

YOUR GUISE 481

Chapter 481

“I’ll have Fifi remove this from trending so that it doesn’t escalate further.” Pearl wasn’t usually concerned about such petty issues, but this could harm Eric and Richard’s reputations, so she couldn’t take this lightly.

Richard raised his hand to stop her. “No, if we start controlling the situation, it will be difficult to uncover who is behind all of this. Jenny and Hugo were put in their place to make them lie low for a while. If that’s the case, who is pulling their strings?”

Pearl paused. “You’re right.”

“So what we need to do is make it clear that I’m your boyfriend. Wouldn’t that resolve the issue?”

Richard suggested.

Pearl agreed and reached for her phone to post an announcement about officially dating Richard.

But Richard felt it needed to be more memorable. “That’s not good enough. Many people may not pay much attention to something vague. It needs to be something that sticks in their minds.”

He looked at her seriously. “How about we get engaged?”

Although it was a great idea, something felt off to Pearl. “Shouldn’t we discuss this with Eric? It involves him.”

Pearl was about to call Eric when the door suddenly opened, revealing Eric, whom they hadn’t seen for days.

“How are you doing, Pearl?” Eric placed the bouquet he had brought on the nightstand and sat down on a nearby couch.

Seeing the beautiful flowers, Pearl smiled. “I should thank you because if it weren’t for you, I might have lost my life in the lake.”

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“Not at all. It wasn’t just me. Richard tried so hard to save you that he nearly drowned as well.”

Pearl knew that Richard wasn’t a strong swimmer, but he had been calm during the rescue. When she woke up, she found him in dry clothes, and he had never mentioned his near-drowning experience.

She had assumed that Eric was the one who had saved her.

Now, thinking back, she realized that what Richard was wearing was different from what he had worn on the boat.

“Richard...” Her eyes welled up with tears.

“Don’t cry. It’s not something I would be proud of, and I didn’t want to tell you,” Richard said in a gentle voice. He was trying to protect his ego; if he had died trying to save her, it would have been very embarrassing.

“So you were planning to hide it from me forever?” Pearl asked. Why would he do that if he couldn’t swim? What if something happened to him?

Richard responded in a gentle tone, “No, but I wouldn’t have told you unless you asked.”

Pearl took a deep breath and held back her tears. “Alright, I have a new plan.”

Richard had a bad feeling about this. “What plan?”

“I’ve decided to teach you how to swim after we get back to Enswood.”

“No, I don’t want to learn.” Richard wasn’t terrible at swimming. He was afraid of water.

Curious, Pearl asked, “Why not?”

“I fell into the water when I was a kid, and it made me afraid of being in the water.”

She wasn’t aware of that experience. Frowning, Pearl inquired, “Why did you fall in?”

Richard's eyes darkened as he recalled the memory. "It was because of Hugo."

He remembered the incident vividly. As children, Hugo loved playing by the lake, and since he was the older brother, he would often check on him to make sure he was okay.

One day, one of Hugo's toys fell into the water, and he asked Richard, "Can you get it back for me, Rick?"

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Richard couldn't swim, but because Hugo was so eager for him to join in, he agreed. Once in the water,

Hugo tied a rope around Richard and reassured him, saying, "Don't worry, I've tied you to this tree so you won't get lost."

However, while underwater, the rope broke, and Richard was swallowed by the water. Fortunately, their neighbors came to his rescue, but he fell seriously ill with a fever. Ever since then, he had a deep fear of water and never ventured into it.

Pearl couldn't understand this. "Why weren't you afraid when you tried to save me?"

Richard was equally puzzled. "I don't know, but when I went under, I didn't feel fear. I just wanted to save you."

Pearl spoke seriously, "That's the power of love."

Eric, who had been sitting there listening, scrunched up his nose. "Enough with the lovey- dovey talk.

Can you show some restraint? I'm still here."

Pearl suddenly remembered Eric's presence and changed the conversation to the trending news.

"Have you seen what's trending today?"

"Of course I have. If I hadn't, I wouldn't want to interrupt your lovey-dovey session." Eric pouted.

Pearl could tell he wasn't very happy, so she asked, "Do you have any ideas about what we should do?"

Eric was firm. "I want to take down what's trending as soon as possible."

Pearl looked at Richard and then back at Eric with an innocent expression. "I said the same thing, but

Richard wanted to play the long game."

"Richard, if we drag this on, won't I be the one seen as shameless?" Eric was getting frustrated.

Richard responded nonchalantly, "Aren't you?"

Eric couldn't tolerate it any longer. "Richard, you think you can humiliate me just because you're

someb*dy? I'm not who you think I am!"

Richard just shrugged and ignored him.

Confused, Pearl asked, "What is he talking about?"

Eric tried to clarify, "Nothing. I just want to make it clear that I'm not shameless!" He emphasized it so loudly that Pearl's hearing almost suffered.

"Okay, you're not." Eric was so petty! She didn't even understand what they were hiding from her.

Once he had calmed down, Eric voiced his concerns. "So, what's the plan? Are we just going to let people think Pearl is two-timing us? I won't accept being dragged into a scandal like this. It'll ruin my poise."

Pearl gave him an amused look. "Don't worry, when people see you, they don't think about your poise."

"You're making fun of me again." Eric pouted.

Seeing the conversation slowing down, Richard finally revealed their plan. "We plan to get engaged to put an end to the rumors."

Explaining the situation would only make it worse. The best way to silence the rumors was with an

actual engagement.

Eric's eyes widened, and his jaw dropped. "What did you just say?"

"I said we plan to get engaged," Richard repeated.

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"Alright, there's nothing I can say if you want to get engaged, but I have a request. After you do that, I need to pull myself out of this."

Eric couldn't stand having to deal with Richard, but Pearl smiled, so he swallowed what he was going to say. He didn't want to be Pearl's bootlicker and kept following her around.

"Alright, don't worry. Your reputation will be intact." Pearl suddenly remembered Jenny and asked, "By the way, There's something I never asked. Did Jenny do something recently?" Eric's head ached when he thought of Jenny. "Let's not talk about her. She had been calling me crying. I can't stand it anymore and got a new number. I'll send my number to you."

Pearl knew Jenny's actions and behavior. Once she lost Eric's protection, she would have lost all her trump cards, so she wouldn't be stupid enough to offend him.

As for Richard... Richard hadn't been on her side since a long time ago.

“Do you really like Jenny?”

Eric scratched his head and hesitated. “I think since we’ve been together for three years. Although she was a celebrity I paid to live with, I still have some feelings for her.”

“Do you know her history with Richard?” Pearl asked. Eric was her friend, so even though they weren’t best friends, she still hoped Eric wasn’t tricked by Jenny.

Knowing Pearl was going to ask that, Eric replied, “I’m the son of an oil baron. Do you think I didn’t look into her past before getting involved with her?” He then looked at Richard and smiled. “Also, when I was with her, I knew she hadn’t broken up with Richard yet, but I don’t have principles. I just get what I like.”

Richard’s eyes turned a little darker but quickly returned to looking calm.

“Do you know about her and Hugo then?” Pearl rubbed her hand anxiously on the blanket. Hearing this, Richard sighed. Why would she say something like that?

Pearl was worried Richard would pick up the knife for fruits and stab it into his chest, so she changed the subject.

At the mention of Hugo, hatred flashed across Eric’s eyes, but he was still smiling. “Naturally.”

“If you’re still not angry about that, you should change your name to wuss,” Richard remarked.

Eric’s smile froze.

“You’re so nice. You’re not even angry about that, but if it was Richard...” He would not only kill the man, he would take her head too. Pearl didn’t finish her sentence as she had sensed the sharp glares aimed at her.

“Although I’m her boyfriend, I’m just annoyed by the betrayal. That doesn’t mean I love her, okay?”

“If I were to make her my enemy, would you stand against me?” she asked.

Eric shook his head. “I’ll help you of course. However, I hope you could let her live if you have a choice.”

Pearl clicked her tongue. “Alright. You’re such a nice playboy.”

“Not at all. I just have a little money. Compared to your generosity, this is nothing.

‘A little money? Money enough to be a small country’s GDP?’ Pearl didn’t believe Eric as everyone knew how wealthy he was.

“Alright, if there’s nothing else, you should go. I need to get ready to sleep.” Pearl yawned a few times,

wanting to send her visitors away.

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“Rest well then.” Richard stood up and adjusted the corners of her blanket.

Eric followed and got up to leave.

After they left, Pearl’s expression immediately changed. She made a call, and on the other side,

Feather’s voice was light yet authoritative. “What’s up, Pea? How can I help you?”

“You’re in Enswood, right?”

Feather confirmed, “Yes. Didn’t you ask me to go to the villa?”

“Yes, I sent you there because I need your help with something.”

“Go ahead. I’ll get straight to it,” Feather replied, eager to help. Her loyalty to Pearl ran deep.

Three years ago, she had been a part-time worker at a convenience store. When her family business

failed, she had to juggle work and studies. Pearl had recognized her potential and offered her a

different job. Feather showed great talent in hacking, leading Pearl to arrange for Wayne to train her.

Over time, she had become an indispensable asset to Pearl.

“I need you to investigate whether Justin Newton and Tyler Sanders have been involved in anything

recently.”

Justin and Tyler were Richard’s best friends.

Feather was curious but didn’t question Pearl’s orders. She nodded in agreement and accepted the task.

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Pearl was in the hospital for too long and started feeling restless. After much pleading, Richard finally allowed her to stay in a hotel instead.

“I’m a doctor so why can’t I leave? You know how unbearable the smell of disinfectants is. I can’t stand it any longer.”

At the hotel, Pearl sat on the couch, massaging her sore back. Prolonged bed rest had taken its toll on her.

“People who treat others can’t treat themselves. You just want to escape. So, what’s your plan now?”

Richard was concerned because he was taken aback by her untamed spirit.

“Let’s go back and finish the shoot.”

Richard shook his head. “No, it just happened recently, and Hugo might try something again.”

“But we’ve already delayed it for half a month because of me. If we wait any longer, we might not have enough time to finish shooting. Besides, Jenny has resumed filming, so we can’t afford further delays.”

Both of their shows were scheduled to air around the same time, making it a competitive race.

Pearl had a strong desire to win, and Richard knew that. Seeing how excited she was, he calmly said,

“On a few conditions.”

“What are they?”

“Firstly, no more dangerous stunts, like jumping into the water. That part is off-limits.”

Pearl nodded like a chicken pecking food off the ground. “Sure, sure.”

“Secondly, don’t get too friendly with the male actors on set. Only interact with them when it’s necessary for a scene.”

Pearl’s lips twitched. “You’re talking about the guy who split his cookie with me?”

Richard was so petty!

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“Don’t talk. Thirdly, you have to be by my side all the time and stay within ten feet of me.”

Pearl immediately went quiet after he said that.

“What? Why aren’t you saying anything? Do you disagree with what I said?” Richard frowned, clearly displeased.

Pearl shook her head and then pointed at her belly. “What if I need to use the restroom?”

Richard replied, “That’s not a problem. I can stand guard outside the door.”

Pearl retorted, “No way. You’d become an internet sensation in no time. ‘Mister Richard Waldorf guards the restroom door.’ Would that be a loss of morality or the end of civilization?”

Her comment wasn’t particularly polite, so Pearl decided to stop speaking, fearing that Richard might become angry with her.

Richard asked, “So, what’s the issue with me waiting for my girlfriend outside the restroom?”

Pearl didn’t want to argue about personal preferences, as she didn’t believe Richard would actually wait outside the restroom in such situations.

However, she soon found out that she was mistaken. Even on the set, Richard would insist on accompanying her to the restroom.

Richard saw no problem with this, but many people had different opinions. Among the crew, there were

a few girls who harbored dreams of dating Richard, some of whom had never been in relationships before.

One day, two of these girls went to the restroom together and, upon seeing Richard guarding the restroom door, they felt their hearts sink.

“Could he have some kind of fetish?” one of the girls shuddered as she whispered to her friend.

The other girl was devastated by the possibility and replied with a heavy heart, “Maybe... I can’t believe he’s that kind of person... Do all men become perverts when they’re in relationships?”

Richard had never expected to be associated with the term “pervert” and felt somewhat distressed. He looked at the girls with a cold glare.

The two girls had hoped for his attention, but they hadn’t expected him to give it to them... near the restroom! Feeling anxious, they quickened their pace and changed their course to put some distance between them and the restroom, still holding hands.

While this incident didn’t cause any issues, it did lead to Richard no longer being allowed to wait outside the restroom. Pearl was relieved by this development.

After wrapping up the shoot, the director threw a party and invited all the actors to have lunch at a hotel.

Mobius was invited as a friend, but in reality, he had come because he admired Esther's acting skills and appreciated Pearl's generosity. He hoped to get in their good graces.

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At the hotel entrance, Pearl cursed under her breath when she stepped out of her car and spotted Jenny wearing a smile.

As they said, enemies often cross paths.

"Wait a minute, Pearl? Is your crew having a farewell party here today? What a coincidence!"

Although Jenny's words appeared polite, Pearl detected an underlying tone of provocation, especially in the way she said, "Wait a minute...". It was evident that Jenny hadn't reached her breaking point yet.

"Yeah, let me see if your face has healed, Jenny. It was quite swollen and scary before, but there seem to be some scars now," Pearl remarked casually while examining Jenny's face.

Jenny panicked at the mention of scars on her face. She quickly retrieved a small mirror from her purse

and checked her complexion. Finding no flaws, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Pearl found the situation hilarious and couldn't hide her laughter, "Alright. Stop checking yourself in the mirror. There's a restroom to your right once you're inside. Bye."

"How dare you-" Jenny shot Pearl a vicious glare but then spotted Richard approaching. She restrained the harsh words on the tip of her tongue and said, "I know you don't like me, but you shouldn't speak to me in such a tone. Your words are rather unpleasant. If others hear this, they might think you're bullying me."

Jenny truly lived up to her reputation as a top actress. When she shed tears, it was convincingly heart-wrenching and could tug at anyone's heartstrings.

"Who's the bully here? You're the one who started it. Do you want me to list all the things you've done?"

Esther retorted.

Birds of a feather flock together, as they say. Esther, born into a wealthy family, was accustomed to being straightforward. Though her words might come across as harsh, she was merely standing up for what was right.

Pearl couldn't help but chuckle as she observed the feisty little firecracker beside her.

"I know you like Pearl, Rick. But you shouldn't let her bully others like this." Jenny no longer expected

Richard to take her side. She just wished he would be fair and not let the group gang up on her.

"I don't mind." Richard would stand by Pearl's side even if he didn't know who Jenny was. Moreover, he

was well aware of Jenny's cunning nature.

"Did you hear that? Even your old flame, Eric, wants nothing to do with you. Not to mention Richard,

who has disliked you for a long time. You compete with Pea in everything. Aren't you afraid of falling

into a pit someday?"

Esther had been hanging out with Mobius for a long time and had developed a fiery temper. Now, she

had a spunky charm that made her a delight to be around.

Pearl appreciated Esther's straightforwardness regardless.

"Alright now, Miss Jenny. Este has a way with words. If she said something that hurt your feelings, it

might cause more trouble than it's worth," Pearl commented, glancing at Jenny,

whose face had turned red with anger. It was the first time she hadn't said much, and witnessing her

visibly agitated brought an unexpected satisfaction.

“Why you!” Jenny realized she was outnumbered and temporarily suppressed her tears. She chose to leave for the time being, but the resentment she felt toward Richard’s indifference and Esther’s unyielding stance simmered within her.

One day, she would shut Esther up for good!

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Pearl and her friends entered the ballroom and took their seats.

Mister Derek was the first to stand up and raise his glass. He seemed to have had a few too many drinks, as his cheeks were flushed. “Today marks the completion of our drama ‘When I Met You.’ Let’s all enjoy ourselves since everyone has worked hard!”

Mobius continued to heap food onto Esther’s plate, prompting her to protest, “Mobius, stop it. I’ve told you countless times that I’m on a diet. I can’t eat anymore!”

“Why are you dieting? You’re not even fat.”

Esther exaggerated, “I’m not? Are you blind, Mobius? Have you seen any artists weighing over 110 pounds?”

Mobius knew Esther had gained some weight for this drama, even Her face had become slightly rounder. But to him, she still looked slim.

Esther might have had a youthful face, but she was pretty tall, close to five feet seven. At around 110 pounds, she was nicely proportioned and looked rather slender.

“So what? It doesn’t matter to me,” Mobius muttered under his breath.

But Esther heard him. “What did you say, Mobius? I heard that. I knew you secretly liked me and wanted to be with me, but you’re too embarrassed to admit it!”

“Quit yapping and eat up.” Mobius gave her a stern look and lightly knocked her head.

Esther didn’t refuse this time; she opened up and ate heartily. Mobius had made it clear that he didn’t mind, so what was there to worry about?

“Enough with this dieting nonsense! Get out of my mind!” Esther thought, frustrated with her own thoughts.

Watching the two of them flirt, Pearl felt like a mother watching her daughter grow up.

Richard was also busy serving food to Pearl, paying attention to her preferences and using separate utensils while serving her.

“I don’t like papaya, Richard...” Pearl looked at the mound of food on her plate, feeling just as baffled as Esther. It seemed like Richard had lost his mind, serving her a large bowl of tapioca papaya milk, as if he was putting her on a lactation diet.

Richard glanced below her neck and said nonchalantly, “You should take good care of yourself.

“What are you trying to say, Richard?” Pearl chuckled, nearly grinding her teeth in frustration.

Suddenly, an idea for revenge crossed her mind. She picked up a piece of sauteed pork from her plate and placed it on Richard’s plate. “Here, have some. They say you are what you eat. This will make you stronger.”

The people sitting nearby were surprised by the conversation and leaned in to listen closely.

“Am I weak now?” Richard narrowed his eyes, his tone laced with danger.

Pearl knew she had said something that could provoke any man, but he was the one who had irritated her.

“How would I know? I haven’t tried.” As soon as those words left her mouth, Pearl realized her mistake.

Why had she asked Richard such a foolish question?

“Well, why don’t we put it to the test tonight and see if I’m strong?” Surprisingly, instead of getting angry, Richard chuckled.

“Actually, you’re doing quite well already.” Pearl nodded with sincerity. “Believe me, I’ve always had faith in you, so you don’t have to do such unnecessary things.”

Richard nodded with a satisfied expression. “Great.” He had only been teasing her, but seeing her usually confident smile falter slightly actually pleased him.

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“Alright, alright. Once this party’s over, we’ll head our separate ways, back to our own beds, uh I mean, get some rest without bothering each other, okay?” Pearl said, pulling back a little to put some distance between herself and Richard.

Richard raised an eyebrow. “You’re really scared, aren’t you?”

“Scared? No way...” But deep down, she was. Richard just seemed so much stronger than her. If he decided to try something, she wouldn’t be able to resist...

“Hey, I’m feeling a little dizzy. I’m gonna head to the restroom.” Although Pearl was feeling a little dizzy from drinking, it was more about slipping away to the restroom to dodge the conversation.

Richard made a move to stand up. "Do you want me to come with you?"

"No..." Pearl forced a smile. "I don't think that's necessary. Besides, you wouldn't want people to start thinking you're some kind of creep, right?"

Richard couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling remembering the frightened looks he had gotten from two young girls before. Did he really come off as a creep?

"Don't worry, I'll be fine on my own." Pearl bid farewell to Richard and headed to the restroom alone.

The restroom's entrance was dimly lit. Pearl scooped up some water at the sink and splashed it on her face. The cold water helped sober her up, and she finally felt more clear-headed.

While Pearl was still leaning over the sink, two people came out of the restroom, mentioning Esther's name. She kept her head down and continued washing her face.

"Do you think Esther will get what's coming to her for offending so many people?" asked the girl in a white dress, smiling brightly yet with a bit of a harsh look.

"Who can blame her for using her good looks to snag opportunities? There are plenty who'd like to see her downfall," said a girl in a black dress, her demeanor seductive yet tacky.

Pearl recognized these two. They were just some minor, lesser-known actresses from 'The Melody of

the West.'

"In my opinion, Esther's looks are just average. She's only getting by because of her connection to Pearl. Without Pearl, she's nothing," the girl in the white dress continued.

Pearl glanced up, catching a reflection of the girls in the mirror. Their plain, makeup-free faces looked average, a six or seven out of ten in terms of beauty, which was quite common in the entertainment industry.

Seeing such average-looking girls criticize Esther's appearance made Pearl think they were out of touch with reality.

"Yeah, let's just wait for the right moment. Dealing with Esther will be a piece of cake once Pearl isn't around to back her up."

"Oh, so you're planning to take her down?"

"I wouldn't dare. There are so many people after her that I wouldn't even get my turn."

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The two of them burst into laughter together.

But to Pearl, they meant something entirely different.

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Pearl's internal alarm bells rang upon hearing their conversation. Once they left, she hurried back to her seat. By then, most people had gone, leaving only a few men drinking and Richard.

Pearl's heart tightened. "Richard, where's Esther?"

"Esther had a bit too much to drink and passed out. Mobius and Hanzel have taken her back to the hotel. What's wrong? Do you need anything from her?" Richard was surprised by Pearl's concern for Esther, as she had never shown such worry before. This left him feeling uneasy.

"It's nothing."

Relieved to hear that both Mobius and Hanzel had sent Esther back to her hotel, Pearl's anxiety finally eased.

Pearl and Richard returned to the hotel room. Just as she was about to rest, she was interrupted by a phone call.

On the other end of the phone, Mobius's voice sounded urgent and desperate... "Pea! Hanz and Esther have been forcibly taken away!"

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In her tipsy state, Pearl hadn't fully grasped the meaning of "taken away forcibly." Nevertheless, she hurried to grab her car keys.

Richard grabbed her arm and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Some people grabbed Hanzel and Esther. Mobius called me, and I need to get there quickly. They might not be too far away." Pearl's voice couldn't hide her anxiety.

"I'll go with you," Richard said, his face serious. This was no small matter. Both of them were famous, and if they both disappeared, it would be a big deal. Teaming up made more sense.

Pearl agreed with a nod and joined Richard in the car.

When they arrived where Mobius had been left behind, they found him sitting on the roadside, looking dejected with empty eyes and murmuring to himself.

"Mobius!"

Pearl's call snapped Mobius back to reality. His eyes lit up with hope when he saw Pearl and Richard approaching.

"Pea, Rick, you're here!"

Pearl looked around and asked, "They left you behind and took only Hanzel and Esther?"

"Yeah, I'm not sure why. Maybe it's their super-crazy fans..."

If it was indeed the work of obsessed fans, it was even more worrisome, considering recent incidents involving overzealous fans.

"Which way did they go?" Pearl inquired.

Mobius pointed and said, "That way, eastward. Black van. I even saw the license plate, but it's probably fake, given their tactics."

"Get in the car. Let's find them together," Pearl directed, getting into the car.

Mobius immediately became excited. Given Pearl's personality, he had expected her to go alone, but to his surprise, she was willing to take him along.

"Don't get too excited. I brought you because you can help identify the vehicle, not because of your brawn," Pearl remarked sarcastically, leaving Mobius somewhat bewildered.

Richard's indifferent expression conveyed a similar sentiment, making Mobius feel mocked. So what if he wasn't good at fighting? That didn't mean he was weak!

They drove for a while without finding any leads. Suddenly, Pearl received a text message on her public mobile phone-it wasn't from someone she knew personally or had a close relationship with.

The message on the phone sent a chilling message to Pearl's heart.

[Pearl, come to Room 405 of the Worldwide Hotel for a good show.]

The sender was anonymous, but the address was in Hazelton. She immediately connected the message to tonight's events.

miles per hour.

Chapter 490

The Worldwide Hotel wasn't too far from here, and Pearl was hoping to get there quickly. She prayed that nothing would happen to Esther and Hanzel.

When they arrived at the Worldwide Hotel, a bunch of reporters were rushing inside. Clearly, something important was going on, drawing their attention.

Pearl's heart raced as she pushed through the crowd. Most of the people seemed to be heading to the fourth floor, so she anxiously made her way to Room 405.

In the chaos, she got separated from Richard and Mobius, and they lost sight of her.

Meanwhile, the door was ajar in Room 405, and Esther's and Hanzel's clothes were scattered on the floor. They were under the covers, suggesting something had happened between them.

Hanzel's face was partly hidden, allowing some anonymity-whoever took him wanted to protect his privacy. Esther, on the other hand, wasn't as lucky. Her face and part of her chest were exposed.

Both of them were unconscious right now, so it seemed like nothing had gone down between them.

Pearl quickly shoved a photographer out of the way and yelled, "Get out of here!"

Suddenly, a bunch of guys in black suits showed up like they'd been expecting this. They quickly dealt with the reporters, pushing them down.

After most reporters had been kicked out, Pearl nodded and said, "Give me your cameras. I'll delete the photos myself."

Some reporters got angry and said, "What's the deal? I took those pics. Why should you delete them?"

You think you can boss us around just because you're famous? That's not right!"

They all wanted some juicy photos to boost their fame and income, so no one wanted to give up their cameras.

Pearl walked up to one guy and reached for his camera. "Give it to me."

The man coldly snorted. "This is my camera. Don't you dare take it away!"

"I'm not afraid to kick you so don't think I won't grab it." Pearl grabbed the guy's camera and shoved him a couple of meters away. If there was more space, she could've pushed him even farther.

Pearl, with her photography skills, easily deleted the photos with a few clicks. She frowned. when she saw some inappropriate photos of women taken without their consent. Thinking about the creepy photographer, she deleted those pictures too.

The man lay on the ground, watching Pearl delete the photos he had painstakingly taken. He was nearly breathless, unable to believe what had just happened.

Witnessing this, others were afraid of facing a similar fate. They lined up and deleted their photos willingly.

"Great! You all cooperated well," Pearl said, satisfied with their obedience.

She had taken the necessary precautions, even if a few might have slipped through the cracks. The rest could only be left to fate.

"Alright, those who deleted their photos can go now. And don't even think about trying to recover them.

I own the whole photo restoration business in Hazelton. If anyone tries to sneakily restore the pics or post the un-deleted ones online, I'll pay you a visit."

She showed no mercy. Her unspoken warning made a big impression on everyone there.

Pearl released them after everyone nodded in agreement.

After the reporters left, Pearl looked at the men in black suits around her and frowned. What's the matter with you guys? Why have you been following me?" She sensed their presence through a sensor ring and called them out for help.

"Miss Pearl, Mister Damian told us to keep an eye on you around the clock."