

## **YOUR GUISE 281**

### Chapter 281

Richard cleared his throat, silencing the room. "It doesn't matter now if Pearl is a mole.. What's important is that we need to recover from the losses we're facing."

One of the board members scoffed. "We're talking about 130 million dollars, not 130 thousand. Do you think it's easy for us to get that back? We need to find Pearl immediately and make her pay!"

The others agreed with him, as they felt that this situation had been caused by Pearl, and therefore, she should bear the financial burden.

Seeing everyone rallying to bring Pearl in, Richard's expression changed. "Pearl has resigned, and we can't find her. This solution is ridiculous."

Jenny seemed to recall something. "Before she left, Pea mentioned that Lawson Enterprises is a good place to work. Do you think... she's there now?"

"No, she's not that kind of person."

Seeing how Richard rejected it without a second thought, she said, "But you've broken up. She told me you don't see eye to eye anymore, so... she might not be the person you think she is?"

Others weren't inclined to let this matter go, especially since it concerned their money. One of them suggested, "Why don't we go to Lawson Enterprises to find her and question her?" He then rose from his seat in frustration.

But before he could leave, the door swung open, and everyone was taken aback by the unexpected visitor.

Pearl? They had been planning to search for her, yet she had arrived instead.

"We're glad you're here Pearl. We were just going to see you about some debt."

"Good, because I have a problem to settle too." Pearl calmly sat down, not thinking she was an outsider.

Panic filled Jenny's heart. "What are you talking about? Didn't you frame Waldorf and jump ship to Lawson? Why are you acting like the victim?"

Pearl ignored the accusation. "I never imagined someone would place all the blame on me just days after I left."

Her gaze landed on Jenny, sending shivers down the latter's spine.

Pearl appeared so different from just a few days ago. She had been friendly, but now she seemed

distant, as though they were worlds apart. Had she been pretending all along?

Such thoughts raced through Jenny's mind as Pearl crossed her legs and observed the group, who were all glaring at her. She finally spoke, "Do you truly believe I framed this company?"

One of them quickly answered, "You advised Jenny to collaborate with a subpar factory, leading to millions in losses. Now we're short on funds. Shouldn't you take responsibility?"

Pearl smirked. "Jenny Boucher told you all this, right?"

"Yes Don't change the subject. Tell us how we should settle this."

Pearl was about to respond when there was a knock on the door. A person entered, approached her, bowed, and referred to her as 'president' before handing her a stack of papers.

"President? What president?"

Everyone had assumed that she had joined Lawson Enterprises and had become an executive. The fact that she was now being addressed as "president" left everyone baffled.

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"The president of Cerubleu," her assistant clarified when she noticed the confused expressions all

around.

Ceruleu? The company that had rapidly climbed to become one of the top three companies in the country within just two years of its establishment?

Pearl was the president of Ceruleu Corporation? That seemed unbelievable.

Richard looked at Pearl, who exuded confidence from head to toe, and he was left in a state of shock.

He recalled her visit to his office a week ago when she had talked to him about leaving the company.

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“I think there’s something up with Jenny. I don’t know if you’ll believe me, considering how much she resembles your first love.”

Pearl sounded reserved, but Richard could see the struggle in her eyes. His heart ached as he realized he had neglected her feelings. “I believe you.”

Pearl’s eyes twinkled. “Why?”

“Because you’re the one I love now, so I will always believe you.” Richard sighed. “The past is long

gone. I don't care about her anymore."

Richard cared about their relationship, which had ended abruptly without closure, and it had left emotional scars. He felt betrayed, but he hadn't missed his first love.

"I have a suggestion. You can look into her past and you might find something."

"We'll be alright if you're not on her side." Encouraged by his support, Pearl smiled. "I have a plan.

Would you like to hear it?"

"Go ahead."

"I believe Jenny came here to drive a wedge between us and disrupt Waldorf Enterprises. We should play along and let her think we're having issues."

Richard was willing to do that, but then he frowned. "That's very risky. It would give Jenny more power, so if she does something to mess up our company..."

Pearl had already considered that. "Don't worry. I'll resign so she can do whatever she wants. Don't worry about the losses because no matter the number, I'll be able to get it back."

Her solution involved revealing her identity as the president of Cerubleu. As the president of Cerubleu, her assurances would carry significant weight, making her statements more credible.

Richard looked content because he was right. He had witnessed her influence when she facilitated Brilliance's recruitment process, casually conversing with Cerubleu's acting president. He knew she was the actual president of the company.

Nob\*dy present believed her, especially Jenny.

"Even if you don't want to take responsibility, Pea, this is such a ridiculous lie. If we expose you, your reputation is going to be ruined." Jenny tried to advise her but was essentially implying to everyone that Pearl was just pretending and lying.

Once everyone had recovered from their initial shock, they quickly saw through the ruse. How could Pearl possibly be the president of Cerubleu? If she truly held that position, why would she invest so much effort in working at Waldorf Enterprises? Why wouldn't she simply be the president?

"You don't get to decide if I'm lying or not."

Jenny couldn't stand pretending to be nice anymore, so she smirked. "Well, show us proof that you're the president then."

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"What if I am indeed the president?"

“I’ll get on my knees and apologize to you!”

Pearl’s interest was piqued, so she looked at Jenny. “Would you really apologize to me?”

“Of course, Pea, but you should stop pretending.’

”

Jenny never thought she would fail, just like she believed she managed to break the two apart when she joined Waldorf.

Pearl’s fingers danced on the screen and she opened her chat.

No one knew what was going on, but soon, a man walked into the office.

Everyone knew who he was- The vice president of Cerubleu, Wayne Sharp.

Wayne smiled and walked over to Pearl who was sitting nearby. “Pea, do you need me?”

Pearl pointed at Jenny and raised her brows. “She says she doesn’t believe I’m the president of

Cerubblue. Tell her if I am or not.”

Way didn’t mind and answered, “Who is she? Why do you care what she thinks? She’s wrong anyway.”

Jenny immediately felt humiliated hearing that and her face turned pale.

“But if we don’t clarify it, she’s going to make up nonsense and try to twist the truth.” Pearl shook her head and wasn’t willing to let this go. “Tell her if I’m the president.”

Wayve’s nonchalance disappeared and he looked straight at Jenny with a neutral look. “This is our president. Speak to me if you have issues.”

Wayne looked powerful when he was serious.

Jenny froze because she couldn’t play dumb anymore, so she just awkwardly chuckled. “No issues. It’s good that Pea is the president.”

“You said you were going to get on your knees to apologize if I’m the president, are you still going to do that?”

Pearl casually brought it up and Jenny’s face dropped.

“We graduated from the same university. There’s no need to put me on the spot...” Jenny was egoistic, so there was no way she was going to apologize. She could only bring up their connection.

“Thanks for reminding me. I almost forgot about that.” Pearl took out a piece of paper from the stack she was holding and slapped it on the desk. “Jenny Boucher, you’re not really Jenny Boucher, are



you?”

Jenny’s heart started pounding. “What are you talking about? How am I not Jenny?”

“You keep saying we’re from the same university, but I never thought of finding your information. Jenny

Boucher was a top student and her picture was everywhere. You don’t even look like her. You changed

your identity to use her name and infiltrate Waldorf, right?”

Pearl went straight to the point and Jenny didn’t have anything to say.

That was the truth, but since she was overconfident, she thought Pearl wouldn’t look into her

background and was brazenly feeding her information about her false identity.

However... She said, “How does this have anything to do with you trying to take Waldorf Enterprises

down? Even if my identity was fake, I never did anything that could hurt the company.”

Pearl saw how she was trying to argue, so she coldly said, “If you’re not going to admit to it, I’m going

to expose more about you.”

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Jenny felt a surge of anxiety as she realized what Pearl might have uncovered about her. The thought

of Pearl discovering her dealings with Lawson Enterprises terrified her, raising fears. of being ousted

from the company or, worse, facing legal consequences.

A staggering 130 million dollars was at stake, and if her attempt to take down a company was exposed, she would be thrown into jail!

Jenny had been fortunate to receive support from some of her colleagues. They came to her defense, saying, “Even though she has a false identity, she’s a good person who has helped me a lot.”

“Yes, she helped me finish my work.”

“She was there for me when my son was sick.”

It was obvious Jenny won the hearts of a few people in the room, and they began advocating on her behalf.

“You’re going to help her twist the truth just because she helped you?” Pearl found it amusing. “Why do you think I want to hurt the company?”

Everyone seemed to ignore the logic and were solely focused on defending Jenny. One person. stated,

“Well, show us some evidence. We don’t believe Jenny would engage in such actions, as she’s a kind-hearted person. You, on the other hand, as the president of Cerubleu, might have infiltrated the

company to eliminate Waldorf, making it easier for Cerubleu to expand.”

Pearl knew they didn’t know who Jenny really was, so she handed the information to her assistant to distribute to everyone there.

“These are phone records between Jenny and Lawson Enterprises. There are quite a few of them, and each of the numbers is linked to their executives.”

She then added, “Also, Jenny gave the owner of the factory 110 thousand dollars to destroy all the products. The owner accepted it out of greed, but when I mentioned taking legal action, he confessed everything. We have the owner’s confession and thumbprint.”

Everyone read through the information and had to admit their mistake. Jenny was nothing like who they thought she was.

“Do you know how much trouble you’re in, Jenny?”

Jenny abandoned her pretense because she knew her charade was over. She began crying and turned to Richard. “Mister Richard, can you let me off? I look so much like your first love.”

Richard felt disgusted. “Am I supposed to spare you because you resemble her? You’re too presumptuous, Jenny.”

Richard watched her cry, and his past came to mind. He not only felt no sympathy but also grew

irritated. "I have no feelings for her anymore. Didn't Hugo tell you?"

Jenny froze, unable to believe what she had just heard.

No, Hugo had told her that Richard still couldn't let go of his first love, implying that she could escape

punishment due to her resemblance to her. Why had their plan backfired?

Jenny, confident until now, was nothing more than a young girl. Witnessing Pearl's

determination, she felt her legs go weak. "I'll tell you everything Lawson told me. Please let me go."

Pearl was familiar with all the underhanded tactics their rival company might use, and she had no

interest in any of them.

How could they dare send someone as clueless as Jenny? They clearly didn't regard her as an

essential pawn but rather a useless tool. How could she possess any top-level secrets?

Pearl scoffed and shook her head. "There's no need for that, Jenny. You can tell all that to the police

and see if they'll let you go."

The police? Jenny saw black and started feeling dizzy.

The police officers soon arrived and took the dejected Jenny back to Lawson Enterprises.

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But the biggest problem had yet to be resolved. Waldorf had still lost 130 million dollars, and there was no quick fix for that kind of financial setback.

Everyone in the room wore distressed expressions, and a sense of gloom hung over the space.

Pearl thought hard and said, "I heard the company lost 130 million dollars. Is that true?"

She glanced at Wayne, who stood beside her, and he immediately understood her intention. Wayne took out a check, filled in the amount of 130 million dollars, and handed it to Richard.

"We're Cerubleu. We can spare 130 million dollars." Pearl wasn't boasting. Cerubleu indeed had that much financial capacity. To Cerubleu, that sum was a mere drop in the ocean.

Everyone was shocked at how much money Pearl possessed and was equally impressed by Cerubleu's financial clout.

In the blink of an eye, they were able to secure 130 million dollars. Even Waldorf Enterprises, one of the largest companies in Enswood, was struggling under this financial burden. Cerubleu's power was truly astounding.

“Don’t look so surprised. Just remember to pay Cerubleu some dividends when you recover the money.

The attendees swallowed hard as they stared at Pearl. Dividends? Even if they handed over all their dividends, Cerubleu might consider it a small contribution.

Nevertheless, they developed a profound admiration for Pearl after this incident. Not only did she harbor no ill feelings after being suspected, but she also helped in eliminating their enemies and settling their debt. How much good did Waldorf Enterprises do to receive so much good karma?

Richard understood that Pearl was merely being considerate but still felt a bit reluctant. ‘We’re just loaning this money. We’ll repay it.”

“Huh? We’re a couple. What’s yours is mine, and what’s mine is still mine.” Pearl disregarded the flicker of emotion on his face and continued, “Since all the money is in my hands, wouldn’t it make sense for me to give my boyfriend a bit of pocket money?”

Richard knew she simply wanted him to accept the money and couldn’t help but pat her head. “I’ll transfer some of Waldorf’s shares to you so that you become a part-owner of the company.

Everyone was utterly flabbergasted upon hearing their conversation. 130 million dollars as pocket

money? Transferring shares whenever they pleased?

All the financial dynamics in their relationship were so... romantic?

Richard sensed a shift in the atmosphere and turned to see everyone blushing. Their gazes made everyone feel awkward.

“You can return to your work now. I’ll deduct half a month’s salary from anyone who continues to stand around gossiping.”

Richard reverted to his stern, no-nonsense boss persona. All the rosy vibes dissipated, and everyone quickly scattered to their respective tasks.

Pearl put her arms around his neck, laughing. “They’re quite adorable.”

Richard wasn’t laughing, but he stared at her with an intense gaze. “President of Cerubleu, huh?” He chuckled, his tone a little threatening. “Tell me why you hid this from me.”

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Pearl blushed. At the same time, Richard’s expression took on a dangerous edge, and he let out a low grunt.

Knowing that she couldn’t hide the truth, Pearl spoke honestly, “I didn’t want you to think I had ulterior

motives... Would you have allowed me to continue working at Waldorf Enterprises if you had known my true identity?"

Richard answered without any hesitation, "Yes, I would."

"Alright then. I was being petty."

However, Richard's seriousness didn't waver. "What are your plans now that your identity is revealed?"

He was uneasy, fearing that Pearl might return to Cerubleu after her true role as its president came to light.

His worry brought out a chuckle from Pearl. "Don't worry, I won't go back to Cerubleu."

Finally, Richard's gloominess lessened somewhat.

Staring at Richard, Pearl teased, "You once promised to let me have Waldorf Enterprises. Does that promise still stand?"

She aimed to lighten the mood, but Richard took her question seriously. With an air of determination, he stood up and calmly stated, "The company is yours as long as you're engaged to me."

Pearl gaped and asked in astonishment, "Aren't you worried about causing trouble, Richard?" She had



never met someone so straightforward, willing to hand over an entire company to her without hesitation.

Smiling, Richard explained, "I can set up another company, but I'll lose my wife if you're gone.

Pearl turned beet red. She had never agreed to be his wife, and he was speaking as if she would marry him immediately. "Nonsense! I never promised to marry you."

"Oh? I didn't quite get that. What did you say?" Richard's response was filled with somberness.

Feeling the pressure from Richard, Pearl took a step back and confessed, "I haven't thought this through. Besides, you can't force me into marriage. Shouldn't we let things happen naturally?" She felt that he was inviting unnecessary trouble for her.

Pulling Pearl into his arms, Richard whispered in her ear, "When are you going to marry me if I don't force you?"

"What's the rush?"

"I can't wait any longer." Richard's temper flared because so many men, including Hanzel, Raymond, Wayne, and that unhinged Hugo, were coveting Pearl. He felt that they might cause problems if he didn't marry her soon.

While Pearl was moved by his words, she still couldn't be with him with peace of mind. "Let's not rush into things. I need to deal with something first."

There was a matter that deeply troubled Pearl, concerning her mother's disappearance. She believed there was more to the story because her mother wouldn't have left so abruptly, given her parents' passionate love for each other.

However, she remained clueless, as there were many mysteries yet to be uncovered. She couldn't be at peace until she resolved this issue.

"My mother left due to a conflict with my father. I'm sure you're aware of that."

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Pearl blinked with disappointment while looking at Richard.

Rubbing her head affectionately, Richard replied, "Yes, I'm aware of it."

"I want to find my mother before getting engaged."

"Don't you hate her?"

Pearl shook her head. "I don't remember much about her because she left when I was very young, but I know she's a gentle and kind woman. She wouldn't have given up on my father and me so easily, and I

suspect there's more to her disappearance."

Richard understood Pearl's desire to have her mother present at her engagement and marriage ceremonies. Though her father had passed away, there were still some clues left concerning her mother's whereabouts.

Naturally, Richard didn't object. "Okay, we'll search for her together."

Pearl beamed with gratitude. "Thank you, Richard."

"It's nothing. Let's go home. I think you can ask my dad about what happened at that time. Maybe he can provide some clues."

Pearl nodded, and they headed to the Waldorf Residence, as it was the end of the workday.

Dustan, sitting on the sofa and reading newspapers, couldn't help but feel a touch of melancholy as he watched the couple.

Pearl approached Dustan respectfully and greeted him before cautiously asking, "Mister Dustan, I heard that you were close to my parents. Could you tell me about those days?"

Seeing Pearl's eager expression, Dustan couldn't refuse her request. Despite it being a painful topic

for him, he was willing to share.

“Your parents were truly kind people, but unfortunately... your mother went missing when you were two

years old. James had a tough time raising you on his own.”

Dustan’s revelation unsettled Pearl. “She went missing?”

Dustan realized he had spoken without considering Pearl’s knowledge on the matter and found himself

at a loss for words. “You... didn’t know about this, Pea?”

Pearl shook her head and then nodded. “My dad told me that my mother had left home because she

was angry with him, but she never returned after all these years.”

It seemed Pearl’s assumption was correct: her mother hadn’t left willingly but had missing.

gone

Listening to her, Dustan let out a deep sigh. “He might not have wanted you to know to avoid worrying

you and affecting your studies.” He then offered a reassuring smile. “I’m sure she’d be proud to know

that you’ve grown into an outstanding and beautiful young woman.” Although Pearl knew that Dustan

was trying to console her, bitterness still overcame her. “I’ll find her if she’s gone missing.”

Pearl's determination took Dustan by surprise, deeply moving him. "I've been helping your father search for her all these years, even after he passed away, but I couldn't find her."

The mysterious disappearance of Pearl's mother had baffled everyone, leaving them wondering why there were no leads or clues.

Pearl's brows furrowed as her suspicions grew deeper.

"By the way, do you know anything about your mother's family?" Dustan suddenly brought up the topic, catching Pearl off guard.

However, Pearl chose honesty, as she could sense Dustan's genuine concern for her. She withheld the fact that she had met the Jordans, only revealing what she had discovered. Based on the information I found, it's the Jordans in Bodgow."

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Investigating the Jordans had been relatively straightforward, as they were a prominent and wealthy family in Bodgow.

Dustan nodded in acknowledgment. "Yes, it's the Jordans from Bodgow. But they always looked down on your father. So-

Suddenly, the housekeeper hurried in, interrupting Dustan. "Mister Dustan, a group of people

unexpectedly arrived and wishes to meet Miss Pearl."

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Puzzled, Pearl asked, "They want to see me?"

The housekeeper nodded, describing, "There are over ten men who look like b\*dyguards, dressed in

fine attire. I have a feeling they're not your average folks."

Suddenly, a daring idea dawned on Pearl. "Please go and see what they want, Miss Pearl."

Pearl nodded and went out, concerned about causing undue trouble for the Waldorfs.

When the leader of the group spotted Pearl, a smile appeared on his otherwise cold face. "You must be

Miss Pearl, correct? Mister Allan has an appointment with you and sent me to escort you."

Pearl recollected that she had agreed to visit the Jordans in a few days, but her plans had been

delayed by a month due to her recent busy schedule.

With a chuckle, she replied, "You must be the butler. I'm genuinely sorry, but I can't now because I have

some pressing matters to attend to."

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The butler smiled back. "Not to worry, Miss Pearl. Mister Allan mentioned that I should persuade you to accompany me even if you decline."

It was evident that Pearl was expected to go, regardless of her wishes. Frowning, she felt that this wasn't Allan's usual style.

Furthermore, since the butler worked for the Jordans, it was likely that the decision was influenced by other members of the family, perhaps even her grandfather, whom she had never met.

Pearl's expression turned inscrutable, her eyes narrowing. "Are you trying to force me?"

However, the butler remained unfazed. He glanced around and proposed, "Could we have some privacy? I need to speak with you alone."

But his request was met with Richard's cold and blunt response. "These are all members of the Waldorf family. Moreover, Pearl is my fiancée, and she's considered a Waldorf as well. There's nothing they can't hear."

The housekeeper was taken aback by this revelation. “Miss Pearl, how could you casually get engaged to someone else?”

Pearl found the butler’s reaction old-fashioned and irritating. “I’m sure it’s none of your business. Just get straight to the point.” She didn’t want to waste time beating around the bush.

“Master Jordan is insistent on your return with us, or we’ll be punished. I’m sure you don’t want us to resort to extreme measures to force you, do you?” It was clearly an open threat.

Unperturbed by the butler’s intentions, Pearl remained silent, but Richard was incensed. He glared coldly at him and spoke in a frigid tone, “Try anything, and you’ll regret it.”

Sensing Richard’s formidable presence, the butler’s heart skipped a beat, realizing it was unwise to provoke him. Hence, he softened his tone. “I believe none of us want to see a conflict, Miss Pearl.”

Pearl sneered. “I’ve made myself clear, and I don’t currently have the time to accompany you. I will visit them on another day.”

The butler’s expression gradually grew hostile. He waved his hand, and his bodyguards lined up in formation. “Don’t blame us for being rude since you refuse to come with us, Miss Pearl.”

A confrontation at the entrance of the Waldorf Residence could tarnish the Waldorfs’ reputation.



After a brief contemplation, Pearl suggested calmly, "How about we continue this discussion somewhere else?"

The butler ceased his forceful tactics, given Pearl's willingness to compromise. He smiled and agreed,

"Certainly, if you're willing to come along." After that, he gestured to the people near him to open the car door. "Let's talk in a cafe, Miss Pearl."

Richard attempted to accompany them but was stopped by the butler.

"I didn't invite you, Mister Richard."

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Pearl glanced at Richard and assured him that it wouldn't take long.

As they settled into the car, she noticed a person who appeared to be napping. He was reclining, supporting his head, and his fair complexion seemed striking in the dimly lit car.

Pearl was taken aback when she recognized the face. After the recent encounter with Allan, she had conducted background checks on all the members of the Jordan family.

The man before her was Blake, a well-known noble heir in Bodgow and the second grandson of Master Jordan.

Master Jordan had two grandsons Felix Jordan, the eldest, was a renowned e-sports player who consistently held the top ranking. However, he was relatively unknown to the public because he spent most of his time at the club.

Blake, on the other hand, was a wealthy heir in the Bodgow social circle. He was widely recognized in Bodgow, but his aloof personality deterred most people from approaching him. Nevertheless, he had no shortage of admirers, especially among women who dreamed of marrying him.

No one could deny his striking looks, rivaling only Richard's.

When Blake sensed someone entering the car, he slowly opened his eyes. However, he merely clicked his tongue in response and stared at Pearl without uttering a word, leaving her confused.

Blake's disdainful attitude quickly dispelled Pearl's earlier impression of him, making her think that he wasn't handsome at all.

"Are you the long-lost granddaughter of Grandpa Jordan? You're not a fraud, are you?" Blake's first question successfully provoked Pearl.

"Why is one of the Jordan family's lapdogs barking here?" Pearl derisively referred to Blake as a

lapdog.

Although Blake remained composed, his disdain for Pearl deepened. “How rude! You can’t possibly improve even after returning to the family.”

Rolling her eyes, Pearl retorted, “Try to stop me from going back, or cut the crap!”

Pearl’s sharp response left Blake scowling. “I don’t know why Grandpa asked me to pick you up.

You’ve been away from us for so many years, and you’ve turned out so much worse.”

With a fake smile, Pearl quipped, “I’ve achieved fame and success. Thank you for compliment.”

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“Fame and success? You can sing and design, and you’ve even started a company. But do you

consider that fame and success? Do you know where Jordan Group stands internationally, even

though Cerubleu is among the top three in the country?” Blake’s string of questions amused Pearl.

“What does that have to do with you, the golden child of the Jordans?”

Blake’s expression soured swiftly. He found Pearl to be quite talkative.

Finally, they arrived at a cafe.

Pearl took her seat and remained resolute. “I really don’t have the time right now.”

Her stubbornness put the butler in a bind, but he couldn't force her in a public place. " Perhaps, Mister

Blake, you could help persuade Miss Pearl."

Naturally, Blake was reluctant to engage in conversation with Pearl. "Don't drag me into this. I don't

want to deal with her."

"See? Even the Jordan family doesn't want me. You should inform Master Jordan that I won't be

returning with you," Pearl asserted.

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Following that, Pearl cast a regretful expression in Blake's direction, though it was purely an

act.

The butler pleaded, "Mister Blake, please don't make this difficult for me. It's Master Jordan's order, and

I wouldn't want to face the consequences of failing to fulfill it."

Despite his impatience, Blake reluctantly nodded. "Fine."

Curious, Pearl wanted to see how Blake would react. "What's the plan, Mister Blake? How are you

going to convince me?"

"I'm not going to persuade you. Just come with me."

Pearl clicked her tongue. "Is that your idea of begging?"

"I'm not begging you, Pearl!" Blake was almost driven mad, unable to comprehend why he had encountered such an eloquent woman.

"Alright, I won't tease you anymore. Why are you in such a rush to take me back?" Pearl dropped her smile and grew genuinely curious.

Blake pinched the bridge of his nose, battling a headache. "Grandfather wants to see you."

"Is that all?"

Blake dwelled on it carefully. "He also wants to reunite with you and have you change your last name to Jordan. You'll become a Jordan." He then stared at Pearl with disgust. "I don't understand what he sees in you. He even mentioned that you're young and capable, saying it's no wonder you're a Jordan."

Pearl responded with a smile, "Well, he's flattered me, but he does have keen insight. He's not as condescending as some people."

Disgusted by her comparison, Blake glared at her. "So, what's your decision?"

"I won't be reuniting with your family or changing my last name. I'm a Leighton." Pearl was resolute.

She would not change her last name, considering the hardships her father had endured while raising her.

Perplexed, Blake couldn't comprehend her unconventional thinking, as most people would do anything to be associated with the Jordans. Pearl's lack of interest baffled him.

Suddenly, he found her less annoying. "Save that for Grandfather."

When the butler noticed their disagreement, he interjected, "Please don't make things difficult for us, Miss Pearl. We're just following orders. If you continue to resist, I may have to resort to more extreme measures."

Unconcerned, Pearl asked, "Are you going to kidnap me?"

The butler offered a friendly smile. "Of course not. We wouldn't dare be disrespectful to you, given your noble and elegant stature. However, I'm afraid the Waldorfs might face some inconveniences."

He astutely recognized Pearl's deep attachment to the Waldorfs, which prompted her to suggest discussing the matter elsewhere.

Furthermore, he understood that to achieve their goal, they needed to strike where it hurt most. Since

the Waldorfs held a special place in Pearl's heart, using them as leverage could be quite effective.

As expected, Pearl's expression darkened. "Are you threatening me?"

"No, I wouldn't dare. I'm merely hoping you'll see reason. After all, you're well aware of the Jordan

family's influence. It would be easy for us to do something to the Waldorfs, and no one would be able to

trace it back to us." Even if someone were to uncover their involvement, they would likely refrain from

blaming the Jordans to avoid conflict.

Clenching her fists under the table, Pearl took a deep breath and reluctantly said, "Fine, I'll go with

you." She could ensure her own safety, but she couldn't risk the Waldorfs' well-being.

Moreover, having investigated the Jordans, she understood their power and couldn't take any chances

when it came to the Waldorfs. She decided to resume her quest for answers regarding her mother's

disappearance after returning from the Jordans.

"I knew you were smart, Miss Pearl."