

## **YOUR GUISE 471**

### Chapter 471

Richard held Pearl close as they made their way back to shore, and the crew finally realized the seriousness of the situation and called for an ambulance.

Esther was overwhelmed with guilt and anxiety. Her voice quivered as she said, ' I'm sorry. None of this would have happened if I hadn't suggested not interrupting them.' She hung her head low, as if she believed it was her idea that had led to Pearl's condition.

"If you know you always cause trouble, then maybe you shouldn't talk so much." Richard's eyes bore into Esther, and his words were stern.

Esther trembled, tears streaming down her face.

Seeing Esther's distress, Mobius wrapped his arms around her, defending her. " Rick, Esther just wanted you to spend some time with Pearl and didn't want to interrupt you. Do you have to be so harsh?"

Richard realized that, so he softened his expression and looked away.

“That’s not important now. What actually happened?” Hanzel, anxious at seeing Pearl lying on the floor, asked and focused on the most crucial detail.

“Someone grabbed Pearl’s ankle when she jumped into the water and wanted to drown her,” Richard said with a cold expression. His heart knotted when he imagined how Pearl was helplessly flailing in the water.

Hanzel clenched his fist in anger. “That’s incredibly cruel. Do you have any idea who it might be?”

Richard shook his head. “Not yet.”

Derek suddenly remembered something and suggested, “I remember that the ancient city is well-protected, and there are surveillance cameras around. Should we check the footage?”

Richard found this suggestion promising and nodded in agreement. “That’s a great idea.” Turning to Hanzel, he continued, “The ambulance will be here soon, Hanzel. You, Mobius, and Esther should go to the hospital with Pearl. Eric and I will check the surveillance footage to get to the bottom of this.”

Hanzel nodded, realizing that there wasn’t much he could do to help at the moment.

Richard followed the director to the surveillance room but was disheartened to learn that the cameras

had malfunctioned three days ago, leaving no recordings.

Richard clenched his fist. "This person had everything planned out."

Eric frowned. "We'll have to wait for Pearl to wake up. She might have seen the person."

Richard went silent, then nodded. "You're right."

"You should go wait for her at the hospital. I have something I need to d told him.

Richard, not knowing Eric well and thinking it was work-related, nodded without further questions.

After Richard left, Eric made his way to Jenny Sullivan's villa. It was one of his properties, so he didn't need a passcode but used biometric recognition to enter. As he reached the villa, Eric suddenly heard weird noises coming from up. He tiptoed up the stairs and stood outside the door, straining to listen to the conversation inside.

A second later, he kicked the door open.

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"Jenny Sullivan!"

Jenny, who had been catching her breath, let out a startled scream and hastily covered herself. "Eric—"

Hugo got off her and looked at Eric in shock.

“You’re sleeping with another man while living in my house. You’re disgusting.” Eric’s voice trembled

with a mix of anger and hurt. His eyes swept the room, taking in the aftermath of their tryst.

Though he didn’t love Jenny, the sense of betrayal cut deep. What man could tolerate such a

betrayal?

“Listen, Eric, it’s not what you think. He forced me, he-” Jenny panicked, her mind racing. She couldn’t

afford to lose the financial security and social status Eric provided, nor his handsome face.

“There’s no need to explain. I may not know much, but I’m glad I never touched you. What I did was the

right choice. I would never have guessed you’re this disgusting.” Eric’s words dripped with irony and

disdain.

Jenny felt as if she’d been slapped in the face and turned pale. He was right. They had been secret

lovers for four years, and yet Eric had never touched her.

“Alright, Jenny, what’s the point of explaining now? Can’t you see there’s nothing but hatred in his

eyes? There’s no love left,” Hugo chimed in, smirking as he patted Jenny’s shoulder to comfort her.

“Don’t make things worse, Hugo! Even if Eric doesn’t love me anymore, I still won’t love you!” Jenny

retorted, her voice filled with humiliation.

Eric smiled derisively and said, "You're only making yourself look cheap, Jenny."

"I know you have feelings for Pearl," Hugo interjected with a knowing look.

Eric squinted, his guard up. "So? What are you trying to say?"

"We could be great partners, don't you think?" Hugo spoke with confidence. "You have feelings for

Pearl, and I want shares from Waldorf Enterprises. If Jenny and Richard end up together, the three of

us could be the best of friends."

Eric found the idea intriguing. "What are you suggesting?"

Hugo continued, "I want to borrow your influence to take down Richard, and in return, I'll help you break

them up. Once they split, Pearl will grow to resent Richard. You can step in to protect and comfort her

when she's most vulnerable.

It's a perfect opportunity to make her fall for you. You can take control of your relationship with her."

Hugo's proposal was tempting, but Eric didn't immediately respond to it. Instead, he turned his attention

back to Jenny. "I have a question for you."

Jenny was stunned by the sudden shift of attention. "Yes?"

"I want to know if you were involved in Pearl's drowning incident." Eric's gaze bore into her.

Jenny was about to respond, but Hugo intervened. "This has nothing to do with her. It was me."

"Why did you do that to her?" Eric asked Hugo, his discomfort hidden beneath his stern expression.

"It's the same reason you came here to question Jenny," Hugo replied with a casual smile. "I'd do

anything to help the person I love."

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"Oh? If you like Jenny that much, why would you want her to end up with Richard?"

Hugo cast his gaze downward for a moment. "Because love is about giving"

'Bullsh\*t,' Eric thought, unconvinced. He suspected Hugo's intentions, thinking that the latter intended

to take Jenny away from Richard when he had nothing left. But now wasn't the time!

"Alright, so how do you propose we do this?" Hugo's plan seemed devious, and Eric was growing

impatient.

Hugo sensed Eric was tempted and seized the moment. "The first step is to take down Waldorf

Enterprises. Do you think Pearl would stay with Richard if he had no money?"

“You seemed to have been planning this for a long time. You and Richard were brothers for twenty years but you have no regard for that at all.” Eric was taken aback.

“Forget about it. I have a target to achieve, and nothing else matters,” Hugo replied confidently, feeling one step closer to his victory.

Eric’s anger flared, and he realized that Hugo’s ruthless pursuit of power had led him down a dark path.

“Do you think I’m like you?” Eric kicked Hugo off the bed, and he fell to the floor, n\*ked and vulnerable.

Hugo scrambled to cover himself, looking pathetic.

“Why are you so cruel? People like you should suffer a hundredfold!” Eric thought how sad Pearl would be and wanted to tear Hugo to pieces. He then made a call, and a group of men in black entered the room. “Drag this man out and don’t let him put on any clothes!”

Hugo protested desperately, realizing he was in a vulnerable position. “Don dare touch me!”

“Your actions were despicable. Even if I spare you, Richard won’t.” Eric smirked, relishing in Hugo’s humiliation.

“Don’t touch me! None of you should touch me!” Hugo knew he couldn’t win against them and was

thrown out onto the street, completely exposed.

Jenny wanted to help Hugo but was too afraid of Eric. She hugged herself, trembling, and dared not speak a word.

the hook!” Eric’s voice was filled with rage as he choked Jenny.

Tears welled up in Jenny’s eyes, but she managed to respond with fear in her voice. “Yes, of course.”

But deep down, the thought of Pearl consuming Eric’s thoughts filled her with rage.

Eric pushed Jenny onto the bed, wiped his hands in disgust, and summoned a maid. “Lock her up.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Until your face heals, don’t try any tricks,” Eric warned Jenny before leaving.

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In the hospital, Richard paced anxiously outside the operating room.

A doctor emerged and approached him. “Fortunately, the patient managed to hold her breath

underwater long enough not to ingest too much water. She’s now in stable condition, and you can see her.”

Richard’s knitted brows finally relaxed. “Thank you, doctor.”



“Don’t mention it.”

Pearl was placed in a regular hospital room, but Richard didn’t want her to be disturbed by any noise.

He arranged for a VIP room to ensure her comfort.

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Pearl woke up shortly after leaving the operating room.

Esther and Mobius entered her room, with Hanzel following behind at a slower pace.

The moment she saw Pearl, Esther burst into tears. “Pearl... I thought you died... but you survived.

Thank goodness!”

She then threw herself into Pearl’s arms, her tears soaking the latter’s hospital gown. It felt awkward.

“I’m fine. I was just drowning, but I didn’t die,” Pearl reassured her with a weak smile. Her voice was

still frail as she had just woken up.

Esther stopped crying and, after a moment, burst into laughter. “How could you still be in the mood to

joke now?”

Pearl replied, “Maybe I’m just stating the facts.”

Mobius patted Esther’s head and said, “Pea just woke up, don’t tire her out.”

Esther nodded. "I know, I'm done now. I was just worried."

Hanzel remained silent, observing Pearl's weakened state. Then, he turned his gaze toward Mobius and said, "Please take your girlfriend away."

Mobius nodded but then immediately froze. "Okay... Wait, what girlfriend?"

Hanzel ignored him and just looked at him coolly.

Mobius's face turned red as he glanced at Esther before rolling his eyes and leaving the room.

Meanwhile, Esther seemed to relish the situation as she followed him out, grinning.

Now, only Hanzel and Pearl remained in the room. Pearl felt a tad uneasy because Hanzel had confessed his feelings to her before, and since her rejection, they hadn't spoken much.

"Alright, you don't need to worry about me. I don't have a crush on you anymore," Hanzel stated. His words didn't sound entirely convincing, but his expression showed acceptance of the situation.

"I know. You'll meet someone better," Pearl reassured him with a warm smile.

"I'm not in a hurry, but you, on the other hand... This was the first time I saw Richard so anxious, so you should just go ahead and fall for him. He's quite a great guy."

Pearl felt relieved to see Hanzel's sincerity. "Alright, thank you, Hanzel."

"Don't mention it. You're my boss now, and if you're happy, then I'll have a good life, right?" Hanzel

flashed a cheeky smile, adding a touch of mischievousness to his already handsome face, making him

even more charming

"Alright."

Pearl and Hanzel finally returned to their usual friendly banter, not noticing when Richard entered the

room.

When Richard saw how cheerful they were, his expression soured, and Hanzel seemed secretly

pleased by this. Since Pearl was now with Richard, it seemed only fair to make him a little jealous.

"By the way, I felt something was off when I jumped into the water," Pearl quickly changed the subject

when she saw Richard's expression.

"I know. I've sent someone to investigate, and we'll have answers soon," Richard replied, still wearing a

cold expression.

Pearl frowned, noticing Richard's continued coldness. "One person might take too long. Let me get

more people on it."

She then called Wayne but heard the sounds of a noisy bar in the background. "How can I help you,

Pea?"

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"I need your help, but it's okay if you're busy," Pearl expressed, her mind racing with concerns. She assumed Wayne was at a bar, possibly meeting his ex. Her thoughts went there because that's usually the reason people visit bars, right?

"Why don't I send Feather with you? She can pretty much work by herself now. I'm proud of this student of mine, I

Pearl didn't have the patience to listen further and promptly hung up. Wayne might have found that rude.

Pearl turned her attention to the two companions beside her and forced a smile. "I made a fool of myself."

Hanzel knew he would just be a hindrance there, so he got up. "I've got something to take care of. If you don't need me here, I'll be on my way."

It was clear to anyone that Hanzel was merely trying to escape, and he didn't have any pressing

matters to attend to.

Richard was glad he said that. "Alright, call me if you need anything."

"Sure..." Hanzel gave a fake smile. Now Richard was pretending to be his good big brother when a while ago his face suggested otherwise.

As Hanzel strolled near the hospital's flowerbed, he noticed a young lady dressed in black with a high ponytail and an emotionless expression. Something probably happened...

Hanzel's gaze shifted to the person lying on the ground, and he immediately grasped the situation—an altercation had occurred.

Setting that aside, he couldn't help but admire the icy beauty. At first glance, she appeared exceptionally attractive with her petite face, large bright eyes, and plump lips. She was undeniably beautiful.

However, at a second glance, her aura screamed "Keep your distance," making the already cold day feel even colder. While she was an intriguing woman, that didn't concern Hanzel.

He intended to walk away, but for some inexplicable reason, his legs refused to move, and he found

himself drawn to the lady. He observed as she pulled out a hundred-dollar bill and tossed it toward the person on the ground.

“Is that enough for you?” she asked.

The person, assuming they could take advantage of her generosity, began to cry

out. “You assaulted me, and now you’re trying to buy your way out with money? What kind of bullsh\*t is

this?”

“Stop the theatrics,” the young lady remarked, producing a stack of bills. “Will this suffice?”

Thinking they had found an easy target due to the huge amount of money, the person on the ground

cried even louder. “That’s not enough. I can’t even treat my injuries with that!”

Realizing she didn’t have any more cash on hand, the lady frowned. “What exactly do you want, then?”

“Compensation. You absolutely must compensate me!”

Scanning her surroundings, the lady spotted Hanzel and beckoned him over. “You, come here.”

Hanzel, feeling as though he were under some sort of influence, obeyed the command and

approached.

“Have you got money? I’ll pay you back later,” the lady said, visibly distressed by the noisy person on the ground.

Hanzel couldn’t help but be curious. “Why me?”

The lady replied, “You look like you have money.”

Hanzel couldn’t help but slap his forehead due to her straightforwardness. “I do have money, and I can resolve this issue,” he said, intrigued by the lady’s cold demeanor. “However, as repayment, you have to tell me your name.”

The lady appeared impatient. “Feather Douglas.”

“That’s a lovely name, truly beautiful,” Hanzel complimented before taking out a card. “Here, there’s a million dollars inside. Take it.”

The lady, her gaze still cold, glanced at the person on the ground. “Is that enough?”

Even the greediest person would recognize when to stop pushing their luck, so the person immediately got up. “Thank you, gorgeous. That’s more than enough.

Feather, however, began to grow suspicious when she saw the person’s sudden recovery. “You don’t seem all that sick.”

## Chapter 476

“Ouch...” The ‘injured’ person clutched their leg. “I hurt my leg earlier, and I think it might be fractured.”

Feather’s countenance shifted, showing a flicker of understanding—the first emotion other than coldness to appear on her face.

“Great, I know how to fix that. I’ll help you so you don’t have to go to the hospital.

The person’s expression changed, and they started sweating. “No, no, there’s really no need. I can manage- Ah!”

Feather acted swiftly, catching them off guard by grabbing their leg and bending it. The person cried out in agony as their dislocated leg was suddenly put back in place.

“You’re fine now,” Feather stated flatly. They were the first to dare lie to her.

The person exclaimed in pain, “You knew I was fine so why did you dislocate it before fixing it? You just wanted to hurt me.”

Feather was unmoved, though. “I wanted to prove that I know how to fix it.”

That person and Hanzel were both speechless.

“Alright, now that you’re fine, I’ll take back the money.” Feather picked up the scattered bills and



returned Hanzel's card. "Here, you can have it back. I don't need it at the moment."

"Sure, text me if you ever do." Hanzel found her way of speaking quite amusing, reminding him of someone he'd met before—Pearl when he first met her.

Feather was ready to leave when Hanzel spoke again. "Can I have your number?"

"No, I don't do phone calls."

Hanzel wasn't about to give up. "What about WhatsApp?"

"Don't use that."

"Telegram?"

"Don't use that either."

Hanzel said with a smile, "Then give me your address so I can send you a letter."

Feather frowned and hesitated, then she read out her number.

Hanzel was pleasantly surprised to discover her display photo was Spongebob. It

hoice.

"I have to go now," Feather said, lowering her gaze and avoiding eye contact

before departing.

As he watched her walk away, Hanzel couldn't help but feel a flutter of excitement. It was certainly intriguing.

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Pearl waited in the room for some time, growing increasingly anxious as the person she was expecting failed to arrive. She furrowed her brows. "Do you think she might have encountered trouble on her way here? What's taking her so long?"

Richard tried to comfort her. "Don't worry, she's an adult now. She'll be fine. Besides, if something goes wrong, she'll call for help."

Pearl agreed and nodded.

Shortly thereafter, the door creaked open, and Pearl's eyes widened when she saw the visitor—it was Feather, but her face...

"What's going on, Fifi?"

Feather was curious. "What do you mean?"

"Look at the mirror."

Feather looked into the mirror, and when she saw her own blushing reflection, her usually cold expression changed.

“Fifi, are you... in love?”

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Pearl’s words set off a ripple of emotions in Feather’s heart.

“No,” Feather responded firmly, but her denial sounded forced.

Pearl couldn’t help but feel delighted by the apparent lack of deceit in Feather’s response. It seemed that Feather didn’t know how to lie, suggesting that she might not be in love but possibly had a crush on someone.

“Okay then,” Pearl casually shrugged. “By the way, I need your help with an investigation.” Feather nodded expressionlessly. “I’m aware. Wayne filled me in.”

“Excellent. How long do you think it will take?”

“Half a day.”

Pearl squinted. “Half a day... Alright, come back to see me after that.”

Feather nodded and left the room without sparing a glance for Richard, who had been present since

her arrival.

“Your friend is... eccentric,” Richard commented, choosing his words carefully.

“Why? Are you interested in my little lady?” Pearl teased, though her smile concealed a hint of jealousy.

While Pearl didn’t vocalize her jealousy, Richard could sense it. He smiled, pulling her close and lightly tapping her nose. “Nonsense.”

Pearl huffed and turned away from him, feigning annoyance.

Later that afternoon, Feather returned.

Pearl’s smile was somewhat restrained as Feather began, “I found out Hugo was behind this.”

“What happened?”

“He had someone go underwater to drag you in and drown you,” Feather explained while observing

Pearl’s reaction.

Pearl concealed her anger and probed further, asking, “Where is he now?”

“But... someone has already dealt with him.”

Pearl was stumped. "Who?"

"I'm not sure, but I heard that they stripped him n\*ked and left him at the corner of Filson Road. A group

of b\*dyguards is guarding the area. Hugo was too embarrassed, so he managed to suppress the news

from spreading widely. Only a small group of people knows about it."

Filson Road... Wasn't that where Jenny's villa was located?

Pearl recalled the information she had previously overheard and began to piece things together. Jenny

must have some connection to Hugo, and it all began to make sense.

"After sending you to the hospital, Eric left," Richard calmly added.

Pearl deduced that Eric might have been the one behind Hugo's humiliating ordeal. Despite

his usually nonchalant attitude, Eric possessed a ruthless side.

Imagining Hugo's reaction to such a public humiliation, Pearl couldn't help but laugh.

Feather nodded. "Pea, if there's nothing else, I need to go. Call me if you need me again."

Pearl spoke up. "Do you have a place to stay?"

Feather suddenly realized that she hadn't arranged accommodation for herself. After a brief pause, she

replied, "It's fine, I can book a hotel room. I can expense it as part of the investigation."

Pearl made a tempting offer. "Wayne mentioned you'll be my full-time investigator now. Why not stay with me?"

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Pearl didn't care about the money, but she was worried about Feather's safety, given that she was a beautiful girl who might face harassment.

Feather glanced away from Pearl toward Richard, who wore a cold expression. She hesitated before saying, "But..."

"It's fine, you can ignore him. He doesn't live with me," Pearl assured her.

Richard interjected, "But-"

Pearl shot him a stern glare, silencing him, and then addressed Feather, "We can stay in my villa, and if that works for you, we can stay there temporarily."

"The one that's next to Raymond York's?" Richard remembered the times when Raymond York had flirted with Pearl in the past, which fueled his anger. "I'll give you another villa near Waldorf Enterprises."

Pearl was taken aback by his suggestion, but what he didn't say was she wasn't going to get away from him. "Are you going to let me continue to work at Waldorf Enterprises?"

Without hesitation, Richard nodded matter-of-factly. "You've been serving as the vice president for a while now. Why wouldn't you continue?"

"What about Sean?"

"Sean will return to work as well. There's nothing wrong with having two vice presidents in a company.

Are you worried that he'll take your place? It's alright. He told me to let you handle all the work while he enjoys the title. You'll still end up with all the work."

Pearl frowned. "Are you treating me as an employee?"

"Then marry me, and eventually, Waldorf Enterprises will be yours. Don't you want to put in the effort for your own company?" Richard suggested, ready to have the share transfer agreement prepared if

Pearl agreed to marry him.

"Are you saying that Waldorf Enterprises will merge with Cerubleu?" Pearl asked.

Richard didn't seem to mind that possibility. "It doesn't matter as long as you're happy."

"Alright, you can't take it back," Pearl responded.

Seeing her cheeky demeanor, Richard nodded. "Of course."

"Love you," Pearl hugged him and k\*ssed him.

Feather, who had been listening to their conversation, turned pink and felt a little awkward.

Pearl suddenly realized Feather was still in the room and blushed. She cleared her throat and said, "I'll hand over the keys to the villa and a credit card to you. Take care of what you need and pick up some items."

She then extended her hand and requested, "Give me your room key and send me your location."

Feather responded, "I know where the villa near Waldorf Enterprises is located. You can just give me the keys. I won't need the card because I still have the money Wayne gave me."

Amused, Richard remarked, "You even managed to find out about my property."

Feather simply replied, "For work purposes," concealing the fact that Wayne had been concerned that

Richard might deceive Pearl and had gathered information about him.

Pretending to be upset, Pearl added, "What Wayne gives you has nothing to do with me. How much did he give you?"



Feather answered honestly, "410 thousand dollars."

Pearl rolled her eyes playfully and handed her a platinum card. "What can you do with that money?"

There's four million and a hundred thousand dollars on this card. I'll top it up when you run low. Don't worry."

Feather froze. Only presidents could have that much money.

"I'll head out now, Pea," Feather said as she accepted the keys and platinum card before departing.

Shortly after leaving, she ran into Hanzel, who was visiting.

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Hanzel recognized the familiar face and was ready to greet her with a smile. However, his expression

froze when he saw the platinum card she was holding.

He remembered the card; it was always in Pearl's purse, and she never used it. Why would this woman

have it? The keys she held were also identical to the ones Richard had. How did she get them? Was

she... a thief?

Hanzel walked over, grabbed Feather's wrist, and anxiously said, "Feather, why are you stealing? If

you need money, you can tell me, and I can lend it to you. Return these things, or you might get caught

and sent to jail.” He was genuinely worried about her and started to sweat.

Feather recognized him and found his reaction amusing and confusing. “Why would I tell if I needed money?”

Hanzel couldn’t explain why he said that either, so he froze. “But you shouldn’t steal, especially from my brother and sister-in-law-”

you

“I didn’t steal.” Her expression changed. She had heard that Hanzel was a very smart man who could remember all his lines perfectly, but now it didn’t seem that way.

“I really didn’t, let go!” Feather struggled, but Hanzel’s grip was too tight for her to move.

In an attempt to free herself, she kicked him, and to avoid her attack, Hanzel released her. Her hand was fair and soft.

“Don’t touch me.” Feather had been trained to fight and could easily overpower him, but he was Richard’s brother and Pearl’s friend, so she refrained from any aggressive action.

Seeing that there was no other way to communicate with her, Hanzel hugged her tightly. ” Alright,

listen. I'm only trying to talk you out of this because you seem naive. Please return the things."

"Don't touch me. I won't."

Hanzel was at a loss for what to do, so he decided to carry her instead.

Feather was suddenly lifted off the ground and reacted by slapping him hard. It was her first time being hugged by a man in her eighteen years of life, and it was quite an unbelievable experience.

Hanzel carried her all the way into Pearl's room. Pearl had been conversing with Richard, and when she saw Hanzel enter the room with Feather in his arms, Pearl's jaw dropped in astonishment.

"You're moving quickly," Pearl teased.

Hanzel realized that what he was doing seemed wrong, so he put Feather down and locked the door to prevent her from running away. "No, she stole something."

Pearl was shocked because she knew Feather well and was sure she wouldn't steal anything. It seemed like there was a misunderstanding.

"That's not what you said. I thought you came here to tell me you're getting married, Richard remarked

sarcastically.

Hanzel cleared his throat. "No, she really stole from you-"

"I didn't steal anything," Feather interrupted him, looking at how confused he appeared. She found it hard to believe that a man could be this stupid.

"I understand what you're trying to say. Let me introduce you. This is Fifi, my very own investigator. She's in charge of helping me investigate everything, and I gave her those things.

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Pearl then looked at Hanzel and clicked her tongue. "I don't have to introduce you because I'm sure she knows who you are."

Hanzel raised his brows. "Of course, I'm famous."

"No, it's because we told her everything about you, including..." Pearl gave a mischievous smirk. "The color of your boxers."

Hanzel turned pale. "I don't believe you!"

Feather didn't even blink as she replied, "You have ten of them, and you're wearing the pink one today."

She was right!

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Hanzel couldn't believe it. His usual confident expression had disappeared.

Richard chuckled, while Pearl rolled her eyes. "Don't laugh, she knows you too."

Richard turned to her, surprised.

"Alright, the problem is solved now?" Pearl looked at Hanzel and sighed.

"Yes, I'm sorry for the misunderstanding." Hanzel felt guilty because he knew he had jumped to conclusions.

"That's alright," Feather said, her anger dissipating as she remembered how he had carried her to 'turn herself in'.

Hanzel wasn't thinking about that. "Where do you want to go? Do you need a ride as an apology?"

Feather didn't want to have anything to do with him. "It's fine, I have a car.

11

"Don't worry about it. Let me drive you." Hanzel grabbed her wrist and dragged her out.

Pearl touched her chin when she saw them tangled up. "Do you think they'll end up together?"

Richard took a sip of water and calmly said, "Instead of thinking about that, why don't you figure out how to deal with Hugo?"

Pearl nearly forgot about this issue due to the recent events. "But Eric did that already, and I think if I do something too, it might seem rushed." She contemplated letting it go.

"It's fine, I'll help you." Richard felt if another man was helping her, he—her actual boyfriend—should definitely do something about it.

The next day, news about internal conflict at Lawson Enterprises began to spread. It appeared that due to issues with a batch of stock handled by Hugo, someone accused him of intentional wrongdoing, leading to his dismissal.

When Pearl found out, Richard was peeling an orange for her, and she couldn't help but suspect him.

"Did you do this?"

Richard nodded. "I'm just teaching him a lesson for now because he can't die yet. Dad is looking for someone to protect him. Let him do this thing, and when he starts to disgust Dad, I'll end him."

"Uncle Dustan is protecting Hugo?" Pearl remarked. "Well, Uncle Dustan is such a nice person. Hugo

was the one who didn't appreciate it and wanted to cut ties with him. He even suspected Uncle Dustan.

But even then, Uncle Dustan hasn't given up on him," she added, feeling frustrated.

"It's alright. Dad just wants to protect his sons, but Hugo won't appreciate this. Soon, he'll be shooting

his own foot," Richard assured her.

Pearl nodded in agreement. A moment later, she received a text.

[The son of the oil baron has a crush on Pearl. What will Richard do? Who will win?]

Richard's arms.

Richard squinted, his anger masked by a cold expression. "He hasn't learned his lesson and is causing

trouble again."