

YOUR GUISE 321

Chapter 321

Hugo, despite his humiliation, tried to maintain his composure. Even as the people around them mocked him, he harbored a growing resentment toward Richard.

Pearl had no intention of pushing Hugo further into a corner, so she decided to diffuse the situation with a friendly tone. She smiled and said to Reese, "Let's just forget about this, considering our past friendship. It's best not to burn any bridges."

Reese agreed with a nod. "You're quite considerate. Very well, let Mister Hugo leave." Then, Reese recalled something important and added, "And Mister Hugo, please refrain from setting foot in any of the black markets under my ownership."

Hugo clenched his fists, his frustration mounting. He couldn't help but direct his anger towards Richard and Pearl. Revenge was on his mind. 'Richard, Pearl... just wait!'

With his head hung low, Hugo left the scene, and as onlookers realized the drama was over, they dispersed as well.

Reese turned his attention back to Pearl with a smile. "I'm glad I arrived in time, or you might have

been in trouble.”

Pearl smiled back. “Thank you for saving me, Mister Reese.”

However, Reese seemed to take issue with her formal address. “I said you’re my goddaughter, so I’m protecting you. From now on, consider yourself my goddaughter.”

Pearl bit her lip and was a little troubled. “I don’t think that’s a good idea...”

“Why not? If you can’t be my daughter-in-law, you can be my goddaughter. I really like you, you’re strong and remarkable. My useless son could learn a lot from you!” Reese commented with a chuckle.

Pearl burst out laughing at his candid words. Even the owner of a black market could be just like a regular father. The way he complained was just like her dad.

Thinking of her father, Pearl’s eyes flickered. She was even more determined to find her mother.

Richard, who understood her thoughts, gently touched her head. “Well, if Mister Reese is offering, you should accept.”

“Alright, godfather,” Pearl agreed and tried addressing him that way.

Reese beamed with delight. “Wonderful! If you ever need help, just come to me. I’ll provide everything for free. If there’s anything you want from here, let me know, and I’ll reserve it for you.”

Pearl was touched by such a cool statement. "Thank you." She was pleasantly surprised by the unexpected support she had gained.

"I'll introduce you to your godbrother if the opportunity arises. I must be on my way now," Reese said before departing.

Pearl and Richard left the black market together, but as soon as they stepped outside, Pearl noticed something was amiss with Richard. His steps were unsteady, and his face had an unusual flush.

"What's wrong, Richard?" Pearl asked in concern as she held onto his arm, simultaneously placing her other hand on his forehead. She could feel the heat radiating from him. "Richard, you have a fever!"

Right after saying that, Richard lost his balance and fainted.

"Richard!" Panicking, Pearl caught him and didn't know what to do.

"Pearl, what are you doing here?" A familiar voice interrupted her distress.

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Glenn saw how intimate these two people before him were and could guess what kind of relationship they had.

Pearl looked anxious and immediately asked for help. "Glenn, Richard fainted because of his fever!"

“Here, let me help.” Without hesitation, Glenn understood the situation and helped Pearl get Richard to the car.

Pearl was entirely focused on Richard at that moment and didn’t even spare a glance for Glenn. She expressed her gratitude, saying, “Thank you.”

Glenn felt a pang in his heart when he saw Pearl thanking him on behalf of another man. However, he didn’t want to miss a chance to spend time with her. “Don’t mention it. Let me drive you to the hospital.”

Richard, who was unconscious, didn’t count.

Pearl shook her head and looked at Richard. “It’s okay. I’m sure you have more important things to do. You can leave us.” Her heart was in a knot and couldn’t focus when she talked.

This was the black market, and Glenn must have had a reason to be there. She didn’t want to burden him or waste his time.

While Glenn did have other matters to attend to, he was torn. He didn’t want to leave Pearl’s side.

Reluctantly, he nodded and agreed, “Alright.”

After Glenn left, Pearl considered taking Richard to the hospital, but when she saw the worsening condition of his complexion, she decided to bring him to the Jordan Residence instead.

However, upon entering the residence, she was confronted by Ezra, who was on his way out. He questioned her, "What are you doing?"

Pearl didn't want to engage in an argument with the old man, but she needed to explain the situation.

"Richard has a fever, and there's no one to take care of him, so I brought him here."

Ezra was displeased by their public display of affection outside and now couldn't believe that Pearl had brought Richard into their home. He couldn't accept that, so he retorted, "He's the president of Waldorf Enterprises, and he doesn't even have a property here? Why are you with someone like that?"

Pearl didn't want to continue this confrontation, especially with Richard in his current condition. She needed to get him to her room as quickly as possible.

Ezra's anger escalated as he shouted with a double meaning, "I won't accept him in this house!"

Pearl wasn't willing to argue with him further. She turned to leave because she didn't want to force Richard inside if Ezra wouldn't accept him. "If you won't let him in, I'll leave too."

Ezra couldn't contain his frustration and demanded an explanation. "What are you saying, Pearl?"

Pearl, her voice cold, responded without looking back, "I've made myself clear. If you look

down on Richard, I'll leave for Enswood with him."

Ezra was struggling to understand why his granddaughter was so disobedient and dismissive of his concerns. What was he doing all of this for? He wanted her to marry an exceptional man, and in his eyes, she was leagues above Richard!

He couldn't stand it anymore, so he asked, "What about Blake then?"

Her resolve remained unshaken as she spoke firmly, "Do whatever you want with Blake. It doesn't concern me."

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"Fine, fine!" Ezra, still seething with anger, reluctantly agreed to let Richard stay for the time being, but with a condition. "He can rest here, but he must leave when he wakes up!"

His main concern was for Blake, who was still in the hospital recovering. If the latter's back couldn't be fully treated, it would have dire consequences for his life.

Pearl's gaze remained on Richard, not bothering to even look at Ezra. "Alright, I'll bring him inside."

Ignoring her grandfather's rage, she walked away, leaving him fuming.

Ezra's secretary, who had observed the entire exchange, looked concerned and spoke up, "Sir, what should we do about Miss Pearl? At this rate, she might actually marry Richard Waldorf.

Ezra clenched his teeth and spoke in hushed tones, "It's just a passing infatuation. She'll come to understand my intentions when I introduce her to a suitable young man."

Suddenly, an idea struck him, and he instructed, "I've heard that the York boy has returned to Bodgow. Schedule a meeting for him with Pearl when you have the chance."

The secretary understood and nodded with a smile. "That's a brilliant idea. Miss Pearl will surely appreciate the effort you're putting in."

Ezra squinted his eyes, his expression inscrutable. "I hope so. I really hope she doesn't follow in her mother's footsteps."

In her room, Pearl gently laid Richard on her bed, covering him with a blanket. She went to prepare warm towels to help lower his fever.

As she was about to place the towel on his forehead, her right hand was suddenly gripped tightly, preventing her from moving. Startled, she exclaimed, "Richard!" Before she could react, she lost her

balance and fell onto him.

“Ouch-” Richard’s tightly closed eyes quivered in pain.

“I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry!” Pearl was quick to apologize, aware that her falling on him had likely hurt him.

She tried to get up, but Richard opened his eyes at that moment. His gaze held an inexplicable tenderness as he said, “I heard everything.”

Surprised, Pearl looked at him. “What did you hear?”

Richard replied with a chuckle, “I heard what you said to Mister Ezra.”

Blushing profusely, Pearl attempted to downplay it. “I didn’t say anything. Just forget you heard anything.”

Richard laughed softly. “Why are you embarrassed to speak up for someone you love?”

“Richard!” Pearl playfully punched his chest, but he winced in pain.

She noticed something was off and wanted to remove his shirt, but Richard grabbed her hand. “I’m fine. I was just joking with you. It doesn’t hurt.”

“Liar.” She wasn’t convinced, so she immediately opened up his shirt and saw a dressed wound that

was still bleeding on his fair skin.

Unwilling to let her see the injury, Richard hastily put his clothes back on. "I promise you, just a minor wound, and it'll heal quickly."

"Richard!" Seeing his hesitation, Pearl raised her voice. "Richard Waldorf, tell me what happened"

After a moment of silence, Richard finally said, "It's nothing. Someone tried to attack the hospital, and I found out, so..."

Chapter 324

That morning, Richard had overheard a conversation in the hospital hallway. Two men were plotting to drug Pearl and abduct her, unbeknownst to him that they were armed with knives.

Richard had swiftly intervened, but the confrontation had turned violent, and he had been slashed on his chest.

"So, you took that attack for me? Your fever is because of the infection in the wound, isn't it?" As Pearl questioned him, her voice trembled with worry and sorrow. She found it difficult to hold back her tears, and each word felt like a painful stab to her heart.

Richard hadn't told her this information, precisely to spare her from worrying. Seeing her cry now tore

at his heart. He felt as though his own heart was shattering. He gently pulled her closer, encircling her waist, and whispered, "It's alright, it's just a minor wound. I've experienced worse injuries before. Don't cry, Pearl."

For the first time, Pearl cried like a child, sobbing uncontrollably. "But you got hurt because of me. I didn't suffer any harm, but this wound feels as if it's on my own b*dy."

Richard pinched her nose playfully. "I'd feel much worse if anything happened to you."

Cupping her face, he spoke earnestly, his voice filled with sincerity. "Pearl, I'm really glad you're not the one hurt." Being able to stop that, not only did he not feel bad, he was actually delighted.

"Miss..."

Before they could continue their conversation, there was a knock at the door. They quickly distanced themselves, and Richard released his hold on Pearl so she could open the door.

The man standing outside greeted Pearl with a warm smile. "Hello, I'm George Clearwater, the family doctor appointed by Mister Ezra. He sent me to check on Mister Richard."

Upon seeing Richard, George Clearwater couldn't help but feel his icy aura, which sent shivers down

his spine.

Pearl welcomed him inside. "Please, come in." He looked friendly, so she allowed him to examine

Richard.

After conducting his assessment, George's initial friendliness shifted to a more serious look, and he

furrowed his brow. Pearl couldn't help but worry and asked, "How is he, Doctor George?"

George sighed and shared his concerns, "Mister Richard's wound is not a simple slash. The knife was

poisoned, and the poison has entered his b*dy. It doesn't look good."

Startled, Pearl inquired, "What kind of poison is it?"

"I can't identify it. It's an unusual poison, one I've never encountered in my years of medical practice.

It's possible that my knowledge is limited, and I couldn't recognize it."

Pearl's stomach tightened with worry. The fact that the doctor hired by the Jordans couldn't identify the

poison meant that Richard was severely poisoned, making treatment significantly more difficult.

"Thank you, Doctor George. Please provide him with medicine to counteract the poison,

Pearl requested. As she looked at the wound on Richard's chest, a sense of deja vu filled her, but she

couldn't recall where she had seen a similar wound before.

George agreed, "Of course, I'll do that."

Once he had left, Richard gazed at Pearl's anxious expression and tried to comfort her with a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, everything will be alright. I'm still fine for now, right?"

Although he said this, he could feel his condition deteriorating.

Pearl rolled her eyes at his attempt to ease her worries. "You may think you're fine now, but what am I going to do if things take a turn for the worse and you don't make it?"

"Nonsense. I'll be alright." Richard chuckled softly.

"But, Richard, that wound on your chest looks very familiar to me. I feel like I've seen it before.

Chapter 325

Richard was curious. "Where have you seen it?"

"I think" Pearl squinted and suddenly remembered. She quickly took out her phone and called Wayne.

"Hey Peal" Wayne's voice came through amidst the background noise of an ongoing

discussion

"The last time you were injured, what kind of wound did you have?" Pearl inquired urgently.

Wayne, perplexed by her sudden inquiry, responded, "I got bitten by a venomous snake. If it weren't for

Mister Simon, I wouldn't have made it."

Pearl's eyes widened with realization. "Yes, a snake!" She hung up abruptly and began examining Richard's wound. His skin and flesh appeared to be protruding outward, with dark spots of blood surrounding it. It indeed resembled a snakebite wound.

"Richard, it seems like someone smeared venom on the dagger and slashed you to cause this," she deduced.

Richard, taking her analysis seriously, asked, "How do we treat this?"

"It's simple. All we need is ginkgo. I'll get some from Simon." Pearl's ginkgo supply had originally been intended for Blake's treatment and could only be used once. She immediately dialed Simon's number.

"Pea, what's going on?" Simon sounded surprised since Pearl rarely called him.

"Please help me, Mister Simon."

The formality in her address caught Simon off guard, causing him to nearly drop the chess piece he was holding. "What happened, Pea?" Pearl was typically stubborn and proud, so using 'mister' was a departure from her usual attitude. Her sudden formality concerned him.

Pearl urgently inquired, "Do you still have hundred-year-old ginkgos? The older, the better."

Simon's heart ached. "Why do you need it?" Acquiring ginkgos that were hundreds of years old was no easy task. He possessed an eight-hundred-year-old ginkgo that he had put considerable effort into obtaining.

"Saving a life is more important than anything else. I need it to save someone."

Simon pursed his lips at how matter affect she sounded. "Can't you just be nicer to me? I'm your mentor..."

Pearl didn't have time to joke around. "Can you send it over by air today? I need it in four hours. Make it quick."

Pearl didn't leave room for further discussion and promptly ended the call. She turned to see Richard's condition worsening, the venom spreading and causing him to turn paler. He appeared on the verge of fainting.

"Richard! Stay awake!" she urged, patting him gently, determined to keep him from falling asleep.

"Richard, hang in there. I'm going to save you!"

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"I... am... fine..." Richard forced a smile through his discomfort, not wanting Pearl to be overly concerned.

But a second later, he lost consciousness.

"Richard!" Pearl's pupils constricted in distress. The man who had been lively just moments ago was now teetering on the brink of death.

She was fraught with worry, but all she could do was anxiously await Simon's delivery of the precious herb.

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However, after waiting for four long hours, Pearl still hadn't received the ginkgo. Growing increasingly uneasy, she decided to call Simon, only to discover that he had sent the herb to Waldorf Residence in Enswood. Her heart sank as she realized the potential implications.

Next, she dialed their family home but no one picked up. Just as she was about to redial, an unfamiliar number came through. Startled, she picked up the call, and the voice on the other end sent shivers down her spine.

"Pearl. Are you expecting to get some ginkgo?" The voice belonged to Hugo, and it was laced with

coldness and malice.

Pearl's uneasiness deepened upon hearing his voice, as it confirmed her fears that Hugo had intercepted the ginkgo. A sinking feeling settled in her stomach.

"I heard Richard is badly hurt. This ginkgo is for him, isn't it?" Hugo's tone was gloating, as if he believed he held all the cards now.

Pearl's eyes turned icy. "You got someone to do this? Hugo, give it back to me."

"Give it back to you? Why would I return something I have in my possession?" Hugo's attitude was far from gracious, and the earlier humiliation seemed to have intensified his irritation. "It just so happened that I returned home and crossed paths with the delivery person. My curiosity got the better of me, and I decided to take a look. Lo and behold, I found this life-saving ginkgo."

"What do you want?" Richard's life hung in the balance, and Pearl couldn't afford to let this opportunity slip away.

"If you want it, you have to offer me something that I would want." Hugo was clearly relishing his newfound power.

Pearl struggled to contain her anger but knew she had to handle the situation calmly. "Tell me what you want."

"That doesn't sound very sincere. Take a guess what I want," Hugo taunted her, his voice dripping with self-satisfaction.

Pearl was well aware of Hugo's ulterior motives but decided to test him. "Shares of Waldorf Enterprises?"

you break "Hah!" Hugo chuckled sinisterly. "Pearl, you still understand me so well. Why don't up with Richard and choose me instead? Then, the ginkgo and the shares will both be yours..." Pearl's revulsion was evident as she cut him off sharply, "Do you have other terms?"

"Of course not. I only want the company and you, nothing else."

"Hugo Waldorf, I'm your brother's girlfriend," Pearl said through gritted teeth.

Hugo's response was unsettlingly perverse. "I know. Isn't that more exciting?"

"You're a pervert."

"Go on."

Recognizing that Hugo's mental state was far from stable, Pearl opted to ignore his provocative

remarks and suggested a face-to-face meeting Instead. "Come to Bodgow with the ginkgo. We can discuss our terms in person."

She couldn't possibly entertain the notion of handing over Waldorf Enterprises to him, but she couldn't reveal her true intentions just yet.

"You're not planning to trick me and launch an attack, are you? Listen, if you lay a finger on me, I won't hesitate to destroy this herb," Hugo replied warily.

Pearl had no desire to engage in a battle of wits with a madman, so she softened her tone. Don't worry, I won't lie to you. Even if we decide to transfer the shares to you through an agreement, we'll still need to meet in person to complete the process, won't we?"

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Hugo didn't let his guard down but agreed to meet Pearl.

Enswood was only a two-hour drive from Bodgow, and since Richard was still unconscious due to the poison, Pearl decided to temporarily entrust his care to the family doctor while she met with Hugo alone.

Choosing a five-star hotel not far from the Jordan residence for their meeting, Pearl arrived to find

Hugo already seated and sipping on tea.

“You’re finally here. I thought you lied to me,” Hugo remarked, tilting his head to indicate that she should take a seat.

Pearl picked a chair as far away from him as possible. She refrained from touching any of the items on the table and abstained from drinking anything.

Hugo played with his teacup and said, “Why? Are you afraid to drink the water? I’m not an animal, you know. There’s no need to be concerned. I don’t drug people.”

Pearl changed the subject and cut to the chase. “Did you bring the ginkgo?”

“Yes, but it’s not with me. It’s in my room upstairs. Would you like to come and see it?” Hugo replied casually.

“No, just tell me, are you only willing to give it to me if we agree to give you the shares?” Pearl looked up and noticed his hungry gaze. His squinted eyes didn’t seem to hold any warmth. Instead, they conveyed a sense of mockery.

Hugo shrugged. “Something like that.”

“But Richard is currently unconscious, and I don’t have access to the shares. You’ll have to wait for him to transfer them once he wakes up,” she explained logically.

Pearl made sense, but Hugo wasn’t having any of that. “After he wakes up, the ginkgo will be gone.

What should I do then?”

Pearl maintained her composure. “If you don’t trust me, you can record our conversation. If I fail to fulfill

my promises, you can sue me.”

Hugo shook his head dismissively. Her attempts at deception were feeble and ineffective in his eyes.

“You’re too clever, Pearl. Unless you make everything explicitly clear, your promises won’t hold up in court. Do you think I’m unaware of that?”

Watching Pearl sit up straight, he had a malicious idea. He leaned in close to her. “Why don’t you spend a night with me, and I’ll willingly give you the ginkgo?”

Pearl didn’t hesitate and delivered a resounding slap to his face.

Hugo was momentarily stunned by the unexpected slap. After a moment, he turned to face her angrily, his eyes filled with irritation. Yet, a challenging smirk still played on his lips.

“Feisty. I like that.” He ran his tongue along his cheek, touching the stinging sensation from her slap.

“Such a strong reaction. Are you still a virgin? Richard must be quite the gentleman. If it were me, I’d have devoured you by now.”

“You’re disgusting, Hugo Waldorf.” Unable to secure the ginkgo through negotiation, Pearl decided to pursue a different approach. She stood up, ready to leave.

However, as she began to walk away, her b*dy suddenly felt weak, and she slumped back into the chair.

“What... did you do?” Alarm bells went off in her head.

“I used a fragrance that induces dizziness. I apologize. I’m not much of a gentleman, more of an animal,” Hugo confessed. With his right hand, he lightly brushed her face and gave an evil smirk.

“Pearl, do you think Richard will lose his mind if I sleep with someone he hasn’t slept with yet?”

Pearl wanted to curse at him but realized her vision had grown hazier by the second. The last thing she saw was the wickedness in Hugo’s eyes, tinged with a sense of pride at seizing the opportunity at the right moment.

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Hugo gloated as he watched Pearl lose consciousness. She was now in his hands!

As he prepared to take Pearl up to his room, a loud crash at the door caused it to swing open from a powerful kick. Richard stood there, his face darkened with anger at the sight of Pearl unconscious.

Despite his deathly pallor, he still emitted an aura of danger.

“Put her down, Hugo,” Richard demanded.

With great effort, Richard had managed to reach the hotel upon hearing that Pearl was meeting Hugo there. Despite being in and out of consciousness, he was driven by an emptiness he felt when she wasn't by his side. He mustered all his strength to open his eyes and scan the room until he found her.

“You arrived rather quickly, Richard,” Hugo commented, his smile devoid of warmth. He was surprised that Richard had made it to the hotel in his weakened state, admiring the man's resilience.

“How could I not come when I learned you were a disgusting animal?” Richard coughed and fixed his gaze on Pearl, a surge of energy propelling him forward. “Are you going to put her down?”

“Put her down?” Hugo scoffed. “Richard, don't forget you've been poisoned. Even if you're the world's greatest fighter, you won't stand a chance against me.”

“Who said I came alone?”

With that, a burly man stepped out from behind Richard. His imposing physique alone was enough to send chills down one's spine.

Hugo's smile vanished instantly. "Well, you do have some brains."

"Hugo, I'm giving you sixty seconds to release Pearl and hand over the ginkgo," Richard said firmly.

"Shouldn't you be listening to me now that I have Pearl?" Hugo found it funny that Richard was threatening him. Did he think Pearl would live long enough?

"You're alone here so you don't get to negotiate."

"Am I?" Hugo didn't care for Richard's words. Instead, he smashed a teacup, picked up a shard, and pressed it against Pearl's neck, a maniacal smile on his face. "Richard Waldorf, I'll trade Pearl's life for my freedom. I think that's a fair deal."

Richard hesitated for a moment before calmly agreeing, "Fine, release Pearl, and I'll let you go."

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"The hero comes to the rescue of the damsel in distress," Hugo sneered. "I'll hand her over to you once I'm safely out of here." Backing away slowly, he held Pearl close to him.

Richard made no move to stop him, simply following behind. As Hugo got into a waiting cab and pushed Pearl toward Richard, the car sped away.

He looked down at Pearl, cradled in his arms, and was relieved to see that her eyes were now open, clear, and seemingly amused. "You're fine?"

Pearl hadn't actually fainted, so the news was welcome, but Richard wondered why she had chosen to play along.

"I was pretending. He said the ginkgo was in the room, and I didn't believe someone as cautious as him would do that. I went along with his plan and discovered he had it on him," Pearl replied, holding up a glass bottle containing the ginkgo.

Richard shook his head and smiled. "Hugo is going to lose his mind."

"Who cares? It's his fault for being so annoying."

Richard stole a glance at Pearl, ensuring she was truly unharmed, and let out a sigh of relief. "How did you recognize that he had used a scented drug?"

"It was a basic one, and I could tell immediately by the smell. I didn't even bother making it when I first started learning about medicine," Pearl explained dismissively, looking down at the drug used by Hugo

with disdain.

Richard had momentarily forgotten that the woman he had been so concerned about was, fact, a medical genius. There was no reason for him to worry.

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Pearl had a sudden realization. “Hold on, why are you here? Weren’t you unconscious?”

“After waking up, I realized you weren’t around, so I came here based on what I overheard while I was unconscious,” Richard explained, his expression darkening. He was grateful he had arrived in time. If

Hugo had more vile intentions, the situation could have been far worse.

“Let’s get back quickly. Once I get the medicine ready, both Blake and you will be fine.”

“Okay.” Richard nodded and followed her back to the Jordans’ residence.

The process was quick. There was some stirring and grinding, and soon a bottle of yellow medication was ready, placed on the table.

“We won’t have the necessary tools to make pills, but this form is just as effective. Take it,” Pearl instructed.

Richard picked up the bottle and examined the medicine. He raised an eyebrow and jokingly said,

“What if you’re trying to poison me?”

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Pearl appeared to be enjoying herself. “If you feel like dying, I’d have to transfer all assets into my name. Besides, no one in their right mind would use such an expensive medicine as poison. It’s far too costly. I would just choke you while you sleep.”

Pearl was right. The price of ginkgo had skyrocketed and was beyond the reach of most people. It would be wasteful to use it as poison.

However, the way she said it was amusing, causing Richard to burst into laughter.

“Why are you laughing?” Pearl asked.

“Because you’re adorable,” he replied honestly.

“What’s so adorable about me?” Pearl put her hands on her waist and gave him an indignant glare, like a child upset about being teased.

Richard gazed at her and smiled. “Everything.” It made sense. Pearl was tall with slender, fair limbs, but she lacked certain... curves.

Pearl immediately understood what he meant. She covered her chest and returned his gaze, then clicked her tongue. "I could say the same about you."

Although her words didn't anger him, his eyes darkened, and his expression became rather menacing.

Pearl failed to realize the seriousness of her comment, so when she saw his smile fade, she thought she had won the playful banter and nodded proudly. "What? Are you angry now? It's fine, Richard, even if you're really... I still wouldn't think less of you."

Richard controlled his anger, his tone returning to normal. "Do you want to find out?"

"Find out what?"

"What do you think?" he replied with a suggestive tone.

Pearl blushed and didn't dare to make any more teasing remarks. She sat by the bed, looking a little distraught.

Richard flicked her forehead. "Watch what you say, or I might take them to heart."

Pearl, lacking experience in certain matters, still grasped his implication and stepped back. "Stay here. I'm off to the hospital to help Blake." Without waiting for Richard to respond, she hurriedly left the room.

Before Richard could say anything, the door slammed shut. A slight smile formed on his lips as he recalled her frantic departure.

It was going to happen... sooner or later.

Chapter 330

Pearl ran out the door, her heart thumping with nervousness. She took a moment to compose herself before driving to the hospital with the medicine.

Blake was sitting on his hospital bed, engrossed in watching a competition on TV. He appeared to be in good spirits.

"I made the medicine, Blake." She tossed the bottle to him.

Blake examined the silvery-white bottle with curiosity. "This bottle is quite small. Will it be enough?" It was only about the length of a finger. Would it provide an adequate dose?

"Open it, and you'll see." Pearl was too lazy to explain, so she wanted him to see for himself.

Blake opened the bottle, and a scent wafted out. It was light but pleasant, the unique scent of ginkgos.

Inside the bottle was a gel-like substance. Blake pressed it with a finger, and it felt warm to the touch.

He asked, intrigued, "Do I apply this to my back?"

Pearl gave him a half-smile. "You can also ingest it. I'll have three stomach pumps ready for you."

Aware that she was mocking him, Blake felt annoyed. "Who's going to help me apply this?"

Pearl flatly rejected the idea. "Why are you looking at me? Definitely not me." Considering their current situation and Blake's temperamental nature, she wasn't about to put herself in an awkward position.

Then, an idea seemed to strike her, and she smiled mischievously. "Maybe you can ask Glenn for help.

It might help improve your relationship."

"I don't want him." Blake's ears turned red.

A nurse who had just entered the room couldn't resist chiming in, "Mister Blake, I can help you. I quite enjoy applying medication..."

Looking at the burly nurse who appeared demure but had the build of a linebacker, Blake quickly turned to Pearl. "Call Glenn right now!"

Pearl pressed her lips together to suppress a laugh, not wanting to hurt the nurse's feelings. If she laughed, it might bring her bad karma.

She quickly sent a text, and Glenn soon arrived. However, when he learned that he was being asked to

help Blake apply the medicine, he scoffed, "What? Do you think I'm Mister Blake's nanny?"

Blake, still flustered from earlier, snapped, "Enough. Just do it." He then lay facedown on the bed.

"Sure, Mister Blake." Glenn lifted Blake's shirt and gently applied the gel to his back.

Pearl watched, but Glenn was nonchalant about it. However, his hand slipped, and he accidentally pressed on Blake's wound.

Blake slapped Glenn's arm. "Ouch, watch it! That hurts! You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

Glenn defended himself, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

"Pearl, why would anyone want a woman like you?" Blake's twisted expression had now returned to normal.

"A woman like me? I have a boyfriend. You're the one who's single." If Blake didn't save her, Pearl would have slapped him to teach him a lesson.

'Boyfriend...' Glenn used a bit more force and again pressed on Blake's wound.

"What are you doing, Glenn?" Blake howled in pain.

"Oh," Glenn responded casually, "my hand slipped."