

# YOUR GUISE IS SLIPPING, MISS PEARL NOVEL

## Chapter 1

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An explosive piece of information hit the headlines in Enswood today. The wealthy and influential

Mister and Missus Waldorf had arranged a marriage for their sons during their earlier days, and the

woman concerned grew up in the countryside. The Waldorfs had five sons who were extremely

outstanding and handsome, and they were going to pick one of their sons to be the fiance of the

country girl. Everyone was flabbergasted. The media found the girl's photo—a tanned, plump country

bumpkin. Netizens complained that she did not deserve any of the Waldorf brothers. Three luxury cars

stopped at the door of a simple self-built house in a shabby village hundreds of kilometers away from

Enswood. Five graceful and charming men got out of the cars. It was a magnificent sight to behold.

Mobius Waldorf, the youngest Waldorf brother, complained the moment he stepped out of the car,

“Ugh, what a shabby place! It's so hot and dirty.” Hugo Waldorf, the fourth Waldorf brother, chimed in in

dissatisfaction, “Exactly. I just can’t even. Dad asked a bumpkin to pick one of us to be her fiance and

even forced us to come here to take her to Enswood...” The Waldorf brothers were dissatisfied. Dustan

Waldorf, their father, had high blood pressure and had threatened not to take his medicine if they

turned him down. Otherwise, they never would have come here. “Enough. Go knock on the door,” said

Richard Waldorf, the eldest Waldorf brother, a tinge of annoyance on his face. Mobius went up to the

door. A few minutes later, the door slowly opened. He was stunned by the woman before him. She had

delicate facial features and fair skin. Her wavy hair sat casually down her shoulders and the white T-

shirt she had on made her look noble. “Hi, umm, we’re looking for Pearl Leighton. Is she around?” “I’m

Pearl Leighton.” The woman glanced at the five men with her twinkling eyes and added, “Hang on. I’ll

go get my luggage.” She turned around and went back into the house. The brothers were shocked.

“Damn. She’s different from the photo Dad showed us.” Dustan had shown his sons a photo of Pearl

when she was in her teens. Unexpectedly, she had changed so much over the years. “Do you like her?”

Why don't we ask her to pick you as her fiance then?" Sean Waldorf, the second Waldorf brother, teased. Mobius turned around. "No, thanks. What's the use of being pretty? She's just an uneducated bumpkin." "Is that so? Don't worry. I won't fall for a kid like you, either," a cold female voice sounded from behind Mobius. Pearl ignored the red-faced Mobius, carried her luggage to the car, and got in a car.