

Million-Dollar 81

Chapter 81

The moment Richard finished speaking, the private room fell into a deafening silence.

This stunned not only the Hawthorn family but also the Ellington clan.

The first to snap out of it was Ryan Ellington. He suddenly stood up, his face stern as he asked, "Dad!

What the hell are you doing? The succession is a big freaking deal. You just made the decision without discussing it with us?"

Richard glanced at him and responded nonchalantly. "Discuss what? The success the Ellington Group enjoys is because of my blood, sweat, and tears. I don't need to discuss choosing my successor with anyone."

The Ellington Group was his own blood and sweat. He turned the Ellington family into the most prosperous family in Rivenwood, and only he knew the struggles he had gone through.

However, ten years ago, the Ellington Group started to decline. He was getting old and couldn't keep up with the times. Without innovation, the Ellington family would soon be surpassed by other families.

At his age, he was pretty chill with the fame and wealth, but he had to hold onto them. Money was a pretty sweet thing, and it ensured the Ellington family's peace.

The Ellingtons only saw the prosperity in front of them, but they didn't see the downhill road the Ellington Group was on. And when the Ellington family was about to go under, it was Percival who brought the Ellington Group back from the dead.

Everyone knew Percival was disabled. They looked at him like a useless person, but they didn't know that he was a genius.

A long time ago, Richard decided to let Percival take over, but for some reasons, Percival had to pretend to be disabled and not draw attention to himself.

Now that Percival had voluntarily announced that his legs were healed, it proved that he could now carry on with some of his plans. So, it was high time to hand over the Ellington family to Percival.

"Dad, that's not fair!" Henry Ellington also stood up. Dissatisfaction was etched all over his face. "The Ellington Group was founded by you, yes, but over the years, we brothers have all been working hard for the company. Even if you want to choose a successor, it shouldn't be Percival. We, your sons, are still here. How is it appropriate for you to let your grandson take over?"

The others in the Ellington family echoed his thoughts. "Yeah, how can the successor be decided so

casually? The Ellington family is such a large clan. How can you not think it through? Are you joking?"

"Percival has no ambition, no knowledge, and he's a famous good-for-nothing. You want him to take over the family business? Are you trying to ruin the family?"

"If you really do this, we will split the family."

The Ellingtons were furious, one after another.

Percival's father, Nathan Ellington, and Cecilia remained silent.

They couldn't speak. This was to their advantage. If they spoke, their siblings would accuse them of being ambitious.

The Hawthorn family couldn't speak up in this situation either.

But everyone's thoughts were written all over their faces.

Especially Arabella. Resentment was evident all over her face.

If she had known that Percival's legs would heal and that he would become the successor of the

Ellington family, she wouldn't have given Percival to Vivienne.

If she married Percival, she would have the power, and everyone would want to please her. However, she let Vivienne take such a great opportunity.

At this moment, she felt nothing but regret.

She must take back Percival.

Beatrice was also regretting it like crazy. How could she have predicted this sudden turn of events?

Percival had become the heir to the Ellington family, which meant that Vivienne would become the mistress of the Ellington family.

All of this should have been Arabella's.

"Hmph!" Richard snorted. "Are you guys threatening me because you think I'm old and weak? No one can change the decision I've made. You want to split up the family? Then do it after the engagement!

Just don't regret it!"

He was really pissed off.

Vivienne was Dorian's daughter. As a father, he had the right to accept the dowry for his daughter's marriage. Beatrice taking the dowry was absurd.

Furthermore, Percival was his grandson. The Ellington Group was his life's work and he was leaving his greatest achievement to his most talented and beloved grandson. What right did those freeloading

people have to object?

Did they seriously think he was old and had no temper?

The Ellingtons wanted to say something, but when they heard Richard's straightforward proposal to split the family, they immediately shut their mouths.

What a joke! Who had the guts to split the family up?

The Ellington family was the richest family in the city. If they left the Ellington family, they would no longer receive the dividends of the Ellington Group every year, and they would also lose the protection of the Ellington family. Who would do such a stupid thing?

But it was impossible for them to accept Percival as the successor.

Richard shot the Ellingtons a frosty glance. Seeing that they'd clammed up, he spoke icily, "This engagement has been dragging on forever already. I don't need any more petty interruptions. If any more of you Ellingtons dare butt in, you can get the hell out. And you Hawthorns, don't think I'm a pushover just because I'm old."

His aura was commanding, immediately cowing everyone into submission.

Having said his piece, Richard approached Dorian. "Mr. Hawthorn, the \$88,000 betrothal gift was what

you asked for. The 10 million dollars is our goodwill. My daughter-in-law must get the 10 million dollars."

He looked around at everyone. "I want everyone to know that Vivienne is the girl I've chosen to be my daughter-in-law. Once she marries in, everything Percival has will be hers."

Dorian had wanted to refuse Richard's offer of 10 million dollars as a betrothal gift the first time it came up. But arguments had erupted among the Ellingtons over their succession issue, and he didn't get a chance to object.

Now he still wanted to refuse, but Richard had effectively shut him down.

He was grateful for Richard's love for Vivienne and had long dispelled his prejudices against them. But accepting 10 million dollars as a betrothal gift made him feel like he was selling his daughter. He couldn't stomach the idea.

As he was hesitating, Vivienne broke the silence. "Take it. It's a token of goodwill from the Ellingtons."

After a moment's silence, Dorian finally nodded. "Alright, I'll accept the 10 million. But when you get married, I'll give it back to you."

Richard had nothing more to say. More pleasantries would be pointless.

On the side, Cecilia was already not too fond of Vivienne. Now, after hearing Vivienne willingly accept the 10 million dollars, her impression of her soured even more. But considering Richard's current mood, she could only keep her mouth shut.

However, she was resolved to get Percival a different wife. That was a must!

Chapter 82

The engagement party finally wrapped up.

Almost everyone from the Ellington family left when the elders did, except for Percival's family of four.

The rest of them had a gloomy look on their faces.

The relatives from the Hawthorn side also took their leave, leaving only a few folks from the Hawthorn Mansion.

As soon as Beatrice saw the Ellington family leaving, she immediately blocked Dorian's path. "Dorian, when are you going to give me that thing?"

Dorian looked at Beatrice, feeling a bit let down, but deep inside, he still had some hope. "Mom! Have you really decided? For that thing, you're willing to give up on me, your son?"

Without any hesitation, Beatrice answered, "You're the one who gave up on me, not the other way

around. You've been defying me over and over again for a woman. If you don't care about me or our Hawthorn family, then I'll just not consider you as my son. Give me the thing, and from then on, we're no longer related. And I don't need you to look after me either."

Even though he had anticipated that, Dorian was still deeply hurt.

His own mother was willing to cut ties with him for her own benefit.

Even though they had already severed ties before, it was never a complete break. But that time, Beatrice was serious about cutting him off completely.

Dorian glanced at Cordelia, Vivienne, and Thaddeus, took a deep breath, and said, "We're all worn out today. Let's get some rest, and I'll go to Hawthorn Mansion tomorrow to personally hand the thing over to you."

Dorian looked at Beatrice with a serious look and said, "If you've decided to give up on me, then call your lawyer over tomorrow. We'll get everything notarized. That's it."

Without waiting for Beatrice to respond, Dorian left with Vivienne and the others.

Outside the hotel, the sunlight was blinding, but it felt especially warm. A tear welled up in Dorian's eye

as he stood under the sun, not saying a word.

Cordelia and Vivienne stood by his side, not disturbing him.

Thaddeus, still too young to understand why his dad was upset, obediently tugged at his hand. "Dad,

don't cry. Thaddeus will always be with you."

Thaddeus's voice brought Dorian back to reality. He gently patted Thaddeus's head and wiped away

the tear from his eye. "Dad's not crying. I just got something in my eye."

Cordelia took his hand and said gently, "Dorian, let's go home."

Dorian nodded, "Alright, let's go home."

In that moment, he suddenly had a realization.

Why should he be upset?

Having or not having those relatives from the Hawthorn family didn't matter anymore.

Back in the hotel.

After Dorian's family left, Michael approached Beatrice with a worried look and asked, "Mom, do you

think Dorian will really hand over the thing?"

"We've asked him for it countless times before, but he always insists he doesn't have it. Why would he

suddenly have it now?" Joseph also asked. "Could Dorian be lying to us?"

"I can't be sure about anything else, but Dorian is definitely telling the truth about this," Beatrice replied

coldly. "Ah, this ungrateful son of mine. I knew he was bewitched by that woman, Evelyn. He was

indifferent to our family's difficulties and refused to help."

Every time that topic came up, Beatrice would get angry.

She had subtly asked him many times over the past few years, and every time Dorian would say

Evelyn left him nothing. If they hadn't made such a scene at Vivienne's engagement party, they

would've never gotten their hands on that thing.

Michael let out a sigh of relief, "If Dorian's willing to hand over the thing, then the Hawthorn family can

be saved. We might even prosper more. That thing is worth more than ten million dollars."

Beatrice nodded. The thought of getting the thing soon cheered her up significantly. She said to

Michael, "You better call the lawyer and have him come to the house tomorrow. Dorian has made up

his mind, and if we don't do as he says, he might change his mind. Call Dorian early tomorrow and get

this sorted out as soon as possible."

"Alright, I'll call now." Michael took out his phone and walked off to make the call.

Arabella bit her lip as she looked at Beatrice, seeming like she wanted to say something.

Seeing that, Beatrice said, "Arabella, if you have something to say, just say it. We're all family here."

After a moment of silence, Arabella said, "Grandma, I heard Michael say that the thing Dad has is worth more than ten million dollars. Why didn't Dad sell it after he left?"

"What else could it be for? Of course, it's for love!" Beatrice said regretfully. "Your dad is someone who values emotions a lot. Once he sees a woman, he loses control. First it was Evelyn. Now it's Cordelia.

These two women are the bane of my Hawthorn family."

"But Evelyn, Vivienne's mom, has passed away. What's the point of Dad keeping the thing?" Arabella didn't understand.

"Let's not mention Evelyn. It's bad luck." Beatrice felt uncomfortable every time Evelyn was brought up.

Arabella nodded and didn't say anything more.

Beatrice looked at her and took her hand, whispering, "Arabella, there's something I want to discuss with you."

"What is it, Grandma?"

"I want you to get close to Percival, win his heart, and then marry him!"

Arabella was stunned. She didn't expect her and Beatrice to have the same idea.

Seeing her silent, Beatrice thought she disagreed and said in a gentle voice, "I was against your marriage to Percival before because he was disabled and seemed like a no-hoper. But now, it seems like that's not the case at all. His leg probably wasn't just healed recently, but a long time ago."

"And also, he's not a no-hoper. How could Richard hand over the Ellington Group to him if he was?

He's been pulling our leg, testing us, and we all fell for it, Arabella. We've already missed one shot. We can't afford to miss another."

"You saw how well the Ellingtons treat Vivienne. As the heir, Percival is the master, and Vivienne is the mistress. She can call the shots. But look at Vivienne. Is she really cut out to be the mistress? I know you're not a fan of Percival, but for your future and the Hawthorn family's, you might have to bite the bullet."

Beatrice had no idea that Vivienne held two PhDs, and Arabella didn't spill the beans.

She had been planning on winning Percival back anyway. So Beatrice's idea was right up her alley.

She didn't show her true feelings but lowered her head, looking like a well-behaved and sensible child,

"Granny, I'll back you up on this."

"Good! That's my considerate granddaughter!" Beatrice said with a pleased smile.

Chapter 83

At the same time.

After the Ellington family folks stepped out of the hotel, they all picked up the pace and followed

Richard.

Percival, Leopold, and Thomas were trailing at the back.

Only when he saw the few cars in front pull away did Percival stop and said to Thomas, "You need to

keep an eye on Dorian."

Thomas was taken aback, not quite getting it.

Leopold didn't understand either, but he just asked straight up, "You just got engaged to Ms. Hawthorn

and you're already watching her father? What's up with that?"

Percival glanced at him and said flatly, "He might have the potion."

Leopold and Thomas were both taken aback, staring at him.

After a moment, Leopold finally caught up, "The potion? Dorian? Are you kidding me?"

Even though Dorian was part of the Hawthorn family, he was really just ordinary. How could he possibly have such an important potion?

Percival pursed his lips, his serious face unreadable, "I found that the potion is related to Vivienne's mother. Dorian mentioned giving something to Beatrice, it might be that potion."

"Then what are we waiting for? We should go find him right away! How can such a thing be given to Beatrice? Is he crazy?" Leopold was somewhat anxious.

That potion was incredibly important and incredibly dangerous.

There had been orders to find that potion at all costs.

GTO had already sent out hitmen, they've infiltrated Havenwood. Whoever had that potion would die.

Plus, there were other powers also looking for that potion, it was a hot potato for anyone.

Dorian got his hands on the potion, but instead of hiding it, he openly announced he was giving it to Beatrice. Was he tired of living?

"We can't go!" Percival said seriously, "We're not sure if what he's giving Beatrice is that potion, we're not sure if he's truly good. We can't just make a move."

Percival looked at Thomas, saying, "You keep an eye on Dorian first, if what he's giving Beatrice is that potion, grab it right away!"

Even though taking things by force was not his style, this was incredibly important. They couldn't make a rash decision. They could only grab it.

"Alright." Thomas nodded seriously.

Percival hesitated a moment, then added, "Don't do it yourself, let someone else do it."

"I understand."

At Tranquil Estates.

After Dorian returned home, he said to Vivienne, "Vivienne, there's something I want to talk to you about."

Vivienne sat on the sofa and asked him, "What is it?"

She was originally planning to ask Dorian what he was giving Beatrice when she got home. Since

Dorian had something to say, she'd just listen.

After spending these past few days with Dorian, she found him to be an honest man.

But she couldn't be sure about the potion.

She's dealt with many people. If Dorian's goodness was a facade, then he was really something.

She hoped her judgment was not wrong.

She didn't want her image of Dorian to change.

"Well, the thing is..." Dorian gently bit his lip, carefully choosing his words, "Your mother was a very talented perfumer. When she married me, she created a few perfumes. It was these perfumes that brought the Hawthorn family from a declining family to a brilliant one."

Vivienne nodded.

She knew her mother was a perfumer.

In fact, her mother had many identities, but the Hawthorn family only knew she was a perfumer.

Vivienne didn't interrupt, quietly waiting for Dorian to continue.

"After your mother left, she called me once, she gave me the perfume formulas. There were twenty-eight in total. She used eight during her years in the Hawthorn family. After she left, I never used those formulas again. Now, I've decided to give one of the perfume formulas to your grandmother."

Dorian carefully watched Vivienne. He was worried she would be angry since these were her mother's

belongings.

When Evelyn took Vivienne and left, he frantically searched for them but to no avail.

One day, Evelyn suddenly called him, told him she left the perfume formulas, hid them in a book in his

bookshelf. After that, she hung up. The next time he heard from her, she already passed away.

He was heartbroken. After finding the perfume formulas, he decided never to use them again. He felt

the Hawthorn family didn't deserve the glory Evelyn brought.

But now, he had no choice but to take them out.

Beatrice was like a vampire, sucking his blood before, now Vivienne's.

Handing over the formula and cutting ties with the Hawthorn family once and for all would bring peace

to their family.

Vivienne was somewhat surprised. She didn't expect Dorian to talk about perfume formulas. When she

heard that he was using something to cut off the relationship with Beatrice, she always thought it was

the potion.

Seeing her not speaking, Dorian thought she was really angry and quickly said, "Vivienne, I know you

and your mother were very close. I don't want to give the perfume formula either, but... your

grandmother is really too much. Today at your engagement, so many people were there, her behavior was completely unbecoming. If I don't use the formula to shut her up, I'm afraid she'll keep making a fuss. I want to use the formula to get peace for our family, but after all, it's your mother's stuff. I need your consent. If you're not willing, then I..." Dorian thought for a moment, "I'll look for investors tomorrow."

Anyway, Beatrice initially wanted 10 million. He'd just say he lost the formula, and there wouldn't be anything the Hawthorn family could do about it.

Vivienne fell silent for a moment, then slowly started, "Mr. Hawthorn, I have a question for you."

"Go ahead."

"You realize how much my mother's perfume formula is worth. You've been having a rough time in the Hawthorn family, why not trade the formula for some cash?" Vivienne looked up at him, "There are tons of perfume companies out there, if you sell just one formula, life could be a whole lot easier."

"Vivienne, you don't get it!" Dorian heaved a sigh, "I owe your mother so much, she gave a lot for this family and I couldn't do anything for her. I promised her I'd protect her, but I failed..."

Tears suddenly welled up in Dorian's eyes, "I didn't even get to see her one last time before she passed away. This formula is the last thing she left behind, I don't want to use it for personal gain."

Vivienne watched Dorian, trying to spot any deceit in his eyes, but all she found was sincerity.

Later on, Vivienne asked again, "Did my mother only give you the perfume formula? Was there anything else?"

Dorian suddenly hesitated, seeming about to say something, but after a while, he finally said, "No, she only gave me the perfume formula."

The slight unease in his eyes didn't escape Vivienne's notice. She didn't press any further, but said, "Mr. Hawthorn, you make the decision. You don't need my approval. Since my mother gave it to you, it's yours."

With that, she got up and left. As she turned the corner, she paused slightly, thinking to herself: Mr.

Hawthorn, I hope you're worth this trust.

Chapter 84

The next day, Dorian took another sick day from work, knowing full well Beatrice's character and anticipating that things wouldn't go smoothly. So, he planned to spend the entire day dealing with this issue.

Vivienne didn't have classes that day, so she came along.

As Dorian's wife, Cordelia naturally tagged along as well.

After dropping Thaddeus off at school, they headed straight to Hawthorn Mansion.

Just as Michael was about to ring Dorian, they showed up.

He took a glance at Dorian, asking, "Got the stuff?"

"Yeah." Dorian responded calmly, "When's the lawyer coming?"

"He's on his way, about fifteen minutes," Michael said.

Dorian nodded without further comment.

The Hawthorn family kept quiet, the mansion was eerily silent.

Beatrice sat at the head of the table, shooting a murky glance at Dorian before closing her eyes.

Nobody offered to pour water for Dorian's family.

Dorian didn't mind, the three of them sat quietly.

The lawyer arrived earlier than expected, taking only ten minutes.

When the lawyer arrived, Dorian stood up first, "Let's get started."

Beatrice opened her eyes and calmly said, "First, show me the goods!"

Without hesitation, Dorian presented the newly rewritten formula to Beatrice.

She skimmed through the formula, frowning, "Just one formula? Are you so stingy?"

Dorian's expression didn't change, "Evelyn only left me this one formula."

"That won't do!" Beatrice barked, "You think one formula can settle the score for birthing and raising you? You must be daydreaming!"

Dorian looked up into Beatrice's eyes, speaking sternly, "Mom, this formula is worth at least ten million.

You're my mother, but you haven't raised me properly. To you, I'm just a tool. You favored my two

brothers, I have nothing to say about that. I didn't come here today to discuss this. But Evelyn's

formulas, there's only this one left. If you don't want it, I'll sell it to someone else. I'm not afraid of you

bothering us anymore. If worst comes to worst, we'll move somewhere else after selling the formula."

"You bastard!" Beatrice cursed, "You're a Hawthorn and you want to sell the formula to outsiders? Don't you have any regard for the Hawthorn family, for me as your mother?"

Dorian sneered, "I came here today to sever ties with you all. I'm not associated with the Hawthorn family anymore."

Beatrice, clutching her chest, was left gasping for air.

Michael rushed to support Beatrice and asked Dorian coldly, "Dorian, are you sure about this? Leaving the Hawthorn family for good, no regrets?"

"The best decision I ever made was leaving the Hawthorn family," Dorian said seriously.

"Good for you!" Michael was equally pissed off.

Truth be told, they didn't want Dorian to completely sever ties with the Hawthorn family.

Not because they had any affection for Dorian, but because they knew he had more perfume formulas up his sleeve.

Also, Beatrice had told them she'd convinced Arabella to win over Percival's heart. However, this would inevitably involve Vivienne, since she was Percival's fiancée.

With Vivienne around, Arabella's chances of success were higher.

But Dorian's stubbornness was really unbearable.

"You think you can just walk away from the Hawthorn family? Dream on!" Beatrice stuffed the formula into her pocket, saying coldly, "I've got the formula now, and I won't give it back. Unless you bring out a

new one, you won't be able to cut ties with the Hawthorn family today."

She knew how important this formula was.

Years ago, Evelyn had used a few formulas to elevate the Hawthorn family to the ranks of

Havenwood's elite.

Now, just one formula would restore the Hawthorn family to its former glory. But what she sought wasn't

the Hawthorn family's prominence in Havenwood, but their status in Rivenwood.

If possible, she even wanted to oust the Ellington family.

Her ambitions had always been big, and she would stop at nothing to achieve her goals.

What was one son to her?

If necessary, she was even willing to sacrifice all three sons.

Dorian knew she would react this way, he scoffed, "Mom, I'm your flesh and blood, how could I not

know what you're thinking? I guessed you'd keep the formula. Do you really think I'm a clueless kid?"

Beatrice had a bad feeling, "What do you mean?"

"This formula is incomplete, it's missing two crucial ingredients. Without them, this formula is

worthless," Dorian said with a poker face.

Vivienne had reminded him of this on their way there.

He thought this was the safest way, so he altered the formula on the spot.

Truthfully, he had been a bit hopeful that Beatrice would keep her word for once, but it seemed he really shouldn't have expected anything from her.

She was a woman who would do anything to achieve her goals.

"You ungrateful son!" Beatrice was livid, she picked up a cup from the table and hurled it at Dorian.

Dorian dodged, the cup smashed on the floor. He turned to look at Beatrice, his face grim. "If you're gonna play games, then we're done here. Let's go."

With that, he called Cordelia and Vivienne intending to leave.

When Beatrice saw he was really going to leave, she freaked out. "Wait a minute!" she called Dorian.

Dorian stopped, silent, looking at her.

Beatrice was pissed off by his attitude, but she knew she couldn't turn back the clock. So she told the lawyer, "Mr. Dylan, can you whip up a contract? I want to cut ties with this ungrateful child."

Mr. Dylan had known yesterday that he was coming here today to deal with the relationship between

Beatrice and Dorian, so he nodded and started drafting the contract.

Mr. Dylan quickly prepared the contract and gave one copy each to Beatrice and Dorian. "Check this out carefully. If there's no issue, sign it and we'll get it notarized," he said.

Beatrice skimmed the contract quickly and said, "I'm good."

Dorian, however, read slowly, word by word, to make sure he didn't miss out on anything.

After reading the contract, Dorian said, "I have a problem."

"What's the problem?" asked Mr. Dylan.

Ignoring Mr. Dylan, Dorian turned to Arabella, who had been standing quietly next to Beatrice.

"Arabella, I know I adopted you, but you've been living with your grandma all these years. Now that I'm cutting ties with her, I wanna know if you want to come back with me, or stay with your grandma?"

He continued, "If you choose your grandma, we should add that to the contract too."

Chapter 85

Arabella was off work and at home again today. She didn't have to be here, but she wanted to see the look on their face when Dorian and his families left in disgrace. So, she stuck around with Beatrice.

She kept her mouth shut during Dorian and Beatrice's conversation. As a junior, she knew it wasn't her

place to butt in.

But she never expected that Dorian would suddenly turn the spotlight on her and force her to make a choice.

She clenched her fists, bit her lip, and her eyes welled up with tears. "Dad, are you cutting ties with me too?" she asked pitifully.

Dorian's face remained expressionless, his tone steady. "I'm asking you to choose. If you choose to follow me, you can't come to Hawthorn Mansion anymore. If you choose to stay with your grandmother,

you can't come to see me. Arabella, you can't have it both ways. You have to decide."

Making Arabella choose was his intention.

He had been very disappointed with Arabella's behavior and character over the years. Especially after

Vivienne returned, Arabella's actions left him even more disappointed.

His relationship with Beatrice was broken, he had made his choice, so Arabella, as his adopted daughter, must also make a choice.

"Dad, why are you and grandma on such bad terms? You used to get along. Grandma is old, she has

her own troubles. I may be an adopted child, but I've always considered you and mom my real parents.

I wish we could all be happy."

Arabella's eyes were red and swollen, she cried. "I know that ever since my sister came back, she has been against me, thinking I stole everything that belongs to her, but I didn't mean to. Dad, can't you mend things with grandma? I don't want to leave you guys!"

Dorian frowned, his voice low and chastising, "Enough!"

His voice was almost a roar. Arabella had never seen him so angry, and she flinched.

"Your sister has never been mad at you. She never even mentioned you at home. Where did you get the idea that she's against you? Arabella, ask yourself, in the two years you've been in my house, your mom and I sacrificed ourselves for your well-being, right? Thaddeus is my own son, and sometimes he goes hungry, but I've never let you go hungry."

Arabella hung her head, not saying a word.

But there was a fleeting smirk in her eyes that no one noticed.

If she had a choice, she wouldn't want to be adopted by Dorian. His family was poor, while the

Hawthorns lived in luxury. The Hawthorn girls could wear designer clothes, while she had to make do

with budget clothes.

That's why she curried favor with Beatrice and got herself back into the Hawthorn family. She didn't think she did anything wrong. Who doesn't want a better life?

She was just not born as fortunate as Vivienne. If she had a better birth, she would definitely be more successful.

"I admit that we're not wealthy, but ever since you came, I've tried my best to treat you well. I admit I have ulterior motives, because I hope someone could treat Vivienne as well as I treat you. But I can say for sure that I've never treated you poorly. On the contrary, you seem to always be complaining that we didn't give you the best things!"

"Dad, that's not what I mean." Arabella seemed a bit impatient.

Did she really have to listen to him go on like this?

If Dorian was useless in the Hawthorn family, she would rather they cut ties with Beatrice as soon as possible.

"Whatever you mean, I don't want to say more. I can see you're annoyed." Dorian glanced at her coolly.

"Just make a choice now, stay or go, it's up to you."

Arabella bit her lip lightly, a glint of coldness in her eyes, but she still pretended to look hurt. "Does it

have to be this way? Can't we all just get along?"

"Yes, it has to be this way." Dorian said seriously.

"Then... I choose grandma." Arabella only hesitated for a few seconds before making her choice.

This was within Dorian's expectations. He wasn't heartbroken, just nodded and told the lawyer, "Mr.

Dylan, please add this condition and have Arabella sign."

Mr. Dylan had no objections. He looked at Beatrice.

Beatrice nodded, and Mr. Dylan added the condition.

Everyone read it over, and once they agreed, they all signed.

After signing, Dorian pulled out another paper from his pocket and handed it to Beatrice. "This is the full

formula."

He didn't wait for Beatrice to reply and left with Cordelia and Vivienne.

No one in the Hawthorn family seemed to care or be sad about his departure.

Beatrice looked over the formula, verified that it contained two additional ingredients, and passed it to

Michael. "Hurry up and get the R&D team on it. We need to develop this perfume as soon as possible."

She paused, then added seriously, "Remember, we can only succeed, not fail. The comeback of the Hawthorn family depends on this perfume."

Michael nodded. "I understand, mom!"

Joseph suddenly said, "But developing the perfume requires funds, as does the subsequent marketing.

We don't have much money left."

"Don't worry about the money. If it comes to it, we can sell my jewelry. I've calculated it, and the cost of R&D and marketing should be around half a million. My jewelry should be worth that much."

There was no chance of getting a loan.

The Hawthorn family already had loans from several banks that were about to mature. Therefore, the banks were unlikely to lend them any more money.

Joseph sighed. "We have no other choice."

Outside a massive tree by the Hawthorn family mansion, two men with binoculars were stationed.

"Thomas, Dorian's gone and he didn't bring out the potion. Are we still on stakeout duty?" A guy asked

his colleague, Thomas.

Thomas put down his binoculars, took off his earpiece, and said, "Let's bounce."

Half an hour later, Thomas was back at Percival's crib.

"Mr. Ellington, Dorian didn't hand over any potion to Beatrice. It looked like he gave her a perfume formula, but we need to dig deeper to be sure."

They were at quite a distance, so all they saw was Dorian handing over a piece of paper to Beatrice, which seemed to be about perfume, but the authenticity was up in the air.

Their investigation wasn't just about what they saw or heard, they trusted hard evidence.

Percival was lounging on the sofa, his slender fingers slowly drumming on the armrest. His voice was low and slightly husky, "Find a way to get that paper from Beatrice. See if it's connected to the potion.

Also, comb through every single detail about Dorian again."

"I've already sent Kevin to snoop around the Hawthorn family."

Kevin was the bald guy who was with Thomas earlier.

Thomas initially planned to just take off, but he felt something was off, so he had Kevin seize the chance to investigate the Hawthorn family.

After a moment of silence, Thomas said, "Mr. Ellington, are we really investigating Dorian? He is Ms.

Vivienne's dad, you know..."

"Even if he were my dad, I'd still investigate." Percival had a gut feeling that Dorian knew something

about the potion's whereabouts.

Chapter 86

Over at Baker Manor.

Faye's been taking the meds Arabella prescribed for three straight days now, but her condition hasn't

improved a bit.

She had a constant fever and was extremely weak, even vomiting and suffering diarrhea frequently.

Bertha and Doreen were very anxious.

Just as the family doctor was administering fever reducers to Doreen, Bertha asked urgently, "Dr.

Marcus, how's Faye doing? Can her fever be brought down?"

"Ms. Faye's condition is bloody serious. She's been burning up for three days straight. Normally, she

shouldn't get feverish again so soon after the fever subsides, but she starts getting hot again only

seven or eight hours after taking the medicine. The fever reducers aren't working on her today."

Dr. Marcus said seriously, "And her constant vomiting and diarrhea can't be stopped. If this continues,

Ms. Faye's life could be in danger. I suggest taking her to the hospital."

"But Ms. Hawthorn told us this is normal, it means the toxins in Faye's body are being expelled. She

told us to reduce the fever first, and only after the fever subsides can we apply the ointment, which is

key to treating Faye's face." Doreen, looking at the weakened Faye on the bed, was deeply worried.

But she knew what curing the face meant for Faye.

In the days following her disfigurement, Faye had endured much humiliation. Faye lost hope for life,

and she couldn't bear the thought of her daughter living such a life.

"Are you still worried about this at this point?" Bertha said sternly, "Saving Faye's life is the most

important thing. I think that Arabella is not a qualified doctor at all. She doesn't even have a medical

license, how can she treat people? We might have been tricked by her."

"That can't be true. There were many people present that day, and everyone was saying that it was

Arabella who cured Isolde's face. Mom, I want to give it a shot, you know, Faye's current life is like

being dead, only if her face recovers, she can be happy. Let's wait a bit longer, see if Faye's fever will

subside, if not, let Arabella come and see."

In fact, Doreen had called Arabella several times in the past two days. At first, Arabella patiently explained that the toxins were being expelled and the fever was normal, but later Arabella seemed a bit impatient and even stopped answering the phone.

She was actually angry with Arabella, but for her daughter's illness, she held back.

Now at this crucial moment, she really didn't want to give up.

"You're being foolish!" Bertha huffed, "Faye has already turned into this, and you're still waiting for Arabella, do you want her to kill Faye to be satisfied?"

"Mom!" Doreen yelled, crying, "Faye is my only daughter, how can I bear to see her die? But Faye is really suffering too much, seeing her like this, I also feel terrible. This is her last chance, I don't want to give it up."

As the two continued to argue, Dr. Marcus interjected, "Can you show me the prescription Ms.

Hawthorn gave you? If there is no problem, we can wait and see if the fever will subside!"

Doreen nodded and quickly fetched the prescription.

Dr. Marcus looked at the prescription and was silent for a long time.

Doreen immediately had a bad feeling, "Is there a problem with the prescription?"

Dr. Marcus shook his head and said, "There's no problem as far as I can see. This prescription is mainly for clearing heat and detoxification, but I can't pinpoint what's wrong. It just feels a bit off."

Dr. Marcus paused for a moment and said, "Let's wait for another hour. If Ms. Faye's fever doesn't subside, we'll have to rush her to the hospital. Ms. Faye's condition is very terrible, so we can't waste any more time. I can assure you that her life will not be in danger in the next two hours. But if we continue to wait, I can't guarantee that."

Doreen nodded, then said to Bertha, "Mom, did you hear that? Dr. Marcus said we can wait another hour, let's wait a bit longer!"

"Whatever!" Bertha was furious. She didn't have the patience to deal with Doreen and turned to walk away.

She really hoped that her granddaughter's face could be cured.

But if she no longer had a life, what's the point of having a cured face?

Doreen is really like a headless chicken now.

Bertha walked to the hall on the first floor, had just taken a sip of water, when the maid came over and

said, "Ma'am, Clara is here."

Bertha said joyfully, "Oh, has my sister been discharged? Please let her in."

Bertha stood up and walked towards the doorway.

Soon, Clara was ushered in. Seeing her, Bertha happily took her hand and said, "Clara, you just got

discharged, you should rest well, why did you come here?"

"I was bored at home, so I came to chat with you." Clara said with a smile.

Bertha let Clara sit down and said, "Did your son and daughter-in-law go on a business trip again?

Really, no matter how busy they are, they should accompany you. Your three sons are all busy as

beavers, with only one granddaughter in Havenwood who can take care of you?"

"I'm used to it." Clara felt a bit uncomfortable but she was already used to it.

Her three sons were all busy, no one to take care of her, so they proposed to take turns looking after

her for a few months.

The day she was rescued by Vivienne at the amusement park, she had just returned from her second

son's house overseas, and it was her youngest son Anthony's turn to take care of her for the next few

months.

But Anthony was busier, Clara's granddaughter had to go to school, so it was just her and the maid at home.

Fortunately, Havenwood was her hometown, with many of her friends here, Bertha was one of her good friends, she could chat with Bertha when she was bored.

Bertha said, "Same here. Ever since my hubby passed away, I'm all alone at home, with the kids always on the run. Luckily, my daughter recently moved back in with my granddaughter, so at least she can keep me company." Bertha let out a sigh, "I planned to drop by your place a couple of days ago, but my granddaughter suddenly came down with a high fever and I couldn't get myself away. I didn't expect you to come to me first."

"Faye has a fever? Is it serious? Where's she hospitalized? I can visit her," Clara asked, worried.

Bertha said, "It's pretty serious, and I wanted to rush her to the hospital, but Doreen was dead set against it."

Clara frowned, "Faye's burning up and they still won't take her to the hospital? Isn't that a gamble with Faye's life?"

"Ah..." Bertha sighed again, "Doreen's already on edge about Faye's facial issue. She heard that Ms.

Hawthorn had cured Isolde's face and insisted she treat Faye. But after Faye took Ms. Hawthorn's

medicine, her fever spiked, she started throwing up and having diarrhea, now she's bedridden, it's

really bad. I told Doreen to take Faye to the hospital immediately, but she won't budge, saying the fever

is normal."

"Ms. Hawthorn?" Clara was taken aback, then laughed, "Ms. Hawthorn's medical skills are indeed top-

notch. I'll level with you, I fainted and almost died this time, but Ms. Hawthorn saved me."

"Really?" Bertha was surprised that Clara was also saved by Arabella.

"Yes, Ms. Hawthorn is a really good person. If it's her medicine, then you can rest easy."

Bertha gave a bitter laugh, "She might have a soft spot for you. She seems pretty impatient when it

comes to treating Faye's illness. This time when Faye got sick, we asked her several times but she

wouldn't come, later on she even stopped taking our calls."

"No way!" Clara asked in disbelief, "The Ms. Hawthorn I know is a very kind person."

After a pause, Clara said, "Should I give Ms. Hawthorn a call, ask her to come over?"

"That would be a big help."

Chapter 87

Vivienne and Percival were in the office discussing when to start PE classes.

Class Eighteen was smashing through the coursework much quicker than Vivienne had estimated. In

just a week, they'd already started on sophomore year material.

Charlotte's learning progress was faster. Because of her poor foundation, Vivienne had one-on-one

individual tutoring. And now she was tackling junior year material.

Still, Vivienne decided to keep her with the rest of the class in sophomore year material, saving herself

the extra tutoring.

Class Eighteen had a good student base. They loved goofing off, but when push came to shove, they

buckled down and worked even harder than the honors classes.

Vivienne decided to add Physical education lessons to the daily curriculum, but the students

volunteered not to take Physical education lessons. Their reasons were the same. They felt they'd

missed too much school in the past, and with only three months until entrance exams, they wanted to

pour everything they had into getting into college.

They didn't have high hopes of getting into a top-tier university, just a regular one would do.

They figured PE would eat into their study time, so they unanimously requested to skip it. Vivienne, however, shot them down.

She argued that while academics were important, so was physical health. You needed a healthy body to sit through entrance exams. If you faint on the day of the exam, all that hard work goes down the drain.

Seeing her stand firm, the students backed off.

"We'll have Physical education class first period Wednesday and last period Friday. We'll stick with that for now and I'll adjust later," Vivienne told Percival after setting the schedule.

Percival nodded in agreement.

Vivienne nodded back then looked at his legs and asked, "Are you sure you don't need the wheelchair anymore?"

When Percival first arrived, he'd planned on teaching as a disabled person. But now he'd publicly announced his legs were healed and he didn't need the wheelchair anymore.

Vivienne wasn't sure who exactly Percival was, but anyone who could keep up a disability charade for

so long must have some serious backing. Whether his decision to reveal his healed legs was a good or bad move was unclear.

Percival had a sister, Isolde, who'd been poisoned because of him. Although the poison was neutralized, it was uncertain if Percival's enemies would target Isolde again.

Vivienne was fond of the little girl and sincerely hoped nothing would happen to Isolde.

Seeing her concern, Percival assured her softly, "Don't worry, I've got everything under control."

Vivienne nodded, not pressing further.

Percival paused, then said quietly, "Vivienne, my legs shouldn't have 'healed' this soon."

Vivienne waited for him to continue.

"The Hawthorn family is in chaos, so is the Ellington family. If my legs didn't get better, the Ellington name might have been lost," Percival said in a calm tone, but Vivienne saw a glint of coldness in his eyes.

"I see."

After a pause, Vivienne looked up and said seriously, "Whatever you do, don't involve my family. Mr.

Ellington, I hope you understand that our engagement isn't based on feelings, and we won't be

marrying in the future."

Percival's lips tightened, and after a moment he spoke in a hoarse voice, "I understand."

He'd known from the start that Vivienne didn't genuinely agree to their engagement.

She wanted something from him.

And he wanted something from her.

Because she reminded him of someone, maybe her mother was Evelyn, the last one to handle the
potion. Both of them weren't being sincere with each other.

"But we're engaged now, and if you need help, I'll lend a hand as long as it's within my power. Of
course, you'll have to do the same if I need help," Vivienne added.

Percival gave a small smile, "Okay."

After that, they fell silent.

Then, Vivienne's phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and picked up, "Clara."

It was Charlotte's grandmother, Clara, who'd given her number to Vivienne when they'd met at the
hospital.

"Vivienne, are you busy?" Clara's voice was gentle.

She'd invited Vivienne over for dinner several times, but Vivienne was always too busy. Charlotte had to stay at school during the week, so she'd only be home on weekends. Sometimes Clara would call Vivienne for a chat when she was bored.

Vivienne didn't mind at all and always chatted with her patiently, which brought them closer.

"I'm not too busy right now. What's up, Clara?" Vivienne asked.

"I wanted to ask if you could see a female patient, but I wasn't sure if you were available," Clara said.

"Do you feel unwell?" Vivienne was surprised. The pills she'd given Clara were her own concoction.

While they couldn't make her as energetic as a young person, they'd significantly improve her health compared to her peers.

"It's not me," Clara explained, "Here's the deal, I've got a friend I've known for over fifty years, whose granddaughter got her face messed up too. You treated her a while back, but after taking the medicine you prescribed, she's been running a high fever, vomiting and having diarrhea. Things are not looking good. My friend called you numerous times but you never picked up, so she asked me to give you a ring, hoping you could check on her."

Vivienne frowned, "Are they sure they got the right person? The only patient I've treated recently is you."

Clara was taken aback, then turned to Bertha, "Are you sure it's Ms. Hawthorn?"

Bertha felt a pang of unease at her question, "I'm sure. I've met Ms. Hawthorn, I wouldn't mistake her for someone else. What's going on?"

Clara didn't answer her, just shook her head and continued on the phone, "Vivienne, there might be a mix-up here, could you swing by and check it out? The girl's situation is really bad."

"Alright! I'll wrap up what I'm doing and head over."

Just as Vivienne was about to hang up, there was a sudden cry from the other end of the line, "Mom!

Mom! Get the driver ready to take us to the hospital, Faye's started convulsing, hurry!"

The voice was filled with anxiety and a crying tone.

Just as Clara was about to hang up, she said urgently to Vivienne, "Vivienne, can you come now? This is really urgent, I'm begging you."

Though Vivienne hadn't seen the girl, she could tell from the voice that things were not good.

She nodded and said, "First, loosen the girl's clothing, then get her to lay on her side to keep her airway clear, I'll be right over... and, send me the address."

After hanging up, Vivienne received the address Clara sent over, and she got up and turned to

Percival, "Mr. Ellington, could you give me a ride to this address?"

She sent Percival the address on her phone, since she wasn't familiar with the roads in Havenwood.

Percival often went out on business, so he should know the way.

"Sure, I'll take you there." Percival was close to Vivienne and overheard her conversation. Without hesitation, he immediately grabbed Vivienne and headed out.

Vivienne was taken aback as Percival suddenly grabbed her hand. She paused for a moment, but considering that Percival was also in a rush to get there, she didn't say anything.

Chapter 88

Cloudcrest High School was a half-hour drive from Baker Manor.

Percival drove like a bat out of hell. Fortunately, the streets were pretty chill at that time, so they made it in fifteen minutes.

When Vivienne arrived, Clara and Bertha were pacing like caged animals.

As soon as Clara saw Vivienne, she rushed up to her, "Vivienne, you're finally here. You need to go

check on her. The family doctor is already upstairs. Faye stopped convulsing, but she's burning up and unconscious."

"Ok, I'll check it out right away," said Vivienne and headed upstairs with the nanny leading the way.

Percival didn't follow. He didn't think it was cool for a dude to barge into a young girl's room.

Bertha watched Vivienne head upstairs, dumbfounded. She hadn't got a chance to react when Clara followed.

She quickly grabbed Clara's hand, "Is she the Ms. Hawthorn you mentioned before?"

Clara nodded, "Yep! That's Vivienne, the Ms. Hawthorn who saved my life. Snap out of it and come upstairs with me!"

Before Bertha could react, she was dragged upstairs by Clara.

It wasn't until they saw Vivienne seriously preparing to treat Faye that they realised they got their wires crossed!

Doreen was shaking like a leaf when she saw Faye. Seeing Vivienne silently focused on her treating, she stuttered, "Ms. Hawthorn?"

Vivienne didn't respond, just kept on working.

Doreen was about to ask why Vivienne was there when Clara pulled her aside, "Don't bug Ms.

Hawthorn, she's got mad skills. If you mess her up, Faye is toast."

Doreen hesitated but didn't push it.

Although she couldn't wrap her head around why this woman, whom the Hawthorn family considered a

country bumpkin, knew medicine, Vivienne seemed to know her stuff.

Once Vivienne finished her treating and fed Faye a pill, she asked coldly, "Did she take any medicine

that has conflicting effects?"

Doreen was taken aback, "No, she only took the medicine prescribed by Ms. Hawthorn. Dr. Marcus

checked it out and said it was all good."

"Which Ms. Hawthorn?" Vivienne asked, frowning.

"Your sister, Arabella!"

Vivienne was speechless.

In fact, she didn't forget Arabella on purpose, but in her eyes, Arabella was like a stranger to her, and

she didn't think about her much.

"Bring me the prescription," Vivienne said nothing more. She had to read the prescription first.

Seeing Faye looking much better, Doreen knew Vivienne was legit and handed over the prescription.

After checking the prescription, Vivienne looked grave, "This is ludicrous!"

Her angry voice startled everyone in the room.

Dr. Marcus, who had been in awe of Vivienne's skills from the get-go, quickly asked, "What's wrong with the prescription?"

He had felt something was off, but couldn't put his finger on it.

Vivienne pointed to two of the ingredients, "These two, separately, are fine. But together, they're poison! They cause vomiting, diarrhea, then a high fever. That's exactly what's happening to Faye. If I arrived a few minutes later, you'd be planning her funeral."

Dr. Marcus had a light bulb moment, "Ah, I see. I knew something was off about this prescription. It's the conflicting effects of these two ingredients. Ms. Hawthorn, you're brilliant."

Her ability to spot the problem showed her superior medical skills. And her technique was even better than the senior doctors at their hospital.

"Oh my god!" Bertha exclaimed, "So dangerous? Doreen, look what you've done, trusting people
blindly!"

If Clara hadn't come today, Faye might have...

Doreen regretted her decision, "I didn't know it would turn out like this. At the Hawthorn family
banquet,

everyone said Arabella cured Isolde, so I thought she could help Faye. How would I know this would
happen."

"Doreen."

Waiting downstairs all this while, Percival got worried when Vivienne didn't come back. He went
upstairs and heard Doreen's words just as he reached the door.

He stood at the entrance, not going in, and calmly said, "Vivienne cured my sister, not Arabella."

"What?" Doreen's eyes widened in surprise, "Not Arabella?"

But soon, she said angrily, "That's outrageous. She dared to fool me. I won't let her get away with this."

If Arabella had told her that Vivienne cured Isolde, Faye wouldn't have had to suffer so much.

She really hated Arabella!

"Alright, enough of that for now." Bertha shot a glare at Doreen, pissed off that she had treated Faye's life like a game without doing proper investigation. But right now, treating Faye's illness was the top priority.

Bertha approached Vivienne, whispering, "Ms. Hawthorn, how is my granddaughter's condition? Can she be cured?"

"I've done acupuncture to stabilize her heart meridian. The pill I gave her will restore her bodily functions and take her out of danger, but her body has been damaged. If she wants a full recovery, she will need to continue the medication for three days. I can also heal her face, but..."

Vivienne looked at Doreen and said, "I came today at Clara's request, so there's no charge for the acupuncture and pill. But for the medicine and consultation fee for the next three days, you will have to pay. My consultation fee is fifty thousand, each pill costs five hundred thousand, and the special ointment I use to treat Ms. Faye's face costs a million. That's the bottom line, no bargaining."

Vivienne paused, then added, "You can think it over and let me know later. And don't worry, today's treatment have already saved Ms. Faye's life. She can go without the medicine for the next three days, but she might be weak afterwards."

Vivienne was never one for charity. She had helped Clara out of a whim upon running into her, not charging anything in return.

However, she was asked to treat Faye's illness, and naturally, there was a fee to discuss.

She had no ties with the Baker family or the Churchill family.

Outside, Percival heard Vivienne's fees, his deep eyes flickering with a nearly imperceptible light.

A pill worth five hundred thousand could only be found in Veridia's black market.

Life-saving pill!

Judging from its name, it was actually a miracle drug that could save lives as long as there was a breath left, hence the rush to buy it on the black market. Unfortunately, this kind of pill only appeared once every four to five months, making it something money couldn't always buy.

A while ago, the seller of Life-saving pill had sold a small bottle of them. The pills were sold out within ten minutes of the news getting out. He had sent Thomas to grab some, but was unsuccessful.

He heard from Isolde that Vivienne would give the patient a pill first, then perform acupuncture, apply ointment, and finally a medicinal bath.

Was the pill in Vivienne's hand the same as the one on the black market?

Regardless, just adding up the treatment costs came to a rough estimate of three million. So, he owed

Vivienne three million, but she hadn't asked for it back.

Chapter 89

Doreen was taken aback by the high cost of the medicine and didn't know what to do. The main

problem was that she was deceived by Arabella before, and the reputation of Vivienne was not good,

so she was worried about being deceived again.

But Bertha, without hesitation, said, "We're willing to foot the bill, I think that's how it should be. Arabella

didn't charge a cent and almost killed my granddaughter. You charge but Faye looks so much better

now, so we're willing to pay."

She trusted Clara. Although others might deceive her, Clara wouldn't, so she believed in Vivienne's

medical skills.

Plus, she could tell just by looking, Vivienne's methods of treatment were different from hospital

doctors. Most importantly, Dr. Marcus didn't spot any problem with the prescription, but Vivienne saw

the problem at a glance.

That's not something anyone without real skills could do.

As for the high charges, she felt it was reasonable. Apart from the 50,000 consultation fee, the rest were medicine fees.

According to hospital standards, a consultation fee of 50,000 was indeed high, but for Vivienne to demand this much, it showed confidence in her own medical skills.

High medicine costs meant good quality medicine. She knew many rare medicinal herbs were expensive, so she felt it was worth it if the money could cure Faye's illness and her face.

Vivienne nodded and said, "Alright, wait for another ten minutes. After I remove the needle, you can pay. I'll come for treatment every day for the next three days. The pills need to be taken on an empty stomach at six in the morning. Keep her diet light and the windows open for ventilation."

Vivienne paused and said, "The medicine Arabella prescribed before cannot be taken anymore. If you don't listen to me and anything unexpected happens, I won't take responsibility and won't continue the treatment."

Doreen immediately agreed, "Don't worry, her medicine almost killed Faye. I will never let Faye take it again."

Vivienne nodded and stopped talking.

Ten minutes later, Faye woke up and saw a strange woman in the room. She panicked and hid in the corner of the bed, lowering her head, not letting Vivienne see her.

Doreen got on the bed and hugged Faye, crying, "Faye, I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I didn't do my research last time and blindly trusted Arabella, causing you to suffer. Rest assured, this Ms. Hawthorn's medical skills are good. She pulled you back from the brink of death, and she can cure your face."

"Mum, I don't want to treat my face anymore, I don't want to treat it anymore," Faye shook her head, not lifting it up, she was scared of people seeing her face.

"Faye, don't be like this, it breaks my heart..." Doreen cried even harder, "I want you to be healthy, to live like a normal person. I worry about you like this."

"Mum, I beg you, don't push me, I really don't want to be treated anymore." Faye also started crying, "If you push me any further, just let me die!"

"How can I let you die? You're my daughter!"

They cried together, with no one else able to intervene.

Vivienne looked at Faye and said to Doreen, "Ms. Doreen, let me have a few words with Ms. Faye."

"This..." Doreen hesitated, remembering the look of disgust in Arabella's eyes when she saw Faye last time.

Faye became more self-conscious after this incident. If Vivienne hit her again, she might really lose the courage to continue her life.

"Let Ms. Hawthorn talk," Bertha said. "Since we chose to let Ms. Hawthorn treat her, we have to trust her."

Just through brief contact, Bertha found Vivienne to be completely different from Arabella.

Things hadn't been going so well for the Baker family in recent years, and Arabella's demeanor clearly showed her disdain for them, and she didn't care about Faye at all.

But Vivienne, from her entrance till now, though her face was expressionless, she didn't show any dislike for them.

Bertha didn't know why, she just trusted Vivienne.

"Alright then." Seeing Bertha say that, Doreen made way.

Vivienne stood at Faye's bedside and calmly said, "Ms. Faye, if a person is always in the dark, she will

never see the light. The world is not as dark as you imagine. Maybe you can try to lift your head and look at the sky outside."

Faye didn't respond or lift her head.

Vivienne wasn't angry, she continued, "What's truly ugly is not your face, but the human heart. Do you want to watch those who slander you stand in the sunshine and continue to mock you? Stand up, even if your face can't be healed, as long as you're confident enough, no one will dare to laugh at you."

At last, Faye responded, she was silent for a moment, saying, "I have no confidence anymore. My grades used to be my pride, but I've been off school for too long, and my face is ruined, I can't find my confidence anymore."

"Confidence is given by oneself, not by others. Hiding is the path chosen by the weak." Vivienne's voice remained unemotional.

She's not a patient person.

The reason she talked so much today was because she thought of her past self.

At Havenwood, she would often have negative emotions due to the environment and would often

release some hidden kindness.

She felt she had changed.

What changed her?

Perhaps it was Dorian and Cordelia, they gradually softened her indifference.

Seeing Faye not speaking anymore, Vivienne said, "I don't like weak people, nor do I like treating them.

Think about it, if you're willing to accept treatment, stand up and walk towards the light from now on; if

not, I'll leave right away."

After saying that, Vivienne stopped talking, waiting for Faye's answer.

About five minutes later, Faye finally lifted her head and looked at Vivienne, then froze. Vivienne was

really beautiful.

She was too panicked initially and only saw a stranger in the room, didn't quite catch a good look at

Vivienne's face. Now that she did, she thought Vivienne was not only beautiful but radiated a certain

light.

A light that could brighten up the darkness, giving her hope to carry on with life.

She studied Vivienne for a few seconds and asked, "Can you really cure me? Last time, Arabella swore

she could..."

"I can't promise, but I'll do my best." Vivienne was pretty confident she could heal Faye, but she usually didn't like to sound too sure.

Giving someone hope and then letting them down is the worst kind of pain.

Faye thought for a moment, "I'll take the treatment."

Vivienne and Arabella were two different people, and Vivienne didn't disdain her.

The look in someone's eyes can't hide their true feelings.

"Alright," Vivienne nodded, "From today, I'll be in charge of your condition. I'm Vivienne. Remember, until you're fully recovered, I'm the only one who can treat you. You don't have to see me just as a doctor, consider me a friend. Any changes in your body, tell me right away."

Faye cracked a small smile, "Ok, I'll remember."

For some reason, the way Vivienne spoke made her feel comfortable.

She believed Vivienne had the ability to cure her facial condition.

Moreover, Vivienne was willing to be her friend, the first person to do so since her face was disfigured.

Being friends with Vivienne must be a wonderful experience, right?

Chapter 90

After successfully convincing Faye, Vivienne took the diagnostic and medicine fees paid by Bertha and left.

Clara followed closely behind.

"Vivienne, it's lunchtime. How about treat you to a meal?" " Clara said.

Before Vivienne could respond, Clara continued, "I've been wanting to treat you for a meal. You've always been busy. If I don't do it now, I'll feel guilty."

"Clara, I'm sorry, I can't have lunch with you today. I've already informed my nanny to prepare my meal," Vivienne replied.

Clara looked disappointed, but Vivienne suddenly suggested, "If you don't mind, you can come to my place for lunch. We have many people at home, and the atmosphere is pleasant."

Including the Ellington family of four, occasionally Leopold, and members of the Hawthorn family, there were at least nine people at every meal.

"I can come?" Clara's eyes lit up.

She found her days boring, and she got along well with Vivienne. The location of the meal didn't matter

as long as she had company.

"Of course," Vivienne said with a smile. "Clara, would you like to come with us, or should you have the driver drop you off?"

She noticed a private car not far away. It belonged to the Redwood family; she had seen it at the hospital before.

Clara then noticed Percival. "Who is he?" she asked.

"He's my fiancé, Percival."

"Oh, he's the one from the Ellington family who is..." Clara was about to say "useless," but she hurriedly swallowed the words.

Percival smiled politely and greeted her, "Hello, Clara."

"Hello," Clara replied. Her gaze fell on Percival's legs, and she immediately understood.

Vivienne was skilled, and perhaps curing a disabled person was possible, but Clara didn't ask further.

"I'll go with you guys," Clara said and got into Percival's car.

After Vivienne and the others left the Baker family, Faye walked out of the room. Although she wasn't

used to the bright light yet, she felt much better.

Faye went to the living room and said to Bertha and Doreen, "Grandma, Mom, I'm sorry for worrying you. I'll cooperate actively with the treatment from now on. Even if I can't be cured, I won't immerse myself in pain anymore."

Bertha said excitedly, "Good! This is my good granddaughter! That Ms. Vivienne is truly capable. Your mother couldn't help you recover all this time, but she managed to get you out in just a few words."

Faye smiled, her face marred by scars making her smile seem a bit grotesque. "Talking to Ms. Vivienne made me feel confident. What she said is true; my ugliness isn't my face but my soul. Hiding is what weak people do. I am the granddaughter of the Baker family and the daughter of the Churchill family. I excel academically and have many qualities others can't match. That's my advantage. I can't waste my potential. I must pull myself together. Only when I perform exceptionally well will those mocking voices disappear. They can only look up to me."

"Yes! You're right!" Bertha agreed. "That's how it should be. Even if the facial injuries can't be cured, we need to show those people that my granddaughter isn't someone to be bullied."

Faye nodded, then turned to Doreen, "Mom, can you accompany me to the bookstore? I need to buy

books; I want to start studying."

Doreen was taken aback, "Go out now? But you..."

"I can walk out of the room now, and I'm mentally prepared. Maybe I won't be able to overcome the strange stares at first, but I'll overcome it slowly. I have to study while receiving treatment."

Doreen seemed to see the confident Faye of the past. She nodded, "Okay, but not now. I need to go to the Hawthorn family to settle things with Arabella Hawthorn."

Since Arabella lied to her, she should pay the price.

"If it's about Arabella, it's not urgent," Bertha said. "Faye's matter is the most important. Let's go buy the books first. Also, I heard that Class Eighteen of Cloudcrest High School has a new homeroom teacher who's very capable. She managed to control those mischievous students in just one day. Besides, she invited Mr. James' team specifically for Class Eighteen's courses. Such educational resources are unmatched even by Faye's current school. I'm thinking, why not transfer her to Class Eighteen? With Faye's excellence and Mr. James' teaching, getting into Elite University shouldn't be a problem."

This time, Doreen didn't voice any objections. "I'll listen to you."

The last time she didn't listen to Bertha, she almost got her daughter killed. Some things, it's better to listen to her mother.

"I'll listen to Grandma," Faye had heard about Mr. James. Studying under him was something she was willing to do.

"Alright, I'll contact them and arrange for Faye's transfer," Bertha decided.

Faye changed into comfortable sportswear and left with Doreen.

They went to a bookstore in the city.

On this visit to Havenwood, she was so disheartened that she had brought no books with her. So now, she had to buy all her study materials again, including various exercise books.

As they entered the bookstore, people began whispering and pointing fingers at her.

Faye was mentally prepared, but being openly judged made her feel a bit apprehensive. However, remembering Vivienne's words, she lifted her head, met their stares, and walked forward confidently.

After a few steps, she heard someone say, "She's really ugly! How can someone like her dare to go out?"

"Yeah, coming out even pollutes my eyes. She's not just ugly; if I were her, I'd just die to spare others

from seeing this."

The speakers were two girls about Faye's age, their faces sharp with sarcasm, speaking loudly as if they wanted to make sure Faye heard them.

After they finished, many people around turned their gaze toward Faye.

Doreen was furious and wanted to scold those two, but Faye stopped her. "Mom, let me handle this."

Faye approached the two girls and said earnestly, "I might not be pretty, but your mindset is more heartbreaking. I may not be beautiful, but I've never harmed anyone. Yet you attack others with such vicious words. If I can't endure it and end my life because of your words, you'll be the murderers. You hurt people. Do you have a conscience?"

"What's wrong with you? When did we hurt anyone?" one of the girls retorted angrily.

"Even though you haven't physically hurt anyone, your words are even more terrifying. Your minds are filthy. You're the twisted ones, not me," Faye calmly stated. "You're mentally polluted, making others just as twisted when they look at you."

After she finished, Faye turned to the other girl. "You said earlier that if you looked like me, you'd rather

die. Do you have no humanity? Our bodies are gifts from our parents. Have you ever considered your parents' feelings? I might not be pretty, but I won't die. I'll live well. Your malicious words can't hurt me.

Because you will never be better than me!"

Although she had thought about ending her own life, Faye wouldn't anymore.

Faye finished speaking and left the two frustrated girls behind, walking away with Doreen.