

YOUR GUISE 221

Chapter 221

He had a sinister look about him because, like Hanzel, he had narrow, almond-shaped eyes. However, unlike Hanzel, he had a mole under the corner of his eye. His hair was longer, and his lips were thinner. He resembled those villainous dukes in historical dramas.

If Hanzel looked wicked, he was nefariously beautiful. The Jordans had good genes because their offspring were even more attractive than the actors.

“Uncle Allan, Aunt Lindsay, are you done with the packing?” he asked, his expression serious, and his voice clear.

“Yes. By the way, Blake, this is Pearl Leighton. You two should get to know each other because you might cross paths again,” Allan introduced Pearl the moment he saw Blake.

Blake didn't show any emotions.

Pearl Leighton? She looked decent, and her figure was fine. She kept her lips tightly sealed, giving her a solemn appearance. He quietly formed an impression of Pearl.

If Pearl knew what was going on in his mind, she would probably have strong words for him.

“Hello, I’m Blake Jordan,” he said, extending his right hand.

Pearl shook his hand and replied, “Hello, I’m Pearl Leighton.”

The air around them felt off.

“Come on, be a bit friendlier. You’ll be family soon,” Allan urged, not pleased with the uncomfortable vibe.

“I hope this isn’t another attempt at matchmaking, uncle. You’re here for a vacation, not to play matchmaker. This is the fifth girl you’ve introduced to me. We should play with gold and worry less about this,” Blake retorted, looking disdainful as he turned away.

Pearl was confused. What was going through his mind? She had encountered narcissists before, but none seemed as unpleasant as him.

“Don’t worry, I have no interest in you.” Pearl frowned. She didn’t like this person at all.

Her decision to avoid returning to the Jordans seemed justified. If the family was filled with people like this, she was certain she’d have a terrible time there.

“I hope you’re honest about that,” Blake retorted.

Pearl turned and walked away, realizing that continuing this conversation would only lead to an

argument.

Hanzel was elated to see what was happening and walked away too.

Allan stood behind them, watching Pearl's angry departure, and then heaved a sigh. "Why did you have to say that to her? Look how upset she is."

Blake's expression remained cold. "I told you, Uncle Allan, don't introduce anyone to me. I really don't need the help." Allan looked awkward. "But I wasn't doing that."

"Who is she then?"

"She's your cousin."

Blake's face froze. "Is she your illegitimate daughter?"

Allan was speechless. "No. Do you remember you have an aunt?"

"Yes, what does this have to do with her? Is she my aunt's daughter?"

Blake watched her from a distance and suddenly felt a sense of familiarity, as if she bore a resemblance to the woman in

Grandpa's photo album.

Chapter 222

“Be careful not to upset her when she visits our home,” Allan warned Blake.

Blake had mixed feelings. “Alright.”

She was his cousin. Things were about to get interesting.

When Pearl thought about this annoying cousin of hers, she started feeling angry.

Hanzel noticed her irritation and, while secretly pleased, pretended to be upset as well. “That guy’s got a terrible temper. We won’t see him anymore.”

Pearl dismissed the matter. “Never mind that. By the way, it’s your first day back at work. Have you called the director?”

Hanzel frowned. “Yes. They asked me to be on the set early this morning. It’s really annoying.”

“Alright, let’s head over there,” Pearl urged, pushing him gently because she sensed his reluctance.

“Fine.”

They made their way to the filming set, and it was Pearl’s first time visiting one. While she had interacted with artists and managers, she had never been to an actual set.

When they got there, they found that filming was already in progress.

The director's face lit up when he saw Hanzel. "You're finally here! I couldn't have filmed this without you. I was afraid you'd drop out of the project."

"1

"No way, director." Hanzel had to say something nice.

The director then turned his attention to Pearl and seemed curious. "Who's this? She looks familiar..."

"She's my new manager, Pearl Leighton."

Being a director, he kept up with the news and was 'envious' of Pearl's impressive capabilities. He couldn't help but be charmed by her beauty.

"Miss Pearl," he said with a smile as he extended his hand.

Pearl didn't feel like shaking his hand, but because she was representing Hanzel now, she took it.

The director discreetly caressed her hand when no one was looking, causing Pearl to quickly withdraw it in disgust.

"I hope we can work well together," the director said, his tone flirtatious as he admired her cold and beautiful demeanor. Taming a woman like her would be an exciting challenge.

Uncomfortable with the director's gaze, Pearl made up an excuse to distance herself from him.

Meanwhile, Hanzel started filming.

Pearl sat on a rock beside a pond, lost in thought, when someone approached her. She didn't see who it was, but the next thing she knew, they pushed her into the water!

Water splashed everywhere, drawing the attention of those nearby. People shouted that someone had fallen into the water, bringing the filming to a halt.

Hanzel ran over. He saw Pearl resting there, but when he turned around, she had disappeared. It seemed she was the one who had fallen into the water.

Pearl struggled in the water. Although she wasn't afraid of it and could swim, her leg cramped, causing intense pain. She couldn't exert force and inadvertently swallowed some pond water.

As she began to sink, someone grabbed her and pulled her out of the water.

Hanzel rescued her, quickly removing his clothes to wrap her up as she was completely soaked.

The director came over. "Go rest in the trailer and take a shower. Don't catch a cold."

Chapter 223

Hanzel thought about it, then picked her up to bring her to a trailer.

The director smiled creepily as his eyes lit up.

“I need to continue filming, Pearl. Stay here and take a shower. There are plenty of clothes in the trailer, all dry. Pick anything to wear.” Hanzel gently laid Pearl down on the bed and offered a reassuring reminder.

Pearl just took a few gulps of water, so she was fine. She nodded.

After Hanzel left, she took a shower, changed into dry clothes, and laid down to rest. As a precaution, she locked the door from the inside. However, she was suddenly startled when she heard a key turning in the keyhole.

The door swung open a second later, revealing the director standing outside, sending alarm bells ringing in Pearl’s mind.

“Do you need help?” he asked, attempting to appear nonchalant.

Although Pearl was flustered, she pretended that nothing was wrong.

“Miss Pearl. I just love how you look down on everyone. I wonder how you would look under a man,” he said, his lustful thoughts running wild. Men were often drawn to contradictions, and he was no exception.

“I hope you remember who you are. If news about you assaulting women spreads, it’s not going to help your reputation.”

Pearl recalled something about this man. He was known for being respectful and was considered a breath of fresh air in the industry. However, beneath his friendly facade, he was a monster.

“Whatever. You have no evidence, and this is my set. Do you think anyone will stop me from doing as I please? I’ll let you in on a little secret. I planned the incident where you were pushed into the water. If I hadn’t done that, how could I have had the opportunity to be alone with you?”

The director couldn’t contain his desires any longer, so he lunged at Pearl.

Pearl instinctively moved back, grabbed a nearby vase, and smashed it on the floor.

The loud crash didn’t seem to concern the director. Why are you breaking things? Just be careful not to hurt those delicate hands of yours,” he leered, revealing his sinister intentions. “I’ve customized this trailer. The soundproofing is quite effective so no one outside can hear you...’

Pearl knew this man was a monster who assaulted countless women in this place. She took out her phone and dialed, but the man grabbed it and threw it to the floor.

Pearl kicked him angrily.

“You’re quite strong, but I’ve had my share of training. You won’t overpower me unless you have the strength of two strong men. Miss Pearl, you should give up and let me have my way.’

Once again, the man lunged at her, tearing at her clothes as they struggled.

Suddenly, the trailer door was kicked open, and it flew wide. Hanzel stormed in.

“What the hell are you doing to Pearl?” Hanzel shouted, his eyes filled with rage upon seeing Pearl pinned down on the bed. He grabbed the director and punched his face.

Pearl quickly adjusted her clothing and stood up with a cold expression. “I’m fine. Call the police.” Fear flickered in the director’s eyes. ‘No way. How could someone manage to get here so quickly?’

Chapter 224

The director covered his face, anxious but still trying to assert himself. “Hanzel, please don’t call the police. I know you’ve been eager for a lead role. I’ll give it to you. You can have the lead role in all my future shows. Just don’t involve the police!”

Hanzel wasn’t easily swayed. He glanced at the disheveled Pearl and dialed 911 without hesitation.

“You can explain that to the police when they arrive.”

The director grew angry. “If you call the police, you won’t be able to survive in this industry!”

Hanzel tightened his grip on his phone. "Whatever. I'll just quit."

Pearl raised her brows. "No, Hanzel. What are you saying?"

Hanzel smiled at her. "It's fine. If I can't act anymore, I'll just go back home and inherit the family fortune."

He said that casually, but Pearl could see the pain in his eyes.

This director was very famous, so anyone who offended him would offend half the industry. Even if

Hanzel was talented, the business world and entertainment world were so different it wouldn't help him one bit.

However, she never expected Hanzel to be willing to give up his career for her. She couldn't believe it.

"You're too naive, kid," the director remarked, standing up with a mysterious smile. "None of the precincts here dare to cross me. Do you really think I'm afraid of you calling the police?"

Pearl raised an eyebrow, as she hadn't anticipated the director having connections with the police force in the area.

The officers arrived soon and were taken aback. It was a famous director and a Waldorf. They couldn't

afford to offend either side!

“Mister Hanzel, I assume you made the call?” one of the officers inquired with a smile.

Hanzel nodded. “Yes, Officer. Mister Leslie here assaulted my manager, or rather, attempted to r*pe her. I arrived just in time to stop him.”

The message was clear, but the officers hesitated, unsure of how to proceed, and turned their attention to Leslie.

The director maintained a composed expression as he questioned, “You’re accusing me of attempted r*pe. Do you have any proof?”

Pearl looked at him with a chilling gaze. “You don’t feel guilty at all?”

The director threw up his hands to pretend to be innocent. “But you don’t have proof. I’d fold if you could produce a voice recording or video.” He was confident they lacked any evidence and gloated inwardly.

Pearl raised her brow. “So you’re saying I made a false report?”

“I don’t know. Maybe you’re trying to extort me and gain entry into the industry with my help. You might

have lied to lure me here. The bottom line is, I didn't come to see you. Everyone knows that I'm a trustworthy person. People would think you're joking if you claim I r*ped you."

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Chapter 225

The director raised his chin confidently and looked around with disdain.

"What do you mean? You want to turn this against me instead?" Pearl couldn't imagine how the aggressor could attempt to play the victim, so she laughed mockingly. "You're a famous director, yet you've said something so disgusting. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Miss Pearl, I never said anything to insult you, but you're going too far. Officer, there are two of them and I'm alone. Why would I try to r*pe his manager?"

The director maintained the upper hand in this situation, not even bothering to make eye contact with Pearl as he tried to clear his name.

The police didn't know what to do, so they just smiled at them. "I'm sorry, there's nothing we can do. If you have evidence next time..."

With no evidence to support her claim, it was essentially a he-said, she-said situation.

Pearl seethed with anger, but lacking proof, all she could do was shoot a hostile glare at the director.

After the officers left, the director tidied his clothes and chuckled. "Miss Pearl, look at what happened.

You should have just done as I said. Now we're all unhappy, so what's the point?"

He then turned to Hanzel, who was coldly glaring at him. "As for you, Hanzel, you made me angry.

What has that done to your career? You won't be able to bring me down."

Before leaving, the director delivered one final blow to Hanzel. "Alright, you're no longer needed for this

show. I'll find someone to replace you. Just sit back and wait for your turn to be canceled."

Hanzel kept his head lowered and remained silent, as if he had exhausted all his anger.

Pearl approached him and pinched his hand gently. "Are you alright?"

Hanzel looked up, his eyes welling with tears. He took a deep breath, and the redness in his eyes

subsided a little. "As long as you're fine."

"Of course I'm fine. More importantly, don't let him get to you. Who does he think he is? Don't worry,

you'll be alright."

Hanzel shook his head, then explained to her, "I'm an artist signed with Care Entertainment, and Mister

Leslie is the brother

of Care's CEO. That's how he gained so much influence. I guess I'll be canceled because of this. Even

if I can bring in substantial profits for Care, if I offend them, it's over.

Care Studios. They were quite well-known.

Pearl looked into his eyes and asked sincerely, "Have you thought about signing with another

company?"

"It's not as easy as it sounds. I signed a three-year agreement, and I'm only in the second year now. If I

request a cancellation, I'll have to pay a huge fee for violating the agreement." Hanzel sighed.

"Besides, even if I were to sign with another company, Care has a lot of connections, so no one would

want to hire me."

"1

Suddenly, a familiar voice came from the direction of the door. "Are you both alright?"

Richard looked disheveled, as if he had come directly from the office. Despite his appearance, he still

had this classy look.

“We’re fine, Rick. I’m glad you told me earlier, or Pearl would have been assaulted by that *sshole.”

Pearl heard everything Hanzel said, and it stirred emotions within her.

Richard had informed Hanzel about this, but how did he find out?

Chapter 226

Pearl wondered if it was the missed call that had alerted Richard. If that was the case, it meant that

Richard was attentive and concerned...

But Pearl quickly dismissed that thought.

“I’m glad you’re okay,” Richard said with relief in his voice..

Glancing at Richard’s face, a sudden idea struck her Pearl. “Richard.”

Her clear voice instantly captured Richard’s attention. He stared at her, filled with excitement, as it was

the first time she had initiated a conversation with him in a long time.

“Things might get very difficult because Hanzel offended the director for my sake,” Pearl began. Her

eyes sparkled with a newfound idea. “So, I would like to ask a favor from you.”

Richard inquired, “What is it?”

Pearl smiled mischievously as she explained, "You're filthy rich, Mister Richard. I'm sure you can afford to pay a few dozens of millions, right?"

Being a smart man, Richard immediately understood her intention. "Do you want me to cover Hanzel's penalty for the breach of contract?"

"Isn't that what you're thinking too? We happen to be on the same page."

"But what happens next? What do you want to do?" Richard's raised eyebrows showed that he was trying to sound her out. "Do you want Hanzel to be unemployed?"

Naturally, Pearl had a plan. "Of course, I have a plan. I want Hanzel to sign a contract with Brilliance Entertainment instead. But don't worry, I'll take care of that part. You just need to help terminate his current contract."

"Brilliance Entertainment? The company that has produced a lot of award-winning actors and actresses?" Indeed, celebrities from Brilliance Entertainment often dominated nominations for prestigious awards.

Richard's expression changed. He could tell from Pearl's look that her once-cold heart was beginning to thaw. But he didn't want to make it too easy for her, considering how much he had longed for her.

“Sure, but I have a condition,” Richard stated firmly. “I want you to return to Waldorf Enterprises, and you must move back to Waldorf Residence today.”

His condition displeased Hanzel. “Why are you doing this, Rick? Pearl is my agent now. How can you ask her to return to Waldorf Enterprises? What about me if she goes back there?”

Richard cast an icy glance at Hanzel. “You might end up jobless. Do you want Pearl to suffer along with you?” He wouldn’t allow Pearl to get along with Hanzel again.

Subdued by the reprimand, Hanzel became timid and silent.

“Today?” Pearl found Richard’s demands quite audacious. He not only insisted on her return but also set the timing for it.

“I’ll help Hanzel terminate the contract once you’ve moved back in with us,” Richard assured. After all, a few dozen million wasn’t a small sum, and he considered it a lesson for both of them.

“Okay, I’ll go back and pack my things later.”

Richard calmly said, “No need to pack anything. We have everything you need at Waldorf Residence.”

“But I need to pack my clothes, right?”

“No, I’ll buy new clothes for you.” Richard was eager to take Pearl home.

“You don’t have to waste money like that, even if you’re filthy rich.”

Seeing her reluctance, Richard relented, “Okay, I’ll drive you there to pack your things.”

“Go home first, Hanzel. I’ll return with Pearl after she’s done packing.”

Chapter 227

Richard wished to keep them separated because he no longer wanted to give them a chance to be alone with each other.

Hanzel, though dissatisfied, could only nod and return to Waldorf Residence since he couldn’t snatch Pearl away.

On the way, Pearl sat in the front passenger seat and made an effort to keep her distance from Richard.

“Why are you sitting so far from me? Are you afraid I might do something?” Richard, staring straight ahead and controlling the steering, pointed out Pearl’s apparent unease.

This made Pearl feel like he was silently mocking her, considering she had initiated the conversation

despite claiming she needed time to think and calm down. She tried to deny it, “No, I’m not sitting far from you.”

“But you’re practically glued to the window. Are you trying to clean it or something?”

Speechless, Pearl shifted a little closer to him.

“Why do you care so much about Hanzel?” Richard wondered aloud why Pearl went to such lengths to help Hanzel and even tried to make peace with him on his behalf.

He felt an inexplicable sense of annoyance about how Pearl had talked to him in Hanzel’s favor. Now he regretted helping her.

“It’s because Hanzel saved my life and has been very supportive. Wouldn’t you be grateful if you were in my shoes?” Pearl found Richard’s questions absurd.

“Is that all you feel for him?” Gripping the steering wheel firmly, Richard sounded composed.

“What do you want me to feel? Should I develop a crush on him just because he saved my life? Should I just throw myself at him?” Pearl responded sarcastically, rolling her eyes. “Is this some kind of romantic drama where I have to fall for anyone who helps me?”

Richard caught onto her hidden meaning and smiled. “So, you’re saying you like me now, is that it?”

Blushing, Pearl denied it, "No, I didn't say that."

"Oh, it seems like you're not brave enough to admit it," Richard teased her.

"You're so annoying, Richard." Pearl glared at him, but he felt that she was just acting coquettishly.

"Alright, let's go back to Waldorf Enterprises," Richard mentioned his main purpose again.

Quickly regaining her composure, Pearl looked at Richard stubbornly. "No, I don't want to. I can go home with you, but I won't return to the company."

"Why? Is it just because of the design director position?" Unaware of the real reason behind Pearl's frustration, Richard's words came off as hurtful.

"What does the design director position have to do with this?" Pearl sneered. "Do you want me to be a mere secretary and just obey your orders all day?" Pearl didn't grasp Richard's intentions. All she knew was that he was forcing her to take on the role of a secretary.

She added bitterly, "Of course, I wouldn't dare to snatch the position from your new lover."

Finally, Richard understood what was going on. He took a deep breath and asked, "Are you willing to come back if I offered you the role of vice president?"

Pearl had no intention of going back to work at the company, even if she were reinstated as the design director, let alone as a secretary.

'Wait... The vice president?'

Chapter 228

"Why do you insist on me going back to Waldorf Enterprises?" Pearl couldn't quite comprehend why Richard was offering her such an important position. Becoming a vice president was no small matter and essentially meant taking on a significant role within the company.

Richard looked tenderly at Pearl. "I want you to be close to me because I like you."

After much contemplation, Richard had come to realize that he could offer Pearl something even better.

While he couldn't change Sophia's position, he could grant Pearl a position equal to Sophia's.

"Please, don't be upset with me anymore. You're the future boss of Waldorf Enterprises, and I'm willing to give up the entire company for you." After that, he let out a long sigh. This had made up for his displeasure these days.

"I..." Staring at Richard in a trance, Pearl found herself at a loss for words. Frankly, Richard's heartfelt

confession moved her deeply. She cared about his feelings toward her and how much he valued her.

“Alright, Richard.” Dazed, she didn’t know what else to say. She felt somewhat sensitive at this moment.

When they arrived at the villa, Richard didn’t immediately get out of the car. Instead, he pulled Pearl into his arms.

This time, Pearl didn’t resist but instead nestled against him, listening to the rhythm of his heartbeat and inhaling his comforting scent. A sudden impulse overcame her.

She lifted her head, gazing at Richard’s strong jawline, and then boldly brought his face to hers, k*ssing him on the l*ps.

Their k*ss ignited an intense, passionate atmosphere between them.

Richard, overcome by desire, took the lead in deepening the k*ss, leaving a mark on her l*ps.

Eventually, Pearl went limp in his arms.

Holding her delicate figure, Richard fought to contain his urges. “Go get your things. We need to go home and have dinner later,” he said, his voice filled with restraint.

Pearl nodded, her deep blush betraying her desire for some fresh air as she exited the car.

When she reached the door of her house, she saw a man sitting on the rocking chair outside.

“Raymond?” Surprise hit her at the sight of Raymond in her yard.

Calmly, Raymond got to his feet. “I thought something happened to you since it’s been two days since you came home.”

“Why are you in my yard?”

“Oh, my rocking chair broke, so I came over and sat on yours. Ugh... I’m really sorry.” Smiling, he asked, “I’d like to know if you’ve reconsidered working at my company. I can offer you what Richard can and more. Would you like to think about it again?”

As Pearl was about to decline, Richard suddenly appeared and glared at Raymond. “Don’t worry, Mister Raymond. Pearl is doing just fine in my company, and she doesn’t need to work for you.”

“I’m asking for Miss Pearl’s opinion, not yours, Mister Richard. Please don’t interfere in others’ affairs.”

Raymond’s statement successfully riled Richard. With possessiveness, Richard pulled Pearl into his arms. “What if I told you she’s my fiancée? I don’t see any issues with me getting involved in my

fiancee's interactions with someone who clearly has ulterior motives."

If Raymond didn't have a good temper, he might have fought against Richard there and then.

Chapter 229

"Well, I'll see if you'll end up with Miss Pearl or not, Mister Richard." With that, Raymond turned and left.

Richard remained silent while Pearl explained, "I'm really not close to him, and I didn't have much contact with him."

"I know."

Clearly, Raymond had his eyes on Pearl. Although his words were ambiguous, both Pearl and Richard could see no love in his eyes, just like Hugo. Both of them only cared about their own gains.

"Stay away from him, and be cautious of any schemes he might hatch," Richard warned.

Pearl was well aware of that even without his reminder. After that, Pearl walked into the house to pack her things and returned to Waldorf Residence with Richard.

It had been a few days since she last stayed there, and Dustan and Susan missed her very much, especially Susan. When Susan saw Pearl, she held the latter's hand and inquired after the latter, "Oh,

Pearl. Where have you been all these days?”

Glancing at Susan, Pearl knew that Hanzel didn't expose her whereabouts, which put her at ease. She didn't mention the Jordans and explained that she had been busy taking care of Hanzel as his agent.

Although Hanzel wasn't the sharpest, the Waldorfs might quickly deduce Pearl's relationship with the Jordans if they were

aware of the situation.

Hearing her explanation, Susan nodded with a contented smile. “That's good to hear. Come and have dinner. I've prepared a lot of delicious dishes today because Hanzel said you'd be returning to stay with us.”

“Thank you, Madam.”

Since it was the weekend, all the members of the Waldorf family were present, and they sat down for dinner together with

Pearl.

Suddenly, Dustan turned to Pearl and asked with a serious tone, “It's been half a year now, Pearl.

Which one of my sons are you most interested in?”

Smiling nearby, Susan chimed in, "Of course, it's Rick You don't know the half of it since you're often away on business trips, but Pearl is closest to Rick. If Rick weren't so slow, and if Pearl weren't so shy, they would've become a couple long ago."

It seemed that Dustan wasn't surprised by Susan's response. After all, Richard was the most outstanding heir he had raised. It made perfect sense for Pearl to be drawn to him.

"Is that right, Pearl? Do you really like Richard?" Dustan's eyes were filled with a warm smile as he looked at Pearl.

Speechless, Pearl kept her head lowered, and her ears turned red.

However, Hanzel muttered with dissatisfaction, "Pearl doesn't belong to Richard alone. Why do you think she likes him? Maybe she likes me."

"Oh? You like Pearl too?" It was beyond Dustan's imagination that Hanzel had feelings for Pearl too. It put him in a difficult position.

He didn't want to see either Richard or Hanzel suffer in matters of the heart. It was a predicament he had personally experienced in his youth when he lost to Pearl's father, and his love was unrequited.

Yet, he couldn't bear to see Hanzel in pain, given that both Richard and Hanzel were his sons.

Pursing his lips, Hugo said, "Yes, I like her too."

Sean chimed in, "Me too."

Hence, Dustan glanced at Mobius, who awkwardly turned away. "Don't look at me. I don't have feelings for her."

Unexpectedly, four of Dustan's sons were interested in Pearl.

After much deliberation, Dustan came to a decision. "How about this? We'll let Pearl choose, and the rest of you will have to

give up"

Chapter 230

Consequently, the difficult question landed on Pearl.

Looking at them, Pearl fell into a dilemma. Logically speaking, she should choose Richard, but she couldn't bring herself to say his name when four of them had the same eager look on their faces.

"Who will you choose, Pearl?" Hanzel's gaze bore into Richard as he spoke sharply, "Think carefully."

Taking a deep breath, Pearl answered, "Alright, I won't choose anyone."

Her words made Richard's face gloomy. "Why?"

Pearl's heart skipped a beat as she sensed that her response had upset him.

"Just pick whoever you want. Don't hesitate like a fickle woman," Sean said, always blunt in his remarks.

"Okay, I choose Richard."

Sean snorted. "That's more like it."

Suddenly, Pearl understood Sean's intentions, realizing that he had wanted her to make a clear choice and reveal her feelings. Besides, she remembered he didn't like her, and he must have purposely said the opposite to compete against Richard.

Despite his scheming nature and often harsh words, Sean seemed like a decent guy.

Hanzel, however, didn't appear particularly pleased and looked hurt as he gazed at Pearl.

As for Hugo, he maintained his composure and pretended as if nothing had happened. His smile seemed genuine, yet it was impossible to discern his true emotions.

Dustan, content with Pearl's decision, nodded. "So when are you two planning to get engaged?"

"Engage?" Both Pearl and Richard were shocked out of their wits.

“That’s too fast! Richard and I aren’t even a couple yet. Why should we rush into an engagement?”

However, Susan yearned to see them together. “Rick is already twenty-four years old, and you’re

twenty now, old enough to

get engaged. You can have the wedding at the end of the year. Maybe I can have a grandchild next

year...”

Susan’s words left Pearl utterly speechless. “We don’t need to rush into things, Madam...”

Susan rolled her eyes at Pearl. “Oh, I know you’re shy, but it’s okay. You can continue to grow closer

after you’re married.”

Speechless, Pearl cast a helpless glance at Richard.

“I think...” Richard cleared his throat. “Mom is right.” His tone exposed his satisfaction with Pearl’s

choice.

Faking two peals of laughter, Pearl ignored his words.

Richard continued, “But Mom, please don’t push us into marriage so quickly. We’re still young, and we

should focus on our

careers,”

Richard’s response surprised Pearl in a pleasant way. She had expected him to be as eager as Susan,

but his words brought relief.

But it seemed that she had misjudged him, given what he said next.