

YOUR GUISE 271

Chapter 271

Esther tried to remember and finally said, "I don't think I told anyone about this except you and Christian."

Pearl heard that and slowly looked toward Christian.

Seeing Pearl's scrutiny, Christian immediately went on the defensive. "Why are you looking at me like that? Esther's my cousin. I'd never do anything to hurt her."

Pearl pursed her lips. "I didn't say anything. Why are you so worked up?"

"You're probably behind this, trying to ruin Esther's reputation so she can't be with Mobius. You

Waldorfs are so powerful it would make sense if you look down on the Sanders."

Pearl squinted at Christian, sensing something was off about his behavior.

Her phone suddenly chimed with a message from Wayne. She read it and realized what was going on.

"Have you been frequenting a particular place recently, Christian?"

Christian ignored her question, lit up a cigarette, and exhaled a puff of smoke. "Nope, just school and home. Why? Are you suspecting me of something?"

“Why do you have so much gambling debt then?”

Christian’s face paled. How did she find out about his debt?

“410 thousand dollars. That’s quite a lot.”

Christian began to panic, knowing that she knew the exact amount. “Where did you see that?”

Pearl touched her chin “That’s not important. What matters is that your debt increased to 410 thousand

dollars today, yet you managed to pay it off.” She didn’t find out where the money came from, but it was

enough to raise suspicions about Christian.

“What does this have to do with Esther getting slandered?” He knew Pearl was shrewd by the way she

talked, so he looked toward Esther instead. “Do you think I did this, Esther?”

“1... I don’t think so. Christian has always been good to me since we were kids, and he’s always

protected me. He wouldn’t do something like this.”

Pearl thought Esther was being naive but still gave her a reassuring smile. “He’s taking advantage of

your trust and framing

you”

Esther couldn't believe it, so she looked at Christian. "Is that true?"

"That's bullsh*t. Why would I.."

Pearl didn't want to hear his denials, so she walked closer. "Tell us where you got the money from then."

Christian's eyes darted around, unsure of what to say.

"If I'm correct, the Brown family has always been an average family, so there's no way you could have paid off 410 thousand dollars. Moreover, this is a private account, so Esther wouldn't know about the money."

Esther nodded, confirming what Pearl said.

"Most importantly, the only people who knew she had a crush on Mobius are you and us. We have no reason to do this to her, but you do. You sold her message for 410 thousand dollars, didn't you?"

Christian couldn't help but sweat profusely, realizing that Pearl's deduction was close to the truth.

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She was right, so he couldn't argue against her.

But... He never intended to hurt Esther. They assured him that she would come out of this unscathed and it wouldn't affect her in any way! The worst-case scenario was just leaving the entertainment industry and leading a normal life.

Christian's eyes narrowed slightly "So what? Those are just your assumptions, not the truth!"

"You know if it's the truth or not. Don't make me bring out more evidence." Pearl exuded confidence as if she knew everything, staring at him unwaveringly.

Had she discovered the truth? Christian continued to sweat nervously, unsure why he felt so anxious.

"Are you sure you're not going to admit to it, Christian?"

Christian's heart dropped when he heard his name. "Alright, I'll admit it. I was the one who leaked her information, but the person assured me it wouldn't affect her. She's a celebrity, and this would boost her

fame..." Christian hung his head low, mumbling. He didn't know why he had believed that in the first place.

"You idiot!" Pearl glared at him. "You believed everything a random person told you? Did you not know that Esther had always maintained a clean image? You've tarnished her reputation, and she might lose

a lot of fans. Don't you know that?"

Christian opened his mouth, acknowledging his wrongdoing. "What should I do now?" He had never intended to hurt Esther. She was the cousin he had grown up with, and he didn't have the heart for that.

Esther was still in disbelief, as she would have never imagined that the person behind her downfall was her own cousin."

Chris, why..."

Christian recognized the pain he had caused her, and his arrogance gave way to guilt. "I'm sorry Est-"

Pearl clicked her tongue, seeing how pathetic he was. "What's the point of apologizing now? If you want to redeem yourself, tell me who paid you."

Christian didn't say a word after hesitating.

"Why? Are you being blackmailed?" Pearl asked.

Christian shook his head and what he said next made Pearl frown. "I don't know who he is."

"Do you know what he looks like?"

Christian paused, then said, "He's good-looking and looks gentle, but his eyes were cold. Most

notably... there's a butterfly-shaped pink scar on his brow.

Everyone's eyes went wide. All the descriptions fit Hugo!

Although Christian didn't know Hugo, Richard was intimately familiar with him. Hugo's butterfly-shaped

brow scar resulted from a childhood accident when he fell from a tree and hit his head on a rock at the

age of five. Susan had considered it a

blessing in disguise because it had narrowly missed his eye.

This meant Hugo was the mastermind behind all this drama!

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Pearl's heart sank as she realized things weren't as simple as they imagined. Hugo tried to tear Esther

down because he wanted to get to Mobius and by extension, the Waldorfs.

"I think not only is this planned by Hugo, he's probably backed by someone in Lawson Enterprises "The

enterprise seemed to be collaborating with Hugo to undermine the Waldorfs, but Pearl was determined

not to let them succeed so easily.

She gave Christian a stern look. "This is your chance for redemption."

Christian was puzzled "What do you want me to do?"

“You still have their number, right? Call back and say 410 thousand isn’t enough. Ask for 680 thousand dollars, or you’ll tell everyone they paid you to frame Esther.”

Christian bit his lip “But I already sold the evidence, so they won’t be afraid that I’ll expose them. I don’t have any evidence left.”

Pearl smiled cunningly. “Your phone recording will be the evidence.”

Christian suddenly realized what Pearl was planning, so he took out his phone and dialed the number.

Everyone held their breath and watched in silence.

The person on the other end of the line immediately began berating Christian, and Pearl reminded him to switch to Joudspeaker mode so she could secretly record the conversation.

After hanging up, Christian hung his head low, looking like a child caught in a lie.

“Alright, next, we’ll have to sort out Esther’s problem.” Pearl smiled and turned to Esther. “Go on and clarify your relationship with Mobius and about the accidental k*ss. Also, talk about your relationship with Christian.”

Esther looked distraught. “But if I do that, everyone will know about my feelings for Mobius, and I might

lose even more fans.

Pearl shook her head “Are you planning to hide your feelings for Mobius from your fans forever?”

Esther wanted to say something, but she stopped. Pearl was right. If she continued to hide this, she

would never be able to be

with Mobius

After thinking about it, Esther typed out a long post to explain everything, including her true feelings for

Mobius.

The fan base reacted strongly to her post.

“My goddess has a crush, and it sounds like it’s unrequited!”

“My poor goodess, Mobius isn’t even interested in her. What is this?”

“Mobius is a Waldorf, and he’s probably not interested in a celebrity.”

“That’s disrespectful, but I kinda like it!”

The direction of the conversation was taking an unexpected turn, as many people began to sympathize

with Esther for having an unrequited crush. She actually gained more supporters than haters.

Pearl initially thought it wasn’t gaining enough traction, but then she noticed a new post in response to

Esther's. It contained a video, and there were no words. In the video, Mobius was being harassed by a woman at a bar, and he pushed her away while telling her to leave.

The truth was now exposed: that woman was not Mobius's 'friend,' as some had claimed. Someone had tried to tarnish his reputation by using a cropped picture.

The mastermind behind this scheme was slowly being unveiled.

Pearl quickly uploaded the recording of the phone conversation online. The voice in the recording sounded familiar, and she dropped hints that led people to identify the voice.

It turned out to be Hugo, the person who frequently attended medical events as the director of a renowned hospital. After some comparisons, people concluded that the voice in the recording belonged to him.

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As the direction of the online discourse shifted, everyone began digging for more information, and Pearl couldn't help but smile proudly.

Richard played with her hair affectionately. "This beautiful brain of yours must be tired."

Pearl shook her head. "Not at all Did you get someone to find the video of Mobius?"

Richard smiled. "I knew my clever girl would figure it out."

"But where's Mobius? Shouldn't he say something?"

"He was drugged last night in a room at a bar. I found him unconscious, and he's still not awake."

Pearl immediately suspected that Hugo was behind Mobius's drugging. There was no doubt that he

was involved in this whole

mess.

"It's fine. He'll be awake soon. What we need to monitor is the direction of the discourse online."

They all opened their social media app, and as expected, the posts about Mobius and Esther were

gradually being buried by other news. It seemed that Lawson Enterprises was trying to divert attention

away from their involvement in the scandal. Ironically, the person they were scapegoating was Sophia,

which Pearl considered karma.

"Well, this has come to an end. As long as Hugo does anything more, he would bring attention to

himself, so he would probably tread carefully after this."

Esther sighed in relief as she looked at Pearl with gratitude. "Pearl, thank you for helping me. I wouldn't

have known what to do without you.”

“Don’t mention it. We got you into this mess because you’re close to us. Just be more careful in the future.”

Pearl noticed that Esther was the only one handling the situation and asked, “Where’s your manager? Isn’t she supposed to help you with some PR?”

Esther seemed indifferent about it. “I’m used to this. She never gets involved when something major happens, so I have to handle things on my own.”

“What a useless manager. You should terminate your contract. I can get you signed with a new company.” Pearl’s smile held a hint of mischief. “How much longer do you have left with your current contract?”

Esther thought for a moment. “I had a three-year contract, and it’s ending next month.”

“Perfect. Go to Brilliance then. I promise you’ll become an A-lister and only get the best film offers.”

“Brilliance? Didn’t you send Clem Gutor there? I wouldn’t want to bother you...”

Pearl smiled. “Of course not. I’ll even have Clem be your manager.”

“Thanks a lot then!” Esther was thrilled about leaving her current company. They only capitalized on her

looks, but she aspired to work in high-quality movies and TV shows, rather than just doing advertisements.

“I think most of the fans outside have left. Let’s go out first.” Pearl stood up and bid Esther farewell.

Once Pearl had left, Esther looked at Christian with disappointment, then sighed. “Chris, I really don’t understand why you did all that. Why didn’t you ask me for help instead of taking out a loan?”

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410 thousand dollars was nothing to the Sanders.

Christian didn’t look at her but just blushed. “How could I ask you for money? Have you ever seen a man ask his crush... his cousin for money?”

“Crush?” Esther was very sensitive to that word and immediately picked up on what he had said. She exclaimed in a shocked voice, “Chris, but you’re my cousin!”

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Christian clenched his jaw, frustrated by how agitated she had become. “I’m not your cousin. Your real cousin passed away shortly after birth. I was adopted from an orphanage, and I’ve known about it for a long time.”

“But we’re still family.”

“Why can’t I have feelings for you just because we’re technically cousins? I didn’t work with Lawson Enterprises only to borrow money from them. I wanted to get you out of the entertainment industry.

You’re a big star, and so many people adore you. Even Mobius has ulterior motives. I might not be good enough for you, but if you leave the industry, I might have a chance. Esther, I really like you...”

Christian began to look unhinged, and Esther sensed it. Alarm bells rang in her head, and she quickly dialed someone on her phone.

“Esther, only I can have you. I’ve watched you grow up. You can only be mine!” He lunged at her and began tugging at her clothes.

“Esther, you’re a woman now, so I can finally have you...”

Christian had lived a rough life and had been in many fights, making him quite strong. Esther was pinned down and could only sink her teeth into his wrist, leaving behind a painful set of bite marks.

“Ouch” Christian quickly let go, and Esther took the chance to stomp on his foot before frantically

running away.

Christian chased after her closely, and just as he was about to grab her wrist again, a powerful flying

kick landed on his chest, sending him sprawling.

When Esther saw who it was, she burst into tears. Even though the person's eyes were filled with

hatred, he didn't look menacing.

"Mobius, I'm scared..." She was barely an adult, so all she could do in this terrifying situation was to

worry and feel afraid.

"It's fine, I'm here now." Mobius gently touched her hair while glaring at Christian, who was writhing on

the floor. His gaze turned icy. "You're an animal!"

He had overheard everything on the phone earlier-Christian's secret crush on Esther and his sinister

intent to take her by

force. A shameless bastard!

"I'm an animal? Haha, Mobius. You won't even admit that you have feelings for Esther. At least I'm not

a coward like you!"

Mobius picked Esther up and said, "So what?" Then he left, leaving Christian standing there, seething

with anger and plotting his revenge.

Meanwhile, Pearl and Richard returned to the office, and now the position of design director was vacant. This time, Richard had a different plan and decided to promote the best-performing newbie to the role.

It was also a good way to bring in new blood to Waldorf Enterprises.

They both agreed and started interviewing candidates that day. However, when it came to the final candidate, Richard's expression was stiff

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Pearl looked at the lady before her, who was smiling sweetly. She was undeniably charming, the type that could easily become anyone's crush.

Pearl couldn't help but be reminded of someone she had never met but couldn't forget-Richard's first love, Jenny Sullivan. This lady bore a striking resemblance to her.

Pearl recalled the interview with the lady named Katie, who also shared a similar appearance.

The woman began to speak, and Richard's breathing quickened.

"Richard, what's wrong?" Pearl could see that something was wrong, so she asked.

"I'm fine." Richard shook his head gently while absentmindedly flipping through the resume on the desk. The name "Jenny Boucher" jumped out at him, and it seemed to pierce his eyes.

What a peculiar coincidence. They shared not only a physical resemblance but also had identical names.

Pearl saw the name, and her heart clenched, making it hard for her to breathe. "Are we hiring her?"

Richard noticed that Jenny had a bachelor's degree in design and had won numerous international awards, so he nodded. Given her design background and accomplishments, she stands out among the other candidates. It makes sense to offer her the position."

Although Richard made sense, Pearl's heart ached. "It's too early to make a decision. We should let her work here for a while and evaluate her performance."

Richard regarded her curiously. "But didn't we decide to select a director from the new recruits?"

"We should let her intern first, or it might not sit well with the others."

Pearl's suggestion was reasonable, and Richard didn't push the matter further. He allowed the secretary to escort the candidates away.

As per Waldorf Enterprises' policy, executives personally mentored interns, and as the vice president,

Pearl would be responsible for mentoring Jenny.

"Hello, Miss Pearl. I'm Jenny Boucher, and I graduated from the same university as you. You're my senior."

Jenny was approachable and smiled sweetly. It was difficult to hate her, but Pearl just couldn't grow

fond of her because of

that face of hers.

"What would you like to learn? I'm not highly educated, so I might not be the best mentor."

Jenny looked shocked. "When I was in university, your reputation was well-known. Even though you

graduated two years ahead of me, people still talk about you."

Pearl brushed off the flattery and offered a polite smile before leading Jenny to her desk

"Miss Pearl, can I call you Pea?"

Pearl nodded. "Of course. I'm here to guide you, so feel free to reach out if you have any questions."

"Thank you. I do have a question."

"Yes?"

“Can you get me a cup of coffee please? I don’t know where the coffee shop is.”

Was she trying to order Pearl around?

Pearl frowned and pointed at the coffee machine not too far away. “That machine is available for everyone to use. You can make your own coffee if you’d like. If that seems too troublesome, there are pre-packaged options.”

“I can’t stand those types of coffee, Pea Could you help me, please? I have a preference for Starbucks lattes. You’re such a kind

person, you wouldn’t refuse, would you?”

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Jenny smiled innocently, so Pearl couldn’t tell if she really needed it or was just trying to order her around.

“Just get it delivered,” Pearl suggested.

Jenny shook her head. “Deliveries are unsanitary. I would feel better if someone went and got it.”

“Why don’t you go yourself?” Pearl pondered this thought but didn’t voice it aloud.

As if she could read Pearl’s mind, Jenny gave an awkward look

Considering it was just this once, Pearl decided to be helpful. She smiled and agreed, "Alright, I'll go get it."

Jenny beamed in response. "Thank you, Pea"

With her bag in tow, Pearl coincidentally ran into Richard as he returned to the office. Before she could wave, he seemed not to notice her and walked straight by.

Observing him, Pearl witnessed Richard approaching Jenny's desk. He bent down to say something to her, and Jenny immediately covered her mouth and smiled.

Pearl hoped she was simply overthinking things. She shook her head and left for the nearby cafe.

It was rush hour, so Pearl's car became stuck in traffic after picking up the coffee. As she watched the seconds tick by, anxiety and worry crept in

Suddenly, her phone rang, and she answered to hear Richard's voice. "Where are you, Pearl?"

She replied, "I'm getting coffee."

"It's office hours, and we have coffee here. You can even have it delivered. There's no need to go out."

Though he maintained a controlled tone, Pearl sensed annoyance in his voice.

Pearl's mood soured immediately. She wanted to explain herself, but Richard's next words stopped her.

"We have a meeting in five minutes, and we sent out an invite an hour ago. Didn't you receive it?"

Pearl was confused. "What meeting? I had no idea"

"Please check your messages." Richard sighed. "Pearl, you've always been so meticulous. What's going on?"

Before she could say anything, Richard hung up.

Checking her messages, she didn't see any new notifications, but she noticed the meeting invitation marked as read.

Pearl stared at the coffee, at a loss for words. Her heart ached as a whirlwind of emotions surged within her..

After about half an hour, traffic finally began moving, but the rain had intensified. Pearl drove through the heavy downpour, her mood mirroring the dismal weather.

Upon reaching the office, she realized she had forgotten an umbrella, and Richard wasn't answering his phone. Pearl took a deep breath and rushed back into the building.

The rain was pouring heavily, drenching her bag and clothes, but she still approached Jenny with the

coffee. She placed it in front of her and said, "Here's your coffee."

Jenny frowned and looked confused. "What coffee?"

"You said you wanted this

Jenny sounded surprised. "When did I ask you for coffee?"

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Pearl found the source of her bad luck when she heard Jenny's reply

"You asked for coffee two hours ago. Are you denying it now?"

Jenny finally remembered. "Oh, I'm sorry, Pea. I forgot since it's so long ago. We just had a meeting so

I've forgotten about this."

Concerned about Pearl's drenched state, Jenny apologized, "Are you alright? You're soaked. I'm really

sorry. If I hadn't asked for the coffee, you wouldn't have had to go out in this weather. You should dry

off to avoid catching a cold."

Pearl was suspicious of her lack of remorse. "It's fine."

Despite Jenny's harmless appearance, Pearl could see the ridicule in her eyes. It was fleeting, and

Pearl wondered if she had imagined it

For now, this person didn't seem to be a villain, but she wasn't particularly pleasant either. Pearl

nodded and left it at that.

Suddenly, something crossed Pearl's mind, and she raised an eyebrow. Before embarking on her coffee

run, she had been explaining things to Jenny with her phone on the desk. At one point, she had walked

away to make a copy of a file.

She realized how her message was read.

After changing into dry clothes, she entered the president's office. No one knew what happened within,

but when she emerged, her face betrayed her anger.

People inquired about what happened, and she simply mentioned that missing the meeting had caused

some issues, resulting in a reprimand from the president.

However, Jenny knew that their problems didn't end there. She expressed concern and offered, "What

happened? Did the president give you a hard time? Should I go explain things to him?"

Pearl looked at her coldly. "Quit the act. Isn't that rather deceitful of you? I'm the one facing bad luck,

not you, so stay out of

this.”

Jenny appeared to be puzzled and hesitated. “What do you mean, Pea?” She sounded hurt.

Pearl realized her tone had been too harsh, so she sighed. “I apologize. I was annoyed, and my words came out hurtful.”

“It’s alright I find the president strict as well, but you’re handling things well, so there’s no need to worry.

Aren’t you a couple? This shouldn’t affect you.”

Pearl was touched. “Alright. Focus on your work now.” She then returned to her desk.

Pearl scanned her desk for the files and suddenly exclaimed, “Where are my files?”

The coworker next to her replied, “The president took them. He said you’re not in the best state today, so you shouldn’t be working on them. He’ll handle them personally.”

Pearl scoffed. “He’s rejecting my work just because I’m not at my best for one day?”

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The woman didn’t seem to be too brave, so when she saw that Pearl was annoyed, she spoke very carefully. “I... I can’t comment about that, but the president said you’re very stressed out, so he...”

She trailed off because their president wasn’t known for showing much concern. Typically, he allowed

employees to work, and if they couldn't, they were expected to leave. He didn't pay much attention to their personal situations.

Unable to bear it any longer, Pearl stood up and said to the woman sitting across from her. "I need some fresh air. Please inform the president that I'm taking the day off, and he can deduct it from my salary." With that, she left.

The woman knew she was angry, so she just nodded and helped her convey the message.

In the office, Richard was working with Jenny on some files, so when he heard that, he frowned and said in a cold tone, "Let her go then. I let her get her way too often."

Jenny was secretly glad to see Richard angry, but she still said, "Please don't be angry with her. She has always been a proud person, so what you said would annoy her."

"Annoy her? Everyone in the company is proud. I want a company that follows orders. This is not her playground." Richard's expression darkened as he spoke, revealing his disappointment.

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"Alright, you shouldn't be so angry. Look, we could plan this season this way..." Jenny quickly changed

the topic and pointed at the report, analyzed it, and then turned to see Richard staring at her.

“What’s wrong, Mister Richard? Is there something on my face?”

Richard snapped back and his eyes refocused. “No. You look a lot like someone I used to know.”

“Someone you used to know? You don’t seem like the type with a lot of female friends. Do I look like

your ex or a childhood. friend?” Jenny teased but realized Richard didn’t deny it. “Well, it’s an honor to

look like your ex.” She didn’t want to push her

luck because he was still in a foul mood, so they moved on.

Richard sighed seeing how serious she was with work. “Pearl used to be like you, very serious with

work She was very confident, like a shiny star casting a shadow on everyone else.”

Jenny lowered her gaze, concealing her hidden agenda behind a smile. “I hope I can be as outstanding

as my senior, then.”

Richard smiled, appreciating her commitment to her work.

“If you put in the effort, you just might.” Richard suddenly remembered something and asked, “You said

she’s your senior. Are you from the same university?”

Jenny saw how Richard was disappointed in Pearl but was interested in her and started feeling proud.

“Yes, but I majored in design so I’m not as good as she is.”

“Alright. You can go now.”

Jenny nodded and left. Rather than heading straight back to her desk, she made her way to the restroom. With everyone absorbed in their work, she took the opportunity to make a call.

“Jenny, how’s everything going?”

“Mister Mark,” Jenny looked at her glossy nails and smiled. “I’m almost done carrying out your plan.”

Chapter 280

The atmosphere between Pearl and Richard remained strained over the next few days. Everyone could sense it, but no one

dared to mention it

Jenny proposed expanding the company’s product line into perfumery, and her idea received nearly unanimous approval. The sole dissenter was Pearl, who opposed it. Richard criticized her stance, worsening their already strained relationship. He eventually entrusted the project to Jenny, further fueling speculation about his trust in her.

People began to wonder if Jenny Boucher might be the new first lady of the company, but no one dared

to voice their thoughts, given that Pearl still held the position of vice president.

One afternoon, news of Pearl's resignation spread throughout the office. Jenny sat close to Pearl, watching her pack her belongings with feigned sadness. Deep down, Jenny was secretly delighted by Pearl's departure but pretended to feel remorse.

"Pea, the president is going to be devastated when he hears that you're leaving."

"That's not my concern anymore. We've broken up."

Jenny's heart almost jumped out of her chest, so she asked, "Did you really break up? Why?"

Pearl glared at her. "It just happened. We no longer see eye to eye, so continuing the relationship is pointless."

Although Jenny knew Pearl was a decisive person, her unhesitant departure raised suspicions.

"You have no feelings for him anymore?"

Pearl's hand momentarily froze as emotions flickered in her eyes. "Even if I haven't, it doesn't matter. We've lost trust in each other, and suspicion would torment us."

Jenny felt reassured by Pearl's response, so she smiled and said, "You shouldn't make rash decisions,

Pea. What if it's all just a misunderstanding?"

"Work hard here, and perhaps one day you'll take my place... Alright, I'm leaving now." Pearl didn't

wish to continue the conversation, so she headed to the HR department, collected her final paycheck,

and left.

Jenny's lips curled into a slow, triumphant smile. With Pearl no longer at Waldorf Enterprises, it would

be easier to bring down the company.

A few days later, an issue arose with the perfume brand Jenny was overseeing. Despite its unique

packaging, there were production problems at the factory, resulting in subpar perfume quality. Their

partners demanded an immediate contract cancellation and requested 130 million dollars in

compensation from Waldorf Enterprises.

After some digging, Richard discovered that the factory was actually a plastic manufacturer, and their

products didn't meet industry standards. Numerous complaints had been lodged against them, yet they

continued to operate.

Waldorf Enterprises convened an emergency meeting, during which Jenny expressed her regret with a

sad look.

“As for the factory. Pea introduced them to me. Before she left, she advised me to work with them. I

have no idea why this happened.” Pearl wasn’t there, so Jenny could say whatever she pleased

without contradiction.

Everyone began to suspect that Pearl hadn’t left with good intentions.

“By the way, before she left, she mentioned that Waldorf Enterprises wasn’t performing well and

suggested I consider joining Lawson Enterprises instead.” Jenny said it casually and carefully, but it

stirred everyone’s emotions.

“She must be a mole planted by Lawson Enterprises to sabotage our company. That’s why she asked

Jenny to do all these things”

Pearl was suddenly labeled as a spy for Lawson Enterprises