

## **YOUR GUISE 501**

### Chapter 501

Certainly, everyone knew of Evil Spirits and how frightening they were. Once they issued an assassination order, various kinds of people would kill the target regardless of the target's identity.

Hence, the director did not know what to say. He realized that he had offended someone he should not have offended. Besides... he brought it on himself.

He wondered if he could fake a faint at that time to escape it. But he could not do that in front of so many people.

"Miss... Miss Pearl. Ah, no. Miss Deathly Pearl, please let me go. I'll do whatever you want as long as you let me go. I'll be at your mercy!" The director got down on his knees and crawled over to Pearl, grabbing her legs. His tears and snot nearly stained her clothes.

Camden snorted. "Who do you think you are? How dare you offend Deathly Pearl! Do you even want to leave unscathed?"

"Okay, Camden. Don't scare him. It will be meaningless if you knock him out of fear."

Camden raised his brows and cracked an evil smile. "Yeah, you're right. But why do you want to catch him? Did he do anything bad to you? If he did, don't dirty your hands. I'll get others to get rid of him."

What a bloodthirsty demon!

The director collapsed on the floor with a blank gaze. Suddenly, he thought of something when a person near him was about to get close to strangling him.

“Miss Deathly Pearl, I’ve got something to offer you. Aren’t you Jenny’s enemy? She slept with me the other day in exchange for a role in a film. I even recorded it!”

Naturally, Pearl would be uninterested if it was the S\*\* tape of another popular female star. But this was different. It was a video of Jenny!

Smiling, Pearl raised her hand, and the person who was approaching the director stopped.

“Haha... Thank you for sparing my life, Miss Deathly Pearl. It’s just a coincidence because I recorded that to enjoy it alone.” Unexpectedly, it could help save his life. What a wonderful thing!

“Keep this from everyone. Do you get me?” Pearl sounded icy.

Being a witty person, the director knew what he should or should not say at that time. He hurriedly nodded. “Yeah, I know. Miss Deathly Pearl, no, Miss Pearl, I just went out to get some fried chicken and beer. I didn’t go anywhere else. Haha... Don’t worry. I can keep secrets. You can kill me if words get out about this!”

Pearl nodded and glanced at a guard near her. Enlightened, the guard hid himself in the dark.

“I’ll get someone to follow you around. Of course, you won’t see him but if you make a single mistake...”

Certainly, the director was aware of the consequences that awaited him. “Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone.” With sweat-drenched clothes, he smiled flatteringly. “Can I go now?”

Pearl narrowed her eyes. “One more thing.”

“Ah?” The director stopped in his tracks. “What is it?”

“Sell that film to Brilliance Entertainment.”

Hearing that, the director felt deep reluctance. He had picked that film with much consideration. If he sold it, it would be a great loss.

However, that kind of money could not be compared with his life.

“Oh, how could I sell it to you... I’ll give it to you instead, Miss Deathly Pearl!”

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Pearl did not want to take advantage of the director, so she suggested calmly, “I’ll buy it from you at the original price.”

A sigh of relief escaped the director. In short, he would regain his funds.

“Okay, you can leave now. I’ll ask someone to come to you to sign the contract tomorrow. If you break your word...”

“No, I’ll wait for that person at any time.”

After saying some nice words, the director wiped away his sweat and left in a fluster. He found that he could not afford to provoke Pearl. It was a great loss that he had provoked such a big shot for Jenny’s sake.

Since the issue was resolved, Pearl said nothing much and dismissed the people around her. She was about to leave with Feather when Camden stopped her.

“It’s been a while since we last met. How about we go somewhere else to chat?” he said.

Pearl frowned. “We aren’t that close, are we?”

“Well, I know you probably don’t take someone like me seriously, but I’d like to treat you to a meal to repay your kindness.”

Their relationship was neither close nor distant. She had bought him a meal when he was in a tough

spot. Back then, he had been young and proud, refusing to take a single bite of the pasta she had bought for him.

“I don’t take free meals.”

“But you’re starving. Don’t say that nonsense. You can repay me after you eat it.”

Pearl was young at that time and was amused by his actions.

“What’s your name? I’ll repay you in the future.”

Pearl raised the hem of her dress and smiled. “I’m Pearl Leighton. We’ll meet again if it’s written in the stars. No rush.”

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Pearl’s lips twitched. “So, you’re the one who’s been depositing money into my account over the years?”

Camden avoided her question, his gaze slightly uneasy.

“Forget it. It looks like you’ve done quite well with yourself. A few hundred thousand dollars in today’s economy is hardly worth mentioning. I won’t make a fuss about it.”

She took the money and lied about it.

Observing her actions, Camden found her very interesting. Unfortunately, she had a fiance...

"Yes, you can treat me to a meal, but I'm already full tonight. There's no need to go for anything fancy.

Let's just have some pasta. And please, no more random deposits into my account. I don't want people to think you're my sugar daddy."

Ending things with a plate of pasta seemed fitting, considering that uney

there." Pearl's words made Camden chuckle. "Okay, I'll stop. As for the pasta, I know a good place nearby, and it's open even at this hour. Let me take you

Pearl nodded. "Okay, Fifi. You can go back on your own. And watch the house for me."

Feather, under Pearl's command, had no intentions of intruding on their evening or pondering whether it was appropriate for them to be alone together, or whether Richard would be upset if he found out...

Camden leaped onto his motocross and handed a helmet to Pearl. "Here. Get on."

After a moment's hesitation, Pearl accepted the helmet and mounted the motocross behind Camden.

Sitting behind him, she placed her hands around his waist. She told herself it was because she was worried about falling off.

After they were gone, Feather went home alone. However, she spotted a black Maybach parked outside the door. It was likely Richard's.

Anxiety gripped her heart. As expected, she saw Richard sitting upright on the sofa after she entered the house.

He exuded a cold aura, and he sounded aloof.

Pearl?"

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Of course... Pearl had gone on a date.

No, she went just because of a favor.

Feather knew she couldn't lie and keep it a secret, especially given how smart Richard was. So, she

revealed the truth. "She went to grab a bite with a friend." She even emphasized that it was just a friend, fearing that he might get the wrong idea.

"A friend? Is it a man or a woman? Why didn't she pick up my calls then?" Richard's face darkened. He could almost guess that it was a man.

But Pearl went out with a man in the middle of the night and had dismissed Feather.

Feather continued, fearing that Richard might become angry. "They were old friends. That person just

wanted to repay Miss Pearl a favor.”

Richard wondered about the kind of favor one had to repay at night.

“I’m leaving.” While speaking, Richard got up to leave.

Feather knew that he wanted to find fault with Pearl. She wondered if she should tell Pearl about it or not.

Then, she decided against it since Pearl’s phone was dead. Since Richard could not reach Pearl, it would be the same even if Feather tried to.

After a look at Richard’s terrifying face, Feather knew that Pearl would suffer a lot that night. Well... she hoped that Pearl would fend for herself.

After Richard was gone, Feather suddenly felt something wrong with herself. An inexplicable warmth washed over her, making her wonder if it was due to the powder the director had splashed on her earlier.

Given the unusual circumstances, she hadn’t figured out the source of the powder yet. But based on her extensive experience, it didn’t seem to be poison but... a knockout drug!



At the thought of that, she collapsed as if someone had drained all of her energy.

Suddenly, her phone rang. Summoning all her strength, she grabbed her phone and saw it was a

WhatsApp call from Hanzel.

“Hello, Feather. Why couldn’t I reach Pearl’s phone? I’ve been trying to get in touch with her. Are you with her now?”

Feather couldn’t speak, and she didn’t have an antidote on hand. Unfortunately, Pearl hadn’t developed such a drug recently.

“Hello, Feather? Why aren’t you saying anything? Are you asleep?”

Feather grunted weakly and softly.

“What’s wrong with you? Are you sober, Feather?” Hanzel sensed that something was amiss. He then became more serious when he realized something. “Are you in trouble, Feather? If you are, just make a ‘mm’ sound.”

Feather mumbled, “Mm.” It was humiliating to admit it, but she couldn’t help it.

“Alright, don’t talk anymore, but don’t hang up. I’m coming to you.”

Hanzel had previously mocked Richard for buying that villa, calling it unnecessary. But it became an

important information point.

Feather nodded quietly as she leaned against the couch, feeling an increasing warmth within

her.

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It was the first time Peari had gone to the night market street. She found it very chaotic and dirty, but

the food was amazing.

Camden chuckled. "It's a bit different from the places you usually go to, probably not your cup of tea."

Pearl blushed slightly, feeling out of her element. "It's fine. I've eaten ration biscuits, so this is a nice

change."

Camden wasn't concerned anymore, noticing Pearl's curious expression. "Come on, it's right this way.

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He guided Pearl to what appeared to be a modest restaurant with an obscure sign that read "The

Wilson God."

"Is the owner named Wilson too?" Pearl inquired.

Camden grinned. "You catch on quickly, Deathly Pearl."

“Okay, don’t call me that in public. It’s strange. Just call me Pearl like everyone else. Well, Miss Pearl is

fine too.” Pearl figured she might be a few years older than Camden. Well, it didn’t

matter.

“Okay, Pearl. I’m sure you’ll like the food here.’

The restaurant wasn’t particularly busy, as only a few patrons were scattered about. When they

entered, it was practically empty, except for a cat and a dog engaged in a playful scuffle in

a corner.

Pearl casually placed her order and then took a seat in a corner, where she began playing with the

dog.

When the boss came out and saw them, a gleam of recognition crossed his eyes. “Hello, the lighting in

my restaurant isn’t great here. Would you prefer another table?”

The man appeared friendly and bore a slight resemblance to Camden, possibly family.

Pearl declined with a shake of her head, opting to remain in her chosen spot. “I love cats and dogs.”

After that, she looked around. “Plus, your restaurant is dark everywhere. It’s the same wherever I sit.”

The boss’s lips twitched slightly, and he found himself in a rather awkward situation. Pearl’s

straightforwardness didn't leave him with much to say.

Camden cleared his throat, trying to ease the tension. "I'm sorry. My uncle can be a bit enthusiastic, but he's a good guy.

Pearl nodded, sipping her tea nonchalantly. "No problem. I can see that. He just needs to tone it down a bit, but..."

Camden grew concerned. "But what?"

"But there's a reason why business isn't booming here. Look, doesn't he know that he should make the place cleaner and tidier? It's so dimly lit. Who would want to..."

Pearl's words left Camden restless. "Yeah, you're right, but this is just a restaurant in the bustling city. If it's too clean and neat, some people might think they can't afford to eat here."

Camden's business sense earned a nod of approval from Pearl. Then, she made him an offer. "Why don't you come work for me instead? I offer great salaries. You might even earn more than you do now.

Camden considered it for a moment. "I'll think about it."

Their pasta dishes arrived, and Camden placed a plate of pasta in front of Pearl, handing her a fork and spoon after cleaning them.

Pearl took a bite, but suddenly dizziness overcame her, causing her to collapse onto the table.

When the boss emerged from the kitchen and saw Pearl lying on the table, he couldn't help but smile, tossing his apron to the floor.

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"Finally, after all these years, my chance has come," the boss said, a sense of satisfaction washing over him as he let out his long-concealed hatred.

He seemed a bit disappointed, though, about the wasted knockout powder. "Why didn't you try to persuade her earlier? I wouldn't have needed to put the knockout powder in her pasta."

Camden, however, didn't share the boss's concerns. "It doesn't matter. She's unconscious now."

"But you

did well. At last, we can avenge our Wilson family!"

Camden's curiosity got the better of him. "But there's something I don't quite understand. You always claimed that Pearl ruined the Wilson family, but you never told me why."

The memory of his first meeting with Pearl, where she smiled charmingly despite her cruel methods, crossed his mind. Although she had ruthless means, she didn't have to exterminate his family.

"You'll find out later. Right now, we must kill her to restore the honor of the family and seize control of the Evil Spirits. Only then can the departed family members rest in peace."

Camden had long suspected Henry Wilson's true motives. Henry had been eyeing the Evil Spirits for a while now, and his smile gave away his sinister intentions after incapacitating Pearl.

"What are you going to do now?"

Henry contemplated Camden's words briefly. Although Pearl had appeared modest with light makeup and plain clothes, her beauty was rare. Henry wondered if he could...

"Go wait outside. I want to kill her quietly right here. I have Fatal Acid. No one will find her as long as she turns into a puddle of water!" Henry didn't reveal the whole truth.

Camden didn't dwell on Henry's words too much; he simply found the situation regrettable. After getting

to his feet, he glanced at the unconscious Pearl with a hint of pity before leaving.

Pearl suddenly opened her eyes once he was gone.

Henry, who was about to touch her skin, was startled to see Pearl awake. He assumed that the

knockout powder hadn't worked and was about to administer more when she kicked him aside.

Since she was fast, Henry couldn't react in time and was forced to take the blow.

"How dare you!" he cried out, crouching down and clutching his injured b\*dy.

"Stop yelling, or I'll throw you out of here," Pearl warned, rubbing her sore wrists after being on the table for so long.

"Why aren't you knocked out?" Henry was perplexed. He had instructed Camden to ensure Pearl ate the pasta, and she had closed her eyes. He wondered how Pearl had remained unaffected.

"No, I didn't lose consciousness. If I weren't cautious around someone like you, I would have been dead by now. Your intentions are obvious in your eyes.'

Luckily, Pearl had been vigilant. She hadn't consumed the pasta but had hidden it in her mouth. While they talked, she had buried her face in her arms and discreetly spat it out beneath the table, unbeknownst to anyone, including the old man.

"Well, it seems I underestimated you. Ha! Ha... So what? This is my territory, and it won't be difficult for me to do anything." Camden was still outside, and Henry was confident that he could succeed.

“Go ahead and try.” Pearl was not terrified in the least. With a GPS tracker on her, if she didn’t leave for an extended period, the guards would come looking for her.

The outcome of the battle was still uncertain, but she remained unafraid.

“Very well. I won’t hold back just because you’re fearless!” Henry’s smile vanished, replaced by a cold, aloof demeanor. He extended his hand toward her.

Did he want to slap her?

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Pearl deftly maneuvered her b\*dy to dodge Henry’s attack and managed to grip his wrists. With a bit of strength, she pushed him backward, but he struggled to regain his balance.

Henry smirked, triumphant that he had avoided being subdued so easily.

Before Pearl could breathe a sigh of relief, a sudden wave of weakness washed over her. She found herself unable to summon her strength.

“What kind of drug did you give me this time?” she demanded, frustration in her voice.

Henry sneered, “Go to hell with the secret since you don’t know...” He had initially contemplated taking liberties with Pearl, but now he found her defiance irksome, so he decided it was best to kill her promptly.



Drawing a dagger from his person, Henry advanced toward Pearl slowly. Just as he was about to strike, there was a commotion outside.

Henry was displeased that someone was going to disrupt his plans. He threw a quick glance toward the door before resuming his efforts to kill Pearl.

However, the door rattled, as if someone had kicked it, and it started to give way.

“Looks like someone’s here for you, Pearl. Let’s guess, is it your sweetheart? Wouldn’t it be thrilling to die in front of him?” Henry mused with a malicious grin. “And will he still love you if your face is ruined?”

Pearl glared at him with disdain. “Do as you please, f\*cking bastard!”

Henry’s smile faded. “Very well. I’ll grant your wish, since you’re so eager to embrace death.” Raising his dagger, he aimed to strike Pearl in the shoulders.

Just then, someone managed to force the door open. The sudden burst of light caused Henry to miss his target, and his dagger struck a chair instead.

As he prepared for another attack, Richard stormed into the room. He quickly grabbed a plate from the

table and smashed it onto Henry, who screamed in pain as his eyes were injured, and he dropped his dagger.

Richard helped Pearl sit in a nearby chair, though he did so without gentleness, a grudge apparent in his actions.

Pearl quickly understood the source of his anger. She wondered why he was being so petty, given that she had merely shared a meal with someone else.

Richard didn't leave with Pearl. Instead, he retrieved the fallen dagger from the floor and approached Henry, who was writhing and wailing.

"Planning to kill Pearl, were you?" Richard asked in a chilling tone, playing with the dagger, which gleamed ominously in the dim light.

Even if Henry had been fearless before, he couldn't find the words now. Struck dumb with deep fear, he could only look up in terror as Richard loomed over him.

"Don't kill me," Henry pleaded, his voice trembling. It had been far beyond his expectations that Richard would arrive at the restaurant so quickly.

Initially, Henry had intended to threaten the most popular man in Enswood to gauge his capabilities.

But now...

"You're tough, right?" Richard's voice was icy and bloodthirsty.

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Henry's expression shifted dramatically, his fierceness giving way to tears and snot. He pleaded

desperately, "No, please, let me explain, Mister Richard, I-"

"Your so-called nephew already filled me in at the door," Richard interrupted, his voice cool but resolute.

"What? Didn't he stop you?" Henry was puzzled. Camden had been focused on looking for his parents' murderer. It didn't make sense that he would let Richard into the restaurant.

Richard used his dagger to lift Henry's chin, imparting a sense of icy dread that sent shivers down Henry's spine. "He did stop me, but it wasn't necessary, considering you know who killed his parents." He then turned around and saw Camden entering the restaurant, his face etched with

hatred.

"Do as you wish with him, Mister Richard. He must pay for killing my parents. I'll do it myself if you decide to spare him today!" Camden said.

Camden had discovered the truth about his parents' murder long ago. To his shock, his seemingly kind

uncle was the culprit behind it all. Henry had even tried to pin the blame on Pearl to seize the Wilson

family's property and Evil Spirits.

"If you're smart, you'd know who stands to gain the most from your parents' deaths." Camden hadn't forgotten Richard's words. He had been waiting for this day to come, confident that he could make Henry pay, even if he lacked the power to do it alone.

"Camden! Don't be fooled by them! We're family. How could I harm you? Your parents died in an accident three years ago, and Pearl was the one responsible for it!"

If Pearl had had any strength left, she would have risen to her feet and slapped Henry for making such a baseless accusation. She had merely passed by the scene of the accident, she was in school at the time. She had no motive to harm Camden's parents.

Camden recalled the events of that day—it was a girl in red who had rescued him from the wreckage and offered him a plate of pasta.

and

Pearl smiled. "If you believe me, I can get to the bottom of this within three days and prove it wasn't me."

“No, that’s unnecessary,” Camden responded, lowering his head to admit, “I already knew it wasn’t you.

I never truly doubted you because I discovered the truth early on. I just wanted to use you as bait to catch Henry off guard and kill him.”

He also wanted to meet the girl who had saved his life. When he mentioned his intent to kill Henry, he spoke with a calm demeanor, suggesting

he spoke with a calm demeanor, suggesting that he had grown accustomed to taking lives over the years.

“But I didn’t want you to die either. I had already replaced his dagger with a retractable knife. It couldn’t have harmed you.”

Richard examined the dagger closely.

“If you doubt it, you can try it on him,” Camden suggested, referring to Henry.

Terrified, Henry shook his head vigorously. “No, please, don’t...”

In response, Richard thrust the dagger into Henry with force. However, it wasn’t a retractable knife—it was a real dagger.

Blood began to flow instantly from Henry’s wound, and his eyes widened in horror. He had coated the

dagger with poison, knowing that Camden was fond of Pearl and had exchanged his weapon for a

retractable knife. He had intended for the poison to ensure Pearl's immediate death.

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Unexpectedly, Henry had met a gruesome end. His eyes widened, and he died in misery.

Richard released his grip on the dagger, and Henry collapsed immediately. He stood up, his gaze fixed

on Camden.

"I didn't do it. He secretly switched the dagger, and I believe he poisoned it," Camden' explained, his

voice carrying a touch of compassion. Henry had, in his own way, helped him, particularly in business

matters. He had imparted valuable knowledge, as if grooming him as an heir.

But Henry's heinous act of murdering Camden's parents was unforgivable.

Richard looked away from Camden and turned his attention to Pearl, who lay unconscious.

"Evil Spirits, Deathly Pearl," he murmured, a hint of melancholy in his tone, as if he had foreseen this

revelation. "I didn't expect you to harbor so many hidden identities from me. It seems I'll need to

uncover them."

With Pearl in his arms, Richard headed for the exit, but Camden intercepted him. "Wait, Mister

Richard.”

Richard paused but didn’t turn back.

Camden continued, “Can you take me in?”

With Henry gone, the Wilson family would be thrown into turmoil, and Camden had just come of age.

He feared he wouldn’t be able to maintain control over the Wilson family without

Henry’s protection. Seeking a better life now seemed like the best option.

Silently, Richard pondered the request and replied, “Wrap up things here, and report to Waldorf

Enterprises tomorrow.”

Camden smiled gratefully. “Thanks.”

Richard returned to the villa with Pearl but noticed Hanzel’s car outside. Shocked, he frowned.

When he reached the living room, he heard some voices from within. The door was slightly ajar,

allowing him to hear the conversation clearly.

“Don’t go... I don’t mind it. Help mé...”

At that moment, Feather was nearly unconscious, and she saw Hanzel as a mobile ice cube.

Hanzel lamented his unfortunate situation, having gotten himself into this predicament.

“Feather, wake up and look at me. I’m Hanzel. Ah, please stop k\*ssing me. I think you should think it through...” Hanzel did his best to evade her k\*sses but refrained from pushing her away, fearing she might accidentally hurt herself. Despite his efforts, he received several k\*sses.

Feather expressed her dissatisfaction with his resistance, a stark contrast to her usual icy attitude.

Hanzel had never witnessed such behavior from her.

“Don’t... Feather, Miss Feather, I can’t do that with you. It’s not appropriate. You’re still quite young.

Please don’t act impulsively...”

Feather shook her head and embraced his neck. “I’m okay with it. Help me...”

Hanzel was about to decline once more when he heard noises at the door. His eyes darkened instantly.

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Suddenly, Hanzel smiled. He stopped pushing Feather away, holding her waist gently instead.

“Have you thought this through?” he asked.

Feather nodded.



At that moment, near the door, Richard overheard their conversation. He glanced down at Pearl, still unconscious in his arms, and then made a decision. After a brief pause, he carried Pearl and left, heading back to Waldorf Residence.

When the noise at the door had disappeared, Hanzel let go of Feather, which left her feeling dissatisfied.

“Alright, Feather. I’ll take you to the hospital now. If Miss Pearl finds out that I took liberties. with you, she’ll kill me tomorrow.”

Initially, Hanzel hadn’t noticed anyone standing at the door, but he realized that it might be either Richard or Pearl. Nevertheless, he thought that they might be less vigilant toward him if they believed he was involved with another woman, especially Pearl.

Hanzel believed that Pearl and Richard had both been wary of him since he had confessed his love for Pearl. His primary goal was to befriend Pearl.

He sighed deeply while looking at Feather because he felt uncomfortable manipulating her reputation.

Feather seemed to relent, and blushing, she fainted.

Hanzel let out a long sigh and then carried her, driving her to the hospital.

The next day, when Pearl woke up, she found herself back at Waldorf Residence. Both Dustan and

Susan were at home, and they smiled warmly upon seeing Pearl come downstairs.

“Welcome back, Pearl. You’re finally awake,” they greeted her.

Over time, especially Susan, they had come to regard Pearl as their daughter. Susan occasionally took

Pearl’s side in disputes with Richard.

“Mister Dustan, Madam, where’s Richard?” Pearl asked.

Susan playfully covered her mouth and teased Pearl, “You’re in quite a hurry to see Rick now that

you’re awake, Pearl. Don’t worry, he’s at the company handling some matters. I believe he’ll be home

soon.”

Pearl nodded and slapped her forehead, realizing that it was the day the TV drama was being

released. Due to her unconsciousness, Richard, Hanzel, and Esther had to shoulder the responsibility.

With that in mind, Pearl quickly got ready and rushed to Brilliance Entertainment.

Clem was already at the office. He was sitting in front of his laptop, eagerly waiting for the data and

comments related to the drama’s release, which were crucial for its promotion. Esther, too, had skipped

her practice to be there.

When Pearl entered the office, she looked around but didn't spot Hanzel Perplexed, she asked,

"Where's Hanzel?" She knew that Hanzel wouldn't forget about the drama's release, given his

dedication to it.

Clem shook his head. "I'm not sure. He hasn't texted me or requested a day off. He might have

overslept."

Pearl decided not to dwell on it and turned her attention to the laptop with concern. This was drama she

had signed, but she hadn't been heavily involved in its production. However, now she felt a growing

sense of anxiety as she stared at the data.

The drama's first three episodes were scheduled for release at nine o'clock in the morning, coinciding

with the premiere of "The Melody of the West," a large-scale classic drama

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had a hunch that they had deliberately done this, but she wasn't too worried or frightened since they

were the ones guilty of plagiarism.

nine o'clock, the viewer numbers started rapidly rising. Most people tuned in to watch the drama because

of Esther and Hanzel's fame, but they were pleasantly surprised at how well they and Hanzel portrayed their roles.

The online discussion quickly heated up as viewers adored the chemistry between Esther and Hanzel, praising the compelling plot of the TV show.

However, the discussion took an unexpected turn.

User named Potato Lover commented, "Damn! Did you guys see the third episode? I saw Earl and Richard! Is it true?"

Potato Lover added, "Yeah, their acting is amazing! It's their first time acting together, and I thought it would be awkward..."

Smiley Face chimed in, "He's so handsome! I love watching the real-life couple!"

Kiddo said, "Don't you think Pearl is prettier than the lead actress? Ah! The princess is trying the lead actress. She's so strong!"

Smiley teased, "Calm down, Kiddo. You're about to fall in love with her."

Someone had promoted Pearl and Richard, but their acting had captivated the audience.

Earl couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness as she noticed that the comments were actually

shifting to focus on her and Richard.

Meanwhile, Esther couldn't contain her laughter. "Did you see that, Pearl? You're the target of all the girls

who want to marry you. Congratulations on gaining so many female fans from

this drama. I've never seen such unusual comments before. Hahaha!"

Pearl sighed. "It's not a big deal, though it's beyond my expectation."

Esther playfully held Pearl's hand and said, "Well, I do have an advantage since I'm right here. You ever

decide to marry a girl, you should marry me."

Esther, do you want to get more advertisements?" Pearl threatened coldly.

Hearing that, Esther became dispirited. "Okay, I take it back. I'd be doomed if you got me

more endorsements. Then you'd have to visit me in the cemetery."

Esther's complaints were giving Pearl a headache. She decided to cover Esther's mouth and continued to

monitor the data together.

Just as their drama was gaining momentum, there was an unexpected turn. Their popularity started to

inexplicably drop. After investigating further, Pearl discovered that the audience had shifted to watching

“The Melody of the West.”

Damn! What happened?” Pearl frowned.

lem’s expression turned serious as he said, “Pearl, check out the news.”

reading the news, Pearl was shocked to discover that someone had claimed that the original

novel on which “When I Met You” was based had committed plagiarism. Netizens began comparing the

novel to others, highlighting evidence of the alleged plagiarism.

Suddenly, public sentiment turned against “When I Met You,” and its ratings began to plummet.

Malicious rumors spread by other entertainment companies only made matters

worse.

“What should we do now, Pearl? I read that novel before, and no one ever accused it of being

plagiarized,” Clem said.

Pearl nodded thoughtfully. “Let’s not panic. I need to investigate this further.”

As she delved into the matter, she traced the IP address of the article back to Jenny’s entertainment

company.