

YOUR GUISE 531

Chapter 531

Damian was an imposing figure, standing at six foot two, with well-defined muscles and striking, beautiful eyes. His presence drew the attention of many girls, setting him apart from the shorter, stockier men around him.

However, what caught Pearl's eye even more was the group of people gathered around

Damian, looking like they had some sort of grudge against him.

Pearl didn't immediately approach but stayed behind the crowd to observe the situation, curious about how Damian would handle it.

"How many times do I have to tell you? Apologize! Are you deaf?" one man in the group demanded, clearly annoyed.

Damien glared at him. "You think you deserve an apology from me?"

"Haha, I don't deserve it? Do you know who I am? This is my territory. Even the dogs here would be punished if they dared to offend me!" the man boasted, sporting a thick gold chain and designer clothes. However, an unsightly black birthmark under his right eye detracted from his otherwise

average appearance.

“Wow, very impressive.” Damian cracked his wrist. “So, what’s it going to be? Are we settling this one by one or all at once?”

“Hah! You’re about to learn!” The man stared daggers at Damian and ordered his lackeys, Get him! If you don’t finish this guy off, you’ll face the consequences!”

His men, fearful but obedient, hesitated before moving toward Damian with empty hands.

Damian, on the other hand, only needed two seconds to dislocate one of their arms, producing a loud, bone-chilling crack. The other two men froze in their tracks, dumbfounded.

Damian nonchalantly wiped his hand with a napkin and tossed it onto the man with the dislocated arm.

“Why aren’t you attacking?”

Witnessing Damian’s lightning -quick reaction left everyone in awe. Some hadn’t even seen what had happened and had only heard the agonizing wail.

“Who... Who are you?” The leader’s eyes widened as he nervously took a few steps back, his men catching him to prevent him from falling.

“Who am I? I’m Mister Damian to you.”

Unable to stand by any longer, Pearl decided to intervene. Damian might be skilled at pretending, but she wouldn't allow this charade to continue. Pushing her way through the crowd, she positioned herself in front of everyone.

This was the first time Damian had seen Pearl since his return. Her eyes were captivating, and she exuded an air of elegance.

Damian frowned, thinking that the dress she wore was a waste. Black dresses suited her best, making her look like a shining star against the night sky.

Pearl looked around and calmly said, "Dark Bar does not welcome troublemakers. Please leave."

The troublemakers glanced at Damian, who stood not far away, and smirked. "You should come with us."

Though Damian remained composed, Pearl shot a cold glare at the man. "He's a customer here. What do you intend to do to him?"

If it weren't for Damian's act of playing the helpless sheep, she would have exposed his true identity, revealing that he was, in fact, a wolf. But now, she had to help him instead.

“Very well, we’re above this. Let’s go,” Damian stated calmly before turning and ascending the stairs to enter the bar.

The man continued to glare at Damian, his eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets. “Above this?!”

Despite his fury, he couldn’t do much, given that it was Pearl’s establishment, and he understood her methods. Reluctantly, he and his men departed, vowing to seek revenge. Suppressing a laugh, Pearl followed them with her gaze before ascending the stairs herself.

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After entering, they passed through a clear glass door, revealing a well-lit bar filled with people enjoying their drinks.

Damian, however, wore a frown. “Why does this place look so boring?”

“Oh, come on, Damian. This is our country. If you party too hard, you’ll end up in jail.” Pearl chuckled, ordering her usual Angel’s Kiss cocktail.

“I haven’t drunk that in a long time. One whiskey please.”

Pearl rolled her eyes. “Boring.”

With their drinks in hand, they made their way to the VIP section, and shortly after they sat down,

Wayne showed up.

“Hey, you show up here the day after your engagement party. I guess Dame still has some influence.”

Realizing he had spoken too candidly, he awkwardly downed his drink.

Pearl, with a deadpan expression, pointed at her drink. “That’s my drink.”

Wayne almost spat out his drink in surprise.

“Alright, I came back because I have some work to do, so I might not stay for long.” Damian fiddled with his automatic watch, his expression serious.

Intrigued, Pearl asked, “What kind of work are you talking about? Tell me.”

“I’m investigating my parents’ cause of death,” Damian revealed.

Pearl’s eyes gleamed with interest. “That’s great. I’ve been trying to locate my mom. Would you mind helping me with the investigation while you’re at it?”

Damian mouthed something silently, and Pearl fell silent.

He said, “No way.”

“Pea, there’s no need to rush the search for your mom. From what we’ve seen, it’s evident that she’s still alive and able to send you messages. As for why she hasn’t met you in person, I’m sure she has

her reasons. You understand that," Damian advised.

Pearl ran her fingers across her glass and nodded. She understood and had refrained from sending all her men on a search because she knew this engagement might present an opportunity. She was patiently waiting for the right moment.

"Let's focus on Damian's issue for now. By the way, Damian, I have a question. Is your family just an ordinary one in Enswood, or are they like the Scotts of Bodgow?" Wayne inquired.

If it were the former, Damian wouldn't need to investigate personally.

As expected, Damian's eye twitched. "Scotts of Bodgow."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Pearl glared at him.

Damian was confused. "You never asked. Besides, I thought you figured it out when I kept going there."

Pearl fell silent, realizing he had a point.

Before this, the Scotts of Bodgow had held a status similar to the Jordans and the Yorks. The Scotts were known for their military background, the Jordans were prominent in commerce, and the Yorks

were influential in politics.

Pearl recalled that ten years ago, the entire Scott family had suffered a tragic attack. Their family estate was razed to the ground, and everyone inside it perished. Rumor had it that the youngest Scott, who was studying abroad at the time, was the sole survivor.

However, what was peculiar was that there was no official investigation, and someone had covered up the incident, bringing an end to the family's destruction.

Pearl approached the sensitive topic with caution, wary of causing Damian any pain. To her surprise, he wore a smile and seemed at ease as they discussed it further.

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It wasn't surprising that Damian looked exceptionally good and was a lot taller than the average man.

His mother had been one of Bodgow's top four beauties in her prime, and his father came from a well-off family there. It was only natural that their son turned out so well.

As Pearl observed his faint smile, her heart skipped a beat, and she remembered a poem: "The beautiful stranger was like black opal; rare and incomparable."

"Why are you staring? It's been years, and you're still mesmerized by my looks?" Damian remarked

without a blush. With broad shoulders, long legs, and striking features, no one could deny his self-assured statement.

Pearl scoffed and took a sip from her glass. "Mesmerized? I was just thinking, what's the point of looking so good? It's rather pointless."

Damian's most obvious trait was his good looks, something that made many people envious. However, it was something he cared little about; in fact, he even disliked how good-looking he was.

Hearing Pearl's comment, Damian's expression soured, and he was about to give her a piece of his mind when someone suddenly joined them.

"Pea, Wayne, Dame, sorry I'm late. Got held up," Feather said, appearing beside them.

Damian didn't want to call Pearl out in front of everyone, Wayne looked disappointed, and Pearl shot him an angry glare.

"By the way, I need to ask you something." Pearl pulled Feather to sit next to her and fired off questions. "What's going on between you and Hanzel? Why have you been spending so much. time together? Is he threatening you?"

Feather looked helpless. "I don't know what's gotten into him. Lately, he keeps wanting to see me,

asking me to play sports with him, or go shopping. He even asked me to be his manager. I had a bit too much to drink one night, and he got my thumbprint. Now, I'm... his manager."

Pearl froze. "Are you saying you two signed an agreement in my company without my knowledge?

Does Clem know about this?"

Pearl's head was pounding. If that scoundrel Hanzel had taken an interest in Feather, given his reputation as a playboy, he would likely grow tired of her soon and cast her aside. No way was Pearl going to allow that to happen!

Feather smiled awkwardly. "By the time Mister Clem found out, it was too late. The agreement was already signed. Hanzel insisted I become his manager, threatening to quit otherwise. Mister Clem just laughed and accepted it."

"What do you think about this?" Pearl stared at Feather intensely, her gaze piercing.

"I don't know how to turn him down."

Feather suddenly remembered Hanzel getting a bit tipsy and pulling her sleeve, saying he wanted to buy her some new clothes. "You only wear black, white, and grey all the time. Don't you ever feel like

adding some color to your wardrobe? Let's go. I'll buy you some nicer clothes. You're an adult now so you should wear more colorful outfits."

Feather didn't resist and found him amusing. He dragged her to the nearest boutique, and when the owner mentioned closing time, he casually handed over a card, claiming it had 700 thousand and that he intended to buy the entire store. The password was six eights.

The owner was stunned and rushed to the nearest bank to verify. To ensure Hanzel couldn't change his mind, she handed him the shop's keys and flew away, leaving Hanzel and Feather very much amused.

"This is my first time buying clothes for a woman... Hiccup. Try on some clothes. You see, I'm the Best Actor, and my taste... Hiccup... is impeccable..."

Even if that were true, why did he choose a boutique for children's clothing?

Afterward, Hanzel dozed off on the store's floor. Feather was going to tease him when he woke up, but she couldn't leave him there. So, she sat with him until the sun came up.

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The next day, when Hanzel woke up, he wasn't surprised to see Feather there, but instead, he took her to...

...the claw machines to win some toys!

Feather had never had so much fun in her life. The games were amusing, but they also made her a bit nervous.

Pearl sighed as she watched Feather deep in thought. It seemed like this girl had developed feelings for Hanzel. She decided to have a talk with Hanzel later to find out what was going on.

“Alright, we’re here to welcome Dame back, not to talk about love and stuff,” Wayne chimed in.

Feather blushed at his comment, and Wayne continued, “Let’s play a game. The loser has to dance on stage. How about that?”

Pearl raised her brows. “Sure, what are we playing?”

“Word connection,” Damian casually suggested.

Pearls’ smile faded. Everyone knew Pearl was terrible at that, so if they chose that game, it was clearly intentional.

“I’ll sit this one out. You guys go ahead.” Pearl turned around to watch the beautiful women dancing on stage.

“What? You’re in your twenties and you’re afraid to play such a simple game?” Damian’s tone was lazy

but mocking.

Irritated, Pearl reluctantly agreed, not wanting to appear cowardly.

However, when someone is set up to lose, they will likely lose no matter how hard they try. It was just prolonging the inevitable.

After three rounds, Pearl lost all of them, so she put on a mask and reluctantly took the stage.

The DJ saw Pearl wink at him and changed the music. Pearl began dancing to the music, and her performance was mesmerizing, even surpassing some professional dancers.

Damian and the rest watched from their booths, captivated by her performance. Although her dance was passionate, it contained no sexual elements.

Not only did she dance on stage, but she also interacted with the crowd halfway through. Her eyes were alluring and soft, giving anyone who met her gaze a tingling sensation.

When the dance ended, the audience was stunned for a moment before erupting into thunderous applause. Pearl smiled and was about to leave the stage.

“The future bride of a Waldorf is so different during the day and night.”

The voice was familiar, especially to Pearl. It set off alarms in her mind.

She turned around and saw Jenny striding over, wearing a victorious smile and looking at her with pitiful eyes.

“I recorded your dance. It was so wild. What do you think would happen if the people who have a crush on you or Richard saw it, hmm?” Jenny taunted.

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Pearl wasn't nervous. She stared at Jenny, a blood-thirsty smile on her face. “Jenny, you've been testing my patience for a long time. Are you sure you want to continue?”

Jenny shuddered under her gaze, but she stood tall, knowing she had leverage. “You're the one in the wrong here. None of this means anything to me.”

Pearl didn't flinch. “Do I look scared, Jenny? Send it if you dare. If you don't have the guts, don't play games with me.”

Jenny scoffed, “Who says I won't?” She then opened her chat with Richard, ready to send the video.

However, Pearl remained calm as if nothing had happened. After a moment, Jenny looked panicked.

“Richard blocked me... Pearl, did you do this?” She had never expected Pearl to do that!

“Oh well, Richard is going to see this anyway.” Jenny flicked her hair and smiled. “In that case, I’ll hand it to him personally tomorrow.”

”

Pearl looked up and toward the door. The doors were immediately shut.

“Before you came here to try and trap me, have you considered that I own this place?”

Jenny’s smile slowly faded.

“What are you going to do?” Jenny was suddenly nervous. She thought she had leverage, that Pearl would be afraid and start begging, but....

“What am I going to do? I’m going to give you some good service.” Pearl smiled and waved her arm. A few buff, fierce-looking men walked over.

Jenny was so nervous that her legs started shaking. She took a few steps back and was about to run, but she bumped into a solid chest.

“Pea, who’s this?”

Jenny had bumped into Damian. The man before her was handsome and well-built, his muscular physique exuding a strong presence.

“This is the woman who keeps causing trouble for me. A pain in the neck.”

“What’s her name?” Damian thought she looked familiar and asked.

“Jenny Sullivan.”

Damian squinted, then paused. “Can we not do anything to her, Pea?”

“Why? Are you interested in her? I should remind you that she has a terrible personality and has slept with many men.” Pearl frowned, expressing her disgust.

“Definitely not because I’m interested.” Damian frowned and lifted Jenny’s chin to get a better look, then lowered his hand. “But I’m interested in someone she knows.”

Jenny felt a mix of shame and hatred. Pearl had humiliated her in front of a crowd. She wasn’t going to let this slide!

However, her expression turned gentle as she gazed at the man before her. “It’s nothing like she said.

She’s the one causing trouble for me, and I-”

“Don’t speak to me, I’m not interested.” Damian interrupted, leaving Jenny bewildered.

No one could understand what Damian was thinking. If he wasn’t interested in her, why did he want to

keep her? What was he

up

to?

“Um...” Jenny turned pale as her heart sank. Damian wasn’t there to save her.

Pearl scoffed. “Fine, I’ll let her go this time because of you, but I have to delete the video from her phone.”

Damian nodded and calmly said, “That’s none of my business.”

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Pearl lowered her gaze to Jenny, who was on the floor, and scoffed. “Give me your phone.”

Jenny hesitated, knowing this was her only leverage against Pearl. But with Pearl standing over her with a menacing smile, she reluctantly handed over her phone.

Pearl accepted the phone, opened the photo album, and found the recording. Damian was also in the video. With a few taps, Pearl deleted the video. She then cleared the “Recently Deleted” folder and tossed the phone back to Jenny.

“She’s yours now.” Pearl stretched and turned to leave.

Damian nodded and looked at the few men standing around. "Take her to my room."

Jenny gulped nervously. "Where are you taking me?" Although she was afraid, she couldn't help but

wonder why this man wanted her in his room. Was he smitten with her? Men could be deceptive; they

might appear to be gentlemen but turn out to be monsters.

Jenny looked at Damian, her mind racing with possibilities. Maybe sleeping with him wouldn't be so

bad...

But her fantasies were shattered when she was thrown into the room. Damian glared down at her with

disdain. "Do you have a sister named Katie Sullivan?"

"Y-Yes," she stammered. "She's abroad now, and I haven't seen her in a long time."

Jenny tricked him. She hoped that if they knew each other well, she could gain his trust and work with

him to take down Pearl. On the other hand, if they were estranged and hadn't seen each other in a

while, she could argue that she shouldn't be held responsible for any actions against him.

Damian's anger dissipated. "Did you know your sister had a boyfriend abroad?"

"I don't," Jenny replied. "Why do you ask? Are you her boyfriend?" She pretended to be glad that Katie

had a good man in her life, even though she secretly envied her sister's luck. How did Katie meet such

a good man while she was suffering here and was even abandoned by Richard?

Damian nodded. "Yes, I am. Do you know where she is?"

"No. She's studying abroad now. Why? Are you—"

"How could you not know where she is as her sister?" Damian interrupted, his tone filled with

annoyance. "She came back half a month ago."

Jenny had no idea. She had been feeling down recently, so even if Katie had returned, she wouldn't

have made an effort to see her.

"Alright, that's fine then." Damian's calm face looked tired. "You can leave now."

Jenny wanted to ask more questions, but Damian seemed annoyed, so she stumbled her way out of

the room.

Once she was outside, Jenny took out her phone and dialed Katie's number. It was the one Katie used

when she returned home.

She couldn't get through the first time, so she continued calling. After about a dozen tries, Katie's voice,

sounding somewhat groggy, finally answered.

“Hey, what’s up?”

Jenny smiled with a hint of malice. “Katie, I need your help.”

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When Damian went downstairs, Pearl, Wayne, and Feather were no longer there. He received a

message on his phone and decided to call Pearl. “Hey, Pearl.”

The sounds of car horns on the other end suggested she was likely on her way home.

“What’s up? I thought you were having a good time with Jenny in your room, so I didn’t want to

interrupt. Did Jenny agree?” Pearl responded, looking around and feeling relieved.

Although she didn’t think Jenny was good enough for Damian and she was a tramp, she preferred not

to get involved.

“I think you need some punishment, Pearl Leighton.” Damian referred to her by her full name when he

was irritated, causing Pearl to immediately drop her joking tone. She asked, “What does Jenny have to

do with you?”

“I don’t know her, but I know her sister.”

Pearl vaguely recalled this sister from the past year. A girl named Katie Sullivan had entered their lives

and raised her alarms, but all she could remember was that this woman had been sweet yet rude, and nothing else.

Taking a deep breath, she asked, "What does her sister have to do with you?"

"Nothing. We were just in a relationship."

Pearl almost choked on her own saliva. "In a relationship? Damian Scott, didn't you claim you were going to stay single forever?"

Pearl was shocked as she vividly remembered Damian's response when she was sixteen and confessed her feelings to him.

He had told her then, "I don't have romantic feelings for you, but I want to be with you always. I want to be your partner in life, not lovers who can easily drift apart."

Nonetheless, he had lied, since he was currently in a relationship and still seemed to care for that woman.

Although Pearl no longer harbored romantic feelings for Damian, the situation was still awkward whenever this topic resurfaced. A palpable tension filled the air, and Pearl realized she shouldn't have mentioned it.

“I did say that, but Katie drugged me and blackmailed me into a relationship, so I had no choice but to agree.”

The word “drugged” caught Pearl’s attention. Did this imply that Damian was no longer a virgin? A

shiver ran down her spine. The radiant image of Damian that had existed in her heart began to fade.

“You’re such a playboy...” Pearl replied, pulling back and climbing into her car. Her smile e startled the driver.

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“Child?” Pearl exclaimed, bumping her head against the car ceiling in surprise. She yelped in pain.

“Damian, you got someone pregnant while abroad. Are you even a man?”

The driver, overhearing their conversation, muttered under his breath, “Bastard.”

Pearl agreed and yelled out, “Bastard!”

Damian locked infuriated and clenched his jaw, as if he wanted to flush Pearl down the toilet. ” I’ll tell

you once more, Pearl. Help me find Katie, or I’ll find a way to make you train even harder!” He abruptly

hung up.

Pearl tossed her phone away and grumbled. Why did Damian only think of her when he needed help and not on ordinary days? People truly showed their true colors in times of trouble...

Pearl pushed aside the shock of discovering Damian had a child, gathered her thoughts, and checked the payment for the driver, adding an extra zero.

“Lady, you paid too much,” the driver protested.

Pearl waved her hand dismissively. “Never mind. Consider it a gift so you can head home and get some rest after this.”

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The driver began to wonder if this lady had been dumped, thinking about the hundred-dollar fare he had received.

As Pearl returned to the Waldorf Residence, darkness had already fallen. All the residents were fast asleep, except for Richard, whose room still emitted a warm glow of light.

Entering the room, Pearl found it unoccupied. She turned to leave but collided with a solid chest as she took a step backward.

Looking up, she found Richard standing before her, not looking particularly pleased. He carried the

scent of cigarettes, and Pearl immediately realized what had happened.

“You went to the bar?” she inquired.

Richard nodded and didn’t say anything.

Pearl hesitated before continuing, “You saw everything?”

Still wordless, Richard gazed at her, an unsettling intensity in his eyes that made her skin crawl.

“I’m going to take a shower. Wait for me here,” he instructed calmly, then walked into the bathroom.

The sound of running water filled the air, and Pearl slowly made her way to Richard’s bed, where she took a seat, her heart pounding.

She couldn’t help but notice that Richard was clearly upset. She wasn’t sure how to explain, and even if she did, it might be futile because he might not listen.

Sitting on the bed, she braced herself for whatever punishment Richard had in store.

The sound of splashing water ceased after a while. The bathroom door opened, and Richard emerged, clad in a bathrobe.

Pearl’s eyes followed a single water droplet as it traveled down his face, traced a path over his abs, and eventually disappeared into the unknown.

“Are you seducing me?” Pearl gulped, her face breaking into a silly smile.

Richard seemed to find her expression amusing. He took a few steps closer and tilted her chin up.

“Who do you think looks better, him or me?”

Pearl didn’t even have to think about it. “You, of course.”

Richard nodded and smiled. “Good, you get a kiss as a reward.” He leaned down and planted a kiss on her lips.

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“Richard “Pearl started to speak, but he didn’t stop. Instead, he deepened the kiss as if he wanted to devour her lips.

Pearl found it difficult to breathe, so she thumped lightly at his chest. “Enough, Richard. Stop it.”

Her protest seemed to awaken an underlying anger within Richard. “You met another man behind my back, didn’t you?”

“He’s just a friend. I went to welcome him back, and we didn’t meet alone. There were others with us.”

“What about the dancing?”

“I lost a game,” Pearl explained, lowering her head innocently, as if she were a child awaiting punishment.

“How should I punish you?” Richard’s lips brushed against her neck as he playfully nibbled at the ribbon around it. He chuckled and continued, “Not only will I punish you, but I’ll also make sure to thoroughly torment you.”

He nibbled at her neck, leaving a red mark, and Pearl began to tremble, feeling a tingling sensation spreading through her neck.

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Richard was deeply moved by Pearl’s reactions, eager to continue, when suddenly, Pearl clutched her belly, frowned, and began sweating.

“What’s wrong? Are you sick?” All the passion in Richard’s heart dissipated as he anxiously watched Pearl curl up into a ball.

Pearl hadn’t expected her period to arrive now, after being overdue for so long. She couldn’t decide if this was a blessing or a curse.

“I’m fine, but I’m having my period...” Pearl’s stomach continued to ache, but she tried to reassure

Richard.

“You should rest then. I’ll make you some warm soup.”

The idea of Richard making soup struck Pearl as amusing, and she couldn’t help but chuckle.” You

know how to make soup? Really?”

Richard smirked. “I know more than you think.”

“Very well.”

“Alright, wait here and take a good rest.” Richard tucked her in and left the room.

Pearl headed to the bathroom to clean up before returning to his bed to wait for his return.

After about half an hour, Richard re-entered the room with a bowl of soup in hand.

“I never would have guessed that Mister Serious Richard is actually a good househusband,” Pearl

remarked as she took a sip of the soup, which helped warm her belly and made her feel better.

“I can cook, and it’s probably better than the bacon and eggs you made before,” Richard teased.

Pearl placed the bowl on the table and shot him an annoyed glance. “Didn’t you say it tasted good?”

“I just didn’t want you to get angry and beat up Mobius again. That would be disastrous.”

Sadly, Mobius had to finish the food and say it tasted good.

Pearl blushed and scoffed. “I won’t make it again, even if you beg for more. When my cooking skills improve, I’ll make sure you don’t get any of it!”

Richard smiled and didn’t say anything.

“By the way, have you noticed something going on between Hanzel and Fifi?” Pearl inquired.

Richard lowered his head and smirked. “Yes. He’s interested in her and keeps trying to get near her every day.”

“Do you think we should help them?” Pearl’s idea was bold, but Richard wholeheartedly agreed. It could bring happiness to Pearl and clear Hanzel’s mind, a win-win situation.

“What’s on your mind?” Pearl smiled but grew suspicious when she saw Richard deep in thought.

“I just think your idea is great,” Richard turned the corner of the blanket over and smoothed out her hair. “But for now, you should rest. You can sleep here, I’ll take the guest room.” With that, he turned and prepared to leave.

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“Hold on, Richard,” Pearl spoke. “I don’t know anything.”

He paused.

"If you don't know anything, then your hacking skills would be wasted." Richard smiled.

Pearl rolled her eyes. "Then why didn't you tell me? Why wait for me to expose you?"

Pearl was aware that Richard was the mastermind behind the rumors, and his engagement proposal

was a strategy to quell them. It was a plan he concocted because he wanted to be engaged to her.

She had asked Feather to investigate it, but her suspicions were confirmed: Richard had orchestrated

it all!

Richard's eyes darkened. "I couldn't just tell you. You might have delayed it further. I wanted to get this

over with and be engaged to you as soon as possible."

He knew that if he followed Pearl's timeline, he would have to wait for a long time. Eric's presence had

made him realize the urgency of marrying Pearl before their relationship faced any more threats.

"But you played along and agreed, didn't you?"

Hearing that, Pearl blushed and hid under the blanket.

Pearl wasn't feeling well for the next few days, so she stayed home and delegated all her work to

Wayne and Clem.

Clem was in a great mood and immediately sent Esther, who was freshly engaged, to the filming set.

He also managed to locate Hanzel, who had been difficult to find, and put him to work on another show while they were still the talk of the town.

Pearl was having a challenging time. When Dustan and Susan realized she wasn't feeling well, they kept bringing supplements to her.

Susan brought chicken soup to her that day. She looked around suspiciously, then closed the door after entering.

"I can't drink anything anymore, Aunt Susan. I feel numb from all the soup." Though reluctant, Pearl didn't directly turn her away because of Susan's elder status. She took the bowl and placed it on the table.

Her sad expression amused Susan. "It's for your health. You're experiencing period pain, so drinking something warm, especially with supplements from the best pharmacists, would be great for you!"

Pearl smiled. "Aunt Susan, I think you've forgotten that I'm medically trained-"

Susan interjected, "Doctors don't treat themselves. You've been suffering from period pain for years, yet you haven't found a solution. Maybe you should seek help. Taking some medication might relieve

your discomfort.”

Pearl knew Susan had her best interests at heart, so she thanked her for her kindness while trying to figure out how to avoid the situation.

“You need to make sure you’re healthy, or you might have a lot of pain when giving birth...” While

Susan continued persuading her to take the supplements, Pearl suddenly remembered something.

“Aunt Susan, you knew my parents, right? I’d like to learn more about my mom.” Pearl saw Susan’s

eyes darting as her smile disappeared, and she started worrying. Was this a sensitive topic? She

remembered the heated arguments between Dustan and Susan regarding her mom, so she

approached the matter carefully.

“If you don’t want to talk about it, I won’t press,” Pearl assured her.

Susan sighed. “It’s not that. I’ll tell you if you want to know.”

“Really? Thank you, Aunt Susan!” Pearl sat up attentively, ready to listen to Susan’s story. “Your mom

and I were close friends. But...”