my teacher taught me, but yes."

"Haha!" Leopold took a sip from his glass and laughed, "You're hilarious. I never knew you were such a joker..."

"Bam!"

His glass shattered in his hand before he could finish his sentence.

Leopold's eyes widened, "Wow, it was completely out of the blue."

Everyone else in the room was also taken aback and stared at Leopold.

"Oh my, Vivienne, you're amazing. You knew one's luck just from someone's face!" Richard stood up in excitement, looking at the broken glass on the floor, "Leopold, you'd better do as Ms. Hawthorn says!"

The elder man Richard was the only one in the room who believed in fortune-telling.

Their generation believed there were unseen forces in the world.

Even though they hadn't seen them, they'd rather believe they existed than doubt their existence.

Now, having seen Leopold's glass shatter out of nowhere, Richard was even more convinced of the existence of magical fortune telling.

"Richard, it's just a glass. Maybe the water was too hot and cracked it. When I picked it up, it shattered.

You do believe what she said?" Said Leopard.

"Humph!" Richard denied, "That's not the way to put it. We need to show some respect to the unknown.

You'd better do as Vivienne says."

Leopold felt that Vivienne was a prankster. He was here only to mooch a meal and why she'd mess with him like that?

Now he was forced to eat garlic by Richard!

He was lost for words.

"Why are you still standing here?" Richard said earnestly.

Leopold was helpless. He picked up another glass, "Look, nothing happens when I hold this glass. We should believe in science, not superstitions..."

"Bam!"

The glass shattered again!

Leopold's hand stiffened in mid-air, mouth agape, and he was at a loss for words.

Suddenly, he jumped up; his face filled with terror, "This, this is real?"

"Oh my, I told you so but you didn't listen. Go eat some garlic." Richard was really getting worried.

He had watched Leopold grow up and loved him like a grandson. He didn't want any bad things to happen to him.

Dorian and Cordelia also advised, "Mr. Sterling, even though we believe in science, there are some things that you just have to believe. You should listen to Vivienne. She's been dealing with fortune-telling for ten years and knows some things."

Even though they didn't fully believe it, who could say for sure?

Isolde also advised, "Ms. Hawthorn wouldn't harm you. You've already broken two glasses. It would be best to take her advice."

"I want to see what's gonna happen." Leopold refused to believe it and picked up another glass. As before, it shattered as soon as he picked it up.

Next, he sat on a chair, and as soon as he sat down, the chair collapsed.

Not just him, but Richard and Dorian and his wife were all in a panic.

Cordelia even ran into the kitchen, grabbed a bunch of garlic, and put it in front of Leopold, "Mr.

Sterling, we're poor people who can't afford your antics. You've already broken three glasses and a

chair. If you keep this up, you'll ruin all of our stuff. Just eat some garlic and stop damaging our things."

Dorian nodded, "Yes, Mr. Sterling. I'm the only breadwinner in my family. I just started working and

haven't even received my first paycheck. If you keep this up, we'll end up homeless."

Richard even slapped Leopold on the head, "You uncouth lad. You can't make such a mess as a guest

in someone's home. Go eat garlic!"

Leopold was helpless, and finally, under the pressure of everyone, he ate a bunch of garlic.

That bunch of garlic with at least twenty cloves was hot as hell.

Everyone in the room was silent except for Percival.

Others didn't see it, but he saw clearly. Vivienne's silver needle pierced through Leopold's glass three

times. And her trick was peculiar. If you didn't look closely, you wouldn't see how she did it.

Percival frowned. Leopold didn't know Vivienne. Why was she targeting him?

Was it just because Leopold came for a meal?

From what he had seen so far, Vivienne was not that kind of person. As long as you avoided her

sensitive issues, she was easy to get along with.

Why did she do this to Leopold?

Richard said after Leopold finished eating the garlic, "Try holding a glass again?"

Cordelia wanted to cry. What if it didn't work and another glass got broken?

But she didn't say anything. After all, eating garlic was Vivienne's suggestion, so they had to see the results.

Leopold did as they told. He picked up a glass and held it for five minutes. The glass didn't shatter this time.

He finally breathed a sigh of relief. He put down the glass and grinned at Vivienne, "Hey, little girl, you're a godsend. This trick really works."

Man, he had got some serious garlic breath after eating all that!

Vivienne glanced up and said in a casual tone, "Don't call me 'little girl' next time."

"Then what should I call you? You're younger than me, so it's normal for me to call you 'little girl'."

Leopold said.

Vivienne gave him a side-eye but didn't respond.

Cordelia had finished cooking and began serving the food since everyone was there.

Just as Vivienne was about to start eating, her phone buzzed. It was a text message alert.

Vivienne checked the message and her expression suddenly turned serious. She put down her utensils

and said, " I need to step out. Got some urgent business to handle. "

"Can't it wait till after dinner?" Cordelia called out.

"I'm not hungry." Vivienne stated. Then she headed back to her room, changing into a black hoodie and

donning a black baseball cap, left.

Watching her retreating figure, Percival was deep in thought.

He was sitting closest to Vivienne, not that he was snooping on her phone, but he happened to catch

the word "potion" on her screen when he looked up.

But it was just a glimpse before Vivienne put her phone away.

Was she researching about a potion, or did she have one on her?

Chapter 68

At a coffee shop.

Vivienne stood at the entrance of the coffee shop, scanning the room, the brim of her baseball cap

pulled down low enough to cover her face, before striding in.

She reached the door of a booth, pushed it open, and stepped in.

The man inside immediately stood up at her entrance, "Boss!"

He, too, was dressed in all black with a baseball cap on. Unlike Vivienne, he was also wearing a mask.

You couldn't even see his eyes unless he looked up.

His name was Draven.

It wasn't his real name. He had started using it when he began following Vivienne. As for his original name, he couldn't remember anymore.

Vivienne closed the door, shot him a glance and said, "Don't pick places like this next time."

Draven replied, "Yes, boss."

Vivienne sat down, poured herself a cup of coffee, and took a sip.

It was good coffee, but it couldn't compare to the coffee at Cordelia's place.

"Boss, I've turned the Hawthorn family's old mansion upside down, but I couldn't find the other bottle of potion," Draven stood behind Vivienne, his tone serious.

Vivienne furrowed her brows, "Did you check everywhere?"

"I've checked everywhere. I even moved the tiles in the mansion's bathroom, but I didn't find anything,"

Draven responded, "I've also planted a bug in Beatrice Hawthorn's room. She's never mentioned the potion to anyone. Is it possible that the information was wrong and the potion isn't at the Hawthorn family's?"

"There's no way," Vivienne said in a low voice, "My mother took two bottles of potion away. I have one, and the other was left at the Hawthorn family's."

This was what her mother had told her on her deathbed.

At the time, her mother was worried about getting her involved and hadn't planned on telling her. But after receiving a phone call at the last moment, she changed her mind.

Her mother had given her a bottle of potion and told her to keep it safe, also told her that there was another one at the Hawthorn family's...

And then, her mother passed away.

Her main purpose for going to the Hawthorn family was to find that bottle of potion.

"Could it be with Dorian?" Draven asked, "I've searched every nook and cranny of the Hawthorn family's. If it's not there, it could only be with Dorian."

Vivienne shook her head, "It's not with him either."

She'd already thoroughly searched that three-bedroom apartment when she'd first moved in, but she didn't find the potion.

After moving to Tranquil Estates, she'd searched again, but the result was the same.

That's why she'd sent Draven to search the Hawthorn family's.

It wasn't in the Hawthorn family's either - that was strange.

"Is it possible that Dorian knew the importance of the potion and didn't keep it at home?" Draven questioned.

Vivienne's expression froze. Could it really be like that?

But aside from his home, where else could Dorian hide the potion?

"Why don't you just ask Dorian directly?" Draven suggested.

"I can't," Vivienne lowered her head, her expression unreadable.

She wasn't sure what kind of person Dorian was yet.

She couldn't be certain if he was really as kind as he appeared to be, or if he was acting nice to her on purpose to get something.

What's more, asking him directly without knowing for sure if the potion was with him could be a misstep.

She had to make sure Dorian was truly trustworthy.

"What's the plan now?" Draven paused for a moment before suddenly adding, "By the way, there are two other teams looking for the potion recently. One is GTO, and the other's identity is unknown. I didn't

dare to act rashly, so I didn't stop them."

Vivienne frowned, "GTO has already found the Hawthorn family so quickly?"

"Yes, boss. You're in danger now."

Vivienne suddenly laughed, "Shouldn't they be the ones in danger?"

Draven was lost for words. He knew his boss would say something like that!

His boss is always so confident.

Vivienne took a sip of her coffee, stood up, and said, "Have your people pull out from the Hawthorn family. You don't need to worry about this anymore."

"But you..."

Vivienne gave his shoulder a pat and flashed him a mischievous smile, "I've got nine lives! I won't die."

Draven was speechless.

After leaving the coffee shop, Vivienne returned to Tranquil Estates.

Percival and the others were still there.

Seeing Vivienne return, Cordelia immediately came to greet her, "Vivienne, have you eaten?"

"Not yet." She had been thinking about that meal all along.

"I've prepared it already. Give me a second, I'll bring it to you." Cordelia knew Vivienne hadn't eaten, so she quickly went to the kitchen.

In the living room, Richard and Dorian were playing chess, and Isolde was playing with the toy Vivienne had bought for Thaddeus Hawthorn on the balcony.

Percival, Leopold, and Thomas were each holding a phone, engrossed in whatever they were looking at.

Vivienne sat down on the sofa, directly opposite Percival. She glanced at him and her eyes narrowed slightly.

Draven had mentioned that another team was looking for the potion. She had a hunch this might be

connected to Percival.

His mention of his mother today was certainly not a coincidence.

Was his initial appearance at Emerald Mountain deliberate?

Hmm, interesting.

"Dinner's ready, Vivienne. Come eat," Cordelia brought the food over, and Vivienne thanked her,

picking up her utensils to eat.

She was really starving.

"Haha, I lost!" Richard, who was playing chess, suddenly laughed out loud, "Dorian, I never expected

you to be this good on playing chess. I won't brag about how good I am at chess, but I can count on

one hand the people who have beaten me. You're really good."

Percival was speechless.

Richard beat those people not because he was good at chess, okay?

"Oh, I'm nowhere near your level. I just play chess with people in my neighborhood when I have

nothing else to do," Dorian said modestly, but he was secretly laughing inside.

Even a newbie could beat Richard's level of chess skills.

"Dorian, I like your character. I'll come to play chess with you when I have time," Richard really liked

Dorian's family.

Dorian was honest and upright.

Cordelia was gentle, generous, and kind.

And Vivienne was beyond reproach.

He had been very comfortable these few days in Havenwood.

"Sure." Dorian had prejudices against Richard and Percival at first.

But after getting to know them, he found they were actually pretty good. Richard wasn't arrogant at all, novelbin

very down-to-earth. He didn't look down on them because they were poor.

Percival was very polite, his demeanor was very elegant, completely different from the useless person

rumors said he was.

After Vivienne finished eating, she was about to take the dishes to wash, but Cordelia took them from

her and didn't let her wash.

Vivienne didn't refuse again.

She glanced at the group of people chatting enthusiastically in the living room, walked over to Dorian, poured him and Richard a glass of water each, and suddenly asked, "Dorian, you've been with my mother for nine years. Do you know what kind of person my mother is?"

Hearing this, Percival, who was holding his phone, paused slightly. He looked at her with some surprise.

Was she talking to him?

Chapter 69

Dorian was shocked. He didn't expect Vivienne to suddenly bring up her mother.

She had been back for a while but never mentioned her mom. He was worried that it might make her sad, so he never brought it up either.

Dorian was silent for a moment and then said, "Your mom was an incredibly kind person. She was, without a doubt, the most selfless person I ever met. She'd sacrifice her own interests to help others.

The person who loved you most in this world was your mom. I can't even compare to her."

When it came to Evelyn, Dorian chose to gloss over the details.

Probably because he was afraid of stirring up Vivienne's painful memories.

To his reply, Vivienne merely nodded and didn't ask any further questions.

However, Percival Ellington began to ponder.

Back in the day, Dorian was crazy about Evelyn. He was even willing to go against Beatrice, all because of his love for her. Yet Dorian only mentioned her kindness and selflessness, not his adoration.

"Absolutely, Evelyn was wonderful!" Speaking of Evelyn made Richard's eyes dim. But they quickly returned to normal as he continued to express his admiration for Evelyn.

After hearing this, Percival looked at Richard, as if he had caught some vital information.

He suddenly remembered that his grandfather knew Evelyn.

His engagement to Vivienne was arranged by his grandfather and Evelyn.

Vivienne was surprised that Richard would say such a thing.

She didn't know how her mother knew Richard, and she'd never heard her mother mention him.

She originally thought their engagement was settled through some sort of deal, but now it seemed like

Richard and her mother were more than just acquaintances.

There must have been a deeper connection between the two of them.

But why was Percival investigating her mother and the potion?

There were some things she didn't dare delve into, because once she did, it would involve even more people.

Vivienne gave Percival a deep look and then stood up. "I'm off to school."

Dorian was taken aback. "School?"

He had been busy getting to know the new company. He usually left the house early and came back late, and he didn't know that Vivienne was actually teaching at Cloudcrest High School.

"What's the matter with you? Your daughter has been a teacher for two days, and you still didn't know?"

Cordelia, who had finished washing dishes, glared at Dorian, saying, "Vivienne is now a teacher at Cloudcrest High School. In just one morning, her students have become particularly obedient."

When Vivienne first said she was going to be a teacher, she and Dorian thought she was joking. But yesterday afternoon, when Ms. Redwood came to see Vivienne, they had a chat, and then she found out Vivienne was really teaching.

"Most importantly, Vivienne earns ten thousand dollars a month, which is much more than your salary."

"Really?" Dorian excitedly stood up and began laughing. "Ha, I knew it. My daughter is the best. Who

said my daughter is a country bumpkin who knows nothing? My mom always compares Arabella to

Vivienne. Now, my daughter is going to be the teacher to her proudest granddaughter."

"Mr. Hawthorn, I'm the teacher of another class, not Arabella's."

"It's the same thing. She still has to call you teacher." Dorian was grinning from ear to ear. "Oh, I can

finally brag for once. Arabella is always cold to me and constantly looks down on Vivienne. She always

mocks my own daughter for not being as good as her. I want to see her brag in front of me now."

Vivienne was confused. After all, wasn't Arabella his adopted daughter? Was this appropriate?

Cordelia gave Dorian a light tap while apologizing to everyone. "Dorian is too excited. Please don't

mind him."

Dorian came to his senses and chuckled awkwardly. "Sorry, sorry, I got too excited."

It was not that he didn't want his foster daughter because he found his biological one. In truth, Arabella

had annoyed him in recent years. Arabella did many bad things, which made him very angry, especially

after Vivienne came back.

He was over the moon to see his own daughter get the upper hand in front of her.

Richard and Percival didn't say anything but realized that Dorian was being genuine.

When they entered the villa, Percival asked Eartha to take Isolde to play.

He stopped Richard. "Grandpa!"

"What is it?" Richard was in a good mood today. His mouth was curving up into a smile when he spoke to Percival.

"Do you know Vivienne's mom?" Percival's eyes were fixed on Richard's face.

"Of course I know her. Otherwise, how could I arrange your engagement?" Richard said cheerfully.

"How did you meet?"

"This is a long story, let me tell you." Richard's smile suddenly vanished as he looked up and saw the smug look in Percival's eyes, so he quickly changed the topic. "Oh dear, I can't remember clearly.

There are so many things I can't remember. I might have dementia; I should get Bruce to check me."

"Bruce just gave you a full-body checkup the day before yesterday. You don't have dementia."

"Really?" Richard continued to act. "Then his medical skills are not good. I'll have Vivienne check me in

a few days."

After saying that, he was about to go upstairs but was stopped by Percival.

"Grandpa! Playing dumb won't work. This is important; you have to tell me clearly."

"Oi, you little rascal, how dare you bully your grandpa?!" Richard sprawled himself on the ground and

began wailing and causing a scene. "Wife, look at your grandson. He's picking on me when I'm all

alone with no one to back me up. Wife, why did you leave me? Ever since you left, these ungrateful

descendants of mine have been taking me for granted. How pitiful am I? Look at me being bullied by

my own grandson in my old age."

Percival was dumbfounded.

He was doing it again!

This old man always played dirty. When will it ever end?

"When did I ever bully you?" Percival rubbed his temples, feeling utterly defeated.

"I'm already beaten down to the ground; isn't that enough for you? Are you a man or not? Can't you

own up to your actions?" Richard continued his antics.

Percival sighed. "Stop it; this isn't a joke. It's a matter of life and death for many people."

"Why are you so stubborn? I told you I forgot, yet you keep pressing me. What can I possibly say?"

Richard was really annoyed.

Percival clenched his teeth. "If you don't speak up, I'll bring the police to talk to you."

"I'd rather die. This is too much; you actually want to send your own grandpa to the police station just

because I have dementia. Wife, look at your good grandson." Richard said as he attempted to run into

a wall.

Percival was shocked.

"Stop!" Percival roared. "Grandpa, do you want to protect Evelyn so much that you would hurt

Vivienne? Have you ever considered that some things Evelyn is involved in might pose a danger to

Vivienne?"

Richard stopped immediately.

He was silent for a moment and then said seriously, "It's not that I don't want to tell you. It's just that I

don't know much. She once saved our whole family; all I know is that she's very capable, but the rest I

don't know. She wouldn't let me know. Percival, we owe her, so we must protect Vivienne no matter

what."

Percival looked at Richard for a long time. He was certain that he wasn't lying this time.

Who exactly was Evelyn?

If she once saved the Ellington family, why didn't he remember her?

Chapter 70

For the next two days, the progress of Class Eighteen visibly shot up, and the students were buzzing

with enthusiasm.

Even the ones who used to hate going to class were now so engrossed in studying that they didn't

want to rest when the bell rang.

Mr. James was over the moon after seeing this. Taking over Class Eighteen had initially been a

daunting task, but now he felt like he was on top of the world.

I mean, who wouldn't be stoked to see students, who once couldn't be bothered to study, now making

leaps and bounds under his tutelage?

Meanwhile, Vivienne was also up to her eyeballs in work. She personally kept tabs on Class Eighteen's

progress. Although she wasn't the one teaching, she had a ton of other stuff to deal with.

Particularly, she was tutoring Charlotte Redwood one-on-one.

Charlotte was lagging way behind the others, so Vivienne had to start from scratch with her.

But Charlotte was sharp as a tack. Once Vivienne taught her something, it stuck. Charlotte's previous problem was simply a lack of supervision. If someone kept an eye on her, she'd ace any test.

On Friday, a school-wide assembly was held.

At the beginning of every semester, the school would hold a big meeting. This one was originally scheduled for Monday, but because Class Eighteen swapped homeroom teachers and got Mr. James, it was pushed back to Friday.

At the assembly, the principal and some top-notch teachers would give speeches.

Lysander Harper invited Vivienne to speak, but she turned him down.

Halfway through the assembly, some people in uniforms walked in. One of them said to Lysander,

"Sorry to butt in. We've got a report that one of your teachers has forged a certificate. We need to take them in for questioning."

Lysander was taken aback and stood up. "Are you sure there's no mix-up? All our teachers were hired through proper procedures. Their certificates were verified by the relevant departments. How could

anyone have a fake one?"

"We understand the reported person is your new teacher, Vivienne." The man continued, "Where's Vivienne?"

"I'm here." Vivienne, who was sitting with the students of Class Eighteen, stood up and responded calmly.

"Please hand over your diploma. We need to verify it." The man said.

After hearing this, chatter broke out among the teachers and students.

"Is Ms. Vivienne's diploma fake? Forging a diploma is pretty ballsy."

"I heard Ms. Vivienne and Lysander are tight. He personally hired her. Maybe he's in on this fake certificate thing too."

"Oh my God, this is shocking. Lysander always seemed so nice. Who knew he was such a sneaky snake?"

Upon hearing the whispers, Vivienne's face turned serious.

Lysander also looked like he had swallowed a sour lemon.

He had let Vivienne register her diploma to avoid issues with some angry parents. He never thought

the authorities would come knocking during a school-wide assembly.

Teachers only needed to register their diplomas, so he hadn't made Vivienne's public, making her stick out like a sore thumb.

Vivienne was not a fan of drama, and he had tried to keep her out of it.

But the authorities showed up at the assembly and aired Vivienne's dirty laundry to the entire school.

Clearly, someone couldn't stomach the idea that Vivienne got her job through connections.

Lysander was seething as he thought about this.

Just as he was about to speak, he heard Vivienne speak to the officials, "Didn't you check my info in the system before investigating me?"

The official was taken aback. "We came as soon as we got the report. Please cooperate and provide your diploma."

"Funny!" Vivienne leisurely spoke, with her hand in her pocket, "You got a report, and instead of checking its validity, you came to verify my diploma?"

The official seemed embarrassed but maintained his composure. "We follow procedures. Please

cooperate."

"How do you want me to cooperate?" Vivienne asked coldly.

"You need to provide your diploma for verification."

Vivienne scoffed. "Do you carry your diploma around when you go out?"

The officer was irritated. "Please don't waste everyone's time and provide your diploma promptly."

"You want me to produce my diploma during a school meeting? Are you expecting me to pull one out of thin air?" Vivienne's eyes narrowed, and a chill seemed to emanate from her. novelbin

"Since you're not willing to provide your diploma, we have reason to suspect it's fake. Please come with us." The official said impatiently.

"Go? No way!" Vivienne said, her face expressionless.

"So you're refusing to cooperate?" The official asked sternly.

"I'm not the one who needs to cooperate. It's you who should be cooperating with your department's investigation."

Before the official could respond, Vivienne pulled out her phone and dialed a number.

Soon, the call was answered, and Vivienne started, "Mr. Jason, I'm teaching at Havenwood Cloudcrest

High School. Your guys from Havenwood Divisional Administration are saying my diploma is fake and want to take me in. We're at Cloudcrest High School, so how do we resolve this?"

Upon hearing Mr. Jason, the lead official's eyes flickered with unease.

Did Vivienne call Mr. Jason from Rivenwood General Administration?

No way!

Mr. Jason was incredibly busy. How could a country bumpkin like Vivienne possibly have his number?

"Sorry, Ms. Vivienne, I had no idea this would happen. Please hand the phone to your coworker; I need to have a word with him." Although Mr. Jason kept his cool, he was inwardly seething.

Who was this idiot?

Vivienne was a national treasure. She had made significant contributions to the country over the years.

For her protection, her information had been encrypted.

And someone accused her of fraud?

Vivienne glanced at the guy leading the crew and then handed him the phone, saying, "It's for you."

The leader, looking confused, took the phone. "Hello, who is this?"

"I'm Jason. Tell me your department and name."

Jason!

The leader was floored.

It was really Mr. Jason!

The crew leader's face turned pale. "Mr. Jason, I'm Gabriel Lockwood."

Jason grunted in response and hung up.

After the call ended, Gabriel stood there, dumbstruck.

Not long after, his phone rang. It was his boss.

As soon as he answered, his boss started scolding him. "Gabriel! Who gave you the authority to

investigate this fraud case?"

Gabriel tried to explain, but his boss didn't let him speak.

"Did you get kicked in the head by a donkey? Didn't you think before you acted? That's a well-known

aristocratic school; don't you think they check diplomas before they hire their teachers? Even if they

don't, is our department's system just for show? You didn't even verify anything and went after this case

like a clown! What's in your head?"

The boss was clearly furious. He scolded him non-stop and then finally snapped. "You're fired! Pack your things and go!"