

YOUR GUISE 251

Chapter 251

Clem quickly answered the phone and made his way downstairs. He appeared to be in a hurry, walking and talking on the phone simultaneously. While his voice wasn't raised, it lacked warmth.

"I've already told you, if he's up for it, let him do it. If not, send him packing. No need to complain about how tired he is. He's not the only one in this company working hard. He's just another artist, not some priceless A-lister. There's no reason for him to be lazy Oh, by the way, the newbie looks promising Keep an eye on them."

Clem ended the call upon spotting Pearl and flashed a mischievous yet sophisticated smile. "Hey, Pearl"

He didn't say anything, but Pearl could tell he was looking forward to seeing some drama. Did serious people always have a lot of time on their hands?

"Hello, Mister Clem Can you help guide this artist here? Can you be his personal manager?"

Given that Pearl had offered him a job and saved his wife's life, Clem should be willing to oblige.

However, he appraised Hanzel from head to toe, wearing an enigmatic expression. "Hanzel Waldorf?"

Hanzel nodded politely. "Hello, Mister Clem."

"I'm rather strict when it comes to managing people. Even if you're a superstar out there, you'll have to start from the bottom under my watch. I may not appear strict, but I assure you, I can turn your life into a nightmare. Do you believe you can handle that?"

Pearl couldn't believe what she heard. He didn't look very strict. That was a joke.

Hanzel smiled confidently. "Don't worry, I can handle it."

"Good. Come with me to the training room, and I'll give you a test," Clem said before turning to Pearl with a smile. "I'll be taking him now. If he turns out to be a good one, I'll buy you dinner."

Pearl raised her chin. "Sure."

After Clem left with Hanzel, the acting president finally returned to his usual self.

"Miss Pearl, Why wouldn't you tell anyone you're the real president of the company?" It was a question that had perplexed many.

Pearl pursed her lips, about to offer an explanation, but someone interrupted her.

"Pearl."

Turning around, Pearl saw Richard approaching, causing her heart to sink slightly. "Yes?"

Richard approached her and handed her a box of cupcakes. "I finished up some work at the office and came to pick you up."

"Ah, this is Mister Richard. I've heard a lot about your work, and it seems you're exactly as people describe you." The acting president was obviously a bootlicker, so when he found out Pearl and

Richard had a close relationship, complimenting Richard would mean giving a compliment to Pearl too.

It was killing two birds with one stone.

However, his efforts were in vain, as Richard was numb to flattery and was even annoyed. Richard had observed from a distance that this man was standing very close to Pearl while talking to her, and his smile was creepy.

He concluded that this man had ulterior motives so he didn't bother being polite. "Thanks, Mister

Fabian, but that sounded.

rather insincere."

The first part of Richard's response was polite, but the second part was brutally honest, leaving the

acting president at a loss for words.

Richard didn't play by the rules!

Unaware of Richard's jealousy, the acting president assumed that Richard was simply not a pleasant individual, so he quickly excused himself. "Miss Pearl, I'll take my leave. Please take care on your way home."

Richard was even more annoyed after hearing that. "Why do you care so much about my girlfriend?"

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Pearl finally understood this irate man was jealous and couldn't help but laugh. "Why are you acting like a kid, Richard?"

He had always been the mature one and would at most show a bit of ruthlessness, but never would

she imagine he had a

childish side.

"Come home with me." Richard saw her smiling coyly and was even more frustrated, so she just took

Pearl away.

The acting president, meanwhile, was fixated on the term 'girlfriend.' The Ice Queen Pearl had a

boyfriend, and he happened to be the president of Waldorf Enterprises? Had he just received exclusive information?

Fabian strolled around the company with great joy, and the news soon spread like wildfire.

As for Pearl, she found herself dragged away, and the atmosphere in the car quickly turned icy.

“What’s your relationship with that man?” Richard gripped the steering wheel tightly, his tone stern.

Pearl was about to say that he was her subordinate but realized that wasn’t accurate, so she stopped herself. “There’s nothing going on between us. He’s just a friend I met overseas, but as it turns out, he was the president there. What a coincidence.”

Pearl kept calm and kept her secret under wraps. There was no way Richard could discover the truth, so she boldly lied.

“You seem to have a lot of friends from different age groups, huh?” His tone had a creepy undertone that sent shivers down her spine.

Pearl chuckled dryly. “Not really. I’m just good with people. There’s no reason to push people away.”

“Well, I definitely need to learn how to make friends from you.” Richard was annoyed by the fact that all her friends were men. She claimed to be a love repellent, yet all the people who approached her were

men.

“You don’t need to. With that personality of yours, no one would dare to be your friend.” Although Pearl was joking, it was the truth. Richard’s aloof personality made it hard for anyone to endure.

“So what are you saying?”

Pearl pretended she didn’t understand. “What do you mean?”

Seeing her feign ignorance, Richard pressed a button next to the wheel, causing her seat to recline abruptly, pulling Pearl along with it.

The sudden motion caught her off guard, and a moment later, Richard was on top of her.

“Richard, what are you...” The tension was palpable as his breath brushed against her ear.

Richard firmly held her hands, preventing her from moving, and then leaned in closer to her ear, his voice a whisper. “Tell me what you meant.”

Pearl’s face turned as red as a tomato, and she avoided eye contact. “You’re such an outstanding and smart man. No one would dare be your friend. I was thinking-”

Before she could finish, her lips were sealed.

Contrary to his expectations, she didn't resist, and so Richard bit her l*ps harshly.

"Richard... Mm..."

He was like a possessive beast. After biting her l*p one final time, he finally released her.

"You said..." Richard's voice was hoarse after the intense k*ss. "You want to be my friend?"

Pearl gulped and knew this wasn't the time to be sarcastic, so she said, "No."

Richard wasn't happy with the answer, so he ran his thumb across her l*ps to wipe the moisture away.

"Stay away from other men then. I don't like that."

Pearl couldn't agree to that. "But it's for work. We're not really friends."

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Although Richard was jealous, he was still logical. Despite being bummed out, he still compromised.

"No contact with other men unless it's for work"

Then, he recalled something and added, "Not even with Hanzel."

Pearl found it amusing "He's your brother. Why are you worried?"

"He's my brother, not yours. You should stay away from him."

Pearl nodded as if she understood. Her eyes sparkled, and her l*ps were still pink from the k*ss, which

was undeniably seductive.

Richard felt a hint of lust but suppressed it. They tidied up and went home in an awkward mood.

The home was empty. The maid was on leave, and Mobius was still at school, so Richard looked at

Pearl, who was next to him, and smiled “We have the place to ourselves.”

Pearl took a step back. “I’m hungry. I’m going to make some food.”

Richard was incredulous. “You can cook?”

Pearl scoffed. “Why can’t I? I lived abroad for years. I can make anything I want, as long as I can find

the ingredients for it.”

Richard stared at her and asked sincerely, “Is it good?”

Pearl hesitated and blushed. “I don’t know.”

Richard felt an odd feeling in his heart. “What’s your signature dish?”

Pearl thought about it. “Eggs and bacon.”

Richard was rendered speechless, as that required no special culinary skills. Nonetheless, his stomach

rumbled, and he wasn’t a picky eater, so he nodded.

Pearl disappeared into the kitchen and soon emerged with two plates of eggs and bacon. The food

appeared a bit overcooked, almost resembling darkened fare.

Pearl looked at him expectantly, so Richard couldn't bring himself to refuse. He picked up a fork and took a bite.

The taste... was overwhelming.

"Tastes quite nice."

Pearl was taken aback and touched. "You're the first person to compliment my cooking, Richard. If you like it, I'll make it for you all the time."

Although it was hard to swallow, it was romantic.

Under the dim light, Richard saw her twinkling eyes, and his heart fluttered. He extended his arm, wrapped it around her shoulder, and pulled her close.

Her breath filled the air with a lovely mood. Richard lowered his face, lifted her chin, and moved closer slowly.

Just before they k*ssed, the lights on the second floor illuminated, and Mobius stood there, observing them with a cheeky grin and wide eyes.

“I didn’t see anything!” he exclaimed, though he had closed his eyes.

Pearl’s face turned red as she pushed Richard away and took a few steps back

“There’s nothing to see...” Richard awkwardly coughed and looked at Mobius, then changed the topic.

“Are you hungry?”

Mobius nodded knowingly. He walked down the stairs, saw the food on the table, and mumbled, “I’m

hungry so I came out to get food.”

He picked up a slice of bacon, took a bite, and promptly spat it out. “What the freak is this? This is dog

food.” Pearl momentarily forgot how awkward it was and felt anger.

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“Mobius, I’ll let you rephrase that.”

Richard felt sorry for Mobius as he saw Pearl about to explode.

“Pea, I didn’t mean it that way...” Mobius smiled awkwardly, fearing Pearl might slap him.

Pearl took a deep breath. “Is it really that nasty?”

Mobius couldn’t lie, so he tried to soften the blow. “Not really, but there’s room for improvement...”

That still meant it wasn't good.

Pearl felt a little disappointed. But when she remembered Richard's compliment, she felt reassured. He probably said that to boost her confidence. Despite his cold exterior, he was always kind.

"It's nice. Don't listen to him." Seeing his girlfriend pout, Richard couldn't bear to just stand by. He glared at Mobius and said, "Mobius meant it's good, and he'll finish it."

Mobius was almost in tears. He didn't say that, but his brother was shooting daggers at him. So, he nodded vigorously, like a chicken pecking at the ground. "Yes, don't worry, Pea. I'll finish it."

Pearl nodded with satisfaction, while Mobius sat at the dining table and diligently finished the meal, feeling a mix of emotions.

After some time, Pearl began to feel sleepy, so she yawned and prepared to head to bed. She got up and went to her room, leaving Richard behind.

Richard glanced at Mobius, who looked pitiful, and took out a card, tossing it to him.

Mobius looked up at his brother with a confused look.

"Keep that," Richard casually said. "You can use it to buy that race car you mentioned."

Suddenly, Mobius thought the eggs and bacon tasted much better. It was just eggs and bacon. How could it compare to a limited-edition race car? He ate with newfound enthusiasm.

The next morning, when Pearl woke up, she noticed Mobius was unusually obedient, almost to the point of being a bootlicker. She wondered if the eggs and bacon had broken him mentally.

“Oh, are you available today?” It was Wednesday, and Pearl suddenly remembered Esther’s request.

Mobius didn’t have any plans and answered, “I’m on a break this week so I’m free today.”

Pearl nodded. “Can you go somewhere with me?”

Mobius was surprised. “Where?”

“You’ll find out when we get there. Just dress up a bit.” Pearl knew he might decline if she revealed their destination, chose to keep it a secret.

Mobius frowned. “Are you taking me on a blind date? No thanks.”

He had no intention of getting married, so he had no interest in going on a blind date.

so she

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Pearl’s l*ps twitched, wondering how he came to that conclusion.

“No, don’t worry. It’s not a blind date.” She already had someone ready for him.

Mobius had received such a generous gift from Richard the night before that, even if he felt something was amiss, he went along willingly. Following Pearl’s suggestion, he dressed up a bit, wearing a gray polo t-shirt and a spritz of cologne that instantly improved his appearance.

Mobius was naturally good-looking, and his clothes enhanced his appeal.

Pearl was pleased with his appearance and led him, along with Richard, to Sanders Residence. At the doorstep, Mobius suddenly felt stressed when he realized their destination.

He looked at Pearl and grumbled, “Why are we here?”

Pearl smiled. “It’s Esther’s birthday, and you’re friends with her brother. It wouldn’t kill you to come.”

“But you know I don’t have a good relationship with her. You’re throwing me under the bus.”

“Mister Mobius, we’re here already. If you’re going to throw a tantrum, I might just slap you in front of all

these people.” Although Pearl was smiling, her words were ice-cold.

Mobius asked for help from Richard with his eyes, but Richard just glanced at him. Knowing he was trapped, he decided to stop arguing.

Esther waited at the door for them and was delighted to see Mobius. "You came, Mobius."

Mobius grunted, recalling her troublesome boyfriend, and ignored her. "You have a boyfriend now, so we should keep our distance." He took a step back and left a huge gap between them.

Esther was confused. "What boyfriend?" Then she remembered something and burst into laughter.

"You mean Christian? He's

Before she could finish, a man in black jeans playfully put an arm around her neck and smiled. "Esther, what are you doing here? I thought I'd lost you."

Esther rolled her eyes at him. "Christian, can you be more gentle? It feels like you're trying to strangle me."

"I would never hurt you. I'm much gentler than that."

They bantered back and forth, leaving Mobius feeling like a third wheel. Without a word, he walked into the house with

Richard.

Pearl followed them, saw the two embracing, and remembered that Mobius wasn't aware of their true

relationship. She smirked. "Esther, if you really have feelings for Mobius, you shouldn't be doing that."

Esther froze. "He's my cousin. Mobius just doesn't know it yet. I'll tell him."

Pearl glanced at Mobius's retreating back and shook her head. "He seems a bit shaken. You should tell him sooner rather than later."

Esther pouted. "I want to, but I keep missing the right moment, and I don't know why."

Something dark flashed across Christian's eyes. He smiled and messed up Esther's hair. "Let's go inside. The party is starting."

Esther nodded and walked in.

The Sanders was well-known in Ancard, with ancestors who had old-money wealth. Although Sophia's dad was a distant relative of the family, their newfound affluence and status couldn't compare to the Sanders'. This meant that Esther's social status far exceeded Sophia's.

Since this was Esther's coming-of-age ceremony, the party was extravagantly grand.

Pearl walked casually through the crowd and greeted every familiar face she saw. When she grew weary, she found a quiet

corner, removed her heels, and took a brief rest. It was then that a familiar face approached her.

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“It’s been a while, Miss Pearl. How are you doing?” Raymond maintained his usual indifferent tone, as

if nothing in the world

could move him.

“I’m pretty good. Don’t you care too much about me, Mister Raymond?” Despite Raymond not

displaying any obvious ulterior motives, Pearl could sense something unusual from him.

“I did mention that I quite admire you. It’s only natural that I care about you,” Raymond replied,

chuckling softly as he moved closer to Pearl. “If you need a reason, let’s just say that I like you.”

Raymond’s warm, smiling eyes sent shivers down Pearl’s spine. “You don’t have to pester me,

considering there are so many people in the world.”

“No, I’m not pestering you. But there’s something about you that I find appealing,” Raymond explained,

swirling the wine in his glass. He seemed to be in a good mood. “You know, Miss Pearl, I’ve been

thinking about you for quite a while.”

Vexed, Pearl refrained from speaking harshly in public. “I know what you feel about me, but I hate how

you make me feel.”

Shaking his head, Raymond retorted, "You'll fall in love with me one day."

Speechless, Pearl lowered her head and took a sip of her wine. After a while, she stood up and went to the open balcony to get some fresh air, as she was feeling a bit overheated.

Since it was winter, the air was frosty. Wrapping herself in the fleece jacket, Pearl was so cold that her nose had turned red, but she was no longer muddle-headed.

Suddenly, she heard soft sobbing and hushed voices coming from a corner, voices she recognized.

Pearl stood still near the corner, eavesdropping on the conversation.

"Can you tell me the reason for turning me down, Mobius?" Esther asked, her head hung low as she sobbed softly, trying to keep her cries discreet. Her tears had smudged her makeup, giving her a pitiful appearance.

"I told you, I never had any feelings for you. Besides, you have a boyfriend now, yet you want to cheat on him. It's quite distasteful, Esther," It seemed Mobius had misunderstood Esther, and he spoke harshly.

"No, he's not my boyfriend. He's my cousin!"

Stunned, Mobius didn't expect such a relationship between Esther and the man in question.

Furthermore, Esther didn't appear to be an openly affectionate person. She couldn't have her arms around another man's shoulders if he weren't a relative.

Panicked, she explained, "He's my cousin, the son of my aunt. Although he's close to me, it's not what you think."

Mobius realized he had misunderstood her, and his mood became better too. "Okay, I understand." He couldn't show his joy because it wasn't his style. He nodded to express his understanding.

"Can you be my boyfriend now?" Esther asked, sensing the shift in Mobius's mood. She laughed, her eyes gleaming as she sought Mobius's approval.

As expected from a professionally trained star, her smile was captivating.

Watching nearby, Pearl sighed inwardly. Even if Mobius was usually unfeeling, he couldn't easily refuse now.

Mobius even turned beet red. "I didn't say yes to that. Stop saying nonsense!"

"Oh, come on. You said it yourself. You said you understood. What did you understand? You must have realized that you like me. Can't you just agree?"

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Esther had a knack for imposing her reasons on others. Failing to outwit her, Mobius averted his gaze and decided to run away.

But Esther spotted his attempt to flee and acted quickly, grabbing his arm. In the next second, she inadvertently lunged forward, and the unexpected collision left Mobius utterly flabbergasted.

“What are you doing, Esther?” he asked, somewhat hurt, as Esther’s forehead had forcefully collided with his chin.

Esther, feeling the pain herself, touched her forehead, wondering why his chin felt so rough.

“I just wanted to stop you, and I didn’t mean to pounce on you...” Esther mumbled, rubbing her elbows.

She attempted to pull herself back up but accidentally stepped on her long dress, causing her to slip and tumble onto Mobius once more.

The excruciating pain made Mobius grit his teeth and endure the situation, realizing that Esther was genuinely innocent.

“Alright, get up now,” he urged, worried that he might become paralyzed from the waist down if she

lingered any longer.

“Okay...” With guilt in her eyes, Esther managed to climb off Mobius. However, she lost her footing

once more and fell on him

a third time.

In a bizarre twist of fate, their lips met.

Esther’s eyes widened in astonishment.

Mobius, on the other hand, had no intention of giving her the opportunity to offer excuses. He stared at

her with cold intensity, gritting his teeth. “What the hell do you want, Esther?”

Esther swallowed, sensing Mobius’s anger. “I didn’t do it on purpose,” she protested.

Mobius, unimpressed, pushed her aside before she could explain further. He rose to his feet, brushing

the dirt off his clothes.” Do you know what? That was my first k*ss!”

Esther, feeling slighted, responded softly, resentful of Mobius’s implication that she had taken

advantage of him. “It was my first k*ss too, you know? I didn’t make a fuss about it. Why are you

making such a big deal out of it?”

Blushing, Mobius glared at her and, realizing they were alone, ignored her as he walked away, almost as if he were fleeing.

Touching her l*ps, Esther broke into a silly grin. It seemed she had taken Mobius's first k*ss. The thought filled her with glee.

Light on her feet, Esther happily made her way out.

Pearl emerged from the shadows, watching Esther bounce away with a satisfied smile. She had witnessed everything.

"I saw everything just now." At some point, Raymond appeared and regarded Pearl with interest.

It made Pearl feel as if someone had exposed her inner thoughts, and an uneasy feeling washed over her due to Raymond's strange smile.

"What do you want?"

Shaking his head, Raymond said, "I don't want anything in particular. I just want to discuss the scene we just witnessed. You saw it too, Miss Pearl, didn't you?"

Pearl knew that Raymond was referring to the incident between Mobius and Esther, which put her on her guard. "So? What if I saw it?"

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“Of course, it’s nothing. But what if a reporter saw that? If I’m not mistaken, Esther is a naive and pure star. If others learn that their star has a crush on someone and even ldsed that person, I’m sure her career would be ruined by half,” Raymond remarked.

A thought occurred to Raymond at that moment. “Moreover, Esther invited her close friends and a lot of famous people too. There are so many people here. It’s very easy to create rumors and gossip.”

“But weren’t we the only ones who saw that? No one would know about it as long as you keep quiet,”

Pearl responded with annoyance, her tone harsh. “Don’t tell me you want to take advantage of the situation. I’m sure you’re not that bored.”

Raising his brows, Raymond asked, “Do you think I’m a person like that?”

“Of course not. I just hope that you’ll think properly.”

With a chuckle, Raymond teased, “You’re always so smart, but you couldn’t even guess the meaning of my words just now.”

Pearl frowned. “What do you mean?”

Raymond shook his head and leaned in, whispering in her ear. “Someone else was watching the scene

just now.”

Suddenly enlightened, Pearl understood that he was trying to warn her.

“If I saw it correctly, that person was holding a camera. I’m sure a lot of photos had been taken,”

Raymond added. “If I make the right guess, Esther will make the news tomorrow.”

Pearl’s expression darkened. “Did you see that person’s face?”

Raymond hesitated before smiling mysteriously. “But it isn’t something I should tell you. If you want to know, you’ll need to exchange it for something else.”

Furrowing her brows, Pearl asked, “What do you want?”

“Come to my company and work as the vice president.”

Without hesitation, Pearl firmly declined, “That’s impossible! I’ll never work at your company.”

“Well, I can’t tell you who it is then.” Raymond spread his hands helplessly. Swaying his wine glass, he was about to leave.” Please seek others’ help since we can’t strike a deal.”

Pearl made no effort to stop him from leaving, as agreeing to his terms under duress would only lead to future threats. She felt that it would be okay as long as they took proper public relations measures

tomorrow.

Sighing, she intended to return to Richard, but someone suddenly blocked her path. Burdened with her own thoughts, Pearl didn't feel like engaging in a lengthy conversation. She politely requested that the person step aside, but they seemed reluctant to do so.

When she looked up, she saw Sophia, the former design director of the company who had been dismissed just two days ago. Although Sophia was fired, she seemed to be doing pretty well. Even without her director's position, she was still the young lady of the Amault family, leading a comfortable life.

"It's been a while, Pearl," Sophia greeted calmly.

Unperturbed, Pearl forced a smile. "Please get out of the way, Miss Sophia. You're in my way." She had no desire to interact with Sophia

Hearing that, Sophia's face contorted with anger. "What? Listen, Pearl. You're going to regret how you treated me today!"

With that, she took a few deep breaths to calm herself.

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Pearl gave Sophia a frosty look. "Whatever."

Pearl's stubbornness made Sophia sneer. "Aren't you curious why Hugo trusted Lawson Enterprises and refused to believe your explanation?"

As Pearl was leaving, she stopped upon hearing Sophia's words. "What do you know?"

Sophia arrogantly lifted her chin. "I did say you'd regret treating me like this. I work at Lawson Enterprises now, and I'm privy to quite a lot of information. Do you think I'll tell you?"

"Do you think I'll panic and apologize to you after what you've said? Do you expect me to beg you for the truth?"

Gaping, Sophia did feel that way.

"You're overestimating yourself, Sophia. I'll uncover the truth, and it'll be more detailed and comprehensive than anything you know." Pearl smirked suddenly. "But thank you. Without you, I might not be so certain that it was Lawson Enterprises behind these schemes."

Sophia's face drained of color. She suddenly felt as if she had once again made a foolish mistake. It was as though she had willingly brought humiliation upon herself.

“Stop being so smug!” Sophia, never one to hold back, glared fiercely at Pearl.

Feeling a bit lightheaded, Pearl realized the fresh air wasn't helping, so she decided to return to her room to rest.

Sophia, noticing Pearl's condition, didn't stop her this time. Instead, she watched as Pearl unsteadily walked away.

Watching Pearl's back, Sophia smirked smugly. The drug she had used was colorless, tasteless, and had a long-lasting effect. Most people wouldn't easily detect it. Despite Pearl's intelligence, she had fallen victim to the drugged wine, believing it was safe to drink at her friend's party.

Sophia had even instructed a waiter to guide Pearl to a room specifically. Once inside, four or five men would be waiting, and there would be no escape.

The thought of Pearl's misery brought a twisted sense of satisfaction to Sophia. She calmly returned to the party to avoid arousing suspicion.

Meanwhile, Pearl was about to request a room to rest, but a waiter suddenly appeared, offering to escort her. The timing struck her as too coincidental, and she suspected she had been drugged.

Choosing not to alert her assailant, Pearl feigned agreement with the waiter while discreetly retrieving an antidote from her purse, out of sight. She intended to counteract the effects of the drug.

She held her forehead as if feeling dizzy and followed the waiter upstairs. Although she had visited Esther's house only once and was unfamiliar with the layout, the waiter seemed even less knowledgeable. They traversed several corridors, with the waiter looking around uncertainly, before finally stopping at a room.

Smiling weakly, Pearl said, "Thank you for bringing me here. Just get back to work and leave me alone."

The waiter nodded and left, satisfied with a job well done.

Pearl knocked on the door, finding it unlocked, yet no one answered. Holding her breath, she slowly pushed the door open.

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It was dark inside the room, and the lights weren't switched on. There was even a peculiar silence infiltrating the room.

Even though Pearl was shocked, she remained calm and quiet. She was about to turn on the lights and

see who dared to plot against her when she suddenly heard some vague muttering from inside the room.

She could hear it distinctly because it was quiet. "I said I can't drink anymore. Stop making me drink..."

It sounded familiar, and Pearl wondered where she had heard that.

After that, she heard the person in bed tilting his b*dy slightly. He must have been drunk and was resting here.

Pearl wondered if Sophia wanted to drug her and lead her to a drunk man, making them sleep together to ruin her reputation.

Sighing at how vile Sophia's schemes were, Pearl secretly observed the situation. There was merely a light scent of roses in the room, and it was clear that the man was asleep instead of being drugged.

Pearl acted carefully and turned on her phone's flashlight to illuminate that person's face. What she saw made her narrow her eyes.

The person who was sleeping soundly in bed turned out to be Tyler, Esther's brother.

However, Tyler was indifferent when a dazzling light was shone on his face. He even smacked his l*ps

as if he was eating something nice in his dream.

“You’re so stupid, Tyler. It’s your sister’s birthday, and yet you’re completely drunk” Observing Tyler’s

silly look, Pearl concluded that, despite his unsavory traits, he wasn’t bold enough to harm her.

Moreover, the Sanders family, known for looking down upon Sophia’s family, was unlikely to ever

collaborate with them. This situation filled Pearl with confusion.

Suddenly, she heard a scream before she could figure anything out. Rapid footsteps came immediately

after that.

Seeing that the crowd was getting bigger, Pearl sneaked in when others weren’t paying attention to her.

Besides, she wouldn’t be able to explain it well if others found her alone with Tyler in a room.

She glanced at Tyler before leaving and found that he wasn’t even awakened by such a great uproar.

He was really sleeping soundly

The corridor outside was narrow and had become crowded with people. Some even lined up on the

stairs, unable to make their way upstairs. The sudden scream at the birthday party had triggered a

wave of shock, drawing everyone there to watch the unfolding scene with curiosity.

“What happened? Who screamed?”

“I don’t know. Let’s watch here. Maybe we can see who it was.”

There were endless comments and speculations.

The scream had come from a room near the corner of the stairs. A security guard forcefully kicked the door open. Confronted with the chaotic and amorous scene inside, he hesitated, unsure whether to close the door or avert his eyes.

Inside the room, four to five n*ked men were aggressively tearing at a woman’s clothes. The woman’s face was obscured in the melee, creating a scene that was distressingly intolerable.

Most of the guests at the party were young women who were around sixteen or seventeen. This unexpected scene made them shout, and some of them even hugged each other and cried in fear.

At that moment, the people in the room stopped because they seemed to have realized that something was amiss. Shyly, they tried to put on their clothes in a hurry and were about to run away, but they were stopped by the security guards.

At a time like this, the head of the family should handle the situation, but Esther’s parents were having a vacation, and Tyler was nowhere to be found. As a woman who had just come of age, such a heavy

burden was laid on Esther's shoulders.