

## **YOUR GUISE 161**

### Chapter 161

“When we were kids, Abby and Hugo didn’t get along. Hugo was quieter and easier to bully, so Abby didn’t like him and usually stuck with me.”

Pearl playfully teased, “I guess Mister Richard was always the lovable one. It makes sense that people couldn’t get you out of their minds.”

“Alright, keep the jokes for now.” Richard looked serious. “I never expected Hugo to defend Abby.”

“So you believe me now?”

Richard nodded. “It’s hard not to be suspicious when Abby was so frantic, and you were so calm.”

Pearl’s mood lifted, and she spoke more cheerfully. “So what’s your plan?”

“I don’t think we can trust Abby or Hugo. I’m going to transfer Mom to a different hospital. It’s been a week, and she still hasn’t shown any signs of waking up.”

Pearl winked at him. “I guess you’re not as stupid as I thought.”

Richard was relieved to see Pearl returning to her usual self.

“If that’s the case, I can help you. We can let Hugo and Abby know that we’re onto them,” Pearl said.

“No, I can handle this.”

Ceruleu had shareholdings in eight out of ten hospitals. Would Richard be able to make changes

more efficiently than Pearl

could?

Pearl had the urge to tease him further but remembered that Richard didn’t know her true identity. She

decided to keep quiet. “If that’s your decision, I’ll leave it to you. Just call me if you need help.”

Just as Pearl was about to leave, her phone rang from an unknown number. Recognizing the voice,

she remembered that she had neglected Clem after spending too much time at the hospital.

“Alright, I’m coming right over.” Pearl smiled after hanging up. “I have urgent matters to attend to. Got

to go.”

Richard nodded. “Sure.”

—

After saying goodbye, Pearl went to a place they both agreed on a cafe nearby.

Clem was sitting not too far from the door, drinking coffee. He was proud and gentle, quite the contrast from the frantic man she had encountered the previous night.

“Please take a seat, Miss Pearl.”

Pearl smiled and did as she was told. “Are you ready to join Brilliance?”

Clem’s eyes welled up with emotion. “Thank you, Miss. Pearl.”

“For what?”

Clem took a deep breath. “I know you wired 270 thousand dollars to me, just enough to cover my wife’s medical expenses.”

Pearl paused, slightly amused. “How did you know it was me?”

“Miss Pearl, I’m all alone in this situation without any help. Who else but you would reach out to help?”

“Don’t mention it. You deserve it, right?” Pearl smiled. “Consider it... ransom for Esther.”

Clem’s face reddened. He had resorted to abducting Esther out of desperation. His wife was critically ill and required expensive treatment, but he was unemployed and had no source of income. After much thought, he came up with a risky plan-to abduct Esther and demand a 100 thousand dollars ransom for her return.

"I'm sorry," Clem apologized sincerely. "I was blinded with rage."

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Pearl waved her hand dismissively. "Don't worry about it. Consider the rest of that money as your first salary. Welcome to Brilliance Entertainment. It'll be money well spent."

Clem nodded as he shook with gratitude. "Alright, I won't let you down. I'll give my life to Brilliance!"

"That's too much, Mister Clem."

Even though it might seem like a significant expense, she had gained the loyalty of a top-notch manager in return.

If Pearl had known the impact this man would have on Brilliance in the future, she would have been exceptionally proud of her decision.

"You should report to Brilliance for work tomorrow and just mention my name when you get there."

Pearl was ready to leave, but Clem stopped her. "Miss Pearl."

Pearl turned around, curious. "Yes?"

Clem pondered for a moment before asking, "You're the president of Cerubleu, aren't you?"

Pearl's smile faltered momentarily. "Why do you think so?"

"Why would you go to such lengths to recruit me if you weren't the president? All I need to do is mention your name. Only someone in a very high position could arrange that."

Clem was a clever man. Years of experience had honed his ability to read situations, and he suspected that this clever young woman was his boss.

"Well, since you've guessed it, I won't deny it. You're correct. I am the president of Cerubleu, and I genuinely want you to join my company," Pearl admitted.

While lower-level employees might not know who she was, Clem, as a high-level manager, would eventually find out.

"

'Alright, thank you, Miss President.'" Clem appreciated her more for not hiding it from him.

Pearl smiled back at him and headed for the exit, but before she could leave, someone stood in front of her.

“Hugo?” Pearl watched as he stretched out his long legs to block her path, growing annoyed.

“What’s the matter? Don’t want to see me?” Hugo took a casual sip of his coffee, wearing a mischievous smile. He hadn’t intended to seek her out-their encounter at the cafe happened by chance.

“Please don’t show your face anymore. I’m disgusted just by looking at you.”

Hugo shook his head. “Destiny has brought us together. Why don’t you take a seat? You might be interested in what happened to my Mom.”

“What did you say?” Pearl froze at the mention of Susan.

Hugo felt more confident when she turned around. “I have a proposal for you.”

Pearl pulled up a chair and looked at him with suspicion. “Go on. What’s the proposal?”\*

“I’m sure you’ll be interested in this deal.” Hugo raised his brows. “I know you suspect something. You want to prove that Abby was the one who hurt my mom, not you. I’m sure you’ve done a lot to clear your name, right?”

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Pearl grabbed the hem of her dress as her heart slipped a beat. “So? What are you saying?”

She had a bad feeling.

“I’m saying the culprit behind everything is Abby. That includes Renee and her mother’s death. Abby did it all. I wasn’t involved in any of that.”

Hugo divulged everything, leaving Pearl confused.

Considering Richard’s analysis, it seemed likely that these two had worked together, so why was Hugo now trying to shift all the blame onto Abby?

“So, what are you really getting at?” She couldn’t believe Hugo was simply being charitable and trying to help her clear her name.

“I’d be willing to help you prove Abby’s crimes if you agree to one condition.” Abby was nothing more than a pawn to him. Having used her, he now had no qualms about getting rid of her, especially if he could get some additional benefit from it.

The proposition was tempting because Pearl had no way of obtaining evidence of Abby’s crimes. The only hope lay in Susan waking up. However, Susan’s condition was still unstable, and there was no guarantee she would regain consciousness.

Pearl didn't look thrilled with Hugo's offer. Instead, she seemed annoyed. "What's the condition?"

"Marry me."

Pearl stood up. "There's no way I'm agreeing to that."

"Keep that rejection on hold. I don't actually want to be with you so it's just a fake marriage. We'll

merely register it. When the time is right, we'll get a divorce."

Marrying Pearl would grant him a twenty percent share of her holdings, so it was extremely tempting.

As for feelings, he didn't care much about it.

"Why would you want to do that?"

A fake marriage would mean he had no romantic interest in her. In that case, what was his ulterior

motive?

"Why? I have my own reasons. If you accept it, come back to me anytime."

Hugo had to rush back to the hospital for work and didn't have the time to persuade her further. There

was no way he could convince her anyway.

"Oh, and don't even try to record our conversation."



Pearl jumped when she heard that.

“I have a jammer with me so there’s no point trying.” He took out a little jamming device from his pocket

and tossed it onto the table.

“You’re so meticulous, Dr. Hugo.” Even though she said that, she discreetly pushed the recording pen back into her pocket because she had been caught.

Pearl went home to a villa not far away.

After leaving Waldorf Residence, she bought a villa on the south side of the city because it was closer to the hospital. It made it easier for her to visit Susan and find evidence.

As she approached her villa, she noticed a familiar figure standing nearby. Initially, she didn’t pay much attention, but as she headed inside, that person called out to her.

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“Pearl”

When she recognized the voice, she realized it was Raymond, whom she hadn’t seen in a while.

Raymond looked surprised to see she was living there. “The fiancée of a Waldorf living in this place.

That’s interesting.”

Pearl knew he was teasing her so she didn't mind it. "I didn't want to stay there for too long. I prefer having my own place."

"Well, in that case, we're neighbors now, and the distance definitely works in my favor, I'm sure Mister Richard will have to step up his game."

Pearl had nothing to say to that. "If there's nothing else, I should get going."

Raymond didn't try to stop her, merely offering a smile from where he stood.

Afterward, Pearl contemplated the encounter and decided to share the day's events with Richard. To prevent him from growing suspicious, she invented a pretext for visiting the cafe and left out the part where she met Clem.

"I don't know what's going on in Hugo's mind. First, he wanted to be in a relationship with me, and now he's proposing marriage. What does he hope to gain from me?"

Pearl couldn't discern Hugo's intentions, but she knew he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Every move he made was calculated.

"Hugo wants to marry you?" Richard felt uneasy hearing that, but he quickly realized why his brother

would want to do that.

It wasn't the first time Hugo had shown interest in Pearl. Unlike Sean's competitive streak or Hanzel's jokes, Hugo always approached for a reason. He desired something only Pearl could give.

"Yes, this lunatic. I thought he was a nice person at first, but now I see he's the most cunning in your family." He was like a psycho, normal yet abnormal.

"We don't know his motives yet, but if he's aware of Abby, it means he knows how to stop you from finding evidence and make sure my mom never wakes up."

Richard's concerns made sense. Hugo was clearly no saint.

"Renee's mother's condition deteriorated because her medication was switched. When you have the chance, check her medications for any signs of tampering. As for transferring her to another hospital, you need to be careful. Hugo might try to hide her information and delay the transfer.

Pearl added, "One more thing, remember to get enough rest. I can take over and stay by your mother's side... That is, if you trust me."

Pearl's words flowed rapidly, leaving Richard in silence.

"Huh? Did I get cut off?" Pearl thought her connection was choppy and that was why Richard didn't

hear her.

After some time, there was a rustling sound, like the sound of the phone brushing against some fabric.

Richard remained quiet for some time before asking, "Why would you help my mom? I remember she wasn't nice to you."

Pearl paused when she heard that, then sighed and smiled.

'Because she's your mom. Even if she did hurt me in the past, I would still help her. I know you'll be sad if you lose her.' Pearl didn't say this out loud, but Richard understood the unspoken message.

Richard's voice, no longer cold, turned serious. "Let's get into a relationship after this is over."

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That night, the cicadas chirped, the weather was warm, and their hearts were beating quickly.

Pearl's heart skipped a few beats because when he said that, it came from the bottom of his heart, and

he was dead serious

about it.

"Let's."

Richard didn't react when he heard that.

“Didn’t you say you want me to chase you for us to be together?”

Pearl chuckled. “If I had to wait for that to happen, I might die of old age.”

Richard wasn’t the romantic type. She did some digging into his past relationship with his first love, and

it was boring. They hadn’t even k\*ssed.

Richard felt uncomfortable. “So?”

Pearl suddenly felt lethargy kicking in, so she yawned and began preparing to get into bed. “So it’s time

to sleep. It’s very late now. Let’s talk about this later.”

Pearl hung up, leaving Richard feeling melancholic on the other end.

The next day, Pearl got up early in the morning and planned to see Wayne to discuss their next course

of action. However, her car wouldn’t start, and she realized she had run out of gas.

This place was a bit far out, so it was impossible to get a cab. Without a car, there was no way she

could leave.

“Good morning, Miss Pearl.” Raymond had also woken up early, and when he saw her looking

troubled, he smiled. “What’s wrong?”

Pearl claimed nothing was wrong, but Raymond saw everything.

“Ran out of gas? It’s okay, I have a few cars I can lend you.” Raymond was generous enough to take out some keys from his front pocket and hand them to her.

Pearl took a few steps back. It’s fine, thanks.” She didn’t want to owe him a favor because she didn’t want to have anything to

do with him.

“Don’t worry, I’m not trying to take advantage of you.” Raymond found her reaction amusing and chuckled. “Take it, you don’t need to return it.”

Pearl shook her head and was prepared to reject him again when a car honked at her gate. She looked over and saw Richard.

“What are you doing here?” She suddenly had a bigger question. “Wait, how do you know I live here?”

Richard just calmly said, “Get in, I’ll give you a ride.”

Pearl was still confused. “What?”

“I’m not going to repeat myself.”

Raymond flashed a cold smile. "Why are you interfering with Miss Pearl's life, Mister Richard? Didn't you kick her out?"

"I don't think this concerns you"

Seeing how Richard was getting annoyed, Pearl quickly got into his car to defuse the tension.

Raymond stood there, still smiling, but his eyes were cold.

Pearl remained curious about how Richard had found out where she lived and why he had come to pick her up so early in the morning.

As if he could read her mind, he calmly explained, "Waldorf owns this neighborhood."

That made sense. The Waldorfs had the resources to find information about anyone.

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"Why did you come to pick me up today?"

Hearing that, Richard appeared uneasy. "Didn't you say I don't know how to win women over? I think it's considered one of the tricks to win you over if I drive you to and from work."

"Who taught you that?"

After some thought, Richard replied rather slowly, "Justin."

He had trouble sleeping after hanging up the call last night. Hence, he called Justin, the playboy, to have a drink at Dark Bar.

“So, you dragged me out here, interrupting my late-night pursuits of meeting women, just to ask me about... picking up women?”

Richard shot Justin a glare. “No, I’m trying to win a woman over.”

“It’s pretty close.” Justin leaned back casually. “Well, first, you need to do something that moves her, like driving her to and from work and buying her gifts. You have to say some romantic things to her too.

Women like that stuff. I’m sure a smart woman like Pearl will like it too.”

Richard took mental notes and kicked Justin. “What kind of gifts?”

“Tsk, you can give her whatever you want since you’re filthy rich. You can even buy her a house.”

Recalling that advice, Richard took out a card from his bag.

“I’ve put the money you spent to buy the villa on this card. Well, consider the villa a gift from me.”

His words made Pearl laugh. “What’s wrong? Do you have too much money to spend?”

Stunned, Richard wondered why Pearl wasn’t moved as Justin had suggested.



“Okay, I won’t turn down your generosity since you insist.” Pearl accepted his card and stuffed it into her bag. “Everyb\*dy wants money.”

“Is there anything else you like? I can buy it for you.”

Finally, Pearl believed that Richard knew nothing about wooing women.

“You can’t win women over this way. Since you want to give me a ride, you might as well drive me to Cerubleu. I want to meet Wayne.”

Bitterness overwhelmed Richard when he heard that she wanted to see Wayne again. Awkwardly, he asked, “Why are you meeting him again? Is there something I can’t help you with?”

His words filled Pearl with silence. She wanted to tell Richard that she was Wayne’s superior but she couldn’t.

With a forced smile, she retorted, “Are you driving me there or not? If not, I’ll go on my own.”

Helpless, Richard nodded and agreed. But he seemed reluctant and drove slowly on purpose.

Suddenly, they encountered a traffic jam, and he gradually stopped the car by the street.

“I guess it’ll take more than half an hour. Do you want me to have my assistant fly a helicopter here?”

Stupefied, Pearl wondered why Richard had such a bold idea “We’re in the middle of town. Can’t you

think about the consequences before you do anything? Where's your common sense?"

A helicopter appearing out of nowhere might cause more than just a traffic jam. It could lead to a serious accident.

"I don't care about what others think because I just want to give you a ride."

His words might have captivated young, naive, and love-struck women, but Pearl was different. She just felt like kicking him.

"It's okay to wait a little. I'm not in a rush," Pearl said.

"I may not be good at pursuing women, but I really want to be nice to you. You must tell me if I did anything wrong."

Pearl had never seen this side of Richard before-serious yet helpless in his pursuit of love.

Suddenly, she found herself at a loss for words, and silence fell between them. Then, Pearl turned to the window and was drawn to some commotion outside.

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Two middle-aged men appeared to be arguing about the parking situation outside. The man who was speaking sounded self-righteous and reluctant, even though he had hit the other man's car.

Pearl found him somewhat familiar, and upon closer look, she realized it was Brandon, who had been gone for a long time.

Brandon's clothes were shabby, as if he had bought them from a street vendor. He had lost his confidence and was now living as a regular citizen.

Pearl felt a pang of pity for him, but she didn't dwell on it too much because she knew he had brought this upon himself.

However, Brandon seemed to get an idea when he turned and spotted Pearl. He hurried over to her and yelled while pointing in her direction, "She's my wife! Tell him to ask for compensation from her because I don't have the money!"

In his mind, Pearl was somehow responsible for his current situation, so he thought it wouldn't hurt to get some money from her.

The other man seemed to believe Brandon and approached Pearl.

"Are you his wife? He's the one who damaged my car. I spent over 150 thousand dollars when I bought

it. Are you going to pay me?"

Pearl sneered and replied, "I have nothing to do with him. He should be the one compensating you."

"You're so unreasonable!"

The man knew that Brandon couldn't afford to compensate him based on his current appearance, so

he decided to hassle Pearl in hopes of getting some money out of her.

"Ladies and gentlemen, her husband damaged my car, but she refuses to pay for the damages. This is

outrageous!" The victim dramatically sat on the ground, wailing for justice when he realized that Pearl

was unmoved.

As a result, a crowd gathered, with some people criticizing Pearl and others showing sympathy for the

supposed victim.

"Mister Brandon, you've become even more shameless after a few months." Pearl couldn't be bothered

to speak to the man on the floor and turned her attention to Brandon nearby.

Seeing that the situation was no longer his concern, Brandon wore a cunning grin. "Miss Pearl, I know

you're known for helping people. How about helping me this time? I really don't have the money."

Suddenly, he caught sight of Richard in the car and fear engulfed him. But he managed to suppress it

and laughed. "Hey, Mister Richard, you're here too. I'm glad to see you."

Despite the troubles his family had faced, Brandon didn't fear Richard's wrath.

"I'll give you a chance, Brandon. Set the record straight with that man, or you'll face the consequences." Richard's unease grew as he heard how Brandon had falsely framed Pearl. His icy demeanor intensified when Brandon made things difficult for her.

"Do you really think I'll listen to you, Mister Richard? I have nothing to lose now. I won't be intimidated by you, and you can't threaten me." Brandon leaned back and laughed.

"Well, don't regret it." Richard stepped out of the car and turned his attention to the man who was crying and creating a scene. He asked in a cool tone, "You want money, don't you?"

The man stopped crying "You're giving me money?"

"I'll give you 270 thousand dollars, but this man claimed that my girlfriend is his wife and caused us a lot of trouble. Well... I'm sure you know what you should do, right?" Richard rarely smiled, but his smile now sent shivers down the spine.

Being a sensible man, the victim chuckled at the opportunity to gain some money. He beamed at

Richard, exposing his yellowish teeth. "Sure, sir. Don't worry. I'll teach this man a good lesson!"

Knitting his brows, Richard returned to his car.

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"It's okay now. Let's go."

Richard was about to drive away when Brandon suddenly appeared fierce, standing nearby.

Brandon rushed over and reached into Richard's car through the window, opening the car door. With

force, he managed to drag Pearl out of the car.

"I'm going to die anyway. I might as well take someone else down with me!" He pulled out a knife and

pressed it against

Pearl's neck

His actions prompted an immediate change in Richard's expression.

"What are you doing, Brandon?"

"Scared now, aren't you? You were so smug just a moment ago, Richard. I didn't expect you to end up

like this today!" He pressed the knife closer to Pearl's neck, leaving a bloody mark. "You're going to

suffer with me soon, Richard. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

In response, Pearl kicked Brandon's knee while he was momentarily distracted.

Feeling the pain, Brandon let go and dropped his knife on the ground. At the same time, Richard kicked his chest, sending him flying three meters away.

"That's very dangerous," Richard scolded Pearl after her sudden move. "If something happened to you when he had the knife at your neck, you would be rushed to the hospital by now."

Raising her brows, Pearl asked, "What's wrong? Worried that I would take such a risk? I'm not that stupid, Richard."

Looking down, Richard acknowledged that she was right. She was more careful than he was.

The victim pressed Brandon on the ground and kicked him. "What are you doing? How dare you harm her! I'm going to kill you!"

Brandon vomited blood because of the kick "Don't... Don't kill me!"

As the fear of death gripped Brandon, he realized that he was genuinely frightened, but it was too late to turn back now.

The man landed a heavy punch on Brandon, who couldn't even scream because his mouth was sealed.

Finally, the street was cleared.

Richard watched the scene unfold calmly. "Come on. Let me drive you to Cerubleu."

Pearl nodded and joined him, but as she got into the car, complex emotions suddenly hit her.

"What's wrong?" Richard asked, noticing a shift in her expression.

"Brandon is just reaping what he's sown, given all the bad things he's done. But I suddenly find him rather pitiful. I don't know why."

Richard consoled her, "It's okay. If he's gone, we've gotten rid of a villain."

Suddenly, his phone rang. He picked it up, gave a brief response, and then ended the call.

Since he was close to Pearl, she overheard the call, learning that Brandon had passed away.

Brandon, who was once a skilled and cunning man in the workplace, had finally passed away on the roadside.

It was over now.

After that, Richard drove fast and arrived at Cerubleu without delay.

When Pearl got out of the car, she bumped into an executive who smiled and greeted her. "Miss



President, what brings you back to the company so unexpectedly today?"

Her spine tingled with guilt upon hearing those words. She turned to look for Richard, but he had already driven away.

Pearl breathed a sigh of relief.

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"I'm looking for Wayne. Where is he?" Pearl inquired.

The executive nodded thoughtfully. "I think he's not in today because he's gone on a business trip. By the way, who's the man who gave you a ride? Is he your boyfriend?"

"No, he's not." Pearl blushed, momentarily at a loss for words.

"Well, I have two kids now. Of course, I understand this kind of thing well. Plus, he seems rather attractive. Why don't... you give it a try with him?"

Pearl raised her brows and asked, "You don't know him, do you?"

The executive was stunned and baffled. "Who is he?"

"He's Richard."

The executive then exclaimed, "Richard... Waldorf?"

Pearl nodded, amused by the sudden change in the executive's expression. "What's wrong with him?"

"Being a wealthy bachelor, he has many women hoping to marry him. But I find him too cold and emotionless. Besides, I don't think he'd be a good match for you because... you deserve better."

Pearl burst into laughter when she recalled how Richard wanted to fly a helicopter to give her a ride to work this morning.

"Alright, I'll go now since Wayne isn't around. But don't tell anyone what you saw today. Also, work hard and try not to gossip too much." Pearl offered her advice to the executive, who seemed to keep smiling as if she was enjoying the situation.

After a brief contemplation, Pearl decided to head to the hospital. However, before she could even set off, her phone's ringtone blared loudly, grabbing her attention.

"Are you free now, Pearl?" Richard's voice was shaky. "Come to the hospital if you're free."

Hearing this, Pearl's heart sank. "I'll be there right away." She hailed a cab to the hospital and found

Richard waiting nearby when she entered the ward.

At that moment, Richard was holding a cigarette between his fingers, and cigarette butts were scattered on the floor.

“What happened?”

Richard turned to her with bloodshot eyes. “The doctor said my mom will never wake up.”

“What?” Pearl was shocked. She hadn’t expected Hugo to be so cruel as to harm his own mother in this way.

“Yes, the doctor said my mother will be a vegetable for the rest of her life.”

“Did you inspect the medicine like I asked you to?”

Richard nodded. “Yeah, I did. The medicine is okay, but I don’t know why this happened.”

“So you’re telling me that Missus Susan’s condition suddenly deteriorated for no apparent reason, and she became a vegetable?”

“It’s okay, I’ll get the best doctor. I won’t let my mom stay like this.” Taking a deep breath, Richard continued, “When my mom wakes up, I’ll make sure Hugo pays for what he did!”

He was determined to punish Hugo for hurting their mother.

“Can you let me examine Missus Susan, Richard?” Pearl asked.

Richard nodded and didn’t object since he knew she had some medical knowledge.

Carefully, Pearl inspected Susan's body and found that Richard was right. There was nothing wrong with Susan's intake of medicine, but...

With narrowed eyes, Pearl reached out to touch Susan's ventilator and noticed that it was cold.

"I know why she's become a vegetable, Richard."

Stunned, Richard asked, "Why?"

"Look at her ventilator. It's cold. Normally, it emits warmth when it's turned on, but this one doesn't. On

the contrary, it feels cold to the touch. I think someone must have secretly pulled off the ventilator when

you weren't around and reconnected it

when you returned. If this continues, she can't breathe normally. That's why she's now in a vegetative state."

Pearl's analysis enlightened Richard. He clenched his fists with a cold determination. "I'm sure it was Hugo."

"It's not certain. It could have been Abby."

Pearl lifted her gaze and said, "Regardless, our priority now is to save Missus Susan instead of finding

the culprit.”

Richard nodded. “I’ve contacted the most reputable doctor in Enswood, and he’ll come over later.”

Pearl set aside her suggestion upon hearing this.

The doctor arrived promptly. He was a man in his forties or fifties, wearing a suit and gold-rimmed glasses, exuding an air of seriousness and reliability.

“Mister Richard, allow me to conduct a thorough examination of the patient,” the doctor said.

As the doctor carefully examined Susan, he frowned and sighed. Finally, he spoke with a tone of resignation, “To be honest, Mister Richard, curing this condition is extremely challenging. We may need to rely on a miracle to save her.”

“What do I need you for if I want to pray for miracles?” Richard’s stern voice made the doctor tremble.

“I don’t mean to say I won’t try to cure her, but... I can’t guarantee success, and it could harm my reputation.”

“Reputation? Get out of Enswood if you can’t cure her.”

Observing this exchange, Pearl decided to intervene to help the doctor out of his predicament. “Hold

on. He's just a doctor, not a god. I'll get my mentor here and ask him to check on Missus Susan's condition."

Unexpectedly, the doctor responded to Pearl's words with anger, as if he felt humiliated. "What do you mean 'just a doctor'? I'm the best doctor in Enswood. Who is your mentor? Don't compare your mentor with me!"

This reaction annoyed Pearl, and she regretted coming to the doctor's aid in the first place.

"Simon Freeman," she responded, causing the doctor to suddenly fall silent.

However, the doctor soon doubted her claim and muttered, "I don't know if you're telling the truth. It's hard to believe Simon is your mentor. He's an outstanding figure. Stop joking around!"

Unconcerned, Pearl made a video call. A white-haired old man in traditional clothes appeared on her phone. Despite his age, he had a lively demeanor and bright eyes.

"Hi, Pearl. You finally called me. You can't imagine how lonely I've been abroad... By the way, when are you coming back? I miss you terribly..."

Pearl interrupted Simon with a smirk. "You're still struggling to beat Leo in chess, the guy who's staying downstairs, right?" Simon chuckled and admitted, "You got me there. When are you going to help me

defeat him? He's so smug. You must help me beat him!"

An idea sparked in Pearl's mind as she smiled. "Okay, let's make a deal."

Simon enthusiastically agreed, patting his chest. "I'll say yes to whatever you have in mind."

Suddenly, Pearl turned her phone toward Susan, who was behind her, and calmly explained, "I want you to help me wake her up."