

YOUR GUISE 411

Chapter 411

“Do you really think you can kill me?” Pearl questioned defiantly.

Raymond tightened his grip on her wrist and raised her hand, revealing that he had destroyed her

Bluetooth ring and phone.”

I just destroyed your ring and phone. Who else can you call for help now?”

Pearl’s heart skipped a beat, but she refused to resign to her fate.

At that moment, Raymond’s phone rang.

“Sir, the doctor said we can’t proceed with the blood exchange surgery right now. Pearl...”

Frowning, Raymond increased the pressure on Pearl’s wrist. “What about her?”

“She’s too skinny. If we rush the surgery, she’ll die.”

Raymond hadn’t anticipated this particular complication.

Pearl overheard their phone conversation and quickly thought of a plan.

Raymond gently touched Pearl’s face and frowned. “You must eat properly from now on. I’ll have the

butler deliver your meals on schedule.”

After that, he got up to leave but heard Pearl's aloof voice. "Fine, but I have a condition. I want to move around freely in this villa."

"No." Raymond stopped and turned back to face her. "You're too crafty. I can't let you roam freely."

"Then I won't eat anything."

"I'll kill you silently if you do that."

Pearl couldn't help but condemn him. "You're insane."

"Thank you for the compliment. I can graciously accept being called a madman who sacrifices everything for love."

Pearl shifted her b*dy and protested, "I'm hungry!"

"I'll have the butler bring your food. Just know that this room has excellent sound insulation, and this villa is isolated for miles around. Don't waste your energy."

With that, he turned and left the room.

Pearl lay on the bed, unable to move due to the tight restraints on her limbs.

Meanwhile, Richard grew increasingly concerned when he realized that Pearl had been missing for a considerable amount of time after his video conference.

Despite searching all the places she might have gone to, he couldn't find her.

Wayne hurried to Bodgow overnight after hearing about Pearl's disappearance. "Where was Miss Pearl last seen?"

Richard told him the last clue he found. "She vanished in the underground garage, but she didn't drive away. I didn't notice any suspicious vehicles either."

"So, she was abducted?"

"That seems to be the most plausible explanation."

A particular person came to Wayne's mind, and he asked in surprise, "Could it be Hugo?"

Richard instantly rejected the idea. "No. If he had Pearl, he would have already started negotiations with me. Besides, Pearl isn't his primary target."

"If not Hugo, then who could it be?"

Richard recalled a person who had not made an appearance since he had taken Pearl away. Suddenly, a revelation struck him. "I think I know who it is "

Wayne was puzzled. "Who?"

Richard spoke urgently in a lowered voice, "Find Raymond's address, Wayne, along with all the locations of his personal properties. Act fast!"

Chapter 412

For several days, Pearl endured her captivity in the villa. She was subjected to constant monitoring, being forced to eat various things, and having her weight checked regularly.

Strangely, Raymond had not anticipated that Pearl's weight would remain constant. If anything, it seemed like she was losing weight.

One night, as Pearl's b*dy weakened after a blood test, the door to her room opened. Initially, she thought it was the butler delivering her food, but upon closer inspection, she realized it was a young woman.

The woman appeared to be quite pale, but her eyes sparkled with vitality, and she had a certain charin about her.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Pearl Leighton." Pearl smiled at the woman. "And you are?"

"I'm Angela Wickam." Angel smiled shyly and placed the tray on the side table.

"What's your relationship with Raymond?"

At the mention of Raymond's name, Angela's hands momentarily stiffened, but she then replied firmly,

"He's my boyfriend."

Pearl's suspicion grew upon hearing Angela's words. "You're Raymond's first love."

"Yeah, but why are you here?" Angela inquired, her curiosity piqued by Pearl's captivity and the handcuffs on her limbs.

Angela was quite sheltered and had always been naive. Once she came of age, Raymond always kept her safe in the villa. So, naturally, she felt scared by such a scene.

Sensing Angela's kindness, Pearl realized she might be able to escape with her assistance. She quickly showed a pitiable expression. "I'm being locked up here. Can you help me?"

She hoped to arouse Angela's compassion with her desperate appearance.

"Raymond, that b*stard! How could he kidnap you?" Angela exclaimed, feeling deeply sorry for Pearl as she saw the tears in her eyes. "Please don't cry. But can you tell me why he's keeping you locked up?"

Pearl gazed at Angela with a feeble look and said, "It's because of you."

Angela was momentarily stunned, a sense of dread washing over her. “Is he planning to exchange my blood with yours?”

Pearl nodded without a word.

“That b*stard...” Angela’s voice trembled. “He told me yesterday that I’ll be getting a new blood source from a dying person, who willingly wanted to donate blood. I had no idea...”

Pearl was lying on the bed, her wrists bearing scratches and soreness from her prolonged imprisonment. Angela’s heart ached with deeper sorrow and guilt as she took in the sight.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let him use your blood. I’ll talk to Raymond...”

Pearl began to speak, “Why don’t you help me-” but was cut off when the door swung open unexpectedly. She cursed the unfortunate timing as she saw Raymond standing there.

Raymond, upon seeing Angela, appeared bewildered. “Angela, what...”

Angela stood up with anger in her eyes. “How could you do this, Raymond? Pearl is perfectly healthy, yet you want to exchange my blood with hers?”

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Raymond maintained his calm demeanor, showing no sign of awkwardness despite being exposed.

“But I’m running out of options.”

Angela’s voice carried a mix of anger and frustration as she confronted him, “How can you kill people in exchange for my life. if you’ve run out of options?”

Her words resonated within the room, stirring emotions within Pearl. She couldn’t help but feel admiration for Angela’s compassion, as she herself was willing to give up her blood to save Angela if the young woman were suffering from a terminal illness.

“Don’t worry, Angela. Her life isn’t worth yours,” Raymond said as he walked over and gently embraced Angela, as if she were a fragile porcelain doll. “You want to live a normal life, free from medication, right? I promised I would cure you. I won’t allow anything to happen to you.”

Angela’s tears flowed freely. “But this isn’t what I want. Yes, I want to live normally, but not at the expense of another person’s life.”

“Pearl isn’t healthy and is suffering from a terminal disease. You shouldn’t blame yourself,” Raymond insisted.

Angela pushed Raymond away, her voice filled with anger. "Bullsh*t!"

"Angela, please listen to me..." Raymond began, moving closer to her and gently touching the back of her neck. Suddenly, he struck her with force, rendering her unconscious. He then lifted Angela in his arms, gazing at her with affection. "You're too kind, Angela. I must save you at all costs."

With Angela in his arms, he left the room, and she never returned.

Soon, Pearl's weight reached the suitable level for the surgery. She was given a bath before being placed on the surgery table. Her limbs were shackled, rendering her completely immobile. All she could do was wait for a rescue.

As the anesthesia started to take effect, she watched a fine needle approach her skin. Filled with desperation, she closed her eyes, expecting pain.

However, instead of pain, she heard a strong knock on the door.

Pearl slowly opened her eyes and saw Richard standing at the door, accompanied by a group of people. His face was tense, and his gaze emanated suppressed anger.

"Richard, you're late," Raymond, dressed in a loose surgical gown, remarked as he stood in the room with a menacing expression. He had taken a scalpel from the doctor and aimed it at Pearl's throat.

“I spent a week investigating all 108 of your properties,” Richard replied calmly, though the dark circles under his eyes were evident. “But I arrived just in time, didn’t I?” He was gasping as if he had run there.

“Just in time? I don’t think so, and I always get what I want,” Raymond retorted, wearing a sinister smile as he pressed the scalpel against Pearl’s throat. “If the surgery fails today, Pearl must die.”

Richard’s face contorted with anger and sweat began to bead on his forehead. “You’re insane, Raymond!”

“Indeed, I’m insane, but I did it for my beloved. Aren’t you the same?” Raymond sneered. “Angela has been suffering from her illness for two years. I finally found a perfect blood match that could help her lead a healthy and happy life. But now, because of your love, I have to let Pearl go. Why?”

Raymond was on the brink of losing control, his eyes filled with bloodlust as he glared at Richard. He glanced at Pearl and realized that the scalpel had grazed her throat, causing her to bleed. “If I let her go, what was the point of approaching Pearl for half a month while keeping a low profile?”

“Raymond, you need to stop this, or you’ll regret it,” Richard warned, casting a quick glance at his

assistant nearby.

“What’s there to regret about?” Raymond scoffed and laughed recklessly. But his expression changed rapidly when he noticed the person standing before him.

At that moment, Angela, who was supposed to be unconscious, appeared beside Richard surprisingly.

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“I contacted her first, and she told me that you’ve locked Pearl up here. She then asked me to come and save her quickly,” Richard explained, his eyes filled with icy determination. “Your beloved doesn’t even want you to do such a crazy thing. Don’t you understand that now?”

“Some people want to make use of her kindness, which is selfish,” Raymond retorted, glaring at Richard.

Angela, on the verge of tears, interjected, “I know you did it for me, Ray, but I don’t want this.”

Raymond persisted, “Stop talking. You’re going to live like a normal person soon.” His eyes were filled with adoration, but Angela remained resolute.

“No, I don’t want to!”

For the first time, Angela openly shared her innermost thoughts. Over the years, she had always

obeyed Raymond to avoid causing him any worries. But she couldn't condone this illegal action.

"You'll only make me sad by doing this. Even if I can live like an ordinary person in the future, I can never live with peace of mind," Angela pleaded.

"Angela..." Raymond's smile wavered, his eyes welling up with tears.

"Stop, Raymond. It's more than enough if you love me for the rest of my life."

Angela wasn't used to speaking so much in one go, which left her legs feeling weak, causing her to fall to her knees. Despite the pain from the fall, she continued to plead earnestly with Raymond.

This heartfelt plea left Raymond with complex emotions and a deep sense of disappointment, knowing that he could no longer go through with his plan.

"I can save her," Pearl suddenly broke her silence, capturing their attention.

"You're saying that you can save Angela? Is it true?" Raymond's eyes sparkled with hope.

"Yes, I learned all of Simon's medical skills, and I can try my best to save her. Plus, I can save her as long as you get what I want," Pearl asserted.

"Of course," Raymond replied with trembling excitement, momentarily forgetting that Pearl was Simon's

protege.

He slowly released her and tried to stand up, but Richard's men quickly held him in place.

Angela, struggling to stand, tugged at Richard's sleeve. "Please let Raymond go, Mister Richard. Can you do that now that I've told you where Pearl was?"

Richard remained silent for a moment, but when he saw Pearl's nod, he agreed reluctantly. "Okay, I'll let him go."

As Raymond's arms were released, Angela rushed over and hugged him tightly. "Ray..."

Raymond gently caressed her hair. "I'm fine."

They held each other for a while, leaving Richard with a displeased expression. Eventually, Raymond remembered that he hadn't freed Pearl yet.

When Pearl fell to the floor, Richard rushed to support her.

"You promised to save Angela. Don't break your word."

Pearl rolled her eyes at him, exasperated. "Yes, I promised you, but not right now. You've locked me up for seven days. Can't I take a break?"

Awkward, Raymond was struck speechless. Meanwhile, Angela smiled and nodded. "It's okay, Pearl.

Rest well.”

Pearl sighed softly at the sight of Angela’s pale face. “Don’t worry. I’m sure I’m more reliable than Raymond.” Raymond’s face drained of color, leaving him at a loss for words.

Amused by the situation, Angela said, “You’re the first one to say that. You’re quite funny. No wonder someone as aloof as Mister Richard would fall in love with you. If I were a man, you might have bewitched me.”

“No, I doubt it. She’s too scheming. I prefer a kind and naive girl like you.”

Richard tightened his grip around Pearl’s waist and cast a lowing look at Raymond. “You don’t have a chance either. After all, you failed to make a good impression on her during your time together for half a month.”

way.

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Raymond, typically a calm person, ground his teeth upon hearing Richard’s words. “Richard, do you have to say that just to vex me?”

“That’s grace.”

“Is criticizing others grace?”

Richard glanced at the naive and innocent Angela and responded coldly, “You criticized Pearl first. Do you want me to condemn Angela in return?”

Touching his nose, Raymond replied, “Forget what I said.”

“Alright, I’ll take Pearl home to rest.”

Raymond stopped them and turned to Pearl, asking, “What herbs do you need? I’ll get them for you.”

“Ropalery, allubi, and pure mountain water at an altitude of 6,000 feet.”

Raymond looked genuinely concerned and worried about fulfilling Pearl’s request.

His helpless look amused Pearl. “I’m just kidding. I’ll get the things ready.”

It appeared that having a godfather in the black market did have its perks.

With her plan in mind, Pearl didn’t want to linger any longer. “I’ll be on my way now. I’ll call you when I

have all the herbs ready.”

“Okay, bye.”

Angela burst into hearty laughter, her first genuine laugh since falling ill, at the sight of Raymond’s

defeated expression.

After saying their goodbyes, Pearl and Richard returned to the villa in Bodgow.

The moment they entered, Richard pulled Pearl into a tight embrace. Resting his head on her shoulder,

Richard remained motionless, like a statue.

“I was terrified,” he whispered. “In those first few days when you went missing, I turned Bodgow upside

down searching for you. Then, I focused on tracking Raymond. I couldn’t sleep because I was afraid

something might happen to you if I was too late. It was the first time we’d lost contact for such a long

time. I was afraid I wouldn’t see you again. But fortunately, I managed to rescue you in time. Pearl, it

was the first time I felt such a tremendous sense of accomplishment. I’ve never been so happy, not

even when I expanded Waldorf Enterprises and made it stronger.”

Richard’s words deeply moved Pearl. “Richard...” She hugged his head and gently stroked his hair. “I

know you’re trying hard to love me.”

Richard looked up, revealing tears in his eyes. Although he appeared composed, the moisture on her

shoulder revealed the truth.

“Did you cry, Richard?”

Stubbornly, Richard turned away. "No, I didn't."

"Humph, liar. Your tears soaked my clothes."

Pearl hadn't expected Richard to cry. After all, he had always been an aloof and distant person. Given

his character, he rarely displayed strong emotions, let alone shed tears.

She also couldn't imagine what else could make him cry except the brief crying he had the moment he

was born.

"I was scared." It was a lingering fear, primarily stemming from the terror he experienced when the

needle nearly pierced Pearl's skin.

"Richard" Pearl took a deep breath. "Let's get engaged."

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The word "engagement" struck Richard deeply, and he responded with a resolute "Of course."

"But I need to save Angela first," Pearl added, her concern evident as she thought about Angela's

illness. "I'm going to the black market in Ancard. Come with me."

Richard smiled. "Sure "

After their conversation, Pearl went to sleep and she felt someone guarding her while gently touching

her face. When she woke up, she felt refreshed and walked down the stairs to a delightful smell of food.

“Richard?”

Richard peeked out from the kitchen, spotting her as she descended, still looking a bit sleepy. He greeted her with a warm smile. “I’m cooking. It’ll be ready soon.”

Pearl was taken aback by the sight. Richard, in an apron with flour on his face, holding a pan, looked like... a househusband.

“Richard, if you need help or if you’re being held against your will, blink twice,” Pearl teased as she approached him, poking his cheek

“I’m not being held against my will, and I’m perfectly fine,” Richard replied, his eyes locking onto hers. “I was just worried that you haven’t been eating well these past few days, so I decided to make some food.”

Pearl started shaking when food was brought up. “You guessed wrong. Raymond kept forcing me to

eat because he wanted to do the surgery sooner. I've eaten everything that was possible in the past few days and if I had more, it would be too greedy."

"So you're not going to eat?"

"Of course I am. This is the first time you're cooking. I have to respect that." She couldn't help but be surprised by the spread of food on the table. "Richard, even I can't cook this much. How did you manage it? You've never had to cook for yourself."

Richard had a hint of a playful grin on his face. "I've cooked before, you know."

Pearl's smile froze because all she could think was that he cooked for his ex. "Oh, how did it go?"

Richard didn't catch the change in her tone and answered straightforwardly, "It was terrible. People might even die from eating it." He remembered the expression on his assistant's face after tasting his food, so he tried it himself.

Pearl slammed her fork on the table in frustration. "You're really nice to your ex!"

Confused, Richard asked, "What ex?"

"Didn't you learn to cook for your ex?"

Richard shook his head. "No. I just recently learned."

Pearl realized she had wrongly accused him and felt embarrassed. "So you did it for me?"

"No, I did it for myself." Richard's expression turned serious, leaving Pearl confused.

"Why?"

He maintained his serious tone as he looked into her eyes. "From the food you've made in the past,

I've come to the conclusion that if we rely on your cooking, we both might not live very long."

Pearl was speechless. What the heck!

Nonetheless, Richard proved to have a knack for cooking. After they finished their meal, Pearl gestured

to him, saying, "Go wash the dishes."

Richard did as he was told.

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After finishing the dishes, Pearl prepared to head to the black market while it was still not completely

dark

Reese was overjoyed to see Pearl. "I thought you'd forgotten about me, Pearl. You still remember this

old man. How can I help?"

"I have some questions," Pearl replied.

“Go ahead. I’ll get you anything you need.”

“I want the best allubi, ropalery and draccea.”

Reese stroked his chin thoughtfully. “I know those, and I can get them, but the best quality ones may be hard to come by.”

“It’s alright,” Pearl said with a smile, showing understanding. “Just get the best you can find.”

“Someb*dy is selling high-quality ingredients today. He usually has good stuff. Would you like me to introduce you?” Reese suggested.

Pearl’s eyes lit up. “That would be great! I also need a few other items from them.”

Reese nodded and made a quick call. Soon, a well-built man in his forties or fifties, dressed in black, approached them. He had a confident stride and a somewhat familiar face, which Pearl found intriguing.

She couldn’t help but think about where she had seen that face before, but it seemed absurd.

“Hello, may I know your name, please?” Pearl asked politely.

The man looked at Richard with a twinkle in his eyes. “Call me Harrison.”

“Mister Harrison, I’d like to purchase the best allubi, ropalery, draccea, and if possible, the best medication for improving blood cell regeneration.”

Harrison frowned. “Are you planning to perform blood cleansing?”

The blood cleansing method was a secret concoction passed down for hundreds of years. The only person who could make it was Simon Freeman.

It was used to clean a patient’s blood and restore it to its previous state. All the ingredients were aimed at improving cell regeneration. However, it was rarely used due to the success of only one case, and it had fallen out of practice.

Pearl nodded. “You’re quite knowledgeable, Mister Harrison.”

“Alright, if you’re using it for healing purposes, I’ll provide them for you,” Harrison agreed.

Pearl didn’t expect things to go so smoothly. “Thank you, Mister Harrison. How much will they cost?”

Harrison thought about it. “I don’t want payment, but I’d like to ask some questions.”

“Go ahead,” Pearl agreed.

“I want to know about the Waldorfs.”

Richard perked up, looking at Harrison curiously.

“You’re the eldest of the Waldorf children, isn’t it? I have some questions for you,” Harrison said,

addressing Richard

It was only a few questions, so Richard nodded. “Alright, go ahead.”

“I’d like to know if the news about Mister Hugo not being a Waldorf is true.”

Richard’s eyes twitched, and he exchanged glances with Pearl. “Yes, it’s true”

Harrison frowned “Did he think his parents died because of the Waldorfs?”

Harrison clenched his fist. “Last question. Can you arrange for me to meet Hugo?”

Pearl was surprised “Why?”

Pain flashed across Harrison’s eyes. “Because... I’m his father”

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The revelation that the man, who was thought to be dead, was still alive left Pearl shocked. Seeing the

pain in his expression, she carefully asked, “Missus Harrison...”

“She died in the crash,” he replied.

Pearl immediately realized she had touched a sensitive topic and felt guilty. “I’m sorry for asking.”

“It’s fine. It happened more than a decade ago. I’ve gotten used to it.” Kingsley Harrison’s expression

softened.

“Mister Harrison, since you’re alive, why didn’t you search for him?” Pearl inquired.

Kingsley struggled to find the right words. After a long pause, he confessed, “I was selfish. He was young when it happened, so after I recovered, I heard the Waldorfs adopted him, and I wanted him to have a good life there. So, I changed my name and left Enswood. I kept an eye on him all these years until recently when I heard he cut ties with the family.”

Pearl, despite her anger towards Hugo, made an effort to calm her emotions. “Mister Harrison, Hugo is very twisted now. He’s extremely competitive, so he might not listen to you.”

Kingsley’s eyes filled with sadness as he gazed into the distance. “It’s all my fault, I’m sorry. I was the reason he turned out that way. If I weren’t greedy for riches so Hugo can have a better life, he wouldn’t have turned out—”

“If you could meet and have a good talk with him, I think you might be able to convince him when he finds out you’re his biological father,” Pearl suggested with hope in her voice. She felt that this man might be the only person who could save Hugo.

“Why don’t I go see him with you after I save the person with these medicines? We might be able to resolve the issue together.

Pearl smiled, took out a card, and handed it to Kingsley. “You said I don’t have to pay, but I still want to pay you the market price as per the rules. There’s a million and three thousand dollars in there, which should be more than enough.”

Kingsley hesitated. “I can’t...”

“You can, Mister Harrison. If you can convince Hugo to come back to the right path, this is just a small price to pay.”

Pearl was not only generous with her money but also generous with her intentions. A million was nothing to her, and it was a small price to pay to potentially help Hugo.

After exchanging contact information with Kingsley, Richard brought Pearl back to the villa.

Pearl packed the medicine into a bag and went to Raymond’s place. She found Raymond trying to persuade Angela to eat, looking troubled. She couldn’t help but exchange amused glances with Richard.

Raymond noticed their presence and his expression turned slightly awkward.

“So, the president of NK Group has to coax his girlfriend to eat after work.”

Ever since the previous abduction, not only did Pearl and Raymond’s relationship not deteriorate, it seemed they got closer.

Raymond retorted, “And the president of Cerubleu keeps slipping work and spending time with her boyfriend.”

“Alright.” Pearl rolled her eyes and went straight to business. “Stop it. I’m here to treat Angela. Are you ready, Angela?”

Angela avoided the fork Raymond was trying to use to feed her and moved closer to Pearl. “Yes, I’m ready. I don’t want the soup, Ray.”

“Why didn’t you come later? We’re having a meal now. She doesn’t want to eat now that you’re here,”

Raymond complained, looking annoyed as he held the bowl.

“Is that my fault?” Pearl sighed, deciding to help him out a bit. “You need to eat, Angela. You must finish your food, or I won’t treat you.”

Angela scrunched up her face. “I really don’t have the appetite. Raymond treats me like a pig. Who

else has to drink two big

bowls of soup every meal?"

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"You're different. Your b*dy is weak, so if you don't eat, you're going to turn into a skeleton," Raymond

remarked to Angela.

"But look how slender Pearl is, and she looks good," Angela pointed out, gesturing toward Pearl, who

had a balanced figure

and an elegant presence.

"She's not healthy."

Pearl rolled her eyes. "Who's unhealthy?"

"Um...." Richard whispered into her ear. "I think you're unhealthy too."

Pearl pinched him and smiled through gritted teeth. "What are you trying to say?"

Although Richard was hurting from the pinch, he maintained his expression. "Alright, not skinny."

Pearl released her grip when she heard the answer she wanted.

Angela had likely thought she wouldn't be forced to finish the soup when Pearl arrived, but now there

were more people persuading her to eat!

After Angela finished her soup, she rested, and Pearl prepared to treat her. They went into the room upstairs, and after half an hour, Pearl emerged from the room, leaving Raymond anxious.

Raymond walked over. "How is she?"

"I'm sorry I—" Pearl began but was interrupted by Raymond's change in expression. "What are you saying?"

"I said it was a success. She's fine now." Pearl smiled cheekily after finishing her sentence.

"Success..." Raymond was momentarily stunned, but when he snapped back to reality, he beamed like a child. "A success, a success!"

Pearl observed him and knew he wouldn't be as happy even if his company made 500 million dollars, because Angela was the person he cared for the most.

"But she's resting. Give her some food to replenish her energy. You need to figure out how to make her eat it," Pearl added, slyly passing the responsibility back to Raymond.

"Okay," Raymond agreed, looking troubled. Angela was like a precious rose he had nurtured, so he had to do his best to ensure her well-being.

“We’re going to leave now. Text me if you need anything, okay? Don’t text me if nothing comes up.”

Pearl then grabbed Richard’s hand and left.

“Don’t worry, I won’t contact you if there’s nothing urgent,” Raymond replied, fully aware of Pearl’s

tendency to repay even the smallest favor.

He knew her teasing tone was all in good fun, though he was slightly annoyed as she reveled in her

small victory before leaving with Richard.

It was getting late, so Richard and Pearl left for Enswood.

Pearl called Kingsley and asked him to accompany her. On a bright, sunny morning, the trio boarded a

plane and set off on their journey.

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After arriving at Enswood, Pearl helped Kingsley find a place to settle down and then returned to

Waldorf Residence with

Richard.

On the way, Pearl was quiet, lost in her thoughts. Richard, sensing her hesitation, calmly spoke up,

“Just ask any questions you have.”

“I want to know what you plan to do with Jenny,” Pearl said. The past few days had been quite busy, dealing with Ezra and resolving Raymond and Angela’s issues, leaving no time for her to discuss this matter.

“After resolving all the issues, I’m going to end things with Jenny amicably and cut all ties,” Richard replied, his response bringing a smile to Pearl’s face.

“And?” Pearl probed further.

Richard hugged Pearl and spoke seriously, “And I’m ready to openly deny the allegations and tell everyone I’m not in a relationship with Jenny. She was the one who spread the rumors, and I’ll officially announce that you’re my fiancée.”

“Well, if you already have a plan, I’m not going to disrupt it.”

Richard smiled. “Thank you for your understanding, missus.”

Pearl blushed when she heard ‘missus’ and playfully slapped his chest. “What ‘missus’!”

“You’ll be mine one day, so what’s wrong with calling you that, missus?” Richard’s voice took on a seductive tone, making Pearl’s ears tingle with excitement.

Luckily, she wasn't into ASMR, or she wouldn't be able to resist this. She gazed at him and then turned her face away, cheeks flushed.

her

Back at Waldorf Residence, Richard gallantly opened the car door for Pearl and accompanied her inside. However, upon entering, they found someone in tears-Jenny.

Jenny was crying in front of Dustan. "I saw the news. Pearl ran away from her wedding. Did Rick go to see her?"

They suddenly saw Richard showing up with Pearl by his side. Jenny froze and choked out, "Rick, you... You brought Pearl back

"

Richard's reply was cold and cutting. "She's my girlfriend. Anything wrong with that?"

Jenny's face turned pale. "Rick, I'm your girlfriend. How could you bring her back? What did our past few days mean?"

Pearl, annoyed by Jenny's crying, couldn't help but speak up. "It's just your luck"

Jenny, feeling like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, flew into a rage. "Why do you think you get to

talk?"

"If I don't, why would you?" Pearl retorted. "I don't know how you're working with Master Jordan, but since you tried to break up Richard and me, I have a million reasons to kick you out."

Approaching Jenny, she continued, "This is the Waldorf Residence, not your home. Mister Dustan likes me so he won't kick me out of here." She then turned to look at Dustan, awaiting his response.