

Million-Dollar 631

Chapter 631

In the classroom, Aaron slid into a seat near the back, and Kenneth ambled over to join him, idly flipping through a textbook.

Before long, the pair caught snippets of hushed whispers and the occasional snicker from nearby students.

Turning in unison, they spotted a girl seated behind them. Her face bore a deep scar that seemed to draw the cruel curiosity of their classmates.

Aaron's expression remained impassive as he turned away; such sights were hardly a novelty.

But Kenneth could not peel his eyes away, a sense of familiarity nagging at him.

Aaron yanked Kenneth's head back around. "Dude, can you not stare at every girl you meet?"

Kenneth forcibly shifted his gaze back, muttering, "I've only stared at Anna! And this girl, she just looks so familiar. Wait, aren't you Mara?"

Kenneth, who had grown up under the care of Cecilia, naturally recognized Mara, though they were never close.

Mara had once looked down on Kenneth for being adopted, echoing Percival's snooty attitude. It was

all rather shameless.

And Kenneth had his own gripes about Mara—her affected airs and constant "big brother" this and "big brother" that had always grated on him.

Although they never clashed openly, there was a silent mutual disdain, with each barely tolerating the other's presence. Without adults around, not trading eye rolls was as cordial as it got.

Mara lifted her head, her surprise at seeing Kenneth fleeting before she masked it with indifference.

"Kenneth? What are you doing here?"

"That's my line. What happened to your face?"

Kenneth had been away from home and was clueless about the Boyd family's upheaval.

Mara glanced down, her voice soft. "It's nothing. You're studying here too?"

Kenneth, never having heard Mara speak so meekly, was intrigued. "Yeah, you transferred here? Does

Aunt Cecilia know?"

"Yeah. I'm here for grad school. My advisor said I've fallen behind, so he recommended I attend some classes to catch up," Mara explained, casting a timid glance at Aaron's back.

Though Kenneth found Mara annoying, her current vulnerability softened his usual disregard.

He slung an arm around Aaron's shoulder, introducing them. "This is my friend, Aaron. Say hi."

Aaron shot Kenneth a look of disdain. He was as ignorant of the Boyd family drama as Vivienne would allow him to be. During his time in Sea City, the Nine Mystics Society had not briefed him on such trivial matters.

He nodded politely at Mara. "Hey, class is starting."

His tone left little room for further conversation.

Mara, taking the hint, said to Kenneth, "Let's focus on class for now. We can talk after."

Kenneth nodded, teasing Aaron in a singsong voice, "Hey, hey," only to receive a sharp kick under the table.

When class ended, Kenneth was sprawled on his desk, asleep. Aaron nudged him awake. "You coming or what?"

"Right, right. Hey, Mara, it's lunchtime. Join us?"

Mara, new to the place and friendless due to her scar, followed Aaron and Kenneth to the cafeteria.

There, Kenneth finally got the chance to ask her about her situation.

Mara recounted her story, conveniently omitting her misdeeds and painting herself as a pitiable victim.

"I should've never listened to Gillian. I deserved what happened to me, but thankfully, Vivienne didn't hold a grudge, allowing me to start over."

Kenneth nodded thoughtfully. "You owe her big time. You should be knocking your head on the floor in thanks. If I knew they were having trouble in Sea City, I'd have bolted over there. Who do they think they are, making Vivienne upset?"

Aaron struggled to eat, irked by Kenneth's newfound affection. "Since when are you so close to Vivienne?"

"None of your business." Kenneth snatched the last piece of chicken from Aaron's plate and continued his lecture to Mara.

Aaron was silent, sizing up Mara with a critical eye.

Afterward, Kenneth showed Mara around to help her get familiar with the university. Elite University had

changed a lot since Mara's last stint there.

Aaron, trailing behind them, discreetly called Vivienne to report.

Vivienne laughed. "I'm aware. Don't worry about her; focus on your studies."

"Vivienne, don't you want me to teach her a lesson?" Aaron was eager to prove his loyalty.

Since Vivienne handed over the Miller family to Aaron, he had not seen her much, and she rarely replied to his texts.

Now that he knew about Vivienne's trouble in Sea City, he was keen to retaliate on her behalf. After all, he was certain that Mara's story was the toned-down version.

But Vivienne's voice chilled as she rebuked him. "Aaron, you are the head of the Miller family, a leader in the Nine Mystics Society. I gave you that power to enrich yourself, not to squabble with small fry!"

Aaron flinched, realizing his mistake. Vivienne would not spare a small fry like Mara a second thought.

It was his zealousness that had clouded his judgment, making him forget his true purpose.

"Sorry, Vivienne," he apologized, realigning his priorities.

Vivienne took a deep breath, "You need to think long-term, Aaron. Focus on getting the Miller family's business back on track. Lately, performance has been slipping, and the staff are restless. There are

also some power plays happening within the Miller family. As the head of the family, it's your duty to get

things in order. Once the home front is settled, you can focus on your own endeavors."

"Understood, Vivienne," Aaron replied dutifully.

With that, Vivienne ended the call.

"Little rascal?"

Vivienne sighed; Percival always had a sharp tongue when it came to Aaron, almost like a jealous schoolboy.

No wonder Cecilia had called him harsh!

But Percival didn't mind it. Sharp-tongued he was, and sharp-tongued he would be.

How could he not be harsh?

When it came to anything involving Vivienne, he was admittedly petty, and what of it? Updated at

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Percival was scrolling through his tablet, reviewing the latest research report on a chip from Griffin

Martinez.

Although the progress was modest, it was something at least.

"She can handle herself. No need for us to worry."

Vivienne chuckled. "You could ease up on the harshness, at least while Cecilia's here. Show some respect."

Percival's fingers paused, and he put down the tablet, planting two quick kisses on Vivienne.

"Every time you call me harsh from now on, I'll just have to kiss you."

Vivienne blinked, amused by the prospect. "Well, aren't I lucky then?" she teased.

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Percival's words hung heavy in the air as he caught sight of Vivienne's sparkling eyes, realizing he might have said something he should not have.

The little minx was clearly looking forward to it.

With a sly grin, Vivienne stepped forward, wrapping her arms around Percival's neck, calling him harsh while pressing her lips to his.

One kiss, no more, no less!

Vivienne was the epitome of a shrewd businesswoman. She adhered to contracts religiously, taking the concept of fair dealing to the next level.

Her reputation was that of a fair and honest trader!

With a single arm, Percival caught Vivienne's waist, pinning her down onto the couch.

His potent presence filled the office, his broad palms gripping Vivienne's slender waist as his other hand braced against the couch, his face inching ever closer.

Vivienne, still clasping Percival's neck with interlocked fingers, arched her back. She curled her lips into a mischievous smile, her gaze lingering on Percival's hormone-charged face for a few seconds.

Suddenly, she pushed forcefully against the back of his head, pulling him down with all her might.

Foreplay seemed rather unnecessary.

Their lips intertwined, a maelstrom of intimacy slowly cascading down like a waterfall, weaving into streams of passion.

The hand Percival had on the couch flexed, his fingers, pale as leeks, straining to contain the desires that bubbled from deep within.

This was the office.

Beyond the door were countless employees.

He must not give in to impulse.

Control, control!

But the struggle only made his kisses sweeter, as if dipped in honey, unable to leave the blossoming fields.

The sudden ring of the cell phone went ignored by the pair, lost in each other's entanglement.

Once, twice, the persistent ring finally irked the frustrated Percival.

Without a glance, he snatched up the phone and barked, "Talk!"

The voice on the other end paused, then whimpered with a tinge of hurt, "Percival, why are you angry?"

Did I upset you?"

Only then did Percival glance at the caller ID—it was Isolde.

His tone softened, "No, Isolde, I just didn't notice it was you. I'm sorry. What's so important that you called so many times?"

Vivienne sat up; the office was quiet enough that she could hear Isolde's cries clearly.

After some cajoling from Percival, Isolde's sobs settled, and she slowly revealed her reason for calling.

"Percival, Mom took Mara to see a doctor, but they said her face... it can't be fixed. Mara's locked herself in her room crying, and Mom looks so worried."

Cecilia had found the best plastic surgeon for Mara, but the poison from Keco, coupled with the long-unhealed infection, left the scars beyond repair.

Mara, who had harbored hope, was devastated by the grim prognosis, especially since she had already been the talk of the school.

Other schools had their beauty rankings, but Elite University had started a cruel joke with a 'Buffoon Ranking,' and Mara topped it without competition!

Now, learning her face was beyond saving, Mara had shut herself away, with Cecilia keeping vigil all night to no avail.

Currently, Cecilia was in a frenzy, begging Mara to open the door.

Percival frowned; he knew Mara would not settle down so easily.

"Tell mom to let Mara be."

Isolde sighed like an old soul, "Mom softened up just seeing a puppy's video online. How could she ignore Mara, a living, breathing person? She can't just let her be."

As they spoke, Cecilia's shouts for help echoed through the phone. "Someone, help!"

Percival's eyes narrowed. "Isolde, what's happening?"

Isolde screamed, "Oh my God, there's so much blood. I think Mara tried to kill herself!"

Percival cursed under his breath. Mara's defiance was one thing, but scaring his mother and sister was another.

"I'm on my way."

Ending the call, Percival hurried off, and Vivienne followed suit.

"Vivienne, I'll take you home. You don't need to come with me."

Percival knew Mara's stunt was aimed at Vivienne.

This suicide scare was ludicrous.

Mara had crawled from M State all the way to Rivenwood, enduring countless humiliations without a thought of suicide. Her facial scars were not new either.

A suicide attempt now? Clearly, it was a ploy to make Cecilia swallow her pride and beg Vivienne for help.

Vivienne was well aware of this, too. "No worries, I don't want Cecilia to be upset."

"And I don't want you compromising yourself," Percival said sternly.

He would never allow Vivienne to indulge others out of pity, giving them a chance to encroach upon her.

Even if that person was his own family! He would not let her do something she disliked.

Vivienne shrugged with a nonchalant smile. "Mr. Wolf, I'm not compromising at all. In fact, I find it kind of exciting."

Percival exhaled deeply, understanding her intent instantly. He tapped her nose affectionately, "You're always looking for fun."

Vivienne blinked and playfully tugged at Percival's chin, "What should I look for if not fun? Men?"

Percival grasped her hand, dead serious, "Sure, you can look for men. I'm the most handsome man in the world."

Vivienne burst into laughter. She hadn't realized until now just how vain Percival could be.

But she liked it.

...

Percival and Vivienne arrived to find the doctors still fighting to save her.

Cecilia paced anxiously outside the room, surprised to see Vivienne. "Vivienne, what brings you here?"

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"I'm worried about you," Vivienne said, guiding Cecilia to a seat. "Cecilia, I checked the medical records when I got here. There's nothing to fret about. She should be out soon."

True to her words, within two minutes, the emergency room doors swung open, and a still-unconscious Mara was wheeled out.

"Doc, my niece is going to be okay, right?" Cecilia inquired, her voice tinged with concern.

Cecilia's worry deepened. She had just about gotten Mara back on track after a rough patch, and now this setback.

In the hospital room, Mara was yet to regain consciousness. Cecilia sat by her side, her face etched with lines of concern.

Vivienne, standing off to the side, perused Mara's medical chart. An entire bottle of sleeping pills swallowed whole.

She had half-expected to find a mix of vitamins or something less severe in the mix, but it seemed

Mara had truly played a dangerous game.

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An hour had passed before Mara finally stirred, a ghostly pallor on her face. Her voice was a weak whisper, barely there.

She had never felt so terrible in her life—it was like being on death's doorstep!

That Gillian had actually given her a bottle of sleeping pills, and here she had thought they were vitamins.

If only she had known, she would not have taken a single one!

"Mara, you're awake." Cecilia's voice carried a mixture of relief and worry, as if a great weight had been lifted from her heart upon seeing Mara's eyes open.

To underscore her feebleness, Mara coughed deliberately, a decision she instantly regretted as her stomach convulsed painfully.

"Auntie, what happened to me?" Mara's eyes brimmed with tears, but her pain was genuine.

Cecilia sat by the hospital bed, wiping away the tears streaking Mara's face. "Oh, you silly girl. Do you have any idea how close you came to never seeing me again?"

Mara feigned shock, glancing down at her wrist as if seeing it anew, a look of realization crossing her face. "I... I'm sorry, Auntie. I just wasn't thinking straight."

"You really..." Cecilia held Mara's hand, her heart full of unsaid words.

Across the room, Percival sat brooding on the couch, his eyes stormy as the horizon's edge.

Vivienne, on the other hand, watched the scene with a certain amusement.

Such a promising talent, indeed.

Mara seemed to be cut from the same cloth as Gillian had been.

If she were to be signed and groomed properly, she might even outshine Kala!

Kala: Impossible, utterly impossible!

Vivienne propped her chin in her palm, her mind racing with possibilities.

For Cecilia, a few words with Mara were enough before she turned to Percival. "Percival, why don't you take Isolde back home? Everything's under control here. I'll stay with her."

Slowly sitting up, Mara looked at Percival with remorse. "Percival... Viv... Vivienne."

Vivienne stood, looping her arm through Percival's, her smile beaming at Mara. "It's been a while."

Her warmth was such that even she would have been surprised at herself.

But she was driven—Vivienne was all about making money.

Money was her true love, Mr. Wolf merely a supporting act!

Percival thought, "Now I'm not only less appealing than a strawberry cheesecake but also money!"

Mara had not expected that Vivienne would actually reach out to her. Since that was the case, she was not about to miss this opportunity to overplay her hand!

She yanked out her IV and stumbled to her feet, only to collapse to her knees with a thud.

"Vivienne, I was wrong about everything before. Please forgive me. Gillian and Grandma misled me, and I never meant for things to go so far. I was awful, please don't be angry with me anymore? I admit my fault."

Mara knelt there, her forehead hitting the floor. Though intentionally hard, she had assumed that even if

Percival did nothing and Isolde was too young to understand, at least Cecilia would rush to stop her.

After all, if you're going to perform, you need to make it look real, right?

To her dismay, no one came to her aid.

Vivienne nearly laughed out loud but managed to keep her composure.

The room fell into an awkward silence until Mara lifted her head, her eyes filled with fear and pleading,

"Vivienne, will you forgive me?"

Vivienne responded with a smile, mimicking Mara's tone. "What are you doing? I never blamed you in the first place."

Percival glanced at Vivienne, noting her barely suppressed mirth. He smiled, affectionately ruffling her hair. "Yeah, Vivienne is so magnanimous, truly kind-hearted."

"That's true. Vivienne has the biggest heart. She doesn't hold grudges easily. Mara, don't pull this act again. Admitting your mistake is one thing, but forgiveness comes from genuine remorse, not from such theatrics. Why make everyone uncomfortable?"

Isolde snorted from the corner, unimpressed.

Being scolded by a kid fresh out of elementary school was too much for Mara's ego to handle.

Cecilia sighed. "Mara, Isolde is right. Get up, what's with this kneeling and head-bowing?"

"But what else could I do to apologize?" Mara screamed silently. Reluctantly, she climbed back onto her feet, and whether by design or not, she winced at a sudden pain in her face.

Propping herself against the bed, she clutched her cheek. "Ah, it hurts!"

Only then did Cecilia move to her side, helping Mara back into bed. "You need to rest."

"Auntie, will my scar ever heal?" Mara clung to Cecilia's hand, her eyes betraying a fragility, like a delicate flower about to be blown away.

A textbook consolation.

Her cries filled the room, and anyone might have thought a tragedy had occurred.

Percival had had enough. Taking Vivienne by the hand, he made to leave.

Mara lunged forward, grabbing Vivienne's wrist. "Vivienne, are you really not going to forgive me?"

Vivienne looked down at the tear-streaked face before her, a picture of misery.

"As I said, I forgive you." Content belongs to Drāmanovels.com

Vivienne's lips curved into a slight smile, not pulling her wrist away. She had intended for Mara to catch her.

After all, if it were up to her, Mara would not even be able to touch her.

"Alright," Vivienne said calmly, nodding her head with an air of indifference.

Mara was momentarily stunned. That easy?

She was not going to ask for 800 million again, was she?

Forget 800 million— Mara was so broke that she could not even scrounge up a measly eighty bucks without hitting up Cecilia.

Chapter 634

“You... you really are going to help me?” Mara looked at Vivienne, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Vivienne nodded, “Yes.”

“But you... you...” Mara stuttered, at a loss for words.

Even Cecilia hadn’t expected Vivienne to consent. “Vivienne, you’re really willing to help Mara?”

Vivienne affirmed. “Sure, but I have my conditions. I’m the Specter Healer; I don’t work for free.”

Mara knew it. Vivienne wasn’t the type to offer help out of the goodness of her heart.

“I understand, but I’m broke right now. Can I write you an IOU and pay you back once I have the money?” Mara pleaded.

Vivienne smiled, her red lips lifting in a beguiling curve. “That’s not what I’m asking for.”

A shiver ran down Mara’s spine as she locked eyes with Vivienne’s smile. She felt like she had just fallen into a bottomless pit – a trap that could spell her doom!

Leaving the hospital, Percival drove Isolde back home.

Isolde took every chance to stick close to Vivienne. “Vivienne, what was the deal you made with Mara

back there?"

Vivienne scooped Isolde into her arms, meticulously parting her hair to craft a sweet hairstyle for the youngster.

"Little ones shouldn't pry."

Isolde sat still, leaning against Vivienne, her tiny shoulders pressed against her chest.

After a while, Isolde murmured, "Vivienne, you're really busty, you know."

Percival nearly choked on his own spit.

Unfazed, Vivienne continued her task while Percival's face turned a shade that would've given any artist's palette a run for its money.

"Kids shouldn't talk about such things," Percival cleared his throat.

Isolde scoffed. "Percival, why so prudish? I'm just saying she's got a great figure. It's just a fact."

Percival slammed on the brakes and parked by the roadside, swiftly moving Isolde to the passenger seat.

"One more word, and you're going to boarding school tomorrow!"

Isolde muttered under her breath.

Soon, Isolde was dropped off at home, where her father, Nathan, was waiting outside.

As Isolde got out of the car, she whispered to Percival, “Percival, don’t tell me you never noticed how great Vivienne’s figure is?”

“Isolde! Boarding school for you tomorrow!”

A huffy Isolde scampered into Nathan’s arms, urging her dad to whisk her home.

Nathan watched, bemused by his son’s anger and his daughter’s smugness, totally clueless about the situation.

After Isolde departed, Vivienne couldn’t contain her laughter any longer and burst into giggles in the backseat.

Percival’s face grew even redder. “Vivienne, stop laughing.”

But she couldn’t help it. She had never imagined Percival could be so shy – adorably so.

Listening to the laughter from the back, Percival felt his manhood challenged for the first time in his life.

He adjusted his tie and stepped out of the car, opening the back door to put an end to the giggling – with a more hands-on approach.

Inside the car, things got heated, while outside...

An awkward Nathan stood there, holding a thermos of soup Aurelia had made for Vivienne, unsure how to interrupt.

“Ahem... maybe you two could take a break.”

Percival froze, then bumped his head hard on the roof. Without pausing to rub it, he scrambled out of the car.

“Dad.” Percival tried to appear calm as he faced Nathan.

Nathan nodded, passing the thermos to Percival with a meaningful look. “The soup’s freshly made.

Don’t rush; it can wait a moment.”

The double entendre was not lost on anyone.

With that, Nathan turned and entered the house, leaving Percival alone in his embarrassment.

There was no going back to the Ellington Mansion now.

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Inside the Perez Mansion, Karen was tending to Jasper’s health.

“Dad, did you stay up late again last night?” Karen felt his pulse, and her brows knit with concern.

Jasper shook his head vigorously. “No, no, of course not. You saw me go to bed!”

Karen let out a sigh. “Three forty-five AM. That’s about when you actually went to sleep. Caught up in a binge-watch, huh?”

Jasper smacked his lips, amazed at the accuracy of her methods.

“Sasha, are you hungry? I’ve got a bit of an upset stomach and could use something light,” Jasper complained, clutching his belly.

Karen gave him a knowing look, pointing to the pastries. “You just had two pieces.”

As Vivienne walked in, she caught Jasper cajoling Karen, with Maddox enjoying the scene.

“Ganging up to bully a defenseless old man?” Vivienne approached, handing a bag to Jasper.

Maddox thought to himself: Defenseless? Who’s old man can bend a steel bar with bare hands? And he uses that strength to keep me in line!

Jasper finally found an ally. “Exactly, they’re so mean. Only my granddaughter understands.”

“Grandpa, I got you the latest comic from your favorite series,” Vivienne said, standing protectively by Jasper’s side.

The grandfather and granddaughter shared a moment of bliss, impenetrable to all others.

Just then, Yuri returned, bringing not only Natalia and Yasmine but also an invitation for Vivienne.

“What’s this?” Vivienne asked, taking the invitation with a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

It was an invite from the Linklater family.

“Ran into Dracon Linklater at the office today. He mentioned Yorick wants you and Sasha to join them for a casual dinner at the Linklater Mansion.”

Yuri couldn't help but find it odd. It wasn't a holiday or a special occasion, so why the sudden invitation for dinner with Vivienne and her mother?

With a sly lift of her brows, Vivienne mused, "Maybe he's grateful for that time I helped him out? Mom, shall we go?"

Without hesitation, Vivienne passed the invitation to Karen.

Vivienne chuckled, "Alright then." Content of Dramanovels.com

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At the Linklater Mansion.

Dracon was bustling about, prepping for the evening's dinner party.

Bustling was perhaps a generous term, as he was not cooking or cleaning – just trying to make himself useful by directing the staff on how to set up the table.

Dracon pursed his lips, amused by the thought that to the unacquainted, it might seem as if his father had taken up with a much younger lover.

Dracon was waiting at the entrance. "Ms. Perez, Ms. Hawthorn, right this way, please."

Karen eyed Dracon up and down, searching for a hint of familiarity in his features, but found none.

"Mr. Linklater," Karen greeted him with a nod.

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Vivienne offered a perfunctory smile, the old grudges still simmering beneath the surface.

"We've got company at the moment. My father will join us shortly. Please, make yourselves at home.

Dinner will be served soon," Dracon explained before bustling off.

Vivienne took a sip of her water. "Is this their idea of a power play?"

Karen shrugged it off. "If Yorick wanted to put me in my place, he'd use something more sophisticated than this."

It was clear, though, that Dracon intended to make this power move personally.

Vivienne chuckled, choosing to remain silent.

An hour passed, with neither Vivienne nor Karen receiving any attention. Dracon was off somewhere, busy, and Yorick had not emerged from his study.

Only when the servants had finished setting the table and called everyone for dinner did Yorick finally make an appearance.

Dracon hurried over to his side, along with a woman, both offering their support as Yorick descended the stairs.

"Lark, when did you arrive?" Yorick seemed genuinely surprised to see Karen.

With a slight curl of her lips, Karen's eyes flickered towards Dracon. "Been here a while. Mr. Linklater insisted we shouldn't disturb you, so I did not."

Vivienne's gaze landed on the woman by Yorick's side, her smile laden with meaning.

Yorick glanced at Dracon, his voice tinged with reprimand. "Dracon, didn't I say to send Lark and Vivienne to my study when they arrived?"

Dracon looked down sheepishly. "Sorry, Dad, I was too busy. It slipped my mind."

Vivienne smirked, "Wasn't Mr. Linklater just overseeing the kitchen the whole time? Playing supervisor?"

Dracon managed an awkward laugh. Vivienne was clearly hinting that he had done it on purpose.

Did she not know how to behave as a guest in someone else's home?

Yorick gave Dracon a stern look but refrained from further comment with everyone present. "Lark,

Vivienne, sit by me. I'd like to introduce you to someone."

Yorick turned to the woman on his right, his smile tender.

As everyone took their seats, Vivienne spoke up first, "Yorick, no need for introductions. I know Ms.

Ashford."

The woman was none other than Gillian Ashford!

Vivienne had always known that encountering Mara would inevitably lead to meeting Gillian one day.

Still, she had not expected it here, at the dinner table of the former head of Vanguard Agency.

A reformed convict, Gillian's presence in such esteemed company was both admirable and shocking.

Gillian raised her glass, the cognac reflecting her half-smile. But distorted through the glass and

alcohol, her smile seemed almost sinister.

"Ms. Hawthorn, I didn't expect to see you here. Allow me to apologize for my past ignorance and offer a toast as a gesture of my remorse," Gillian said with a polished grace that was hard to fault.

They were in Yorick's home, and both Karen and Vivienne held Yorick in high esteem.

Vivienne responded coolly, "No need. It wasn't my face you slashed. No apology necessary."

Gillian's face fell slightly at Vivienne's public announcement of her past actions, but she maintained her composure.

Head bowed, she said with a semblance of guilt, "I was dealing with a lot back then, and Mara's words provoked me. I lost control... It was my fault. I was too impulsive."

Dracon quickly interjected, "In that situation, it was hard to stay rational, and you've paid the price. We can't label someone a villain for life over a single mistake. Ms. Ashford, don't take it to heart."

He then shot Vivienne a mocking glance as if to say, "What's it to you?"

Karen gave Dracon a warning look. This man was really challenging her patience again, even daring to bully Vivienne in her presence.

"Lessons should be heeded, or the consequences might be severe next time. Wouldn't you agree, Mr.

Linklater?" Karen said, her gaze indicating she would not tolerate any further mistreatment towards her daughter.

Dracon chuckled nervously, offering no reply.

Yorick finally spoke, "Gillian now works as a secretary in the Vanguard Agency's secretariat, handling my affairs. She's very diligent."

Vivienne raised an eyebrow. A secretary in the Vanguard Agency's secretariat?

Gillian's capabilities were proving to be much greater than she had imagined.

Gillian glanced at Vivienne and explained, "Mara didn't press charges against me. After compensating her mother, I was released from the detention center. I was actually studying to join the Vanguard Agency."

The smile on Vivienne's face grew. She knew exactly how much 'ink' Gillian had in her 'pen'.

Thinking of joining the Vanguard Agency? Gillian likely did not even know what it was before all this.

But Vivienne's curiosity was piqued all the more.

How exactly had Gillian connected with F-Poison?

When Vivienne first encountered F-Poison, the woman was wearing Gillian's face.

If there were no connection, how could that be? And without F-Poison's aid, Gillian would never have been able to get into the Vanguard Agency, no matter how hard she tried.

Vivienne's pupils contracted slightly, and she nodded quietly. "Yeah, got it."

After seeing Vivienne's acknowledgment, Yorick began to catch up with Karen on the events of the past years. He already had an understanding of them, but he still sought a detailed account. After all, before Percival came into the picture, Karen was Yorick's favored successor. Content belongs to

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After dinner, Karen and Vivienne strolled with Yorick in the back garden.

Dracon and Gillian were waiting up ahead.

"These two, mother and daughter, are no easy targets – one more difficult than the other," Dracon muttered, his eyes flashing with a hint of ferocity.

At the mention of Diana, a flicker of concern passed through Dracon's eyes. "I wonder how Diana is doing. I'm really worried about her."

Seeing Dracon's lovesick look, Gillian felt a surge of disgust but kept her face neutral.

"Mr. Linklater, I completely understand how you feel. Vivienne and her mother are no angels. If we let them continue like this, the next ones to be locked away might just be you or me."

Chapter 636

Dracon finally turned his attention to Gillian.

Three days prior, Gillian had come on behalf of Vanguard Agency to check on Yorick and had met

Dracon for the first time.

As they chatted casually, they touched upon Percival and the Perez family's current situation. It was

only then that Dracon realized that Gillian had a bone to pick with Vivienne. Upon further conversation,

it became clear that their mutual grievances ran as deep as any of his own.

Their shared desire to deal with Vivienne made them natural allies.

Dracon took a deep breath, "Alright, spill it. How do you want me to work with you? Just as long as it

doesn't harm the Linklater family's interests."

Dracon was not a fool; while the other kids in the family did not need to lean on the Linklater family for

anything, he had to stand firm with them. Without the family's support, he would be lost.

If avenging Diana meant harming the Linklater family, it was not worth it.

Gillian curved her lips into a sly smile. "I want to get into the Rivenwood headquarters of the Vanguard

Agency."

"You're leaving the comfort of Sea City for Rivenwood? That place is crawling with Percival's cronies!"

Dracon exclaimed in surprise.

Gillian's smile deepened, a hint of ferocity flashing across her face, "Of course I know. It's all Percival's people there, but how else am I supposed to get close to him?"

Dracon looked Gillian up and down. She was attractive enough, with a nice figure to boot.

But compared to Vivienne, she did not hold a candle. Given the choice between the two, he reckoned no man would pick Gillian over Vivienne. Of course, he would not dare say that to Gillian's face.

"Fine, I'll get you into the Rivenwood General Administration."

...

In the back garden.

Yorick led Karen and Vivienne to an herb garden.

Karen had been here before, but it was a first for Vivienne.

"Take a look around. If you find any herbs of interest, feel free to take them. I've got plenty to spare,"

Yorick said, his face breaking into a smile as he looked at Vivienne's beaming face.

"Thanks, Yorick," Vivienne said before making her way through the garden.

Such an extensive herb garden — she hadn't seen one like this since the one she planted on Emerald Mountain.

But she had no time to tend to it, leaving it in the hands of those unreliable junior disciples, and it all perished!

Since then, Vivienne had no time to cultivate these plants; her interests were far too wide-ranging, and the garden was neglected.

She had not expected the Linklater family to have such a hidden trove of herbs.

Karen gazed at the familiar herb garden, her eyes softening with tenderness.

Yorick let out a sigh of relief. "Lark, who is Vivienne's father?"

Karen snapped back from her reverie, her lips pressing together before she finally whispered, "It's a secret."

"You're keeping secrets from me? At first, I thought you and Micah were an item, but that's not the case, it seems." Yorick chuckled.

Back in the day, Karen was highly regarded at the Vanguard Agency, and her skills were extraordinary.

The young men either didn't dare pursue her, or they secretly pined after her. Aside from Vance, who was too stubborn to see anything but his own way, it was Micah who constantly hovered around Karen, affectionately calling her 'Boss.'

"Micah wouldn't fancy me," Karen deflected, avoiding a direct answer.

But Yorick would not be sidetracked. "Where exactly is Vivienne's father? I'd like to see the scoundrel who stole away our belle, fathered a child, and then abandoned them both."

Karen looked at Yorick with a smile. "And what would you do if you met Vivienne's dad? How would you take revenge for me?"

"I'd give him a couple of kicks first, then drag him to the interrogation room to get some answers about where he's been all these years. I'm gonna skin him alive for abandoning his wife!"

Karen laughed out loud. "Alright, I'll remember that promise. When I bring him around someday, you'll have to skin him!"

Yorick knew Karen didn't want to talk about it, so he didn't press further.

"You always were so level-headed, and it's a good thing too. Otherwise, after the 'Destruction Plan' went south, we would've been completely wiped out."

The failure of that mission was a sore spot not just for Karen and Micah but also for Yorick, who had been the agency head at the time.

"You taught me well."

Yorick joined in the laughter. "Your father and I, we've been inseparable this lifetime. Who would have thought my favorite agent would turn out to be his daughter? Lark, is there really only room for Vivienne's father in your heart?"

Karen nodded. "Yes, he's the only one in my heart, and I've been waiting for him to return."

"Ah, that's my no-good eldest son's loss then. I thought I could play matchmaker between you two, but that's not happening."

Karen's eyes twinkled. "You never talk about your children. Today, seeing Mr. Dracon Linklater, he doesn't seem to take after you much. What about the others?"

Yorick fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "Dracon, indeed, doesn't have much ambition. He just wants to stay by my side. As for the one who's most like me, that would be our eldest. I'll introduce you

when there's a chance. That stubborn mule is just like me when I was at his age."

"And where is he?" Karen inquired.

Yorick stood and walked towards Vivienne. "He's on his battlefield."

Karen did not ask any more questions. She could tell the location of that "stubborn mule" was top secret.

Vivienne's laughter tinkled through the air. "Indeed, this herb is a tricky one to cultivate—a real rarity. I plan to brew some tea with it tonight for Grandpa."

Valerian root, as elusive as it was soothing, was what they marveled at. To have harvested even a small basketful was indeed a stroke of luck.

The Linklater family was certainly extraordinary, their home a trove of wonders.

"Okay!" Vivienne agreed cheerfully.

After a little more chatter, the mother and daughter bid their farewells to Yorick.

Gillian lingered behind, and by the time she was ready to leave, Yorick had retired. Dracon escorted her out.

"Don't worry, I've made the call. They'll be transferring you shortly," Dracon assured her. New chapter

available on Drqmanovels.com

Gillian nodded in acknowledgment. "And I'm counting on you to handle the Brooks family matter, Mr.

Linklater."

"Of course."

After Gillian climbed into her car, she glanced back at the house, bidding Dracon a silent goodbye.

From the driver's seat, a gruff voice broke the silence. "You really know how to live it up, making me

your chauffeur."

Mara floored the accelerator. "Gillian, did you try to kill me? Do you have any idea how close I was to

buying the farm in the ER?!"

Startled, Gillian gripped the armrest tightly. "What are you doing?"

"I'm about to give you a taste of what it's like to dance with death!"

With those chilling words, Mara pushed the pedal to the metal, hurtling the car toward the winding

mountain road ahead.

Chapter 637

Gillian screamed, her voice edged with sheer terror, "Are you out of your mind? You're in the car too,

Mara!"

Panic clawed at her, urging her to leap from the speeding vehicle, but courage failed her.

As the car hurtled towards the end of the winding mountain road, Gillian curled up in the backseat, bracing for impact.

A jarring symphony of rubber grinding against asphalt pierced the air. Gillian's head slammed against the seat, her forehead instantly blossoming with a bruise.

Mara exhaled a long sigh of relief, casting a scornful glance back at Gillian. "Scared now?"

"Just go off and die by yourself; don't drag me into it!" In a fit of rage, Gillian hurled her purse squarely at Mara's face.

Mara, now prizing her beauty more than ever, caught sight of the incoming assault and immediately yanked at Gillian's hair, snarling, "Dare to mar my face? I'll make sure yours isn't worth keeping!"

Gillian let out a piercing shriek.

And so, the two women grappled inside the car, exchanging blows and pulling hair—an unseemly spectacle.

Exhausted and breathless, they eventually stopped, both bearing the marks of their skirmish, neither having gained the upper hand.

Touching up her makeup in the mirror, Gillian said, "If you'd actually swallowed vitamins, Vivienne would have caught on in a heartbeat. She's the Specter Healer, and with her all-knowing mom, those two are sharper than anyone. You'd be the first to go if you slipped up."

Mara scoffed. "You could've warned me. I would've taken less. You're just looking to get rid of me!"

Gillian couldn't be bothered to argue. "I'll be transferring to Rivenwood soon. You'll have to play along with a few more of my performances, so don't forget."

With a cold snort, Mara started the car and drove away. She would have never kept up this charade with Gillian if it were not for her thirst for vengeance. Once that was quenched, she would be the first to kill this bitch and drop her and Vivienne into the pigsty!

Gillian eyed Mara with contempt. Her thoughts mirrored Mara's—each plotting the demise of the other.

After her visit to the Linklaters, Vivienne dropped Karen off at the Perez Mansion and then headed to Elite University.

The campus was bustling with the energy of youth—students engaged in sports, romance, and lively

chatter. Only Aaron was in his dorm, bombarding Kenneth with a tirade of complaints.

"When are you going to clear out? Don't you have your own dorm? If you're staying here tonight, where am I supposed to sleep?"

Aaron was at his wit's end. His own dorm was seldom used, thanks to Kenneth's incessant visits.

Kenneth, engrossed in the latest season's game on his tablet, paid no mind to Aaron's ranting.

"Go, go! Damn! With those reactions, how do you even qualify for the game?"

Aaron was about to explode in frustration when his phone rang—it was Vivienne.

At the sight of Vivienne's name, the irritation on his face vanished.

He was staying at the university that day because Vivienne had said she would come to see him.

"Vivienne, have you arrived?" Aaron answered the call, grabbed a cake from the fridge, and dashed out, leaving Kenneth no time to react.

Kenneth sat up, considering Aaron's words, and quickly dialed Percival's number.

Down at Elite University's grounds.

Vivienne sat on the steps, observing the couples and groups around her.

Back when she was a sixteen-year-old student at Elite University, her classmates treated her like a kid, and she kept to herself, indifferent to their company.

Now, reflecting on those days, she realized how mundane college life had been.

"Vivienne!" Aaron arrived, panting and sweaty, clutching a strawberry cheesecake that had miraculously survived the run, save for one berry that had fallen off. "Got you a strawberry cheesecake."

Vivienne took the cake, noting the lost berry. "Still lacking finesse, Aaron? Can't even run a short distance without dropping a strawberry?"

Her tone frayed Aaron's nerves. "I'm sorry, Vivienne. I'll be more careful next time."

"It's not about being careful. It's about realizing that the enemies you'll face are the best of the best.

Any slip-up could be fatal. If you stay a half-baked fighter, you'll end up on the wrong side of a blade!"

Vivienne's reprimand was harsh, not out of cruelty, but because, as the new head of the Miller family,

Aaron was a target of GTO. The Nine Mystics Society had already exerted significant effort to eliminate the threats left by Mark Miller.

If Aaron did not take full control of the Miller family soon, he would be swallowed by its undertow—a

puppet emperor unfit to lead.

Aaron hung his head, guilt flashing in his eyes. "I'm sorry, I was wrong."

Vivienne sighed. "Never mind. You're young. I'll have Draven step up your training. And if I see you like this again, don't bother coming to see me."

"That won't happen. When I see you next, Vivienne, I'll have surpassed Percival," Aaron blurted out his innermost ambition.

Vivienne paused, then let out a laugh. "You want to surpass Mr. Wolf?"

"Yes, I will surpass him."

Aaron's determination was fierce. Surpassing Percival was not just a goal—it was an obsession.

Vivienne did not squash Aaron's enthusiasm. "Go for it. My Mr. Wolf isn't easily outdone."

My Mr. Wolf.

Aaron pursed his lips, a trace of resentment crossing his face. Updated at Dramanovels.com

He had known Vivienne for quite some time, but this was the first time he had heard her claim such outright ownership over another guy, the first time she had said, "My."

Clutching his hands tightly, Aaron tried again, "Vivienne, the guy's getting on in years. He's basically..."

Aaron zipped his lips and listened to Vivienne's instructions.

"Vivienne, you really want me to do this?"

Chapter 638

Vivienne was no stranger to using her imagination. She rummaged through her bag and handed Aaron a stack of papers. "I need the final product in three days. Get it done."

Aaron accepted the papers, and to his surprise, they contained plans for a state-of-the-art camera system made from transparent crystal material. If installed as the eyes of a bionic robot, they would be indistinguishable from human eyes!

"I assure you, the task will be completed."

This was Aaron's first mission since joining the Nine Mystics Society, and he could not afford to take it lightly.

He had to nail it to impress Vivienne and to prove that he, not Percival, was her most capable assistant.

"Good." Vivienne nodded, watching Aaron's confident demeanor.

This was his chance to prove himself, and whether he succeeded or failed, she would finally be able to flush out the traitor.

The reason she had tasked Aaron was to test him, to ensure he was not naively treating the Society like some kind of adventure game.

As Vivienne prepared to leave, Aaron opened his mouth to speak when a deep, magnetic voice called out from ahead.

“Vivienne, I’m here.”

Both Vivienne and Aaron looked up, their expressions changing. Vivienne was elated. Aaron, on the other hand, was clearly annoyed.

“Mr. Wolf! Did you bring the strawberry cheesecake?” Vivienne ran over like a schoolgirl, throwing herself into Percival’s arms, her eyes lighting up at the thought of her favorite treat.

Percival chuckled and ruffled her hair. “Don’t you want to see me instead of just eyeing the cheesecake?”

“There’s nothing like a strawberry cheesecake made by Mr. Wolf himself. Give it here!”

Like a kitten after cream, Vivienne could not wait to dig into the cheesecake, and the stoic Percival unwrapped it for her to enjoy with ease.

As the sun cast its dying light across the playground, the two strolled off together.

Aaron watched Vivienne's profile as she savored each bite of the cheesecake, while the one he had waited half an hour in line to purchase sat abandoned on the steps.

The setting sun's last gleam highlighted the cake box before fading away, along with Aaron's sweet hopes.

The mocking whispers of the wind seemed to scoff at his futile effort. "How laughable, your painstaking efforts couldn't outshine a simple 'I'm here'."

From a distance, Mara watched the scene unfold, a slow smile creeping across her lips.

Aaron sat dejectedly on the steps, methodically eating the strawberry cheesecake he had bought. The cloying sweetness made him feel nauseous as if he might retch.

Mara approached with a timely offering of iced coffee. "I heard the campus heartthrob was moping here, so I came to check it out."

Aaron accepted the iced coffee. Though he had not spent much time with Mara, their mutual friend Kenneth had introduced them, and they had become friends.

"Thanks, but what's this about a campus heartthrob?" Aaron asked, surprised.

Mara sat down beside him, plucking a strawberry from the cake and popping it into her mouth. “You and Kenneth, man. The gaming ace and the future finance mogul, the ideal boyfriend, inheriting a fortune. You guys are always together, and people are shipping you two together, big time.”

Aaron frowned. “What’s all this nonsense?”

“You’re not one for the campus gossip, I guess. I knew about it on my first day. The top-liked post on the campus network is about you and Kenneth playing basketball.”

Mara showed him the campus network on her phone. “Look at all the confessions. People are saying if you guys were not a thing, they’d go after you.”

Aaron nearly choked on his tea. “There’s nothing between us. If anything, he’s my rival. Always has been.”

Mara couldn’t help but laugh at Aaron’s flushed face. “I know you guys are just bros, but it’s fun for us to fantasize. There are plenty who have secret crushes on you.”

At the mention of secret crushes, Aaron’s spirits visibly sank.

Secret crushes were painful. No amount of strawberry cheesecake could cure that kind of heartache.

Mara saw right through Aaron, having witnessed the scene with Vivienne.

“Something on your mind? If you want, I’m here to listen,” she offered with a warm smile.

Aaron, needing to vent, did not care who was listening anymore.

“I’ve liked someone for years. She’s been my entire youth, but she doesn’t like me back. She’s already engaged to someone else.”

Aaron hung his head low. “I don’t know how to get her to notice me. It feels like she’s slipping away.”

“She was never yours to begin with! You’re outstanding, but Percival is many times more outstanding,”

Mara thought silently, though she maintained a sympathetic exterior.

Aaron paused. “Are you saying she’s been waiting for me to make a move? But she’s engaged.”

“So what? If she really didn’t care for you, would she meet with you? Being engaged is not the same as being married. It’s not about breaking up a relationship; it’s about finding true love.”

As Mara spoke, Aaron stood up. “How did you know we met?”

Aaron waved him off, “Nah, I got this.” [Content of Dramanovels.com](http://ContentofDramanovels.com)

“Alright, suit yourself. I’ve got an appointment with my sister-in-law tomorrow for a treatment. I’ve been breaking out like crazy, so I guess I won’t have time to run your love errands anyway,” Mara said with a

nonchalant shrug.

"Your sister-in-law?" Aaron raised an eyebrow.

Aaron thought for a moment, then said, "Alright, where's this treatment happening? I'll swing by."

"Really? Thanks, man!"

Mara forced a bright smile, but a shadow of ulterior motives flickered in his eyes.

Chapter 639

On the other side of town, Vivienne sat contentedly in the car, having just polished off a luscious strawberry cheesecake that Percival had brought her.

With a full belly, she finally remembered the matter at hand.

"So, you mentioned you had a crucial video conference tonight. What's got you swinging by all of a sudden?" Vivienne leaned in, eyeing Percival curiously.

Percival, driving with his usual cool demeanor, cleared his throat. "That conference is nothing compared to you."

"I never told you where I was heading today," Vivienne said with a teasing smile, though Percival felt a chill run down his spine at her grin.

Exhaling softly, Percival eased the car to a stop in front of a bustling steakhouse, turned to Vivienne, and said, "I got a call from Kenneth about you being at Elite University, so I thought I'd check on you."

Vivienne rubbed her temples, somewhat exasperated. "Aaron's just a kid. Why are you always so concerned with him?"

Percival parked the car and looked at her, "I simply can't stand any man coveting you, even if that man is just a boy."

Vivienne gazed at Percival. She had always heard that a man in jealousy was at his most handsome, but she had not expected it to be this striking! Could it be that because the man was Percival, he appeared so irresistibly dashing?

He was so handsome, and she loved it!

Percival playfully tapped Vivienne's nose. "Let's go have your favorite beef stew."

Vivienne wrapped her arms around his neck and planted a firm kiss on his lips before cheerily hopping out of the car.

The kiss left Percival breathless, wishing for another.

Vivienne thought to herself, "Opportunities like this don't come often!"

As they sat down to the bubbling hot pot, Vivienne devoured the meal with gusto.

"Mr. Wolf, I'll be heading to Mara's place tomorrow to treat her injury. Wait for my signal," she said, gobbling down a piece of tripe.

Percival, ever so composed, wiped a bit of sauce from the corner of her mouth and said, "Understood."

Vivienne's lips curled into a sly smile; she was eager to see what was really going on.

The next morning, Vivienne knocked on Mara's apartment door, only to be greeted by Aaron.

"What are you doing here?" She frowned in surprise.

Aaron grinned. "Vivienne, I'm here to fix the computer for our senior."

From inside, Mara called out, "Vivienne? Come in. I'm just in the shower."

Vivienne's brows rose inquisitively. A shower this early?

Aaron's face turned scarlet. "Vivienne, it's not what you think, really!"

Mara emerged, wrapped in a towel. If not for the scar on her face, she looked utterly radiant.

"Vivienne, we spilled some soy milk during breakfast, so I went to rinse off. Please don't misunderstand," Mara explained with a smile.

Vivienne brushed past Aaron and made her way straight to Mara. "Did you touch your scar while showering?"

Mara chuckled inwardly, feeling validated in her suspicion that there was something between Vivienne and Aaron, and Vivienne was just playing hard to get.

She winked at Aaron and then turned to Vivienne, "No, I've been careful, just like you said."

"Good. Shall we start here or in the bedroom?" Vivienne asked, her voice cold.

Aaron felt the drop in temperature and grew uneasy. Every time Vivienne was upset in his presence, he felt helpless.

"Let's go to the bedroom. Aaron, wait here for me. Thanks for your help," Mara said sweetly, adjusting her towel before giving Aaron a reassuring smile.

Aaron nodded awkwardly, avoiding Vivienne's penetrating gaze.

Hearing Mara address Aaron so familiarly sent a wave of frost through Vivienne's veins.

She grabbed her medical kit and headed to Mara's bedroom.

Aaron, desperate to explain, was stopped by Mara, "I'm about to change in the bedroom. Where do you think you're going?"

Aaron's ears turned red. "I... I was just..."

Mara laughed softly. "I'll go first."

In the bedroom, Mara changed and sat on the bed. "Vivienne, are you upset?"

Vivienne glanced at her, then looked away. "Why would I be upset?"

"I thought you and Aaron were close. I didn't want to upset you."

Vivienne lifted her gaze, a faint smile playing on her lips. Mara was quite the little minx, huh?

She thought Mara was simply naive, but she had underestimated her.

Applying silicone to Mara's face, Vivienne asked, "Did you drink a pot of green tea before your shower?"

Mara blinked in confusion.

Vivienne inserted a microchip into Mara's scar. "Trying to light up the whole forest with your green glow,

are we?"

"What are you talking about? What forest?" Mara was lost.

As Vivienne inserted needles into Mara's scar, Mara screamed in pain. "What are you doing? It hurts!"

Vivienne packed her things. "Beauty comes at a cost."

Mara writhed in agony, feeling as if her face was being forcibly molded back together, a tormenting blend of pain and itchiness as if countless ants crawled over her skin.

"What have you done to my face? I agreed to let you experiment, but you can't take my life!"

[Ready for the test.]

Percival replied promptly: [Okay.]

About an hour had passed, and Vivienne had just stacked her Tetris blocks to the top for the tenth time.

As a few I-shaped pieces fell into place, the screen cleared of blocks.

The pain on Mara's face finally began to subside.

She had been in so much agony that sweat matted her hair, and her voice was hoarse with screams.

"Is it over?" Mara asked, voice quivering.

Good, it was healing—three millimeters already closed. Content of Dramanovels.com

Truth be told, Vivienne could have restored Mara's face to its original state in under two minutes, a trivial task for her.

But she was not about to let Mara off that easily, not when there were experiments to be conducted on her.

Vivienne's phone pinged with a message from Percival.

[Chip is responsive.]

She was pleased.

Excellent.

This meant their research was on the right track.

The reason she had agreed to treat Mara's wound was to use her as a test subject to experiment with that chip.

Chapter 640

Vivienne was testing whether the chip could integrate with the human body through ionic fusion, eventually solidifying within and migrating with the flow of blood.

She had been wracking her brain for a suitable test subject, even considering the drastic measure of extracting Fiona from a high-security federal penitentiary.

But then Mara walked right into her lap, a perfect volunteer. When Mara had begged Vivienne for treatment, she agreed to any terms set forth. Even the prospect of being a human guinea pig did not

deter her.

So Vivienne wasn't about to pull her punches. If she did not conduct this experiment on, the powers behind Mara would not hesitate to find another way to make it happen. Better to be the one in control, she figured.

"Keep your face dry for the rest of the day," Vivienne instructed as she gathered her belongings, ready to leave. "I'll check back in a week."

Mara caught her arm. "Wait, what exactly are you experimenting with? Can you tell me?"

Vivienne considered for a moment. "It's a biotechnological study on quantum entanglement and GPS phenomena analysis. Does that make sense to you?"

Mara blinked, completely lost. Her school days were spent just sliding by, barely scraping into Elite University. This scientific jargon was like a foreign language.

"Forget it. It's over my head," Mara sighed, figuring she would just relay Vivienne's words to Gillian so she would stop asking her about it every day.

Vivienne left with a small smile.

Downstairs, Aaron greeted Vivienne with concern.

“Is everything wrapped up?” he asked.

Vivienne nodded briskly, pausing to offer a piece of advice. “Aaron, know what you should and shouldn’t meddle with.”

Aaron looked taken aback. “I can explain...”

“No need,” Vivienne cut him off, turning to leave. She had another chip prototype to perfect and no time

for Aaron's love life dramas. She didn’t mind as long as Mara did not beg to be killed, and she was only angry because Aaron was blind.

Vivienne was disappointed because Aaron was so quickly seduced by Mara in just a few days, completely unacceptable as the leader of the Miller family. She had wondered why Aaron’s improvements were so slow, and it turned out it was because his attention was elsewhere!

Aaron watched Vivienne go, at a loss. He had never seen her so upset.

Collapsing onto the couch, Aaron was overwhelmed with regret.

Mara descended the staircase, a smirk playing on her lips as she observed Aaron's dejection.

“Everything okay, Aaron?” she asked, offering him a Coke – Vivienne's favorite, if she recalled correctly.

Aaron's mood darkened further, slapping Mara's hand away. “Why did you deliberately make her misunderstand me?”

Feigning surprise, Mara said, “Aaron, Vivienne is the girl you like?”

Aaron wavered, guilty. Mara, playing the understanding big sister, reassured him. “It's perfectly normal to like her. She's like a goddess among mortals. It's no wonder if every guy falls for her.”

She pulled Aaron down back on the sofa and continued, “Liking someone isn't something you should be ashamed of.”

“But Vivienne is...”

“Forget about Percival. I think you and Vivienne are a much better match.”

“Are you serious?” Aaron's eyes sparkled as she looked at Mara.

“Of course. You two are about the same age, and I heard from Kenneth that you've known each other for years. You knew her and liked her before Percival. The only reason they're together is because Percival took advantage of the time you two were separated.”

Aaron could not agree more. He had always felt it unfair how Percival won Vivienne's heart before him,

although he knew and liked her longer than Percival did. Plus, Percival was so old he could be

Vivienne's uncle!

Aaron had never come to terms with this, but no one ever took his side or understood him. As time passed, he began to subconsciously think that he was the paramour.

Mara tapped his shoulders and said, "Aaron, you know what I think? I think you might have a spot in Vivienne's heart, only she doesn't realize it. Plus, Percival has her so wrapped around his fingers that she has lost sight of her true feelings. You don't know this, but just because of how I sounded so intimate with you earlier, she threw a fit at me upstairs."

"Really?" Aaron could not believe it.

"Of course. Why would I lie? To be frank, I don't think my cousin and Vivienne are compatible. If possible, I think you should be together with Vivienne."

"Are you saying that you're willing to help me?"

Mara nodded. "Yes. I'll help you."

Meanwhile, Vivienne was off to the YQ Research Center, where Percival was overseeing the

development of the latest chip prototype.

"How's it coming along?" Vivienne approached, now donned in a white lab coat, her hair swept up into a practical bun at the back of her head.

Percival turned around and was struck by such a look. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Something deep inside him felt like it had been hit hard, as if a surge of electricity shot straight to his brain.

Vivienne, oblivious to Percival's transfixed gaze, walked straight to the machinery. "The synthesis has gone well. I'll add a bonus to your paycheck."

His gaze was so intense it was as if it could penetrate her.

Vivienne let out a chuckle, walked over, and wrapped her arms around Percival's neck.

Her body coiled around his like a vine, pressing tightly against him. "Mr. Wolf, what are you looking at?"