

YOUR GUISE 571

Chapter 571

After saying that, Richard looked at Pearl and calmly said, "You can leave now."

Although Pearl knew it would be normal for Richard to be cold toward her, her eyes still welled up with tears.

He paused when he saw how sad she was and explained, "Drew and Sean are outside waiting to tell you something."

"Alright." Pearl managed a faint, sad smile, nodded, and left.

At the door, she took a deep breath to hide her emotions. When she saw the two men who looked almost identical smiling and waving at her, her sadness lessened.

She walked over and looked at Drew, asking, "I told the doctor to prioritize your tests. It's been an hour, so the results should be out soon."

Drew nodded and was straightforward. "We have the results, so we came to tell you. We're not related, it was all just a coincidence."

Pearl momentarily set aside her own problems and expressed surprise. "Really? How could you not be

related?" She then watched as Sean and Drew exchanged glances and burst out laughing.

"You actually believed that, Pearl? How could you become dumber?" Sean was still not very nice.

"Was this your idea, Sean? You wanted to trick me, right?" Pearl initially suspected Sean because he had a reputation as a prankster.

Sean, however, didn't own up to it. Instead, he rolled his eyes. "You can't just pin it on me because of my reputation. Why didn't you suspect Drew? He's no saint either."

Drew glared at him. "You're the brother. Can't you just play along and take the blame?"

Sean extended his hand and tried to lord over Drew, who was slightly shorter. "Take the blame? I didn't even do that when I had three brothers. It's much easier now that there's just one!!!

Pearl found their bickering childish but amusing, and she couldn't help but laugh. "You guys are like kids. Aren't you going to miss the Waldorfs at all?"

Sean's smile faded as he replied, "I'm not a Waldorf so what could I do even if I can't accept the outcome? I do feel a little annoyed that my competition with Richard seems pointless now. "He still cared about competing under these circumstances..."

Pearl couldn't help but smile wryly. "You really are adaptable. Aren't you going to miss being part of the family at all?" Her lips twitched. It was good, however, because they could treat each other amicably moving forward.

Sean scoffed, as if he could read Pearl's mind. "Don't expect us to suddenly get along just because of this. I'm no longer a Waldorf so I don't need to tiptoe around my brother's feelings. I won't feel any guilt if I have to take something from Richard."

"But you were never good enough to take anything to begin with..." Pearl mumbled, but Sean heard her and his expression darkened.

"Pearl!"

Pearl stifled her laughter and changed the subject. "Do you want me to take you to see Uncle Reese? Don't you want to meet your father?"

Sean's eyes lost their shine when that was brought up. "It's not that I don't want to see him, He sighed.

"I'm worried it would upset my mom if she found out. I'm not as heartless as Hugo, completely abandoning all familial ties."

Pearl nodded in understanding “I’m glad I’m not mistaken about you. Your temper might be undesirable, but you’re a good person.”

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Sean clenched his jaw and gave a playful, sinister smile. “Say that again, and I might just beat you up!”

Pearl stuck out her tongue and hid behind Drew.

“Alright, enough joking

– Aunt Susan told me she agrees for you to see my dad, so

there’s nothing to worry about.”

Pearl felt worried when she heard that. Reese had found his long-lost son, but Susan might have lost a child. She might be facing the possibility that her own child had been switched or was no longer alive.

Sean, sensing Pearl’s concern, reassured her, “I’ll always be Mom’s son. That won’t change no matter my bloodline.”

Pearl patted his shoulder happily. “I’m glad to hear that. Aunt Susan will be happy let’s not waste any

more time. Go see Uncle Reese.”

y too. Alright,

Sean nodded, and Drew went to get his car. The three of them headed to Reese’s place as quickly as possible.

After Reese returned, he purchased a villa in Enswood and filled it with furniture to make it feel like a home.

As the day approached for Sean to visit, Reese paced nervously within the house, changing into various outfits. When he heard a knock on the door, his heart raced so fast that it felt like it might stop.

Pearl led the way inside, and when Sean saw the man before him, he felt an odd mixture of unfamiliarity and a stirring in his heart. Perhaps there was a connection between them after all.

Reese started crying. “My son, I’m your father...” He then took a step forward and embraced Sean warmly.

It was the first time Sean had been hugged with such love, causing his body to tense with nervousness.

“Sir-” He began, which dimmed Reese’s eyes momentarily.

However, Reese quickly reassured himself that it was just their first meeting, and it was normal not to call him “dad” yet. One day, he will.

“It’s fine, you’ll get used to it,” Reese said as he released Sean, but the atmosphere felt slightly awkward between them.

Drew sensed the tension and lightened the mood, saying, “Dad, you never hugged me like that before. How come you’re treating him so nicely?”

Reese rolled his eyes. “What are you talking about? Your mom passed away after giving birth to you, and who else would have hugged you when you were a kid? Your brother has just returned, so of course, I hugged him.”

Drew scoffed. “Sure, sure. My brother is back so I guess I’ll become invisible from now on. I should pack my bags and hit the road to avoid getting boycotted.”

Despite his words, Drew appeared happy and mischievous, showing no signs of sadness.

Reese chuckled as Pearl and Sean smiled.

“By the way, Sean, now that you’ve accepted that I’m your dad, I’m thinking of changing your last name to Cooper. Sean Cooper. What do you think?”

Sean's smile vanished instantly. "I won't change it."

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It didn't matter if Reese had the best temper; his expression changed when Sean refused to change his last name.

"But you're my son. Shouldn't you have my last name?" He couldn't easily accept the fact that his son carried a different last name. He would have been fine if Sean had simply lied and promised to change it later.

Sean remained firm, albeit with a tinge of guilt. "The Waldorfs raised me and have done so much for me. I can't change my last name."

Pearl empathized with Sean's sentiment because she wouldn't want to go back to the Jordans for the same reason. She sighed and tried to console Reese. "It's okay, Godfather. Sean's mindset shows he's a good son who values those who have supported him."

Reese's expression changed once more, and he sighed again. "Alright, if you insist, I won't dwell on this." He still had another son, Drew, who could carry on the family name. "But you must officially return to our family. I'll organize a party in Enswood to announce that you're my son."

That seemed like the least he could do.

Sean initially wanted to decline but remembered the importance of maintaining this identity, so he reluctantly agreed.

Drew remained at home while Sean and Pearl returned to Waldorf Residence.

Richard had made a significant recovery and moved back home. Pearl unexpectedly ran into him as he returned from the meeting.

They were supposed to be a loving couple, yet now there was an undeniable awkwardness between them. They exchanged glances but remained silent.

“Richard...” Pearl finally managed to speak his name.

Richard just looked at her coldly, offering no response or indication of acknowledgment.

Pearl’s smile waned, and she spoke with a tinge of sadness. “Richard, if you no longer have feelings for me, why don’t we just break up?”

“I understand that you must be feeling terrible right now,” Richard responded with a flicker of emotion.

“But in my current state, I can’t reciprocate.”

Though Pearl comprehended the predicament he was in, she couldn't help but feel helpless. and
dejected.

"I know I was too aggressive." Pearl was ready to leave after saying that.

"Pearl," Richard suddenly called out to her. "If you can't accept me like this, I won't hold you back"

Pearl recalled how reluctant he had been to let go of their relationship not long ago, and her tears
started falling. She stood with her back to him, refusing to turn around, and spoke in a soft voice, "It's
fine, I'll wait."

Over the next few days, they barely exchanged words and carried on with their work as usual.

Dr wanted to greet him a few times but found herself at a loss for words.

Three days later, Sean returned to Cooper Residence.

After Dustan discovered that Sean wasn't his biological son, he spent several days heartbroken, and
Susan cried her heart out as well. However, since Sean wasn't a Waldorf, it was understandable for
him to return to his own family. They were sad but didn't stand in his way.

The Coopers had a thriving family business and invited many influential people. The entire Waldorf
family, including Pearl, received invitations.

Pearl had initially intended to attend with Richard, but given their strained communication, it felt awkward to spend time together. So, she drove herself to the event.

Richard hesitated but ultimately didn't stop her. However, things didn't go as planned. Pearl's car suddenly ran out of gas and stopped on the side of the road.

"Why did it have to run out of gas now?"

She slapped her forehead and was ready to call a tow truck when a clear voice came from behind her.

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"What's going on?"

Pearl found herself face to face with the person she least wanted to meet at the worst possible moment—Richard.

She looked at him standing before her and offered an awkward smile. "Nothing much. My car just ran out of gas. I've called for a tow truck, and I'll grab a cab later."

Richard frowned and said, "Do you need a ride?"

In the past, he would have insisted on taking her with him, but now he had to politely offer assistance.

Pearl shook her head. "No, I can manage."

Richard suddenly got excited. "Didn't you say I'm your boyfriend? Shouldn't I help if that's the case?"

Although he was reluctant to acknowledge their relationship status, he still held the title, so he felt obligated to do his best.

Pearl couldn't help but feel the irony. He was offering help because of their relationship status, not because of his love for her.

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deep breath, she replied, "It's fine. I can deal with this."

Richard looked at her intently. "Alright, I'm heading off then."

Pearl watched as he drove away and felt a sense of sadness welling up inside her.

"Why are you standing here?"

Another familiar voice interrupted her thoughts.

Pearl turned around and knew her tears were going to be noticed.

Damian indeed saw it and rolled his eyes. "Wasn't that your boyfriend? Why didn't he help you?"

Pearl smiled sadly. "Didn't I already tell you yesterday? Why would he help me?"

"So why are you still with him? He doesn't love you anymore, so continuing this just hurts you," Damian remarked, sounding like he was mocking her, but he still grabbed her arm and pulled her into his car.

"Leave your car here, and I'll arrange for a tow truck to come later."

Pearl looked up in shock. "You're attending the party too?"

"Yes, I'm a Scott," Damian replied as he started the engine, resting one hand on the steering wheel and the other on Pearl's head. "Don't be sad. If you can't handle this, I'll take you back to Aflus with me."

Sadness flickered in his eyes as he saw her in this state.

Pearl sniffled but didn't say anything.

They soon arrived at Cooper Residence. Pearl stepped out of the car and noticed a familiar silhouette nearby, engaged in conversation with a lady.

It was easy to recognize Richard by his tall, straight posture. The person he was speaking to was

Jenny!

Pearl's heart seemed to stop.

Damian leaned against the car, crossing his arms and watching the two engage in a seemingly cheerful conversation that appeared somewhat scandalous. He couldn't help but smirk. "If I recall correctly,

Jenny is Richard's ex, isn't she?"

Pearl nodded.

"It looks like your boyfriend is falling for someone else." He pointed at the two of them chatting animatedly.

Pearl forced a sad smile, her heart aching at the sight.

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As Pearl walked past Richard, someone called out to her.

"Pearl, would you like to join us?" Jenny smiled sweetly, her expression friendly as if their past grievances had never occurred.

Pearl glared at her coldly. "I haven't finished dealing with what you did before. You better not provoke me."

Jenny lowered her head, a sad look on her face. "I know I was wrong, but I just want to be your friend.

Why are you...”

Richard, who would usually step in, remained silent this time. He stood there without saying a word.

“Rick, I really want to be friends with her.” Jenny turned to the man with puppy-like eyes.

Richard remembered their history, but as he no longer loved her, he simply observed without taking sides. Yet, he didn’t entirely agree with Jenny either.

“Enough, there’s nothing left to discuss between us.” Anger simmered in Pearl’s heart, and she felt the urge to tear Jenny apart when she saw the smug look on her face.

anger and

Damian, who had been watching the spectacle from the sidelines, noticed Pearl took her side. He called out to Richard, “Richard, haven’t you forgotten that Pearl is your girlfriend? Why are you on Jenny’s side?”

Richard kept seeing this man standing up for Pearl and even called him out, so he couldn’t hide his irritation. “I don’t need your guidance on what to do.” He then walked over to Jenny’s side as if he was retaliating and smiled at her. “Let’s go inside.”

Jenny looked at him in shock, made sure that he was being sincere, and nodded happily. "Sure!

Pearl watched them enter the hall with a heavy heart.

Damian watched as she stared at them and scoffed. "Have you seen enough? Your so-called.

boyfriend left with another girl."

"I know."

"Not just any girl, his ex! Do you understand what that means? They've rekindled!" As a man, Damian

could read the situation and see what Richard's actions meant.

Pearl felt her spirits sink further. "I know."

"Well, you should cut your losses now. Don't come crying to me when he eventually dumps you."

Damian shot her a final glare before leaving to speak with someone else.

Pearl felt lost once again. She looked up and saw Richard still engaged in a close conversation with

Jenny. With a sigh, she walked to a corner and picked up a glass of wine.

She tried to drown her sorrows in the wine when a shrill voice interrupted her. "Oh, look who we have

here, Pearl! What are you doing all alone? Where's Richard?"

Jenny approached her, but Pearl lowered her gaze, finished the last sip of wine, and replied, "

You know exactly why. What's the point of asking?"

Jenny brushed off her tone and smiled even brighter. "I must have luck on my side. Richard seems to have forgotten about your relationship. I guess it wasn't that strong."

"How strong it was is none of your business. I'm his fiancée, and you're just his ex-girlfriend.

Pearl gently swirled the wine glass with one hand while balling the other into a fist.

She honestly wasn't sure if Richard still loved her. She had only said that to keep Jenny from feeling too smug.

Chapter 576

"So what if I'm his ex? Does the order of things really matter? You must know how much he loved me before. Now that he doesn't have feelings for you anymore, it's only a matter of time before we rekindle our relationship," Jenny said with excitement in her eyes. She believed that once she took Pearl down, she would secure her place with Richard forever.

"Rekindle? You're incredibly naive. You've done so many despicable things that even if Richard and I were to break up, he would never go back to you. You'll never be a Waldorf," Pearl retorted firmly. She

knew that Jenny would never be accepted into the family.

Jenny's face twisted with anger, realizing that Pearl had seen through her weakness. "That's bullsh*t.

Richard and I love each other so you have no business getting in between us.

She then smiled coquettishly. "Richard said he has no feelings for you anymore. You're not waiting for him to remember how it feels, are you? He told me he thinks I'm great and still couldn't get over me."

Pearl scoffed. "You're just a toad who had too much fun. Stop dreaming about marrying into the Waldorf family.

Jenny was absolutely enraged and was going to start yelling when she saw Richard walking over, so she immediately stopped. She smirked at Pearl when she thought Richard wasn't looking, "Want to make a bet on who he cares about more?"

Alarm bells went off in Pearl's mind. "What are you trying to say?"

Jenny giggled. "Nothing. Just adding a bit of excitement." Then, without warning, she kicked the wine glass rack, causing it to topple toward them.

They couldn't escape in time, and the glasses were about to fall on them.

Pearl closed her eyes and braced for impact. Just before she expected the pain to strike, she found

herself in someone's arms.

Her heart felt warm as she looked up, but her smile immediately faded. The person holding her was not

Richard.

Damian, who had rushed to the scene, couldn't hide his frustration. "Have you lost your mind? Why

didn't you run?" If he came a moment slower, all the glass would have smashed on her!

Pearl blinked and tried to gather her wits. The wine glasses weren't just falling on her—Jenny was there

too!

She quickly turned to check on Jenny, who appeared unscathed. Jenny was in Richard's arms,

pretending to be afraid and whispering to him. "I'm so scared, Richard. I don't know why Pearl suddenly

kicked the rack. It almost hit me." She looked up at Richard with pitiful eyes. and then glanced at Pearl

from the corner of her eye. "I'm so glad you made it in time."

Richard... saved Jenny.

In the moment of crisis, he had chosen her over Pearl.

Chapter 577

he impact of what she had witnessed left Pearl's face as pale as paper.

seized the opportunity to continue her charade, wrapping her arms around Richard's neck.

"Rick....I'm in pain, I'm afraid

Richard didn't immediately push her away. Instead, he glanced at Pearl, whose disappointed yes pierced

his heart. The firm grip of the man holding Pearl bothered him, making him uncomfortable. He didn't

want the man to do that to Pearl.

His strange discomfort confused him. He didn't have feelings for her, so why was he feeling this way?

Before he could fully comprehend his emotions, Jenny began to move and brought his attention back to

her. He lowered his head and whispered something to Jenny.

Pearl couldn't make out his words, but from her blurry eyes, she could see how gentle he was. The pain

of Richard no longer loving her cut deeper than anything else, but she knew there was nothing she

could do if he had fallen for someone else.

Taking a deep breath, Pearl forced a smile. "I'm alright."

"Of course you're alright. You'd be dead if I came just a little later." Damian, observing Pearl's pain as she

looked at Richard, couldn't hide his annoyance,

I'm not feeling well, Damian. Please drive me back home." Pearl sighed and gently tugged at his sleeve.

Back where?" Damian couldn't believe she would still want to return to Waldorf Residence as nothing had happened.

Richard looked at Richard and then forced a smile. "Anywhere but Waldorf Residence."

Damian raised his chin. "I'm glad you're still aware." With that, he dragged the still-shocked Richard out of the hall.

Richard's fingers clenched involuntarily as he watched them leave.

Jenny thought he was worried about her and was delighted. She had been thrilled when Richard had lost his feelings for Pearl, but now that he was showing care for her, she was overflowing with joy.

Richard, you... you're hurting me." Jenny pretended to be reluctant as she held her arms.

Richard nodded and let go. Jenny, still unsteady on her feet, stumbled a few steps before regaining her balance.

Rick..." She had hoped that he would start appreciating her again, but Richard's gaze remained on Pearl. She clenched her jaw so tightly that she almost crushed her teeth.

You're fine now, right? I have some people to talk to. I need to go," Richard spoke to Jenny oldly before

turning to engage in a conversation with a business associate.

here was no sign of the rekindling she had imagined.

enny grew increasingly frustrated and anxious, shifting the blame onto Pearl. If it weren't for

Pearl, she believed she could have won Richard back by now!

Meanwhile, Pearl wasn't feeling great either. She had pretended to be fine as they walked out of the

hall, but her legs gave out, causing her to collapse on the ground.

Luckily, Damian was there to support her, preventing her from falling too hard.

"You saw what happened. Your man chose Jenny when you both were in danger. Even if he "stopped

loving you because he was hurt, you can't keep playing dumb. Alright?"

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He wanted to shake Pearl out of her current state—she looked like a walking corpse. But physical

violence was not the answer. He needed to find a way to talk some sense into her and help her change

her mind.

Pearl, though stubborn, seemed to be showing a glimmer of acceptance. "I know, I know," she nodded as she looked up at Damian, her eyes reflecting a mixture of a smile and resignation.

Damian."

Let's go,

Damian wasn't expecting her reaction, so he simply replied, "Oh."

Pearl continued, "Let's leave Enswood. It doesn't matter where we go. I just don't want to be here anymore." Staying in a place that brought her so much sadness seemed pointless.

"Alright," Damian agreed, relieved that Pearl was willing to leave, even if he knew she hadn't entirely let go of Richard. "Where would you like to go? Hazelton? Or Bodgow? Or maybe you'd prefer to go abroad?"

Pearl considered her options for a moment before deciding, "Bodgow." Esther and Clem were both there. Maybe seeing them would make her feel better.

Damian, sensing her unspoken reasons, didn't question her choice. "Alright, I'll book the tickets. We'll leave this afternoon."

At three-thirty that afternoon, Pearl was ready to depart for the airport.

Realizing that she might not return for a long time, she summarized the recent events for Dustan and Susan, who were saddened by the outcome. They understood that it was Richard's coldness that had caused this situation, but they still tried to talk her out of it. Eventually they realized Pearl wasn't going to change her mind, so they dropped it.

Standing at the airport gate, Pearl's eyes had a glimmer of hope. She glanced at her reflection in the glass doors, and for a moment, she thought she saw someone familiar.

With a happy expression, she turned around, only to be disappointed when she realized it wasn't Richard.

Returning to her original position, she waited for Damian.

At three-forty, Damian arrived on his motorbike, took off his helmet, and immediately attracted the attention of the women nearby.

Pearl greeted him with a smile. "You just had to make an entrance, didn't you?"

Damian looked at her with annoyance. "Starting to mock me now?"

"Alright, enough of that. The plane is taking off at four. We need to check in." Pearl picked up her small

luggage and got up from her seat.

Damian didn't have much luggage. Living in Bodgow, he could easily replace anything lost in a fire. He had his essentials with him, so there wasn't much to pack.

Taking Pearl's ticket from her hand, Damian picked up her luggage and walked to the boarding gate.

As they walked, Pearl couldn't help but glance back one last time, her eyes filled with longing.

"Stop looking back," Damian advised. "I heard Richard is happily shopping around with Jenny so don't expect him to show up."

Pearl's hopeful eyes dulled, and she glared at Damian before stepping through the boarding gate.

Damian smirked, knowing he had lied, and followed her inside.

After they went in, a man sitting behind them raised his eyes slowly, revealing a deep coldness in his gaze.

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They arrived in Bodgow, and as they disembarked, a Maybach pulled up to pick them up. The car had a discreet color scheme, much like Damian himself.

Pearl noticed the well-dressed driver and couldn't resist a playful remark. "Haven't you been abroad?

How did you manage the Scott household?"

Damian rolled his eyes at her comment. "Tell me how Cerubleu manages to run so smoothly while you just stand there and do nothing?"

Pearl froze—he made sense.

She accompanied Damian to Scotts Manor, feeling a mix of emotions. The manor appeared old, but it was obviously constructed only a few years ago.

Once they got out of the car, a butler greeted them.

"Welcome home, sir," the stern-faced butler said. He was the same butler who had visited Damian's family when their manor caught fire years ago. Upon hearing about the family's situation, he had nearly had a heart attack

"This... must be Miss Pearl," the butler added, his eyes still sharp but with a hint of hidden

emotions.

It was impressive how he immediately recognized her. Pearl smiled nervously. "Yes, I'm Pearl Leighton."

"I've heard that the Jordans are all outstanding. Today I get to see that it's indeed true."

Although she was a Jordan, Pearl wasn't happy to hear that. However, since he was the butler for the Scotts, she kept her composure. "Thank you for the compliment. The Scotts are actually the outstanding ones."

The butler's eyes betrayed a hint of pain when the family was brought up.

"I've prepared your room. Let me show you to it. If you need anything else, please don't hesitate to ask," he said, turning to extend his arm for them to proceed.

Pearl nodded and began walking toward the stairs, with the butler following alongside.

"Miss Pearl, your mother was childhood friends with Master Scott. She used to come here to play," the butler remarked as they walked.

Pearl stopped walking at the mention of her mother.

"I thought they might eventually fall in love, but then a sculptor appeared out of nowhere and won your mother's heart. They quickly became a couple after that."

The butler smiled warmly. "Master Scott was so upset that he didn't eat for three days. He couldn't understand how his childhood friend had suddenly fallen for someone else. How could he not be sad?

However, Master Scott recovered well and decided he would protect your mother instead."

Pearl couldn't help but tear up at the depth of this man's love.

"By the way, Master Jordan would have preferred to die than let your mother marry a poor man, so he locked her up for half a year."

Pearl was choked with emotion, her heart sinking as she pondered the situation. She had never truly questioned why her mother, who would show up every now and then, had disappeared. Could it be... because Ezra was controlling her?

The realization hit her, and she felt a deep sadness. If only she had realized this sooner, her mother might have been fine.

However, if her mother was living with the Jordans, at least her safety would be guaranteed.

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She clenched her fist and made up her mind to visit the Jordans that very night.

"In the dead of night, a figure dressed in black moved stealthily through the darkness.

Pearl scaled the walls of Jordan Residence, well aware of the numerous surveillance cameras in place.

She had to be careful to avoid being detected.

As she landed on the other side, someone suddenly grabbed her right hand with a firm grip Alarm bells

rang in her mind, and she demanded, "Who are you? Why are you grabbing me?"

The mysterious person removed their mask, revealing a familiar face. "I told you, Pearl, never situations like this alone. If I hadn't sensed something was off about you, you might have triggered traps and ended up dead here without anyone knowing!"

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Pearl was curious about how he knew about the traps. She examined Damian's face as he grabbed her, and relief washed over her. "I've been to this place countless times when I was younger. It would've been a waste if I didn't know about the traps."

"That makes sense. The Jordans only fell into disgrace in recent years, so it's natural you'd be familiar with the layout," Damian remarked.

"Can you please not bring up painful memories?" Pearl slapped Damian's hand away, causing his forehead vein to throb in irritation.

"I'm sorry." Damian decided not to hold it against her.

Pearl remembered all the traps only after visiting the residence twice. Damian got into the garden from

what he could remember.

They both met in the main gate of the garden and smiled as they exchanged looks.

‘Alright, let’s split up to see if we can find any useful clues.’

She only explored a small part of the residence when she was here under the guidance of Ezra. That was why she never found where her mother was hidden.

Damian wasn’t pleased with the idea of splitting up. “Why do we have to split up? Can’t we stick together? The house may seem quiet, but it’s filled with traps. If something were to happen to you, it would only benefit Richard and that scheming woman.”

While his words might have been blunt, they were also true. Pearl thought it over and realized he had a point.

But seeing how sure he was when he spoke, she realized something interesting. “Damian, are you suggesting we stick together because you’ve forgotten the layout and are afraid of getting lost?”

Damian’s usually calm expression briefly betrayed flustered annoyance. “Nonsense.”

Pearl’s intuition told her, that her guess was spot-on, and it irritated Damian. “Alright, fine, we’ll go together. But stay close.” She then grabbed his sleeve as if she was worried he would lose her—it

looked funny.

Damian grabbed her hand tightly, and Pearl, knowing the urgency of the situation, didn't

resist.

She needed to find her mother quickly.

Together, they ventured further into the residence, arriving at a beautiful little garden. It appeared

simple from the outside but was filled with various flowers, creating a stunning display.

"The simplicity creates a striking contrast with the beauty. Whoever maintains this garden must take

color coordination very seriously. If I recall correctly, your mother enjoyed drawing when we were

children," Damian commented.

Pearl shook her head and frowned. "No, these are all valuable medicinal herbs... Whoever owns this

garden must have been seriously ill."