

YOUR GUISE 61

Chapter 61

Pearl and Richard got out of the car, and Pearl discreetly pressed her ring to send her location to Wayne.

A group of menacing people stood outside the car, eyeing them with hostility.

“You’re Richard Waldorf?” A man with a scar on his face and a cigarette in his mouth stared at the aloof

Richard and sneered.” You look so annoying with your grumpy face.”

Cautious, Richard composed himself and demanded, “Who are you?”

“That’s not important. What matters is someone hired me to teach you a lesson!”

Richard looked up fiercely. “Do you know who I am?”

The scarred man laughed loudly. “Everyone knows who you are, Mister Richard, the president of Waldorf Enterprises!”

“Are you inviting death by offending my family?”

“Hey, leave your family out of this. It’s all just hot air, and I’m not the least bit scared.” The scarred man made a very exaggerated expression, looking ridiculous.

Pearl spoke up loudly, "Don't waste your time on them. They're just a bunch of losers."

"We're losers?" The scarred man glanced at her and ordered sternly, "Get them! Beat them up good and

show them who the

real losers are!"

to hit th

A few men rushed toward Pearl and Richard, trying to hit them with their sticks. But Pearl quickly dodge

d to the side and delivered a powerful kick to one of the men's chests.

Richard was fiercer. He grabbed one of the men by the neck and tossed him aside before delivering a s

wift kick to the back of the man's head.

Their coordination was flawless, as if they were perfect partners. In no time, they defeated the assailant

s, leaving them writhing on the ground, groaning in pain.

"Bah! Pathetic losers!" The scarred man cursed and signaled, and several dozen burly men emerged fr

om a nearby forest. They had been lying in wait to ambush Richard.

Richard's expression turned icy and resolute.

The second attack came with greater numbers.

As the confrontation dragged on, both Pearl and Richard began to tire, and their situation became increasingly dangerous.. Snickering, the scarred man seized an opportunity and produced a dagger, lunging to stab Pearl, who was closest to him. Pearl narrowed her eyes at the impending danger, but Richard acted fast, grabbing the dagger just in time and kicking the scarred man away.

However, this move caused Richard's palm to bleed profusely, and the blood dripped onto the ground, a disturbing sight. Despite his usual composure, he furrowed his brows.

"Are you alright?" Pearl stared wide—

eyed at Richard, shocked by his selfless act of grabbing the dagger when danger loomed. Shaking his head, Richard's face paled as he lost a significant amount of blood.

Pearl turned to glare at the howling scarred man on the ground, her expression cold and unforgiving-

At that moment, Wayne finally arrived with his men steely command, "Apprehend them all!"

His men immediately subdued the gangsters.

"We're here, Miss Pearl!" Observing the chaotic scene, he then issued a

After that, he walked to Pearl and whispered, "Are you alright, Miss Pearl?"

Pearl shook her head and pointed at Richard, who was bleeding, her concern evident. "Richard got hurt of me."

Wayne walked over to support Richard,

but he couldn't help but gasp when he saw the extent of his injuries. His palm was bleeding heavily.

Richard must have been remarkably brave to grab the dagger without hesitation.

"Let me take you guys to the hospital," Wayne offered.

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Wayne drove Pearl and Richard to the hospital, paid for the medical expenses, and left Pearl to tend to the somewhat dazed Richard

While bandaging his wound, the nurse accidentally touched it. It seemed painful, but he didn't even flinch.

When the nurse was done, she excused herself and left.

Looking at how weak Richard looked, Pearl asked, "Are you feeling okay, Richard?"

Richard glanced up. "I've got a question, Pearl."

Pearl paused, sensing what he was about to ask.

“What’s your relationship with Wayne?”

Richard couldn’t help but wonder why Wayne always appeared promptly whenever Pearl was in trouble.

e. How did he know her exact location? Why did they share a drink? Why did he address her

as “Miss Pearl”? Why did he always obey her like a subordinate?

These questions had been bothering him.

Aware of Richard’s meticulousness, Pearl knew he would eventually notice this issue, but she hadn’t expected him to confront her directly.

I

“Didn’t I

for now you he’s my friend I got to know abroad? We’re quite close.” Pearl chose to stick with her previous

ous explanation

Coldly, Richard pressed on, “Tell me. Are you the president of Cerubleu?”

Pearl’s heart raced momentarily. Her initial instinct was to deny it, but Richard was too smart. Instead, she

he feigned a playful smile to dispel his suspicions.

“Oh, my. You’ve caught me.”

Richard suddenly found himself uncertain whether his assumption was correct or not, given her reaction.

“Are you honored to have the president of Cerubleu working as a mere employee at your company, Mister Richard?” Pearl raised her hands in mock exasperation. “It’s a bit far-fetched, don’t you think?”

Her lie seemed reasonable because it was indeed preposterous for the president of Cerubleu to be working as an ordinary employee in Richard’s company.

Dubious, Richard whispered, “I hope you’re not lying to me.”

Pearl rolled her eyes. “Stop being paranoid, Mister Richard. Can’t I have a close friend?”

But Richard felt an unexpected unease when he thought about Wayne’s concern for Pearl, making his words seem somewhat peculiar. “You’re engaged to the Waldorf family, and you have a close male friend. Do you consider that wise?”

“Are you jealous? Don’t tell me you want to marry me, Richard.” Pearl chuckled without restraint, finding his serious expression amusing.

Richard shot her a cold glare. "Of course not."

"Then please don't meddle in my personal relationships."

Richard closed his eyes to rest, as Wayne had returned by then.

Naturally, Wayne overheard their conversation and smiled while speaking to Pearl, "I'm going home, Mi

His teasing earned him a glare from Pearl. "F*ck you!"

Wayne mouthed at Pearl that he understood it before he laughed and left, leaving Pearl alone with Rich

"You can go home now," Richard opened his eyes and said coldly, "It's quite late."

Raising her brows, Pearl declined his suggestion, "I'm staying to take care of you."

"You don't have to do that."

But Pearl

settled herself into a chair and responded, "You injured your hand saving me. I'd look quite heartless if

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Richard ignored Pearl's question and used his uninjured hand to take a laptop out from his bag, immed

ately delving into

work

Bored, Pearl gave up and grabbed her own laptop. Her aim was to uncover the mastermind behind the conspiracy that had targeted them. Utilizing facial features from photos and investigating recent calls and bank transactions, she traced the clues back to Lawson Enterprises.

“Richard, do you know who’s behind this attack on you?” Pearl asked tentatively.

Without looking up from his laptop, Richard answered without even blinking, “Lawson Enterprises.”

Shocked, Pearl asked, “How did you know?”

Richard explained calmly, “Our company’s stock has been on the rise lately, and our jewelry business is thriving. We’ve nearly monopolized the low-end jewelry market and are moving into high-end jewelry. Who do you think would be the most threatened by this?”

“Lawson Enterprises holds a grudge against us for failing to strike a deal. They lost out on potential profits and are envious of our current success. Is that why you suspect them?”

Richard flashed her a rare smile. “You’re very:

v smart.”

His astute deduction impressed Pearl, but she had another question. “What are you going to do about it

?‘

Being vindictive, she always sought retribution when wronged. Of course, she wasn't inclined to let Lawson Enterprises off the hook for causing such a big mess.

A steely resolve gleamed in Richard's eyes. "Of course, I won't forgive Lawson Enterprises so easily."

Knowing that he would make a move, Pearl felt reassured.

Over the next two days, Pearl

concocted a cover story when the Waldorfs inquired about their whereabouts. She claimed that they were working late at the company and wouldn't be returning home temporarily. Sean was away on business, making her fabricated story more believable.

Richard only resumed his duties at

the company once his hand had almost healed. During their absence, the company had acquired some unfamiliar faces,

Upon his return, Richard held an executive meeting to discuss their next move.

"I propose we stabilize production of our low-

end jewelry and allocate substantial funds for the development of high–

end pieces,” Richard suggested. His plan piqued Pearl’s interest, as she admired his strategic thinking.

“I’m not sure that’s a wise move,” a skeptical voice interjected suddenly, breaking the silence in the con

Richard glanced up, his face turning cold as he looked at the man nearby. “Why do you think so?”

Pearl also turned her attention to the source of this unexpected dissent, discovering that it was Brandon

Brandon, who generally carried himself with an air of superiority, had adopted a condescending tone.

“Have

you forgotten how to plan during your brief absence, Mister Richard? We’ve yet to stabilize our position

end jewelry market, which is performing admirably. Rushing into high–

end jewelry development could backfire, potentially resulting in financial losses. Who will be held
accoun

“We won’t lose money,” Richard asserted. “Sticking with low–end

jewelry alone will lead to aesthetic fatigue, limiting our potential. We’d miss out on a good opportunity

to develop high–end jewelry.”

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However, Brandon seemed to not have heard Richard, saying sharply, “Anyway, I disagree. Why don’t y

ou ask everyone's opinion then?"

Richard scanned the others and asked, "Anyone else have doubts?"

A director hesitated before whispering, "I think Mister Brandon is right. What if we face financial losses or

unforeseen complications..."

The others started whispering too.

Observing this, Pearl rose to her feet, flashing a confident smile. "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to elab-

orate on Mister Richard's proposal."

Her words made Brandon snort. "I understand you're on the president's side, Miss Pearl, but isn't it unfai-

r for us if you blindly advocate for him?"

Unconcerned, Pearl addressed the gathering with a tone of gentle authority, "My mentor happens to be a

world-renowned jewelry designer. I believe you guys have heard of her, right?"

Joanna Morgan, an internationally acclaimed jewelry designer, had pieces that commanded sky-

high prices, sometimes reaching into the millions.

Flabbergasted, everyone was all ears while listening to Pearl.

“She once told me that her career started with the most basic designs. However, her craft would never have evolved if she had solely focused on producing low-end jewelry, even though it could generate substantial profits.

“What we truly need is a refinement in our product quality, aiming to appeal to a broader market. Jewelry

is, by nature, a luxury item, with our customer base encompassing both the general public and the rich.

“The latter demographic, in particular, has the potential to drive significantly higher profits. Naturally, they

are less likely to be drawn to inexpensive jewelry. This is why it’s good for us to venture into high-

end jewelry production, to attract a broader customer base and enhance our earning potential.” Her state

ment caused a pin-drop silence.

“Sounds reasonable,” Brandon sneered, “but it could just be empty talk.”

Staring at him, Pearl countered, “I studied marketing abroad and consistently ranked at the top of my class.

ss. I’m sure that’s more than enough?”

Brandon was struck speechless, looking pale.

“Is there anyone else?” Pearl scanned the assembly, met with lowered heads in shame.

Finally, her eyes settled on Richard, and she winked at him naughtily. His amazed look filled her with joy.

After that, Richard made the final decision. “Well, it’s settled.”

With the meeting concluded, everyone filed out, but Brandon approached Pearl and said absent–

mindedly, “May I have a word. with you, Miss Pearl?”

Pearl smiled politely. “Sure.”

”

“What’s your relationship with the president?”

“Why? He’s my superior. Don’t tell me you perceive him differently.”

Brandon was puzzled by Pearl’s unfathomable smile, but he refocused on

his original intent. He grinned ingratiatingly. “I’ve got to say, Miss Pearl, the president can be rather strict.

Raising her brows, Pearl remarked, “Oh? It looks like there’s something else on your mind.”

“You’re smart, Miss Pearl. I believe you understand what I meant. Please think it through and don’t let me

Chapter 65

Touching her chin thoughtfully, Pearl asked, "Are you trying to win me over, Mister Brandon?"

Laughing, Brandon commented, "Well, I do admire you very much."

He then took out his business card and slowly pushed it to her table.

"Your abilities charm me, Miss Pearl. Have you ever considered a position higher than director, perhaps the vice president role?"

With that, Brandon left, leaving Pearl to her thoughts.

The vice president? It looked like the ambitious Brandon had set his sights on the position of president.

Later that night, upon returning home, Pearl found everyone else asleep except for Richard, who sat alone in the living room reading documents.

After stretching a bit, Pearl sat down beside him and asked, "How's your hand?"

Pausing briefly, Richard replied calmly, "It's much better now."

However, Pearl was skeptical and attempted to check his hand, but he dodged her.

"You won't die if you let me take a look," she whispered.

But Richard changed the topic. "What did Brandon say to you earlier?"

Pearl leaned against the sofa and smiled. "Why do you think he came to me?"

"To win you over.

Pursing her lips, Pearl commented, "How boring!"

Richard ignored her response and asked gloomily, "What are you going to do then?"

"What am I going to do?" Pearl looked into his eyes with interest. "I'm going to say yes, of course, since he promised to make me vice president. Only fools would turn down such a great offer."

Naturally, Richard wasn't convinced. He asked, "Aren't you afraid of exposing your plan to me?"

Pearl yawned. "Stop pretending, Richard. Tell me your plan."

It was beyond Richard's expectation that Pearl reacted so fast. Raising his brows, he suggested, "I want you to say yes." "Why?"

Of course, Richard had come up with a plan. "We're going to beat him at his game.

Her interest piqued, Pearl said, "I'm listening."

"Agree to his proposal and work with him to gather evidence. I aim to rid the company of his supporters

.”

Smiling, Pearl mused, “Ah, you noticed it too. There are many strangers in the company. I thought all you did was work and you didn’t recognize others.”

Richard was rendered speechless.

“Okay, it’s time to sleep. We’re going to have a fierce battle.” Pearl stood up and walked upstairs.

“Pearl.”

Suddenly, Richard stopped her.

Pausing, Pearl turned around and teased, “What’s the matter?”

“You’re really special.”

She seemed to be an expert in everything, leaving others bewildered. One could never predict the surprise next.

In short, Richard found her very unique.

Pearl replied languidly, “I’ll assume you’ve fallen in love with me, Richard.”

Her words immediately brought a somber expression to his face. “Don’t jump to conclusions.”

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Pearl failed to suppress her smile because of the drastic change in Richard's expression. After that, she went to her bedroom.

Watching her graceful edit, Richard's gaze grew more contemplative.

Pearl and Richard

planned to put up a good show to expedite Brandon's actions. They aimed to make him believe they had a falling out by having a fight.

The next morning, in Richard's office, Pearl and Richard appeared to be discussing. Then, Pearl suddenly raised her voice.

Told you I didn't mean this. Why can't you understand?"

Richard rebuked coldly, "Listen here. You're just the director of a planning department. You have no right to interfere with my decisions"

"You think you can do whatever you want just because you're the president? That's absurd! I don't care.

I can quit. Nobody wants to be your punching bag!"

Bang! It seemed like

a glass shattered on the floor, creating a noise that echoed through the office. Everyone within earshot c

ould hear it.

“If you want to quit, then leave. You’re not that important to the company.”

The tense atmosphere left everyone holding their breath.

Pearl was tempted to smash another glass, but Richard intervened, whispering, “One is enough. If our fig

ht appears too heated, Brandon might grow suspicious.”

Smiling, Pearl agreed, “Good thinking.”

Following this, Pearl stopped talking, enveloping the office in an eerie hush.

Before long, she retrieved a bottle of mist spray from her bag and sprayed it on her face, smudging her

makeup to create the illusion that she had been crying.

She then walked out with a document and slammed the door shut behind her.

Back at her desk, she called Brandon, making sure not to touch up her makeup.

Sobbing, she informed him of her willingness to collaborate with him, provided he

agreed to appoint her as vice president once their plan succeeded.

She could have agreed directly, but she feared he might get suspicious if she didn’t reveal her motive. So

, she purposely emphasized that.

Her words brought a satisfied smile to Brandon's face, bolstering his confidence. "Don't worry, Miss Pearl

. I won't treat you unfairly after it's done."

With Pearl's cooperation secured, he believed it would be a piece of cake to seize control of Waldorf Enterprises.

He proceeded to use some underhanded tactics, manipulating the company's finances to create a significant financial gap.

Both Richard and Pearl observed Brandon's actions but did not stop him, instead gathering evidence against him.

During the second meeting, Brandon slammed the financial report onto the table and sneered.

"Have you reviewed this season's financial report, Mister Richard?"

Unmoved, Richard asked, "Is there any problem?"

"In this season, we've incurred a loss of 41 million dollars. Do you understand the gravity of this situation

? I explicitly advised against the development of high-

end jewelry. Now, what are we to do with these huge losses?"

Pearl echoed his sentiments. "Yes, you really should explain this."

Brandon's smugness gr

grew as he heard her words. "I think you're no longer capable of overseeing the company's affairs
effectiv

Looking cold, Richard demanded, "Are you suggesting that you should take over as president?"

"I never said that. Why don't we ask for others' opinions?" Brandon scanned the colleagues nearby and
sm

However, nob*dy in the room spoke up.

Feeling anxious, Brandon repeated his question, but only silence answered him.

Pearl slowly got to her feet and smiled. "Are you done, Mister Brandon? Why don't you listen to me
now?"

Panic began to show in Brandon's face, sensing that something was amiss.

Chapter 67

Pearl talked slowly, "If I'm not mistaken, you must be wondering why the colleagues you bribed are not

opposing Mister Richard now, aren't you, Mister Brandon?"

Brandon's expression changed. "What are you insinuating, Miss Pearl?"

With a sneer, Pearl responded with a question, "Don't you know what I meant, Mister Brandon?"

"Watch your tongue!" Brandon retorted in panic.

"Let's take a look at this evidence to see if I'm telling the truth or not." Pearl proceeded to extract documents and photos from a folder and forcefully scattered them across the table.

As the documents

fell, everyone could clearly see the photos of Brandon going in and out of the finance department, alongside details of his embezzlement.

"Is there anything else you want to say, Mister Brandon?"

Blood drained out of Brandon's face while looking at the evidence, growing more terrified.

"No, you made this up! I would never harm the company. Don't slander me!"

Suddenly, Brandon yelled agitatedly as if he had realized something. "You guys must have staged this to frame me and force me out of the company. You'll pay for this!"

However, Pearl paid no heed to his resistance and issued a final verdict, looking up at him. "If you have nothing else to say, Mister Brandon, you can discuss it with the police officers."

She then casually took her seat, a satisfied smile gracing her face.

At the mention of the police, Brandon ran away but

was arrested at the door by the police officers who had arrived in time.

“I won’t let you get away with this!” Brandon warned them before being led away.

Once he was gone, Richard made a few remarks and ended the meeting, his gaze fixed on Pearl.

“I doubt it’ll be that simple.”

“How so?” Pearl was grinning, clearly in high spirits after eliminating that black sheep. Her voice sounded livelier.

“It’s not that easy to beat Brandon,” Richard explained slowly after a brief pause.

Pearl’s smile faded as she contemplated his words. “What are you suggesting?”

“I think he may have a chance to free himself.”

His guess made her frown. “You’re saying he’ll come after us again? Didn’t the cops arrest him just now?”

Richard quietly recalled the look Brandon had given him before departing.

“Maybe he has another trick up his sleeves.”

out, Richard was right. The next day, they received news that Brandon had been released, his name cle

As it turned ou charges.

Deeply troubled, Pearl sat in Richard’s office. “You were right. He did have a backup plan.”

“He’s now an executive at Lawson Enterprises.”

“I’m certain he leveraged our internal information to strike a deal with Lawson Enterprises.” Pearl
gritted

Richard pressed his l*ps together, his expression grave. “No, it wouldn’t have made a difference. No ma

“For example...” Even though Pearl was hesitant, both she and Richard were well aware of the situation

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This led to

Lawson Enterprises gaining extensive knowledge of Waldorf Enterprises’ jewelry proposal for the upco

ming season, along with its development plan.

“How did you deal with Lawson Enterprises the other day?”

Richard blinked, then answered, “I made them lose three percent of profits.”

“You hit them where it hurts. No wonder they sought an

opportunity to strike back, and Brandon became their powerful weapon.” Pearl emphasized while looking at Richard’s solemn expression, “I think they’ll make their move soon. We should be prepared at all times.”

“Let’s wait until they make a move before we decide on anything.”

Pearl nodded, her expression a mix of emotions.

Later in the afternoon, Pearl noticed on her phone that Lawson Enterprises was about to launch a new set of jewelry.

Moreover, she found the jewelry oddly familiar, as she had designed it as a stepping stone for Waldorf Enterprises to enter the high-

end jewelry market. Surprisingly, Lawson Enterprises was releasing it first.

However, Pearl stopped frowning on second thought. Though the jewelry set appeared new and unique, it had a significant flaw. Wearing it would be rather uncomfortable.

Her recent focus had been on dealing with Brandon, leaving her no time to fine-

tune the jewelry design. This subtlety would likely go unnoticed by anyone other than a designer.

Pearl had this hunch that Lawson Enterprises might very likely harm themselves instead.

After that, she began redesigning and adjusting the jewelry, making a slight change to its shape and style.

She then visited the president's office with her revised design.

Pearl presented her plan to launch a modified version of the same Jewelry. Hearing Pearl's plan, Richard's eyes lit up.

"Are you sure people won't see us as plagiarizing them? After all, they launched it first."

Naturally, Pearl had considered this in advance. "Of course, people may get us wrong at first, but I have a solution. I have! concrete proof that this design is ours."

However, Richard kept quiet, prompting Pearl to give him a reassuring smile. "Don't underestimate me, Richard. I designed this. Don't worry."

"I trust you, but I'm concerned about Lawson Enterprises resorting to dirty tactics that you may not be able to handle," Richard

admitted, his gaze on her smile, "I'll arrange for a few bodyguards to be with you during these days in case anything happens."

Baffled, he could not figure out why she was still giggling at such a time.

Pearl teased, "Are you that worried about my safety, Richard?"

Her question left him looking somewhat flustered. "Don't misinterpret things. I'm just concerned about

Pearl, however, refused to give up. "Anyway, you're saying that I'm very important."

Her playful comment annoyed Richard, who responded coldly, "Get back to work."

Pearl pouted. "Boring."

Richard only managed to regain his composure after Pearl had left. Lately, her ability to influence his em

Regardless, losing control over himself was frustrating.

Chapter 69

arl wasted no time in launching the new product.

expected, on the first day of its release, some attentive people noticed striking similarities between

her product and wson Enterprises", just as Richard had foreseen. They marveled at how both product

s seemed almost identical.

h, my! Is Waldorf Enterprises ruining their brand?" they wondered aloud.

rious criticisms spread like wildfire across the Internet as people debated how and why this happened.

looks like Waldorf Enterprises has lost its creative touch. Why would they copy Lawson Enterprises' de

sign?]

onsense! Pearl designed it. Do you really think she'd plagiarize someone else?]

ou have to admit, this world is full of all sorts of people, and nearly everyone has engaged in plagiaris

m at some point. No ed to be such die-hard fans.]

agree. This time, I'm on Lawson Enterprises' side.]

1 the internet, almost everyone seemed to be siding with Lawson Enterprises, except for a few who re

mained steadfast in eir support for Pearl, based on their unwavering admiration for her. The rest labele

d her as a plagiarizing b*tch and didn't

old back their criticism.

espite the online uproar, Pearl was unfazed.

he following day, while enjoying her weekend at home, she engaged in cheerful conversations with the

Waldorfs.

obius couldn't hide his anxiety. "Aren't you worried at all, Miss Pearl? This

is a big mess, and you may be doomed forever."

pping her soup calmly, Pearl asked, "Do you think I'm a plagiarist?"

obius refuted immediately, "No, absolutely not! I would never think that about you."

Then you don't need to worry," Pearl replied calmly.

However, Sean interjected with a dose of reality. "The situation may escalate if you can't find a way out of this."

inlighten me with your brilliant idea then, Mister Sean," Pearl said with a glance.

uckling, Sean responded, "Well, it doesn't concern me, and I don't have any ideas either."

ugo just kept his smile and said nothing.

anzel, who had survived quite a long time in the entertainment industry, knew how serious cyberbullyin

g could be. incerned, he added, "This isn't an easy problem to resolve, Pearl. And with Waldorf Enterpri

ses involved, it becomes even ore complicated. Can you handle it alone?"

it Pearl just gave him a reassuring look.

eir exchange left Richard uneasy. "Pearl isn't as dumb as you guys think."

s statement made Pearl grin. It was clear he knew her well after spending a significant amount of time w

chard then asked, "Are you ready? We're going back to the company this afternoon."

arl nodded and flashed a triumphant smile. "I'll make sure Lawson Enterprises understands the consequ

e rest of the Waldorfs were stunned as they didn't know what Pearl and Richard were up to.

arl and Richard appeared at the press conference for the launch of the new product at three o'clock in

Numerous paparazzi flocked to the event due to the plagiarism controversy's popularity on the Internet.

"Hello, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Pearl Leighton. It's a pleasure to see you guys again and share with yo

But a reporter interrupted her eagerly before she could finish. "Miss Pearl, there are rumors online sayin

Chapter 70

Plagiarism?

With a raise of her brows, Pearl flashed a professional smile at that reporter. "No, it isn't, because it's my

product."

"Your product? But Lawson Enterprises launched it before Waldorf Enterprises," the reporter challenged

her, his tone overbearing, which was exactly what she wanted.

"Well, they did launch it before Waldorf Enterprises," Pearl conceded, maintaining her confident smile.

"B

ut the launch date doesn't determine the true designer, and I can show evidence to prove that I am inde

ed the designer.”

After that, she turned on her laptop and projected its screen onto the screen behind her.

“I’m sure you all can see this. I began designing this three months ago in September.”

As expected, everyone could see the timestamp on the design file.

Pearl then changed the screen to her chat with someone. “This is the conversation between my mentor
a

nd me from October. She told me how to make this design more delicate.”

Their chat was full of intricate descriptions and a

deep understanding of the product, something that couldn’t be faked.

“Lastly, I’d like to take this opportunity to address Brandon from Lawson Enterprises,” Pearl cleared her
t

throat and continued, “I wonder, Mister Brandon, are you satisfied with this result?”

The press conference was being streamed online,

and her statement created a buzz among the netizens.

[Wasn’t Brandon a former manager at Waldorf Enterprises?]

[I know him. He's working at Lawson Enterprises now!]

[I work at Waldorf Enterprises, and I can confirm that Brandon was fired because of bribery, embezzlement,

and an attempt to seize the president's position.]

[This is shocking! I couldn't believe it.]

Pearl chuckled, satisfied with how she had captivated the reporters at the event.

"Look at them, Richard. Aren't they so easily persuaded?" Pearl commented nonchalantly.

"Yes, you're right." Richard knew that Pearl could resolve this unscathed, but he was surprised to see she did such a great job.

"This is the first time you didn't ignore a question like that. You would have called me boring in the past." P

Hearing this, Richard looked away and left.

Pearl

understood that Richard was a reserved man, and it would be unlikely to see him display much emotion.

As a result, Lawson Enterprises was defeated, and its monopoly over the jewelry market was broken.

After the crisis, Pearl found that the subsequent days felt strangely peaceful.

Knowing Brandon's

vindictive nature, she expected him to come up with a more wicked plan after such a great blow.
However

Puzzled by this, Pearl remained vigilant.

That afternoon, as she was delivering a document to Richard's office, she noticed the fire alarm on the