

YOUR GUISE 341

Chapter 341

Pearl was about to introduce Felix as her cousin, but the next second, Felix started introducing himself,

“I’m not a troublemaker. I am Felix, captain of FX E-Sports, the top-ranked e-sports club in the country.”

“Oh, so you’re the eldest son of the Jordan family, the e-sports enthusiast.” Richard’s expression brightened upon hearing the Jordan surname.

“Yes, that’s right,” Felix said proudly.

“So, you came to find me this time because you want to recruit me into your team? Let me make it clear beforehand, I don’t have the time to stay long-term in your club, nor am I interested in e-sports.”

Pearl gazed at Felix’s handsome but somewhat childish face and couldn’t help but feel like something was missing in his brain.

Good-looking? Undoubtedly. Perhaps some intelligence went into exchange for that.

Although Felix appeared disappointed, Pearl remained firm, and he understood he couldn’t force her. “I

know you don’t want to join our team. I’m actually here to invite you to participate in a team match. One

of our teammates had a car accident, and I—”

“Why not find another person from your team to take his place?” Pearl didn’t particularly care.

Felix waved off the idea and praised Pearl’s skills, “He plays a crucial role as a marksman, and he’s the

best in the team. Given your diverse and versatile skills, I thought you’d be a suitable replacement.”

“Well... alright.” Pearl looked at him with a bit of reluctance but didn’t want to refuse outright. She could

only agree to go to the club with him.

“Fantastic!” Felix cheered.

Suddenly, Richard interjected, “I’ll come along.”

Puzzled, Pearl turned to Richard. “Why are you coming along with us? You’re not a gamer.”

“I’d like to learn. Is that not allowed?” Richard persisted, masking his underlying motives. The club was

full of men. If any of them had inappropriate intentions toward Pearl, as her rightful boyfriend, he

intended to ward off any advances. It was better to nip any budding flames in the bud!

Felix welcomed the idea. “Sure, come with us.”

The trio departed, with Richard driving them to the FX E-Sports clubhouse. Upon entering, three men

approached them, curious about the unfamiliar faces.

“Boss, you’re back. Who’s this...”

Initially carefree, the three of them became serious when they saw a pretty young girl standing beside

Felix.

As for Richard by her side, he was indeed handsome, but his aura was too cold, so they just pretended

not to notice him.

“This is my cousin, Pearl,” Felix introduced Pearl.

One man extended his hand, aiming to shake hands with Pearl. “Pearl, you’re quite pretty. Can we be

friends?”

“Sure...” Pearl smiled and was about to reciprocate when Richard swiftly intervened, shaking the man’s

hand instead, “She already has plenty of friends. However, I’m open to being friends with you.”

It was a typical display of protectiveness. Richard’s jealousy was palpable, and Pearl managed a

forced smile. “Apologies, he’s always like this. He feels neglected and craves attention. Just offer him

a bit more warmth, will you?”

At first thinking it was a case of romantic jealousy, the man changed his mind after hearing Pearl’s

explanation. He gave Richard's shoulder a friendly pat, saying, "Make yourself at home here. If you run into any problems, don't hesitate to reach out."

As he said this, the man tried to put his arm around Richard, but the latter promptly took hold of his hand, stopping him.

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The man winced in excruciating pain, feeling as though his wrist was being torn apart. He wailed, "Ow, ow, ow! Man, I was just trying to be friendly! Why'd you hurt me?"

"Don't touch me," Richard snapped, flinging the man's arm away.

Rubbing his sore wrist, the man muttered, "Pearl, your friend's got a strange vibe, I don't think I'll get along with him. It requires a lot of patience to handle someone like that, let alone think about a relationship. Sure, he's good-looking, but his attitude would only appeal to someone with a masochistic streak."

Richard shifted his gaze to Pearl, a glare of resentment on his face. "Why not just tell them I'm your boyfriend?"

Observing Richard's attractive face, it seemed as if he bore the weight of hurt behind those S**y double

eyelids, maybe even teardrops teetering at the brink. It did pull at Pearl's heartstrings ever so slightly-

the pretty-boy strategy was quite effective.

Pearl coughed lightly. "This is my boyfriend. I'm the one with the masochistic tendencies."

It wasn't about masochism; it was dealing with a boyfriend who felt wronged over trivial matters. It left

her feeling inadequate.

The three men were taken aback and refrained from further teasing Pearl. They knew that pushing it

might lead Richard to inflict serious harm, and they needed their hands intact for gaming!

Meanwhile, Felix, focused on business, suggested, "Let's head to the training room."

Confused by the strange expressions of the three men, Felix asked, "What's the matter? Something

wrong with your eyes?"

The three men were speechless!

"Boss, isn't the training room strictly for club members? Why bring Pearl there?" one of them reminded

Felix.

Realizing his omission, Felix apologized and introduced them, "Pearl, meet FX's BirdsofPrey,

Superscion, and RadishX.” He then said to the trio, “Pearl will substitute for Woofreborn in the team match.”

“Her?!” BirdsofPrey’s jaw nearly hit the floor. “Boss, are you kidding? Woofreborn plays a crucial role as the marksman, and you’re replacing him with her?”

Superscion shared the concern, expressing, “Boss, we’re facing AD E-Sports, the rising star of this year. If we lose, it’ll bomb our reputation in the e-sports scene.”

In contrast, RadishX didn’t mind. “Pearl is stunning. She doesn’t need to play seriously. A few smiles at the opposition would throw them off. We’re guaranteed to win.”

Pearl quipped, “Everything’s part of the plan, right?”

Felix gave them a stern look. “A few days ago, I lost a ivi match against her.” BirdsofPrey frowned. “But one match doesn’t prove much. Who’s to say...”

“Two matches.”

“Pearl, that’s incredible!”

All three gave Pearl their thumbs up in unison, acknowledging Pearl’s remarkable feat. Someone

defeating Felix in two consecutive matches was unprecedented, perhaps only Felix in his prime could

achieve that. Pearl was exceptional.

“I’d still like to test your true strength,” BirdsofPrey said, now serious despite his casual tone. “Can I challenge you to a 1v1? I’m the second-best in the club. If you beat me, I’ll acknowledge your skill.”

Pearl agreed, “Sure, where do you want to do it?”

“Right here,” BirdsofPrey pointed confidently.

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Both equipped their phones and initiated the 1v1 mode in Kings.

Birdsofprey was known for his mastery in dominating the top lane using Astraea, demonstrating exceptional skill.

Pearl knew that his aim was to crush her. After all, defeating her meant defeating Felix indirectly, a chance nob*dy wanted to miss.

In a bid to fill the marksman role, Pearl opted for Orionix, a hero renowned for their exceptional skill set, considered top-tier in the marksman category. However, her choice was influenced not only by Orionix’s prowess but also their aesthetically pleasing appearance.

Pearl maneuvered Orionix with incredible agility across the battlefield, effortlessly navigating the

canyon. In contrast, BirdsofPrey's control over Astraea seemed somewhat cumbersome. Before long,

BirdsofPrey found his screen fading to black, a testament to his struggles.

Throughout the match, Pearl's Orionix exhibited extraordinary expertise, repeatedly outmaneuvering

BirdsofPrey's Astraea. Instead of pushing towers aggressively, Pearl observed the minions' progress.

When BirdsofPrey's crystal teetered on the brink of collapse, Pearl decisively tapped "Surrender" from

the top right corner.

Pearl lost, or rather, Pearl won and humiliated BirdsofPrey.

Seeing the "Victory" on the screen, Birds of Prey' face flushed red. He hadn't expected Pearl to choose

to surrender at the last moment, making his defeat even more embarrassing.

"Want to continue?" Pearl relaxed, placing her phone down.

BirdsofPrey could accept the outcome. If even Felix couldn't defeat her, it was understandable that he

couldn't either.

"Your looks and gaming skills are a great combination, Pearl. Ever thought about live streaming? With

your beauty, voice, and talent in gaming, you'd quickly rise as a popular streamer!" RadishX gushed,

clearly mesmerized by both Pearl's appearance and gaming abilities.

Pearl couldn't help but chuckle. "That's a pretty good idea!"

"I have my own streaming account with quite a few followers." RadishX proudly displayed his account.

Seeing the five million followers displayed on the screen, Pearl cheered him on with a smile, "That's amazing! I believe you'll hit ten million soon."

"You have thirty million followers. Aren't you embarrassed to say that?" Richard mercilessly exposed Pearl.

she

Pearl had a huge fanbase due to her persona as Nancie. However, for the past two years, had been in a semi-retired state from the entertainment industry, not releasing any new songs. How could these people from the e-sports club, who were solely focused on gaming, recognize her?

"Thirty million followers? Who are you?" RadishX's mouth fell open in disbelief.

Finding it challenging to conceal her identity any longer, Pearl had to confess, "I'm Nancie, that's my other identity."

“Nancie?! I absolutely adore your songs! I listen to your ‘Goodnight’ every single night before bed. It’s amazing!” RadishX’s eyes widened with excitement.

Pearl pursed her lips playfully. “Are you sure it isn’t called ‘Goodnight Goodnight’?”

Beside her, BirdsofPrey burst into laughter, holding his stomach. “Ahahaha! You’re a fake fan!

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Embarrassed, RadishX rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. “I just forgot. My memory’s not that great.”

“A guy who can remember every gaming skill but forgets the title of your favorite singer’s song?

RadishX, with that memory of yours, you still call yourself a fan? How embarrassing,” teased

Superscion.

Meanwhile, Felix’s attention was solely on the upcoming team match. He wanted to get the practice session going. “Okay, let’s head into the training room now and get acquainted with each other. Let’s stop messing around.”

The trio instantly dropped their smiles and transitioned into serious mode. “Understood.” Pearl glanced

back at Richard and asked, "Are you coming in with us?"

Richard shook his head. "I'll wait here for you. Your training needs a quiet environment without distractions."

Pearl admired Richard's maturity, until he ruined it with an unexpected request.

"Give me a k*ss before you go." Richard lightly tapped his cheek, hinting at where she should k*ss him.

Pearl was embarrassed. He had even chosen the spot for her! This was really unexpected!

"Go ahead and k*ss. We'll pretend we didn't see anything." The people around tactfully covered their eyes.

Pearl was flabbergasted. "I can see your face through your fingers, RadishX." She chuckled at his half-hearted attempt to cover his eyes.

RadishX chuckled, then tightly closed his eyes.

Richard raised his chin. "Come on, quick peck."

With mixed emotions of embarrassment and annoyance, Pearl reluctantly k*ssed his cheek

"Woohoo, smackdown!" RadishX's voice cut through the silence. Being a dedicated fan of pairing

people together, witnessing this was a triumph for him.

Felix stepped in at the right moment. "Alright, let's head in.

Pearl shot RadishX a fierce glare, causing the latter to shrink back, feeling a bit intimidated by her sudden change in demeanor.

Upon entering the training room, contrary to Pearl's expectations, it was brightly lit.

As Pearl settled down at the table and started the game, she put on her communication headset, ready to engage with the team.

At the start, they picked their lineups, and Pearl frowned as it seemed the opponents had an advantage over them.

Minutes into the game, the tables turned drastically, leaving the opponents in disarray, constantly retreating.

Finally, victorious, Pearl took off her headset, puzzled. "Were they bots? How did we dominate despite the huge disadvantage?"

Superscion awkwardly smiled. "They're our teammates, but, uh, they might need a bit more practice..."

"Just a bit? That team fight was a giveaway! We were at their gates in seven minutes. It's practically a

six-minute forfeit!”

Well.. Pearl’s words did make some sense. However, this incident made them truly understand her skills, and they all admired her even more.

“Pearl, are you sure you wouldn’t consider joining our club? With your skills, you’d be unbeatable with some training!”

Feal adjusted her headset and said, “But none of you can beat me. What’s the use of traluing here?”

Her statement left them speechless. She effortlessly defeated the reigning champions, proving her to be almost invincible.

“Let’s prepare for the team match in two days. By the way, Pearl, any feedback for them?”

Looking at each of their faces, Pearl smiled. “BirdsofPrey, your top lane is too rigid, it seems like you live in the opposing lane. Superscion, your mid-lane skills are superb, but you need to focus more on support, not just solo kills. You need to brush up on your support skills. As for RadishX...’

”

RadishX looked excited, anticipating her critique. However, Pearl chuckled. “Your problem is you walk

too slowly, but it's just your short legs' fault."

RadishX, who had a plump figure, felt unhappy after hearing this comment. "So what if they're short? I

didn't grow up eating at your place!"

"I meant the hero's legs, not yours," Pearl clarified helplessly.

Curious, Felix asked, "What about me?"

"I'm not sure how to put it. Your play style is... a sacrifice-oriented role, perhaps?"

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Sacrifice-oriented... Did she mean he was playing like a suicide squad?

Felix compared his stats with Pearl's. He had died twice while Pearl, not only the MVP, hadn't died

even once. She was truly a gaming deity.

It had been a while since Felix faced an opponent so evenly matched, even surpassing him, which

filled his heart with a thrilling sense of challenge and an overwhelming admiration. "Okay, I'm out."

Pearl didn't want to stay too long. Richard was waiting outside, and if she lingered, he wouldn't be

pleased.

"Pearl, why don't you stay at the club for a couple of days? We have everything here, and we'll make

sure you're comfortable." Birdsof Prey wasn't willing to let her go so easily.

Pearl shook her head. "My boyfriend is still waiting for me outside, and I have to go home..." "No need

to go home! We can arrange everything for your boyfriend too. Can't you stay?" Seeing their

persistence, Pearl felt puzzled. "Why do you insist on me staying here? It should be enough if I were

here for the team match, right?"

"Well, there are many young and spirited kids in our club. We need you to put them in their place."

RadishX smirked mischievously.

Pearl's mouth twitched, finding their behavior inexplicably childish.

"Alright, enough teasing. We realize there are aspects of our play that need adjusting to sync with you.

Our win rate will be higher if we coordinate effectively with your style."

"Fine, I'll stay, but only until after this team match," Pearl reluctantly agreed.

Seeing her finally relenting, Felix also felt relieved. "Great, let's continue training."

The five of them resumed their relentless training.

As the night's lights began to shine, Pearl, feeling tired, stretched. "I'm done. I'm exhausted."

Suddenly, she remembered that Richard was still waiting outside and widened her eyes in shock. "Oh

no! I forgot about Richard!”

Pearl took off her headphones and walked out. She immediately spotted Richard sitting alone on the couch, supporting his head with one hand, seemingly dozing off.

‘Huh, even while sleeping, he’s so attractive.’

Pearl shook her head, trying to dispel the whimsical thoughts in her mind, and leaned in to look at his face.

“Richard,” Pearl softly called out, intending to poke his face with her finger, but the person in front of her

instantly opened his eyes.

In the dark night, those pitch-black eyes sparkled with an inexplicable light. When she gazed into them, they held an enchanting allure, pulling her into their depths.

Pearl’s hand was unexpectedly grasped, and before she could respond, she found herself wrapped in his embrace.

“Richard, you weren’t asleep?”

“I dozed off for a bit. You were gone for quite some time. Had to catch a bit of shut-eye to make it

through." Richard's voice was faintly hoarse, evidence of his recent nap.

Feeling guilty, Pearl said, "I'm sorry, I lost track of time while training."

"Don't apologize. Say 'I love you' instead," Richard murmured in Pearl's ear.

For a moment, Pearl was stunned, surprised by the sudden affection. She looked up in amazement,

but immediately, Richard's lips sealed hers in a passionate kiss, carrying both aggression and his

unique tenderness.

In a corner, the other four people shivered, not daring to go out.

"Isn't this a bit inappropriate for minors?"

"Shut up! Your voice is too loud. We might get caught!"

The four of them engaged in a playful banter. As they raised their heads to peek again, the pair

previously locked in a passionate kiss suddenly stood before them, particularly Pearl, whose smile

seemed uncannily eerie.

"Do

you think I'll gouge out your eyes?"

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The four guys quivered, wanting to explain but not knowing where to start,

“How long have you been watching?” Pearl asked nonchalantly.

started k*ssing.”

RadishX was an honest kid. “We’ve been watching since you

Pearl felt her blood pressure surge, but after all, they had indulged in something private in a public place, so she couldn’t really blame these guys. Eventually, she let the matter slide.

During the next day’s practice, the four of them couldn’t meet Pearl’s gaze. She sensed their unease throughout the session and suggested ending it early—a proposal they all agreed to without hesitation.

After all, the bonding was pretty much done, and there was no fun in practicing further when there wasn’t much more to learn.

As they bid Pearl farewell with relieved smiles, the tension eased.

Soon, the day of the match arrived. Pearl accompanied Felix and the rest in their car to the competition venue.

As soon as they entered the venue, a burly man approached them. Sporting a one-inch scar on his

brow, he gave them a somewhat intimidating appearance, coupled with a smile that seemed rather malicious.

Alarm bells rang in Pearl's mind as she watched Felix exchange pleasantries with him. She realized he was their ultimate opponent-the captain of AD E-sports team, Draco Murray.

As the match would be broadcast live, a crowd of fans and journalists had gathered outside.

Addressing the reporters, Draco chuckled. "I have full confidence in our team. AD will surely beat FX."

Felix remained unfazed by the taunts. When handed the microphone, he simply quipped, "Where do we claim our rewards after the match?"

The crowd fell silent.

Soon, it was time for the match. Pearl and Felix settled into their seats, donned their headphones, and immersed themselves in battle mode.

During the hero selection phase, they encountered a big problem: the opponent banned all the support heroes RadishX excelled at, making RadishX flustered.

"It seems they've planned this. They've researched RadishX's commonly used heroes in advance to target him." Felix frowned, feeling a little worried.

Pearl, however, remained composed. "It's fine, RadishX, choose Yorgu and follow my lead."

BirdsofPrey tried to dissuade her, "Pearl, using the Hero Link feature makes you an easy target. Aren't you worried?"

"Not at all, as long as we coordinate well."

Gritting his teeth, RadishX selected Yorgu.

The match began, and to everyone's surprise, RadishX gave away first blood, and the

"Sorry, Pearl, I..."

"It's alright, take your time."

Pearl focused on controlling her hero. Playing as Lunaelle, her skills were exceptionally agile. She

quickly dodged all the skills, simultaneously sending the opponents back to their base and securing a

double kill.

Soon, the game ended, and Pearl's team secured a resounding victory.

"It's ridiculous! They even have a girl playing a lousy support role on their side."

"This Yorgu is disgusting. He always jumps in at the worst moments, getting us counter-killed."

When Pearl took off her headphones, she heard these comments and couldn't help chuckling.

RadishX frowned. "Pearl, why aren't you angry? They're insulting us!"

Pearl arched an eyebrow, looking unimpressed. "They're praising you. Praising how well you play

Yorgu that it disgusts them."

Looking at it from another perspective, that was indeed the case.

RadishX chuckled. "So, when they said you're only good as support, is that praise for you too?"

Pearl rolled her eyes. "That means they're complete idiots. I'm clearly playing as a marksman. Do they

even understand this game?"

The opponents stood up in anger after hearing Pearl's response.

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Fresh from a defeat, the entire opponent team stewed in sour moods.

Listening to the insults flung their way only fueled their indignation. But the halftime break was brief,

and they had to regroup for the next round.

The game consisted of three rounds, yet only two wins were necessary to secure victory. If Team FX

clinched this round, they could bid goodbye to the sore losers from AD team.

As soon as Pearl put on her headphones, the match began. However, an eerie silence filled their headsets-no sound. They observed the opponents communicating freely while they grappled with a headset malfunction, stirring panic.

However, relying on good sportsmanship, the team steadied themselves and dived into the game. Who said a lack of communication meant they couldn't play? The cohesion they had honed for so long didn't vanish just because they couldn't talk in-game.

The match was incredibly tough. Many things couldn't be explained without communication. Soon enough, the opponents had pushed to their high ground.

On Pearl's team, they initially started out with five team members, but now, she was the only one left.

The opponents had four heroes still in the game, and they were aggressively toppling towers.

Pearl calmed down, baited enemy skills, and then swiftly maneuvered into the tower's range.

Seeing her low health, the opponents chased, but Pearl flashed aside, cleared the minions, and redirected the tower damage toward them.

In a swift move, she executed a series of skills, securing a quadruple kill!

Fueled by this turnaround, Felix, the jungle role player, revived with renewed vigor, charging straight for the opponents' crystal, demolishing towers en route.

Before the opponents could recover, FX's revived team, led by the rejuvenated Felix, stormed and obliterated their crystal!

The game ended-it was a triumphant comeback against the odds.

With two decisive wins, the opponents felt utterly defeated. As they removed their headsets, their collective glare fell on Pearl.

"This woman's playing style is disgusting. Was that really her playing?"

"She's got to be hacking. How else could she play this well?"

"I swear, it feels like we landed multiple hits, but she barely lost any health."

Pearl heard their mutterings and couldn't help but chuckle. She arched an eyebrow disdainfully, saying,

"Why are you all staring at me? What a bunch of fools."

Felix: "Useless."

BirdsofPrey: "Trash."

Superscion: “Embarrassing.”

RadishX, after a long pause, quipped: “Bad people!”

Pearl:”

The opponents, stung by Pearl’s side’s mocking insults, demanded a recheck of her records.” How’s she MVP? How’d they win?”

Unfazed, Pearl remarked, “Check all you want. If you find anything, I’ll admit defeat.”

“Where did this woman come from? How can a woman play this well?”

Pearl sneered, “What’s wrong with a woman playing well?”

Soon, the recheck result came out, confirming that Pearl hadn’t used any cheats.

Draco’s face paled with disbelief. “Impossible! We don’t believe it. Pearl can’t be this amazing!

“Why not?”

Draco sneered, “A completely unknown player suddenly learns to play the game and defeats everyone? It’s definitely not real!”

Pearl adjusted her earpiece. “What day is it today?”

“Don’t change the subject.” Draco was about to continue arguing with Pearl when suddenly, the

trembling hand of one of his teammates grabbed his hand.

“Draco! Draco! Look!”

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Agitated, Draco impatiently turned his head toward his teammate and snapped, “What is it?!” “Today’s top spot on the leaderboard is under the name ‘Pearl’!”

Today happened to be Monday. They had been on a rigorous training regimen for today’s team match for the past several days, that’s why they hadn’t checked the leaderboard lately. They were stunned to find ‘Pearl’ topping it-coincidentally, the same person who had just decimated their entire team.

A tinge of unease settled in Draco’s mind, yet he persisted, “Impossible! That must be Felix using another alias!”

But soon, he noticed the second position on the leaderboard, displayed as “Mad Felix.”

“I haven’t used this name before, but I anticipated your doubt. So I switched it back,” Pearl retorted sardonically. “Do you need me to log in and prove I’m the top-ranked player?”

Embarrassment crept over Draco, but he didn’t want to create a scene on live broadcast. He clenched his teeth and apologized to Pearl, “I’m sorry for the misunderstanding.”

After apologizing, he was prepared to lead his teammates away.

“Don’t rush off just yet. Let’s sort out some private matters first.” Pearl stopped them.

Draco, cautious not to offend further, responded gently, “Is there anything private? We’re not personally

acquainted.”

Pearl dropped a headset in front of Draco. “Mr. Draco, care to explain why our headsets lost all audio during the match?”

Draco began to sweat profusely. “You should ask the organizers about that. Why ask me?”

“The surveillance footage caught you unplugging our headset cables, leaving us to play without sound.

It’s evident how amateurish you are.”

Draco feigned ignorance. “Surveillance? What surveillance?” There was no surveillance at this competition venue, as far as he knew.

“Well, when I arrived earlier, I noticed there was no surveillance here. To avoid unnecessary issues, I installed the pinhole cameras I carry around with me.” Pearl smirked, casting the surveillance footage on the big screen. “Take a look for yourself. Is this you?”

On the screen, Draco looked around discreetly. When everyone wasn't paying attention, he sneakily came to FX's side, unplugged their headset, and sl*pped away.

He was smart, avoiding direct view of the live cameras, creating an illusion of going to the restroom.

But he didn't expect Pearl to have an ace up her sleeve.

Pearl ridiculed him openly, "Too eager to win, but not that sharp, I see. Mister Draco, this just shows what your club is all about!"

With these words spoken, Draco knew he was doomed. Everything that happened here was broadcast live—their club was beyond redemption.

Draco shut his eyes tight. The man who appeared unflappable shed two telling tears.

After the match concluded, it was time for the customary post-game interviews with

journalists. In front of the audience, Draco made a startling announcement, "Today marks the dissolution of the AD Club!"

The AD Club, which had basked in the spotlight for a year, was about to vanish in an instant. Draco departed with his team, their faces filled with desolation.

Following this, Pearl and her teammates stepped forward to field questions.

“Miss Pearl, how did you perform so remarkably in the game?”

Pearl offered a faint smile and replied, “With my hands.”

The journalist pressed on, “Could you offer some advice to young, aspiring gamers?”

After a brief pause, Pearl responded, “Love learning, play fewer games.”

The journalist, feeling somewhat disheartened, turned to Felix nearby. “Mister Felix, any comments from your end?”

Felix, finally in the spotlight, grinned. “Where do we go to receive the award?”

The journalist felt utterly defeated and hurriedly left.

And so, the tournament came to an end. Pearl rose to fame as the new gaming sensation, inspiring a wave of “Pearl style” gameplay among gamers, particularly those aiming for precision shooting.

Even the game developers, noticing the surge in players favoring the marksman role, began significantly tweaking marksmen to maintain game equilibrium. But that discussion was reserved for the future.

Pearl returned to the club to find Richard waiting there for her. His expression seemed uneasy and

disheartened as he spoke, “Pearl, I have to head back to Enswood for a few days. There are some issues at the company. It should only take a week.”

Feeling unexpectedly melancholic for a moment, Pearl nodded quietly. “It’s okay, you should go.”

Letting out a heavy sigh, Richard took a step forward and embraced Pearl gently. “Remember to miss me.”

He still managed to act so proud even when leaving. Pearl, however, stood her ground. ‘ Whether I’ll miss you or not depends on my schedule!’

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“No time to miss me? I’ll be gone for a week, not dead for a week. I have ways to check in with you.”

Richard frowned suddenly.

Pearl was at a loss for words.

Before his departure, Richard insisted Pearl accompany him to the airport. Their parting felt like a temporary farewell. Felix and the others were reluctant to see Pearl leave, especially RadishX, who seemed on the brink of tears.

With tears in his eyes, RadishX said in a somber tone, “Pearl, can’t you stay? If you go, I’ll have to listen to your song ‘Good Night’ to fall asleep again.”

Pearl nursed her line. “It’s actually called ‘Good Night Good Night! H

RadishX choked up, his voice wavering as he teared up. BirdsofPrey added, “Pearl, would you consider joining us for next year’s team matches?”

“Sure,”

Felix stared at Pearl for a moment and asked, “Out of the prize money, there’s 500 thousand dollars for you. Should I transfer it via Venmo or Paypal?”

“No need, add it to the club funds.” Pearl politely declined the money and hurriedly bid her farewells.

She then accompanied Richard to the airport.

After seeing Richard off, Pearl received an unexpected phone call from Master Jordan.

“Hello, Pearl, a friend’s grandson is arriving in the city today. Can you help me pick him up from the airport? I’m getting old, and there’s no one else to help. Would you be willing to...” Even though she suspected it was a setup, Pearl reluctantly agreed. She even wondered if the old man had sent someone to monitor her movements.

“Great, I’ve already informed him. Just wait for him at the exit,” Master Jordan said before hanging up.

Pearl had a premonition. The person her grandfather had asked her to pick up probably had a significant connection to her.

True to Master Jordan’s word, the mentioned flight soon landed at Bodgow Airport.

Pearl stood at the exit, scanning the crowd. Suddenly, she spotted a familiar figure among people. The person walked toward her, smiling.

“Miss Pearl, long time no see.

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Pearl looked on in surprise. She gazed at the man standing before her, impeccably dressed in a suit, exuding an elegant smile.

Her mind was alert, cautious. “Mister Raymond, what brings you also to Bodgow?”

“Also? Is there someone else coming to Bodgow?” There was a hint of surprise in Raymond’s eyes.

Pearl was straightforward in her reply. “My grandfather requested me to pick up someone, his friend’s grandson.”

“Could that someone be me?” Raymond innocently pointed to himself.

Pearl was taken aback. “No way,” she replied, not expecting the person she was supposed to pick up to be right in front of her.

“What else did your grandfather say?” Raymond asked, waving his hand in front of her as she hesitated. “Still there? Lost in thought?”

Pearl snapped back to reality. She realized Raymond was standing unusually close to her, and she subconsciously took a step back. “Alright, he asked me to take you safely to the Jordan residence.”

“Why don’t we leave now?” Raymond suggested.

Pearl shrugged, looking helpless. “I can’t drive. Mister Raymond, can you call a taxi?”

“No problem, I can drive,” Raymond replied with a light smile.

“I don’t have a car,” Pearl stated helplessly.

Raymond chuckled, a hint of pride on his face. “I do.”

“I’m not used to sitting in other people’s cars.” Pearl really didn’t want to have any association with him.

Raymond understood her meaning, “So, you mean you don’t want to go back with me, right?”

“You catch on quickly.”

Raymond once again closed the distance between them, leaning close to Pearl’s ear, his voice low and mischievous. “Are you afraid I’ll eat you up...’

Before Raymond could finish, Pearl had distanced herself, rubbing her ear in discomfort. ” Maintaining a respectful distance between men and women is important, especially when I’m already committed to a relationship. I must keep a boundary with other men.”

Even though Richard wasn’t there, Pearl was unwavering in her moral stance.

“Miss Pearl, your loyalty is admirable. I like you even more. What should I do?”

Raymond’s words only repulsed Pearl further. “Mister Raymond, if that’s how you feel, then I’ll have to keep my distance from you.”

Raymond withdrew his smile. “Of course, I was just teasing you.

“Then let’s go. I’ll drive you back.” Pearl sensed Raymond was merely jesting, without any genuine affection behind his playful demeanor.

Pearl and Raymond got into the car. It was a vehicle Master Jordan had given her, but she

hadn't driven it much. The car's delicate pink exterior and petite size made Pearl inexplicably embarrassed.

Accustomed to driving race cars, handling this dainty little sports car suddenly made her uncomfortable.

Pearl took Raymond back to the Jordan residence. Throughout the journey, Raymond was particularly chatty.

"Pearl, guess who insisted I come back this time?"

Pearl ignored him.

"It was your grandfather."

Pearl remained silent, taking a turn.

Raymond kept talking nonstop, "Aren't you curious why your grandfather asked me to come here?"

Pearl's mouth felt dry from listening, and she grabbed a nearby bottle of water and took a sip.

Little did she know, the next moment Raymond would shock her by saying, "Your grandfather said he wants me to become his grandson-in-law."

Pfft-

Chapter 350

Pearl accidentally sprayed water all over Raymond's face.

Raymond suddenly regretted telling her about this matter. He looked at the spots of water stains on his

light-colored suit, feeling a bit upset.

"Raymond, do you find it amusing to joke like this?" Pearl glared at him, wishing she could kick him out

of the car.

"I wasn't joking." Raymond wiped his clothes with a tissue while giving an honest reply.

Pearl couldn't stand him anymore. She pressed the gas pedal, accelerating to a hundred kilometers per

hour, speeding away.

When they reached the Jordan residence, Raymond staggered as he got out of the car, barely

managing to stand.

"I feel sick." Raymond's queasiness surged, threatening to make him vomit.

"Serves you right!" Pearl strode past him, heading to the living room.

"Eh?" Master Jordan, seeing only Pearl's return, was perplexed. "Where's the person I asked you to

pick up?”

Pearl gestured behind her.

It was only then that Master Jordan noticed Raymond staggering inside. Uncertain, he asked, “Is he...

hurt?”

Raymond hurriedly explained, “No, it’s just motion sickness.” As he sat down in a chair, he slowly

started to feel better.

Master Jordan suddenly brought up Richard, “Pearl, why didn’t Richard come back with you?”

“Richard went back to Enswood. You don’t like him anyway, so why are you asking?” Pearl said

impatiently.

Master Jordan gained confidence through this comparison. “See! I told you Richard is unreliable. His

focus is solely on work. Even if he marries, he won’t be a responsible husband. Look at Raymond, just

a call and he’s here.”

“If a man can easily abandon his work, how can I trust he won’t do the same to me one day?” Pearl

countered smoothly, fl*pping the narrative.

Unable to respond, Master Jordan turned to Raymond for support.

“Pearl has a point. But what if I can offer both emotional support and material comfort?” Raymond suppressed a smile. He had always been addressed formally by her as Mister Raymond and hadn’t expected her sharp tongue.

“If you provide everything, what worth would I retain? I seriously suspect you’re trying to manipulate me

into compliance!” Pearl rebuffed him coldly. What kind of woman would desire such a submissive man?

Raymond felt embarrassed and attempted to explain, “You misunderstood me. I meant-

“Save it. We’re not suitable for each other.” Pearl decisively shut him down.

Surprisingly, Master Jordan found their argument oddly entertaining. “Your bickering reminds me of my time with your grandmother.”

“Enough! Raymond and I will never be together!” Pearl didn’t want to stay here any longer and stood up abruptly.

Angrily, Master Jordan slammed the table. “You’re clueless! I’m doing this for your own good. What does Richard have that Raymond doesn’t? Don’t be foolish!”

Pearl held her ground, swallowing her frustration. "If Raymond is so great, why don't you marry him?"

With those words, she turned away and left without hesitation.

As Pearl vanished from sight, Raymond's expression darkened. "Master Jordan, please don't be upset.

I think Richard is also a suitable match. His family is the wealthiest in Enswood."

Master Jordan sighed deeply. "I know his family is respectable, but Pearl is a Jordan. She can't be

involved with the Waldorfs."