

## **YOUR GUISE 551**

### Chapter 551

Pearl walked over confidently. The sky was an endless blue as well as the sea but with a clear distinction between both colors.

Standing beside Drew, she took a deep breath and smelled not only the strong sea breeze but also the smoke from a cigarette.

"I hate smokers," Pearl said, wrinkling her nose as she stepped back.

Drew waved as the breeze carried the cigarette smoke away. "Just wait a moment. It'll disappear soon."

However, the young woman stood not far behind them, reluctant to leave. She watched them quietly.

Abruptly, Pearl turned around and found the woman there. The woman appeared to be infatuated with someone. Pearl couldn't help but smile. "Is she your fan, Drew?"

"No, I'm not that close to her."

Pearl smiled and dropped the subject.

The woman noticed that only Pearl had turned to look at her, and not Drew, so she stomped her feet

angrily.

“By the way, why did you ask me to come here?” Pearl asked.

“I just want to ask you some questions.” Drew held onto the railing and gazed out at the sea. Tell me, who is Sean? Why did you mistake me for him at first?”

Drew’s seriousness and stubbornness reminded Pearl of Sean’s character.

Pearl failed to hold back her laughter. Then, she tried to reach for her phone to show him the photos but realized her phone might have been damaged by the sea. The ring on her finger had also become a normal ring after being immersed in the sea.

“Have you ever heard of the Waldorfs from Enswood?”

Drew frowned. “Yes... I’ve heard of them, but I’ve never had any contact with them, I was born in Ancard before I went abroad with my parents. Why do you ask? Is there really someone who looks exactly like me?”

“Yeah, you look just like him, except for your tone and expression. Oh, and Sean has a tear- shaped birthmark at the corner of his eye. Plus, he speaks more harshly than you,” Pearl. explained.

She started to think that there might be some connection between the two, even though they had never

met. Could it be...

"There are only two possible explanations. First, I'm a Waldorf. Second, Sean is a Cooper," Drew

reasoned, even though he was perplexed. "But considering the current situation, I think Sean is likely

my brother because my mom once told me she was pregnant with twins. Sadly, one of them passed

away due to a heart disease. I'm the only surviving child."

Pearl was deeply shocked by this revelation. She muttered, "So, it's true..."

"What's your plan then? Drew let go of the railing and moved closer to Pearl "Do you want to introduce

Sean to me?"

Pearl nodded. "Definitely. I'll introduce you two once I'm back in Food I'm sure Sean will be so surprised

he won't know what to say It'll be quite an achievement to silence that strict and rigid man for a while

"Alright, it's getting cold out here. Let's head back. I've asked someone to prepare a bit of food. Would

you like to join?" Drew suggested.

Pearl stepped back again, maintaining some distance. "No, I'm not hungry

"Don't turn me down. My chef is amazing. He just made some food. Come and give it a try Drew smiled

and playfully pinched Pearl's sleeve before heading to the restaurant.

The moment Pearl saw the restaurant, she was struck dumb.

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No, it wasn't just regular food. The chef had prepared a huge feast!

Pearl noticed Drew's nonchalance and realized that this must be a usual occurrence in his family. But

Drew's last name sounded oddly familiar to her, like she had heard it somewhere before.

"Let's sit down and eat together," he suggested.

Pearl, feeling a bit nervous while smiling, chose to sit near him so she could have a conversation.

However, a harsh and mocking voice interrupted them. "Hey, you're sitting so close to Mister Drew.

Don't tell me you have some ulterior motives. Listen, he's engaged. Please don't try to be a

homewrecker here."

Pearl turned around and recognized the voice. It was the arrogant woman in traditional clothes from

before. With a quick glance, she noticed that everyone else was dressed in regular work attire, but this

woman stood out in her traditional outfit. It must be some sort of trend.

"I have a fiancee too. Please don't speak rudely to me," Pearl responded calmly, her voice carrying a

sense of dignity.

Stunned, the woman didn't expect Pearl to have a fiance as well. She felt a momentary pang of envy.

Pearl had a fiance but still seemed interested in Drew, and she was undeniably charming.

And so,

the woman quickly jumped to the conclusion that Pearl must be a scheming person. She had already

judged Pearl guilty.

Drew couldn't stand it any longer. He put down his fork and spoon and frowned, a touch of icy

sternness in his expression. "Bianca, stop."

"Mister Drew, you've never spoken to me like this before. But today, you're harsh because of a

woman,"

"Bianca Walker retorted angrily, feeling that Pearl had ruined her special status with

Drew.

Drew sighed and raised his glass to Pearl. "I apologize for not teaching her better. I hope you won't

take it to heart."

Shaking her head, Pearl clinked her glass with Drew's. "It's just a young woman who's a bit immature. I

won't argue with her."

Bianca felt even more displeased upon hearing this. "Who said I'm immature? I'm already nineteen years old."

"Oh, dear," Pearl responded playfully, though she was not much older than Bianca.

Bianca looked around but found no one coming to her defense. Angrily, she stomped her feet and left.

The interruption didn't dampen Pearl and Drew's meal. Drew even served Pearl some food with a smile.

"This dish is delicious. I really like it. Give it a try."

Pearl swallowed at the sight of the food. "Well, I don't really like seafood," she said, being cautious and not revealing her seafood allergy. After all, she didn't want to let too many people know about her vulnerabilities, even though Drew hadn't posed a threat so far.

But Drew was sharp and caught her hesitation. He used another fork to serve her a different dish.

"Then try this-'

Suddenly, they heard some commotion outside.

Drew frowned and was about to check it out when someone abruptly opened the door.

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The person had a mask on, so his expression was hidden, but the anger in his eyes was clear. "I've been lurking on this ship for three years," the person said, looking at Drew with a sneer. "I endured silently as your subordinate for three years. Finally, today, I have the chance to get back at you.

However, Drew was calm as if nothing serious had happened. "Oh, is that so?"

The person was infuriated by Drew's lack of fear. "Keep pretending. Let's see if you can stay this calm later."

Behind him, there was a group of men dressed in black. They all looked fierce and ready for action.

He raised his hand, and one of his men immediately approached him. Respectfully, the man asked,

"Master, what should we do with these two?"

"You can do whatever you want with the others, but leave the two people at the table alone," the masked man replied with a sinister laugh.

Hearing this, the others in his group became excited. Since their master had given them free rein with the other people, it meant they could have their way with the women present.

Some of the women trembled in fear, crouching on the floor, too frightened to speak. When they heard the orders, they nearly burst into tears.

This sense of ownership and dominance took hold among the attackers. As they were about to make a move, Pearl suddenly snorted, causing them to pause.

All eyes turned to Pearl.

“What are you laughing at? Why would you laugh when you’re about to meet your end?” The masked man was baffled by Pearl’s reaction. He couldn’t understand why she seemed different from the other women, displaying no fear.

Pearl snorted again and stared at him. “What’s there to be afraid of? You’re just a pitiful person.”

The man stepped forward and grabbed her throat. “What did you say? You’re going to die today!”

“Don’t be so sure about that. Maybe you can’t beat me. You’d better don’t waste your energy.”

Hearing this, the man laughed. “You were rescued from the sea, and you’ve been in bed for so many days. I’m sure you’re weak. How could you possibly fight me?”



The masked man didn't want to engage in a lengthy conversation with Pearl. He reached to grab her hand, but to his surprise, Pearl had a firm grip on his wrists, immobilizing him completely.

Immediately, his expression turned grotesque. Pearl's strength was overwhelming.

It wasn't just brute force; it was her inner strength that made a seasoned martial artist like him submit helplessly.

2.2

"You..."

"Can you defeat me?" Pearl smiled. She might not be able to take on all of them at once, but in one-on-one combat, she had confidence.

The man forced a grim smile. "You're brave. can't beat you?"

But we've outnumbered you. Do you think we

"Let's not talk about the fight just yet. Tell me why you're making a scene here today."

Pearl's question triggered his memories, and a surge of hatred overcame him. "I came aboard this ship three years ago, hoping to make a fortune and marry when I returned home. But your father, Reese

Cooper, punished me harshly for a minor mistake I made.”

He then raised his hand, showing it to everyone.

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As expected, he had lost his right thumb.

“I’m just a handicapped man. It’s hard for me to find a wife, let alone do something big. So, I’ve been

doing miscellaneous work, and nobody likes me,” he said, looking despondent. “And of course, I hate

you. I swear I’ll make your father pay a price. So, when you’re here to

of course, I hate you. I swear you. Then he’ll regret it forever!” He turned to look at

supervise the work on the ship, I’ll

Drew and laughed cruelly.

‘Reese Cooper...’ Pearl recalled that it was the godfather she had encountered by chance.

Reese, Drew... One appeared like a thug, while the other was bright and handsome. Pearl found it

difficult to connect them.

The man assumed that Pearl would sympathize with him after he shared his woes. After all, she was

such a mysterious woman. If she could help him, it would bring no disadvantages. Unexpectedly, Pearl

didn't empathize with him after hearing about his experiences. On the contrary, she rolled her eyes.

"You claimed it was just a minor mistake. Do you have the guts to explain that now? And you want revenge, yet you ordered your men to harass the women on this ship. It's clear that you're just a bastard!"

"You don't know the whole story. How can you judge me like that?" The masked man's face twisted in anger. "Fine, you're going to pay for this!"

Not only was Pearl fearless, but she also stepped forward in front of everyone else. "So, you have a grudge against the Coopers. But what about the people behind you? Were they also treated unfairly?"

The dozen people holding knives behind the man looked bewildered.

Pearl casually pointed at a person who seemed relatively honest. She smiled at him and asked, "Why do you want to work for him?"

"I... He promised to pay me a lot of money after we're done," the man replied.

Pearl nodded thoughtfully and asked another person, "What about you?"

"He also promised to give me money after it's over."

Those answers made Pearl laugh. "He's just a poor man. Can you guarantee you'll receive the money

once he kills the ship owner's son? Besides, what you've been doing with him is illegal. What awaits you isn't a fortune but relentless pursuit and danger. Don't forget the power of the man who owns this kind of ship. Well, perhaps your wives and children will suffer alongside you!"

Pearl's fierce words and stern expression stunned everyone. They began to whisper among themselves.

"Yeah, he did promise to pay us, but where will he get the money from?"

"He doesn't have a penny. He only wants revenge."

"Why do I feel like I've been scammed?"

Their gazes turned towards the man in the mask.

The masked man looked livid. "Don't listen to her. She's just trying to confuse us so she beat us all!"

But the people behind him didn't dare to budge, no matter what he said.

Pearl slowly smiled and said, "Listen to my offer. Work for me and capture this rude man. When it's done, I'll give each of you 150 thousand dollars."

"150 thousand?"

Everyone cast intense but uncertain glances at the man in the mask, sizing him up without reservation.

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The masked man burst into laughter. "150 thousand dollars? You're just a strange woman who we rescued. How can you afford that?"

Pearl answered loudly, "I'm the president of Cerubleu. Of course, I can afford that."

"What? Cerubleu!"

Even though they were only working as cargo transporters on the ship, they had heard of the renowned

Ceruleu. They had heard that the president of Cerubleu was a young woman named Pearl

Leighton...

"I'm Pearl Leighton."

Her words drained the color from the masked man's face. "You're... Pearl Leighton?"

"Yeah, so do you trust me now? I can really afford that much." She stood nearby, gazing at him with

mixed emotions in her

eyes.

"Alright, I give up." Defeated, the masked man tossed away his weapon and surrendered.

His men behind him followed suit and joined Pearl's side.

With the issue resolved, Pearl decided to spare the man on Drew's behalf. She ordered him to be confined to his room for three days and assigned two men to watch over him.

After everything was settled, Pearl yawned as if nothing had happened. Then she said, "Drew, let's sit down and eat."

Drew remained silent throughout the whole incident, just smiling and watching Pearl.

"Sure, let's eat."

So, she was Pearl. No wonder Reese would take her in as his goddaughter.

Now that he knew who she was, Drew couldn't help but smile even more. "I'm sure you know who I am now."

"The same goes for you." Pearl took a bite of the food. It was decent but not expertly cooked. "I never expected my dad to take in someone as intriguing as you." Drew, however, didn't eat. He leaned back, crossing his arms and looking at her thoughtfully.

"You're too kind. It was just a stroke of luck," Pearl replied casually, continuing to inspect the food on the table as she decided what to eat.

Drew found himself surprisingly pleased as he watched her enjoy the meal.

The ship arrived at its destination on schedule three days later.

Drew got off the ship first and instructed his men to unload the cargo onto the dock.

Meanwhile, Pearl looked around and eventually stepped off the ship too.

Seeing Pearl, Drew smiled and asked, "Are you leaving now?"

Pearl was at a loss for words. "No, I'm not familiar with this place. Plus, I've got no money,

and nothing to prove my identity. Where can I go?"

Drew touched his chin and nodded in understanding. "Yeah, you're right. The sea washed away your stuff."

Pearl was at a loss for words again.

"How about this? Come to my house first. My dad is there too. He's been wanting to see you but never

had the chance. Now's the perfect opportunity."

Drew's smile appeared harmless, but for some reason, Pearl felt uneasy. Nonetheless, she reluctantly

agreed, feeling she had no other options at this point.

Drew made a call, and half an hour later, an elongated Lincoln pulled up by the roadside right on time.

“Isn’t this a bit too much?” Pearl raised an eyebrow at the sight of the long car.

Drew didn’t seem bothered, though. He walked over and got into the car. “Get in. Why are you still standing there?”

Pearl followed suit and joined him in the car.

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After getting into the car, Pearl noticed a small table inside with an assortment of wine glasses, creating a dazzling display.

However, Drew didn’t seem interested in the wine. He glanced at Pearl and seemed to understand her thoughts. “These belong to my dad. I’m not much of a wine drinker,” he explained, clearing up Pearl’s confusion.

Pearl nodded. “Well, Uncle Reese certainly has unique hobbies.”

Reese had used gold to build a house and now had an extensive collection of wine glasses.

Drew reclined in his leather seat, furrowing his brows in amusement. “Didn’t you consider him your



godfather? Why are you calling him Uncle Reese?"

"Didn't I say that? It was just an accident, and I didn't mean that."

Drew shrugged and spread his hands. "He's going to whine again if he finds out."

Speechless, Pearl wondered if Reese would indeed make a fuss about this.

As she wondered, the car came to a stop near an opulent villa.

"Alright, we've arrived. Let's get out of the car," Drew announced. He stepped out first and gallantly

opened the car door for Pearl.

Upon seeing the dazzling and magnificent villa, Pearl had a moment of realization. Reese certainly had

a taste for flashy things.

Drew led Pearl into the villa, but before he could unlock the door, it swung open unexpectedly. Standing

before them was a face that was both familiar and somewhat strange.

"Oh, Pea, you've finally come to visit me. Tell me, why have you come to see me at long last?"

Reese seemed to have... misunderstood something...

Pearl wanted to explain, but she noticed Drew snickering nearby. Hence, she decisively shifted the task

to him.

“Drew, tell Uncle Reese what happened.”

Immediately, Reese’s expression darkened. “Uncle Reese? Why did you start calling me that when it’s just been a few days?” He then turned to glare at Drew. “You love to play pranks the most. Is this your doing?”

Helplessly, Drew rolled his eyes. “Dad, how could I meddle in that?”

“Why not? You must have bullied Pearl and made her hate me, which is why she’s calling me Uncle Reese.”

Faced with an impending argument, Pearl intervened to help Drew out of the predicament. “Okay, I won’t call you uncle anymore. Godfather, it has nothing to do with him.”

Reese was delighted that the scolding had ceased.

The three of them happily sat down on the couch and started chatting.

Reese’s expression turned sour once he learned the whole story. “What? You jumped into the sea and ended up on Drew’s ship, is that it?”

Pearl nodded. “Yeah, Hugo had a group of people chasing after me. I had no choice but to jump into

the sea.”

Reese had heard of the man called Hugo. “Isn’t he the guy who had a falling out with the Waldorfs family?”

“Yeah, that’s him.”

Reese’s disdain was clear. “What an ungrateful person! The Waldorfs had taken care of him for so many years, and he still didn’t spare his own brother.” Then, he seemed to recall something and asked,

“Didn’t he frame you the other day?”

“You have an excellent memory, Godfather,” Pearl acknowledged. “You saved Rick and me from him not too long ago.”

Enraged, Reese smacked the table. “Unbelievable! How dare he bully my goddaughter! I’ll make sure he pays for it!”

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The sudden outburst startled Pearl, causing her to briefly swallow her words. “Thank you, Godfather.

But I really want to return to my country now.”

Her desire to leave seemed to upset Reese. “You haven’t visited me often, and now you’re in such a

hurry to leave?”

Pearl smiled, trying to reassure him. “Godfather, it’s like this. Richard and I were stranded there. I

jumped into the sea, but I don’t know what happened to him.” She couldn’t bear the uncertainty any

longer. All she wanted was to return home and ensure Richard was safe.

Reese sighed reluctantly, understanding her determination. “Alright, I’ll arrange everything as quickly

as possible. But you’ll have to spend some time with me. My disappointing son. hardly ever comes

home, and you’re the only one who keeps me company.”

He couldn’t hide his irritation when mentioning his son.

“Thank you,

Godfather.”

Although the tasks weren’t particularly complicated to handle, Pearl had nearly lost. everything, and it

would still take some time.

“Oh, I almost forgot!” Drew suddenly slapped his forehead. “Pearl, didn’t you say there’s someone from

the Waldorfs who looks exactly like me? What’s his name again?”

Conflicted, Pearl hesitated to answer, feeling that revealing this information might have negative

consequences. However, Drew had brought it up, and she couldn't keep it secret. She replied, "His name is Sean."

Reese became confused upon hearing this. "What's going on? Is there really someone who looks identical to my son?"

"Well, they look exactly alike," Pearl confirmed.

Hearing this, a thought dawned on Reese, and he stood up with excitement. "What? You said he looks just like Drew?"

Pearl nodded. "But there's a tear-like birthmark at the corner of his eye."

"A tear-like birthmark..." Reese's mind raced back to a time when his wife had given birth to twins. One of the babies was on the verge of death, and they had placed him in an incubator. The doctor had later pronounced the baby's inability to survive, leaving Reese and his wife heartbroken.

But now, someone claimed there was a person who looked identical to his son. Naturally,

Reese was thrilled.

He couldn't contain his excitement and exclaimed, "Where is he now? Is he at the Waldorf Residence?"

I need to go there immediately. Can I see him right away

Drew watched his father's fervent reaction, surprised to see him like this for the first time. Reese had always been stern, kind, laid-back, or joyful, but never like this, with such an intense glint in his eyes.

"Dad, calm down. Let Pearl talk."

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Pearl said calmly, "Godfather, we can't be certain if Sean is truly your son or not. Please don't make any hasty judgments. One thing is for sure, though—he looks exactly like Drew."

The situation could turn into an absurd farce if Sean wasn't Reese's son. Reese might be deeply disappointed.

However, he was beyond caring about that possibility. "No, there's no mistake. The doctor informed me about the tear-shaped birthmark at the corner of the child's eye. It's on the right eye, isn't it?"

Pearl nodded, her thoughts in turmoil because Reese was right. Sean did indeed have the birthmark on his right eye. She couldn't help but wonder if Sean was truly Reese's son and how Sean would react to such news.

Meanwhile, Reese became more excited, eager to expedite Pearl's affairs so he could return. with her

and potentially reunite with his son.

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Pearl had to stay at the Cooper Residence for the time being. It coincided with Alan Cooper's birthday,

Drew's grandfather.

Reese had been preoccupied with organizing the birthday party, which temporarily put the matter of

obtaining Pearl's passport on hold. Luckily, the passport application process was fast, so Pearl wasn't

in a hurry.

One afternoon, Drew approached the door of Pearl's room and knocked.

Inside her room, Pearl was trying to contact the Waldorf family using her laptop. She had been unable

to reach Richard's phone, and she didn't have any other contact numbers to try.

Richard had never changed his phone number; and it troubled Pearl that she couldn't reach him.

Suddenly, a terrifying thought crossed her mind had Richard jumped into the sea with her?

No, Richard was injured. If he had jumped into the sea, he would likely be dead.

Lost in her worrisome thoughts, she didn't hear Drew's repeated knocks. Finally, Drew entered her

room with a large box in his hands.

Pearl snapped out of her thoughts and, noticing the box, asked with confusion, "What's in it?"

"This is the gown my dad prepared for you. You're going to Grandpa's birthday party with us tonight,"

Drew explained.

Pearl frowned. "But I'm not your family. It doesn't seem right for me to attend the party." "Why not?"

"You're my dad's goddaughter."

Pearl didn't have an issue with the party itself; she just wasn't in the mood for it. Her primary concern was Richard's safety, and not knowing his whereabouts was causing her immense worry.

Drew, perceptive as ever, raised an eyebrow. "You seem to be in a bad mood. Are you thinking about

Richard, your fiance?"

Pearl's eyes lit up with hope. "Do you have news about him?"

Drew nodded. "I had a feeling you'd want to know about him, so I had some people look into it two days ago. I found out today that he jumped into the sea but was rescued by a fisherman. He's been in the hospital but is now out of danger."

Pearl's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that Richard had jumped into the sea. However, it was the



best news she could hope for—Richard was out of danger.

Relief filled her, and she finally relaxed her tightly knitted brows. “Thank you for letting me know. We can return in two days. Maybe I should start thinking about what makeup to wear tonight.”

Drew handed her the gift box and left, his hands in his pockets.

Alone in the room, Pearl experienced a whirlwind of emotions. She had no other choice but to take things one step at a time.

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When she opened the box, she discovered a white lacy gown along with a pearl necklace and a pair of matching diamond rings. It gave off a youthful vibe that wasn't her usual style.

She gritted her teeth and put on the gown, despite her reservations.

Drew had been waiting at the door, and when he saw Pearl emerge, he couldn't help but be captivated.

The white lace gown gave Pearl an ethereal quality, and the pearl necklace added a gentle and charming touch, enhancing her flawless makeup. She appeared like a pure and lovely fairy, leaving others breathless in admiration.

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Drew's gaze was intense, filling Pearl with shyness. She had briefly checked her appearance in the mirror earlier. Although the outfit wasn't her usual style, it seemed rather... cute.

Drew cleared his throat. "Okay, let's go."

Pearl nodded and followed him out. They headed towards Alan's villa.

The Cooper family had moved abroad in the 1960s, rarely returning to their homeland, except for Reese and Drew.

When Pearl and Drew arrived together at the birthday party, it caused a stir among the guests. "Who's that woman in the car? She arrived with Mister Alan's most prized grandson."

"Yeah, she captivated the young man who was featured in the famous scientific magazine in Solvosin!"

"He's exceptional with his excellent academic record and skills, the most promising young man of his generation..."

"Drew has never had any scandals, and countless people try to arrange marriages with their daughters."

"I wish I could marry him too. But Drew has never shown interest in anyone."

However, the presence of a woman by his side had everyone eager to see who she was.

Pearl confidently stepped out of the car, holding Drew's arm as they entered the villa, exuding elegance and nobility.

The crowd fell silent as they realized that Pearl was a perfect match for Drew. It was a match made in heaven.

Unaware of the hushed conversations around them, Pearl turned around, and a man excitedly clutched his chest. "Is she looking at me? Oh my, I'm so happy. Look at her gaze, it's so passionate!"

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Pearl's arrival had caused quite a commotion and captivated the attention of many young men. Their entrance not only attracted the attention of the guests but also piqued Alan's interest. As they entered the hall, a woman in formal attire approached Pearl with an invitation. "Miss Pearl, Mister Alan would like to meet you."

Pearl, noticing the woman's confident demeanor, didn't decline the invitation, considering Alan was Reese's father.

Alan appeared different from what Pearl had imagined. He was slender but full of

his

eyes lit up when he saw her. "Oh, you look so much like her."

energy, and

Shocked, Pearl struggled to grasp the situation as Alan continued, "You and your mother are like two

peas in a pod."

"Mother?" Pearl questioned. "Mister Alan, do you know

Alan's

you know my mother?"

eyes became teary, and he spoke emotionally, "It goes beyond that. Your mother and I

were close."

As Alan shared stories from the past, Pearl learned that her mother had been in Solvosin when she

was young and had shared happy times with Alan.

"Your mother was a wonderful young woman. I even considered her as a potential match for my son,

but she was in love with someone else. I didn't want to force her, so I let her go. What a coincidence! I

liked your mother back then, and now my son seems to like you. Perhaps it's destiny."

Alan reminisced about the past, his eyes filled with memories. He extended his hand to Pearl, who walked over and shook it. "My dear, would you consider becoming my granddaughter-in-law?"

He found Pearl's appearance and temperament even more impressive than her mother's.

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Alan seemed at ease with the idea of Pearl being with Drew, but his words caught in Pearl's throat. She couldn't help but wonder why everyone wanted to push her towards Drew, and if there was some hidden meaning behind it.

Confused, she turned her gaze towards Drew, who blushed and looked away. She wished he would explain the situation instead of blushing like that.

Pearl mustered an awkward smile and replied, "Mister Alan, that's not necessary. There's nothing romantic between Drew and me. Plus, I already have a fiance..."

Hearing that, Alan's face sank, and he glared at Drew. "You disappointed me!"

However, he quickly softened his expression and turned to Pearl with a kind smile. "It's alright. Nothing is set in stone until you're married, and even then, you can get a divorce if needed, right?"

Pearl was left with chaotic thoughts. She couldn't comprehend why this family suddenly became so

hostile and said things she couldn't understand. Was it a good thing to be so modern-minded?

"My grandpa enjoys talking nonsense. Don't take it too seriously," Drew reassured her with a deep

breath, offering a smile. "I have a fiancée too."

Alan sighed upon hearing the mention of Drew's fiancée. "Let's not talk about your fiancée. I heard she

doesn't want to marry you and claims to be in love with someone else. She'll probably come over and

break off the engagement soon." His face turned red with anger at the thought of the engagement

being canceled.

Drew, however, remained calm. "It's alright, Grandpa. If she wants to cancel the engagement, then we

should cancel it. We don't have any feelings for each other. anyway."

Alan nodded and dropped the subject.

As the party got underway, Alan took the stage to manage the event, while Pearl retreated to a corner

to sip tea and chat with Drew.

"I've heard some things about you recently. You seem to be quite famous here. But what's the deal with

your fiancée? She doesn't seem interested in you?" Pearl inquired.

"I don't know. Maybe the guy she's interested in is a better match for her. I didn't propose the engagement in the first place, but I have to end it now. I hate it."

"It's alright. Maybe she's not happy with it either, and that's why she wants to end it. By the way, I heard

you're involved in research. What's your area of expertise?" Pearl had initially thought Drew was a basketball player, but it turned out he was a researcher. Well, one could not judge a book by its cover,

"I'm developing new technology, and I work at the National Technological University at Solvosin."

The university's reputation extended beyond Solvosin, and it was known for its significant research contributions. It was clear that Drew was highly accomplished.

An idea suddenly struck Pearl. "Would you consider collaborating with me on a research

project rampovi do bading, and you can combing your guetine Wo can work

Die ver doing maand beans of Mic invena traidin, bis family had gevat bustuver and with, so to did's

wood any funding

teari peresquen, dipping hints. Your family 'e wealth, and rammed premiers are two different things" the

blinked at him, silently urging him to agree

Looking at her mischievous face, Drew smiled and was moved

As Drew contemplated the proposal, a sudden cold laugh interrupted their conversation from behind. "I

in are

venighed thete conversation from there's a tan cooying up to my

project? I can provide the funding, and you can contribute your expertise. We can work together on

something."

Drew hesitated for a moment. "I have more than enough resources for my research."

He was doing research because of his interest. Besides, his family had great business and wealth, so

he didn't need any funding.

Pearl persisted, dropping hints. "Your family's wealth and earned resources are two different things."

She blinked at him, silently urging him to agree.

Looking at her mischievous face, Drew smiled and was moved.

As Drew contemplated the proposal, a sudden cold laugh interrupted their conversation from behind. "I



haven't canceled our engagement yet, but it seems there's a vixen cozying up to my fiance."