

## **YOUR GUISE 201**

### Chapter 201

The surgery room still had its lights on when a doctor exited the room. His expression was grave as he approached Richard.

“I’ve got some bad news. The patient has experienced significant blood loss and is in a state of shock.

We suspect that the poison may have already spread throughout his b\*dy. Uhm... Please sign this form.”

Richard’s eyes turned icy upon hearing that. “I don’t care what it takes, you must save Hanzel. I won’t sign that, and he must survive this! If anything happens to him, I’ll make sure you quacks pay the price.”

The doctor’s heart skipped a beat, well aware of Richard’s reputation for ruthlessness.

“Okay, we... we’ll try our best,” the doctor stammered before quickly returning to the surgery room.

Richard gazed at the illuminated signboard above the surgery room entrance. Finally, he decided to call Pearl.

“Hanzel’s condition is quite serious. The doctor mentioned heavy blood loss and shock, and the poison

might have spread to his whole b\*dy. Probably..." He couldn't bring himself to say the worst-case scenario.

At that moment, Pearl had set aside her conflict with Richard. She leaped out of the bed and hastily put on her shoes. "Tell me where the surgery room is."

"The one at the far end of the third floor."

"Okay, wait for me. Ask the doctors to help stop his bleeding before I get there. But please don't move his b\*dy."

Pearl rushed there as quickly as she could. When she reached the door of the surgery room, she spotted Richard sitting on a nearby bench with his head bowed, lost in thought.

"Has the doctor come out yet, Richard?"

Richard shook his head.

Pearl had more questions, but the door swung open. It was the same doctor, and he looked a little nervous.

"I genuinely want to save him, Mister Richard, but we've done everything we can... The poison has gotten worse, and we can't stop his bleeding at all..." Eagerly, the doctor asked, "Why don't you guys

sign the form first?" He trembled nervously as he spoke.

Pearl went over and asked, "Does your hospital have enough herbs?"

The sudden question stunned and confused the doctor. "Herbs?"

"Yeah, herbs."

The doctor raised his head proudly. "Of course. This hospital is equipped with the largest herbal system in Enswood. We have almost every type of herb."

"In that case, can you allow me to enter and perform the surgery?"

Pearl's proposal caught the doctor off guard, and his brows furrowed. "Please stop joking, miss. You're injured yourself, and this is no time for jokes. We'll do everything in our power to save the patient.

Please don't make a scene here."

Frowning, Pearl suddenly came up with an idea. "Have you ever heard of Simon Freeman?"

"Simon Freeman? Of course, everyone knows that famous and exceptional physician," the doctor spoke with admiration for Simon.

“I’m his only disciple.’

The doctor’s eyes widened in disbelief.

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“You’re Simon’s disciple? How is that possible? He started living in seclusion ten years ago. I heard he went abroad and became a professor at a medical college. How do you know him?”

“I’ve studied abroad, so it’s not unusual for me to know him.” Pearl then thought, ‘A professor? Simon was just too lazy. He hid in a city abroad for his retirement.’

“I heard that our country still hasn’t found a cure for AIDS. But what if your hospital could make a breakthrough?” Pearl dropped a tempting suggestion.

“AIDS? Curing AIDS isn’t that simple. You’re still quite young, Miss. Let’s not argue about whether you’re really Simon’s disciple. No one has managed to cure AIDS after all these years. Are you trying to convince me to let you into the surgery room?” The doctor mistakenly believed he had figured out Pearl’s plan, and it made him feel smug.

“No, I’m not lying. There have been recent developments in treating the disease abroad, with records of complete recoveries. I’m sure you can distinguish between fact and fiction. I’ll go in and save him now.

He won't die under your care, and it's an opportunity for your hospital. This could be your chance for a promotion. Even if I fail to save him, Richard is here, watching. Plus, I'll take full responsibility for it.

What do you have to lose?" Pearl laid out all the potential benefits and drawbacks. The doctor, enticed by the prospects, finally felt swayed by the interests at stake. He looked to Richard as if waiting for the latter to say something.

"Let her do it."

Finally, the doctor's anxiety eased. He instructed someone to fetch a surgical gown and mask for Pearl before leading her into the surgery room.

The surgery continued, with people entering and exiting the room countless times, bringing in herbs.

After about two hours, the light on the surgery room signboard finally turned off.

Richard snapped back to reality instantly. He stared at the tightly closed door, eagerly waiting for Pearl and the others.

When the door opened, Pearl emerged first. She appeared weak and unsteady, as if she had expended all her energy. However, her expression was inscrutable.

"How did it go, Pearl?"

Looking into Richard's eyes, Pearl smiled. "He's okay now."

Richard breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad he's okay. Let me take you back to your room so you can rest. We can talk more when you're feeling better." He felt so sorry for her now.

"No, I have to stay in Hanzel's room later. He could still be at risk of severe blood loss," Pearl replied, declining Richard's offer.

Her refusal made Richard frown. "We can just leave this task to a nurse, or I can get someone from my family. You're in no condition to be up and about."

Pearl rolled her eyes. "It's because I'm most familiar with Hanzel's condition right now. I was the one who performed the surgery. Ordinary nurses might not notice if something goes wrong. We could miss the critical treatment window, and that would put him in danger again."

Pearl's explanation was reasonable, but Richard was filled with displeasure. "Why do you care so much about him?"

Pearl sneered. "He was stabbed by Abby because he wanted to save me. I'd risk my life to save him."

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"You said you saw me hug Sophia. Can you tell me who you went out with?"

Richard's inquiry was met with Pearl's silence.

"It was Hanzel, wasn't it?"

Pearl couldn't waste time arguing with Richard now. She turned and left with the others when Hanzel was pushed out of the room, leaving Richard behind in contemplation.

When Pearl arrived at the ward and saw Hanzel's tightly closed eyes and pale lips, guilt surged within her. If only she hadn't texted Hanzel, he would still be energetically filming on set, not lying motionless in a hospital bed.

Pearl had used the best herbs to stop the bleeding and had applied Simon's detoxification secret formula. In theory, Hanzel should be awake by now, but he remained unresponsive.

As if in response to her thoughts, Hanzel began to stir. His fingers twitched, and his eyes slowly opened.

"Pearl..."

Pearl was in a trance, but she leaned over when she heard him. "What's wrong?"

Hanzel, relieved to see Pearl safe despite her tired appearance, replied, "Nothing. I'm just glad you're

safe.”

Pearl rolled her eyes at him. “That’s not a reason for you to risk your life to save me. You’re not a child, okay? You should take better care of yourself. Why did you save someone who’s not even relevant to you?”

Unexpectedly, Hanzel became serious. “No, you’re not irrelevant. You’re as important to me as my parents, Pearl. Even though you may think I’m not serious about you, as if it’s just a passing fancy, I’ve never seen you as prey. I genuinely care about you.” Hanzel’s confession left Pearl bewildered.

“Okay, you must still be recovering and not thinking straight. We’ll talk more when you’re fully awake.

Are you thirsty? I’ll get you some water.” Pearl tried to change the subject.

She stood up and was about to leave but noticed Richard standing at the door as soon as she opened it. Richard looked gloomy as if he was in a bad mood.

“Watch over Hanzel for me. I’ll be back later.” Pearl waved a cup awkwardly and left when Richard remained silent.

In the blink of an eye, Richard and Hanzel were the only ones left.

Richard, looking displeased, blurted out, “I heard your confession just now.”



Hanzel, however, didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. He smiled and replied, "What's wrong, Rick? I

simply confessed my love for the girl I care about. I didn't force her into anything. Why are you mad?"

"You know that she's your future sister-in-law," Richard pointed out.

Hanzel's lips curled into a sarcastic sneer. "I used to believe that you were good for Pearl, but lately,

I've seen her in a bad mood because of you. I've come to realize that my compromise was a mistake.

Pearl won't be happy with you."

"How can you be so sure she won't be happy?"

Chapter 204

"Pearl and I saw you hugging another woman. Also, did you even come to visit Pearl when she was

sick and in the hospital? Mobius told me that your company's newly promoted design director came to

challenge Pearl under the guise of visiting her. Don't tell me you're so lovey-dovey with that woman

now."

Richard retorted coldly, "It's not what you think."

"I might not know the whole truth, but I do know that Pearl needs me right now. You'll just end up

making her miserable." Hanzel snorted. "She texted me first this time. One day, I'll be more important to

her than you.”

Although it sounded childish, Hanzel was dead serious.

Realizing that arguing with Hanzel would be pointless, Richard didn’t bother to say much, especially

given Hanzel’s confident look. He got up and left the ward.

When Pearl returned with the water, Richard was already gone. She asked, “Is he gone?” Hanzel

casually replied, “Yeah, he left after hearing what I had to say. Too ashamed to stay.’ “Okay, don’t get

out of bed and rest well. I’ll take care of you until you’re fully recovered.” Flattered, Hanzel asked, “You

want to take care of me? What about your work?”

The mention of her work brought a wave of bitterness to Pearl, but she concealed her emotions. “It’s

fine. After all, I’ve lost my job, and someone else is the new design director. I have the time and energy

to look after you.”

“I knew that Richard was unreliable.” Hanzel muttered through gritted teeth, vowing not to let Pearl sl\*p

away again. He then looked at Pearl and said, “Just focus on resting here for now. By the way, I have a

suggestion for you now that you’re not working. Would you like to give it a try?”

Pearl, masking her sadness, asked, "What do you suggest?"

Grinning, Hanzel proposed, "My agent had to take a one-month leave because of family matters.

Would you like to be my temporary agent?"

An agent? Pearl was stunned. Despite owning an entertainment company, she had never worked as an agent.

"Forget it. I don't have any experience in that."

However, Hanzel refused to give up. "You're taking care of me, aren't you? It won't be too much to

handle it for a little longer, right? You're the best, Pearl. Look at my injuries. They're so painful. Can you

really send me to the set alone?" His acting was so obvious, he couldn't even muster up a tear.

Helpless, Pearl said, "I'll find you a suitable agent."

"No, I don't want to. I'm sure nob\*dy wants it since it's just going to be a month. Besides, ordinary

people can't do it given my identity..." Hanzel grabbed Pearl's arms and swayed it, begging her.

Hearing that, Pearl nodded helplessly. "Okay, I promise. But you've got to rest well so you can get out

of the hospital sooner." "Will do."

Over the next few days, Richard never visited the hospital again while Pearl took care of Hanzel.

Occasionally, Hugo paid a visit to Hanzel.

Hanzel was unaware of Hugo's schemes and still regarded the latter as his gentle and quiet brother.

The day Pearl went out, Hugo came and chatted with Hanzel under the pretense of checking up on him.

"You know what? Abby is dead."

Although Hanzel had suspected as much, his heart skipped a beat upon hearing the news.

"Abby deserved it. She tried to harm Pearl numerous times, even plotting to kill her. She would just be trouble if she lived." Hanzel trembled with anger as he recalled the things Abby had done to Pearl.

"It looks like you care about Pearl so much. Don't tell me you're in love with her." Hugo probed, pretending to chat casually

with Hanzel but actually attempting to gauge his feelings.

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Hanzel didn't hide anything from his brother and blurted out his admission, "Yeah, I like Pearl."

"But you're aware of the relationship between Rick and Pearl. Do you want to compete against him?"

Hanzel snorted. "What's the big deal? Richard hasn't treated Pearl well, anyway."

Intrigued, Hugo probed further, "What do you mean?"

"You won't believe it, Hugo. He said he likes Pearl, yet he's involved with another woman. I saw him hugging her. How could a guy like that deserve Pearl's love?" Hanzel didn't even treat Richard as his brother now and felt like scolding the latter.

Hugo, meanwhile, noted the information quietly. After gauging Hanzel's feelings, he slowly rose from his seat. "Alright, it's getting late. Don't take it too seriously. Maybe it's just a misunderstanding."

But Hanzel scoffed. "Even if it's a misunderstanding, I won't let go this time."

Chuckling, Hugo turned and left. Things have gotten interesting now.

If Hanzel decided to compete with Richard for Pearl's affection, Hugo believed he didn't need to do much himself. Hanzel's actions alone would make things difficult for Richard.

As long as Richard lost, Hugo felt that Pearl would have no choice but to choose him.

As for Hanzel... Hugo had never considered him a true rival.

Pearl went out to meet Wayne because she wanted to prescribe new medicine for Hanzel. Hanzel had almost recovered, and he just needed one last medicine.

While driving by the moat, Pearl heard cries for help coming from a crowd that had gathered there, blocking the road.

Curious, Pearl got out of her car to investigate. She approached someone in the crowd and inquired,

“What happened?” “Someone fell into the water! It’s a young girl, around seven or eight years old, and it’s been quite some time now,” replied a woman in her forties, her gaze fixed anxiously on the water.

Frowning, Pearl asked, “Why hasn’t anyone tried to save her if it’s been a while?”

“Well, this moat is quite deep. Even a skilled swimmer can’t guarantee their safety,” explained the woman.

Upon seeing the girl struggling in the water, Pearl made a snap decision and jumped into the water herself.

The woman suddenly grabbed Pearl’s arm. “Don’t do it, miss. You might get yourself killed!”

With a reassuring smile, Pearl responded, “Don’t worry. I’ll be fine.”

Suddenly, the girl in the water ceased her struggling and slowly began to sink below the surface.

A hushed murmur swept through the crowd.

“Why did she stop moving?”

“I guess she’s exhausted herself. Oh, what a tragedy.”

“Why isn’t anyone saving her?”

“You go! I don’t know how to swim.”

Pearl realized that the girl must have experienced a leg cramp or exhaustion. If she didn’t act quickly, the girl would die.

With determination, Pearl removed her coat and jumped into the water.

Her daring action brought a collective gasp from the crowd on the bridge. “Someone... just jumped into the water!”

Chapter 206

Being a great swimmer, Pearl had rescued many drowning children during her time abroad.

Although the moat was deep, it was a piece of cake for Pearl. She swam hard to the spot where the girl had been struggling moments ago.

Pearl dove into the water, her eyes locked onto the girl, who was slowly descending to the bottom of the moat. With determined strokes, Pearl reached the girl and brought her to the surface, doing her

best to keep them both afloat.

When the crowd saw that they were fine, they breathed a sigh of relief.

“Quick, get a stick!”

Pearl, still catching her breath, couldn’t swim with the girl in her arms, so someone found a long stick among the logs nearby and extended it toward her. With a firm grip on the stick, Pearl was pulled ashore.

Once they were on land, the girl remained unconscious, having swallowed some water. Someone on the shore had called 911, but the immediate concern was reviving the girl.

After Pearl performed chest compressions and administered rescue breaths, the girl coughed up a mouthful of water. “It’s okay now. She’s awake!”

With the girl now coughing and breathing, the onlookers finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Feeling exhausted, Pearl squatted at the side, but her attention was drawn to a label stitched onto the collar of the girl’s clothes.

[Jordan.]

The girl’s clothes looked expensive as they were exclusively customized high-end clothes. Besides,



she was wearing ruffle sleeves and a tassel skirt that was popular in Ancard.

Pearl wondered if the girl was from that Jordan family that she knew a little about.

The Jordans hailed from Ancard, not Enswood, and were counted among the wealthiest families there.

They had a significant presence in both the military and politics, with five generations of top officials in their lineage.

Pearl wondered why a child like that would suddenly come to Enswood and accidentally drown in water.

As Pearl mulled this over, a black Rolls-Royce abruptly pulled up in front of her.

A couple got out of the car. The man, in his thirties, had a tall, slender build and appeared younger than his age. On the other hand, the woman possessed an air of elegance and refinement, exuding a gentle demeanor.

The couple's expressions changed at the sight of the girl on the ground.

The woman hurried over, her trembling hand reaching for the girl's cheek. "What happened, Laura?

Your father and I couldn't bear it if anything happened to you!"

Pearl attempted to console the agitated woman. "Don't worry. She's alright for now. She'll recover after a few days' rest in the hospital."

The woman dried her tears and asked, "You are...'

"She fell into the water, and I rescued her."

Grateful, the woman said, "Thank you. You're my family's savior. I'll thank you properly when Laura wakes up!"

Pearl dismissed it with a modest response, "No worries. It's nothing big.

"

The man, who kept silent nearby, was shocked when he saw Pearl's face. "What's your name?"

Glancing at his surprised expression, Pearl replied, "I'm Pearl Leighton.'

"Pearl... Leighton..."

Suddenly, that couple widened their eyes.

The man turned to the woman and whispered, "I remember our sister married a man with the same surname." "Yes, she looks so much like her that I thought she might be her daughter."

He didn't have the chance to ask more because Pearl suddenly remembered her urgent business and hurriedly bid them goodbye.

"I'm glad the girl's okay. As long as it doesn't traumatize her, she'll be fine. Okay, bye.'

"1

The couple hesitated but couldn't find a way to voice their doubts. Helplessly, they nodded and watched her leave.

Pearl went to Cerubleu. Since she was drenched, she went to the office to change her clothes and dry her hair.

However, when she stepped into the president's office, she found Wayne sitting with Richard, engrossed in what appeared to be a business conversation.

When Wayne saw Pearl, his expression changed. "Miss Pearl, you..."

Not very surprised, Pearl calmly said, "I came to see you about something. I can leave if you're busy.

Wayne, sensing Pearl's bad mood, ignored Richard and recognized that they might have a conflict again.

"No, I'm not busy. Mister Richard and I were just discussing the upcoming season's collaboration. We'll

finish up shortly.” Richard, on the other hand, silently stared at Pearl.

“Alright, I’ll sit here and wait.” Pearl took a seat on a nearby sofa but couldn’t help feeling puzzled as she listened to their conversation.

Richard seemed to be engaging in meaningless banter, as if he were stalling to prevent Pearl from talking to Wayne. Frustration building up, Pearl decided to pass the time by playing a mobile game, taking out her anger on the virtual enemies she was fighting. She even slapped the table angrily when her in-game soldiers were defeated. “You useless idiots!”

Both Richard and Wayne were struck speechless.

“Look at how lousy you are! How useless!”

“Hey, who do you think you are, scolding me like that? You’ve been lurking in the bushes for equipment for ages. I have no idea what you’re even doing there!”

“How much did they pay you? Why are you so useless? It’s ridiculous to have four versus six!”

“Chop off your hands if you can’t play! How lousy!”

Despite her best efforts to turn the tide, Pearl was ultimately defeated in the game.

Although Pearl's verbal lashing was directed at unrelated people, Richard couldn't help but feel like it was aimed at him.

"Okay, I'm leaving. This is ridiculous," Richard said as he got up, but Pearl stopped him.

"You were in the middle of a conversation with him. Why are you leaving?"

"You know why, Pearl."

Pearl rolled her eyes at him with disdain. "Why should I care about your reasons?"

Staring at her, Richard asked, "What brought you to Wayne's office today?"

"It's none of your business. Would you tell me where you're going if you meet someone else?" Pearl rudely retorted.

Unfazed by her response, Richard said, "I can always tell you about my whereabouts if you want."

"No need. I'm not interested in your affairs."

Her words filled Richard with disappointment.

"Alright, couples don't stay angry for long..." Wayne suddenly blurted that out, shocking them. Enraged,

Pearl demanded, "What did you just say, Wayne?"

"Huh? Aren't you guys a couple?" Confused, Wayne didn't understand why Pearl was suddenly upset

with him.

“We’ve never been a couple, and we never will be.”

## Chapter 208

Pearl’s words shocked Wayne and caused Richard to keep his head down.

Suddenly, Richard felt that there was no point in staying any longer. “I’ll take my leave now. As for our collaboration, let’s proceed according to the plan we discussed.”

Wayne breathed a sigh of relief once Richard left.

“Why did you do that, Miss Pearl? You both have feelings for each other. Why do you have to be so coy and hide your true emotions?”

At that moment, Pearl’s heart was in turmoil, and Wayne’s words stirred up complex feelings within her.

“Do you think it’s my fault?”

For a moment, Wayne didn’t know what to say since both of them looked bad. “I really don’t know, but it’s obvious that you both care about each other. Why can’t you just be a couple?”

His words prompted an unexpected chuckle from Pearl. “Have you dated anyone, Wayne?”

Stunned, Wayne eventually confessed after a long pause, “Yes, I had when I was a freshman. I was

only eighteen, and I liked a woman who wasn't considered pretty in my class. She was quite ordinary at the time and blended into the crowd easily. However, this girl sacrificed all her money to help me out when I was in trouble with some gangsters over a debt. She held my hand and ran away with me. As time passed, I began to notice her more and always bought her drinks. Although I didn't find her physically attractive, she had a unique charm, and she could always give me a lot of advice."

At that point, Pearl asked, "What happened next? Did you guys get together?"

Her questions caused Wayne to let out a bitter laugh. "No, we didn't."

"Why not, especially when you both had such a deep connection?"

How could they not get together since they were in love with each other?

Taking a deep breath, Wayne continued, "She later told me that she had a boyfriend back in our hometown whom she had been dating for three years."

Stunned, Pearl didn't imagine such an outcome. "What happened then?"

"She went home and got engaged to her boyfriend."

Melancholy filled Pearl's heart.

"I shared that story as a cautionary lesson for you not to miss the right person at the right time. After all, your situation is different from mine. My initial approach was wrong." As Wayne spoke, tears welled up in his eyes.

"Okay, don't be sad. You'll find someone better."

But Wayne shook his head. "No, I won't find someone better."

As Wayne immersed himself in sorrow, Pearl struggled to find words to comfort him. She sighed. "Is that why you've allowed yourself to be a ladies' man? I thought you were just like that, but I didn't realize this was the reason."

"No, I've never truly cared for those women. I used them to numb my feelings," Wayne explained with a smile as he changed the subject. "Let's drop this topic. Aren't you supposed to prescribe some medication? Let me take you there."

After visiting the underground pharmacy, Pearl returned to the hospital.

As she arrived at the hospital's entrance, she accidentally bumped into a man.



That man looked a little familiar. He seemed to be the father of the girl she had saved earlier.

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“Hello, Miss Pearl. I wanted to thank you earlier, but you were in a hurry to leave. It’s probably written in

the stars that we meet again. Please, tell me what you want. I can help grant your wish.”

Stupefied, Pearl chuckled. “I thought you wanted to give me a check.”

He shook his head lightly. “No, you have an extraordinary aura. I’m sure you’re not interested in money.”

“I don’t have anything I need at the moment. Just consider that you owe me a favor if you really want to repay me.”

The man nodded, but then a thought struck him. He asked hesitantly, “Would you like to meet Laura?

She wishes to thank you after learning that you saved her.”

Pearl kept her head lowered in contemplation before finally nodding.

She accompanied him to the VIP ward. Inside, a girl was having oatmeal. When the girl saw Pearl, her eyes sparkled with excitement.

Laura was a pretty girl with fair, smooth skin. One could tell that she would grow up to be a devastatingly charming lady. "Pretty lady, did you save me?"

Pearl nodded. "Yeah."

"What's your name, pretty lady?"

Rubbing her head, Pearl answered, "I'm Pearl Leighton."

"I'm Luran Jordan. It means 'honor.' You're so pretty, and you talk so nicely. I want you to feed me oatmeal."

The man became visibly uncomfortable. "She's your savior. How could you ask her to feed you?"

Behave and let your mom do it.

Π

"No, I don't want to. I want the pretty lady to feed me, or I won't eat it!" Laura abandoned her usual obedience and threw a tantrum, insisting that Pearl feed her oatmeal.

"Stop that, Laura!"

But Laura began crying loudly.

Her fake crying amused Pearl. Suppressing her laughter, Pearl relented. "Okay, I'll feed you. Stop

crying.”

Laura’s expression changed instantly, her face lighting up. “Really?”

“Yes, come here and eat.”

II

After a few spoonfuls fed by Pearl, Laura took the bowl and devoured the oatmeal in a swift gulp,

surprising the two people nearby.

“Okay, I’m done eating. Can you play with me, Miss Pearl?”

Pearl found herself in a predicament. “I have something else to attend to later. Can I come and play

with you next time? I’ll always be here in the hospital, and I won’t break my word.”

Laura looked disappointed but managed to put on a smile. “Okay, which ward are you in? I’ll come to

visit you when I’m free.” After Pearl told Laura about Hanzel’s ward, she prepared to leave.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. When Pearl opened it, she saw a familiar face.

Sophia?

Sophia was equally surprised to see Pearl and wondered why she was suddenly at the hospital.

“It’s been a while, Pearl. I heard about your kidnapping, but I didn’t have the chance to visit you. I’m sure you know a design director has a lot on their plate.”

## Chapter 210

Sophia attempted to provoke Pearl, but Pearl had no interest in talking to her.

Sophia continued, “What are you doing here? You’re not a relative of the Jordans. What business do you have here?” She assumed that Pearl was just here to curry favor with the Jordans.

“Oh? What are you doing here then?” Pearl responded, her tone tinged with sarcasm.

Sophia had been waiting for this. She lifted her chin arrogantly and stated, “My family and the Jordans are cousins. My mother is Master Jordan’s niece. So, I’m Laura’s elder cousin. What do you think I’m doing here?”

She had heard that the eldest son of the Jordans was visiting Enswood with his family today.

Unfortunately, his daughter had fallen into the moat and been hospitalized. Sophia had rushed to the hospital upon hearing the news.

Her mother had emphasized the importance of befriending the Jordans, one of the most influential families in Ancard and Enswood. And so, Sophia felt that it would be much more convenient to beg the

Jordans to do things if she managed to befriend Laura.

Hearing Sophia's explanation, Pearl couldn't help but burst into laughter. She found Sophia's bragging about being cousins with the Jordans rather amusing.

With a cold tone, Pearl replied, "I thought you were Master Jordan's granddaughter. Why bring up your distant relationship?" Sensing Pearl's displeasure, the man frowned. "Sophia, she's Laura's savior.

She's not trying to gain favor."

Sophia, now stunned, asked, "So, it was Pearl who saved Laura?"

"Yes, and you? Could it be you're an irrelevant cousin?" Pearl was ready to leave but didn't want to continue arguing with Sophia in front of others.

Since Sophia failed to gain the upper hand, she smiled and tried to please Laura. "Do you want me to play with you, Laura?" "No, I don't want to play with you."

It appeared that Laura had taken a liking to Pearl and kept her gaze fixed on her. "Don't forget to come and play with me next time, Miss Pearl. I won't be staying here for long." She was smart and knew that she wouldn't stay long in the hospital. Pearl turned and flashed Laura a smile. "Of course, I'll come back. Take care, Laura. See you next time."

Pearl then lifted her chin at Sophia, who looked stunned and awkward.

Ignoring Sophia's fierce look, Pearl left and returned to Hanzel's ward.

"What took you so long, Pearl? It's been four hours. I called you more than twenty times, but you didn't pick up." With his head bowed, Hanzel appeared aggrieved, hoping for some comforting words.

"I saved a kid on my way and..." Suddenly, Pearl realized that her phone was missing from her pocket.

"My phone might have fallen into the river, but it's fine. I needed a new phone anyway."

When Hanzel heard her story, he was stunned but then became concerned. "What moat? Did you fall into the moat? Are you okay?"

Pearl's lips twitched. "I'm okay... Didn't I tell you I saved a kid? And my phone accidentally fell into the river."

"Don't do such a risky thing again." Hanzel couldn't hide his worry.