

YOUR GUISE 631

Chapter 631

Richard contemplated the situation but didn't show his discontent. "I trust your president will honor his word," he responded calmly.

The man smiled and extended his oily hand, "Don't worry, I would never lie to you. My name is Nathaniel West, but you can call me Naty,"

'Naty... The assistant rolled his eyes inwardly, finding Nathaniel's chosen nickname rather juvenile.

The latter appeared to be around twenty years older than Richard, making the nickname seem out of place.

Maintaining his composure, Richard said, "Mister Nathaniel, what are your president's intentions?"

"He instructed me to entertain you, so I've allocated all my time to spend with you," Nathaniel

explained, his hand still extended. When it became apparent that Richard had no intention of shaking

it, he withdrew it gracefully. "It seems you don't travel abroad frequently. There are many enjoyable activities here, and I'd be happy to show you around."

The assistant's voice betrayed his irritation. "Our president's time is valuable. We don't have time to go

around with you.

Nathaniel maintained his friendly smile. "I don't believe an assistant holds the authority to challenge me during a business meeting." Even though he didn't sound angry, the words he chose indicated that he was just pretending.

Richard couldn't figure out Sapphire Group's true motives. Suppressing his displeasure, he responded curtly, "If that's your president's directive, I will comply."

"You're quite decisive," Nathaniel commented, his smile concealing any hint of irritation." Rest assured, you'll meet our president in three days."

Richard nodded, looking tired. His assistant noticed his exhaustion.

"Sir, if you're tired, you should return to the hotel and rest."

Nathaniel was shocked, "Mister Richard seems weary from his journey. How about I take you to a good place?"

Richard regarded him with icy indifference. "Where would that be?"

Nathaniel took a sip of his tea and grinned. "A place any man would love."

Supposedly, the president's intention was to humiliate Mister Richard of Waldorf Enterprises. Word had

it that this man was aloof, distant, and icy. The president wanted to pull him off his high horse and trample on his pride.

Although Nathaniel said it subtly, his intentions were unmistakable. The assistant understood and blushed. "You must be mistaken. Our president isn't that kind of man. He would never go to a place like that."

Nathaniel resented the interruption and glared at him. "What do you know? If you don't want to join us, you can return to the hotel."

"Sir, please reconsider. Look at these people. Perhaps we should stop working with them and return home."

The assistant was youthful and impatient, but Richard had no intention of backing down. If he had harbored any suspicions before, he was now certain that the president of Sapphire Group just wanted to make a joke out of him and provoke his anger. Later, they would accuse him of pettiness if he left prematurely, making him fall into their trap,

"I'll go."

The assistant was anxious. "Sir!" "You're indeed not like other men."

Chapter 632

That afternoon, as the sun set and the sky gradually darkened, the man behind the wheel drove, while

Richard reclined in the back seat, eyes closed, taking a rest.

The assistant grumbled next to him. "I can't figure out what this ridiculous president of Sapphire Group

is thinking. He seemed to be playing coy so you'd come over, then asked this creepy man to bring you

around."

The man heard the comment but remained silent, wearing a smirk.

The journey from their hotel to their destination took approximately two hours. When they arrived, the

city lights illuminated the drinking establishments, and crowds of people gathered around.

Nathaniel parked the car and guided Richard inside.

"We love to come to this place. It's a man's heaven," Nathaniel remarked, genuine excitement in his

eyes.

Suddenly, a group of women approached them, reaching out to touch their chests. The

assistant, an inexperienced young man unfamiliar with such environments, took a step back and

helped fend off the women from Richard.

“This must be the famous red light district of Mernaut,” Richard finally spoke, ending his prior silence.

“You’re very knowledgeable, Mister Richard. Indeed, this is the renowned red light district. The women here have incredible figures and are very hot. Last time I was here, I didn’t want to leave...”

The assistant looked at him with disgust. “That’s enough. Mister Richard is not that type of person.

Stop saying disgusting things. It’s offensive to our ears.”

“Offensive? Your president is merely human. How could he not experience these primal desires?”

Nathaniel retorted.

While Nathaniel spoke, Richard was thinking about something else. Nathaniel sensed that he might be getting to him and continued, “You must be remembering something. Listen, the women here are really good at providing service. I’m sure you’ll be satisfied.”

Richard coldly replied, “I don’t need that.”

Nathaniel chuckled, thinking that Richard was simply in denial and would eventually succumb to temptation. He looked down at him but maintained a polite smile. “Of course, Mister Richard. We have a variety of women here. Take your time to select your preferred type.”

Richard frowned, feeling uncomfortable. No matter how he tried to distract himself, a single image persisted in his mind. She always possessed long and dark hair, a teasing and sultry smile, and a black dress, looking seductive.

Why was Pearl on his mind? Yet her name remained a painful knot in his heart.

He shook his head in an attempt to banish her from his mind, but she only became more vivid.

Not only that, as he gazed at the women on the streets, one of their faces transformed into hers a woman he knew well. This familiar figure adorned herself in provocative attire and wore heavy makeup, standing on the street like the others, wearing a flirtatious smile. Was that...

Pearl?!

Chapter 633

Richard gazed at the woman before him, his eyes filled with a deepening gloom.

Nathaniel's attention was drawn to the woman Richard was staring at, thinking that Richard had taken an interest in her. A wicked smile crept across his face.

"It seems you do have a preference, Mister Richard. She's quite the beauty, isn't she? She might just be the loveliest woman I've seen around here!" Nathaniel, convinced that Richard was intrigued, attempted

to facilitate matters. "Are you interested in her? If so, I can arrange for her to serve you."

Richard didn't outright decline. He observed the woman, who appeared to be leaning toward another man,

and felt a disconcerting pang in his heart. He nodded and replied, "Alright."

"As long as you're happy. Let's go inside."

Nathaniel led Richard and his assistant into the establishment.

As Richard passed Pearl, he avoided making eye contact with her.

Nathaniel couldn't help but feel curious. A short while ago, Richard seemed captivated by the woman,

but now he walked past her without acknowledging her presence.

Richard walked really fast, so Nathaniel didn't have time to think and just followed along.

Pearl, unaware that Richard just walked past her, maintained her seductive but lifeless smile as she

continued to engage with the man before her.

"The man asked, "How much for a night?"

Pearl pointed at herself and said, "How much? You'll find out when you pick me."

The two spoke for a while, and the man's lascivious thoughts grew the longer he gazed upon her

beautiful face.

Very well, let's go." As he grasped Pearl's waist, his impure intentions were unleashed.

Pearl felt repulsed but concealed her feelings. They entered the establishment, prepared to ascend to an

upstairs room, when Richard, who had just seated himself, spotted them. His eyes turned cold.

Nathaniel quickly noted Richard's displeasure and smirked as he asked, "Mister Richard, shall I invite her

over?"

Richard remained silent, and Nathaniel interpreted it as approval.

Nathaniel promptly stood and approached the man, "My president said this woman has to come with us."

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"President? Hah, which president?" the man grumbled, irked that his target was being snatched away

from him.

However, upon turning around and encountering the sophisticated man behind him, fear filled his heart,

and he hesitated about provoking him further. He cautiously released his grip on Pearl's hand.

Pearl was a little annoyed and glared at Nathaniel, as if complaining for his lack of sense.

Which president was trying to ruin her plans?

She looked over and saw Richard sitting not too far away, drinking wine from a glass. Her face froze.

'Rich... Richard?'

Why was he here, in a place like this? And did he see her? Panicked thoughts raced through her mind.

She wanted to run away, but Richard looked in her direction. His eyes were cold and filled with

murderous intent.

Chapter 634

It was the first time she had seen his expression turn so cold. A sudden wave of nervousness washed

over her, and her knees felt weak.

However, after thinking about it, it didn't sit right with her. They were no longer together, so where she

was and what she was doing were none of his business.

Summoning her resolve, she stood up and looked back at him with no remorse.

"Miss, you're so lucky. Our president is interested in you. You should come with me. Nathaniel tried to

convince her, eager not to delay things.

Pearl frowned and regarded him with disdain. "Tell him I don't know him so I won't be joining you."

“Miss, why does it matter whether you know him when you’re working here? Do you know this man here?” Nathaniel questioned logically.

His reasoning made sense, and although Pearl remained annoyed, she couldn’t afford to show it. After a brief internal struggle, she walked over.

The man who had been with her could only leave angrily upon seeing the turn of events.

Pearl’s temper flared as she approached Richard and realized he was ignoring her. “Why did you summon me over here, sir?” she inquired, though her tone lacked politeness.

Richard remained silent, his gaze fixed on Nathaniel.

“Very well, I’ll be on my way.” Nathaniel understood the situation and left with a creepy smile.

His assistant, on the other hand, couldn’t contain his shock. He stared at the familiar-looking woman before him, his jaw dropping. Wasn’t this the president’s ex-fiancee? What on earth was she doing here?

“Go amuse yourself. I’ll speak to her here,” Richard instructed, and his assistant promptly complied.

“I never imagined you’d come to a place like this after leaving our country,” Richard remarked, once they were alone. His smile, however, held a hint of mockery and disdain.

Pearl casually took a seat, poured herself a glass of wine, swirled it around, and took a sip. "I don't believe my actions are of any concern to you. Perhaps you should focus more on your side piece so she doesn't run off with another man."

Richard's hand froze, and his smile faded. "What are you trying to say?"

Pearl felt a pang of bitterness, thinking he cared about her speaking ill of Jenny. "Nothing. If you have no business with me, please don't interfere with my work." With that, she finished her wine and prepared to leave.

"Wait."

The word was gentle, yet Pearl couldn't help but stop. It was ingrained in her, something she couldn't forget.

"I said I need to work," she said through gritted teeth.

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"Why do you care where I go

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Chapter 635

Pearl turned on her heel and took a few steps toward Richard, locking eyes with him. "Are you out of your mind, Richard? Why didn't I know about your peculiar taste when we were together? I never thought you'd set foot in a place like this."

Pearl's disappointment was palpable as she thought of his possible involvement with such establishments.

However, Richard didn't directly address her accusation but instead mocked her. "I never imagined you'd end up working as an escort in a place like this."

His skill at turning the tables left Pearl momentarily speechless. Feeling like she couldn't outwit him in an argument, she attempted to break free and flee.

Richard saw through her intentions, though. As she turned to leave, he grabbed her collar, and his voice turned cold. "Where are you going? To serve someone else?"

"I'd serve anyone but you!" Pearl, feeling insulted out of the blue, turned back and bit his hand with all her might. Though she was certain she had bitten down hard, Richard didn't flinch.

"Answer my question."

“What is there to answer?” Anxious and tearful, Pearl retorted, “What’s going on in your head, Richard?”

You’ve declared you no longer love me, admitted that our relationship is beyond repair, canceled our engagement, and pushed me away. Isn’t it ironic for you to say this now?”

Richard rarely saw her cry or lose control of her emotions. But now, her face was covered in tears, and she was yelling at him. His heart ached, and he realized that everything she said was true, that he was indeed the problem.

Slowly, Richard released her and examined the bite marks on his hand, his brows furrowing.

Recognizing her lapse in self-control, Pearl took a deep breath and calmly said, “I got carried away earlier. Just pretend you didn’t hear any of it.”

“It’s fine, there’s nothing wrong with you saying that,” Richard replied.

When Pearl heard that, she immediately felt a distance between them. “If there’s nothing else, I really should return to work.” She began to adopt a more polite and distant demeanor.

Richard didn’t like that. When he initially lost his feelings for her, he disliked how she tried to get closer to him. But now that she was distant, he began to feel anxious, as if her departure would be bad for him.

”

As Pearl prepared to leave once more, Richard seized her wrist, deciding to follow his heart. Don't go and flirt with other men.” The thought of her smiling at other men, or even sleeping with them... made his blood boil.

Pearl was annoyed and shook his hand away. “Who are you to me? Why are you trying to control me? I just lost my first customer because of you.”

First customer? That meant she hadn't slept with anyone yet.

Richard was relieved when he realized that. He gazed into her eyes, his expression solemn.

How much does it cost to be with you? I'll pay for your entire month's services.”

“What?” Pearl froze, shocked by the unexpected turn of events. She had expected him to leave after provoking him. Why was he doing this?

Was Richard so easily manipulated?

Chapter 636

Pearl thought about it but remained stubborn. “I'm expensive. Are you sure you can afford me?

“Do I need to sell off Waldorf Enterprises to pay for you?” Richard slowly approached her with a

flirtatious tone.

Pearl's ears turned red. "So what? Even if you do that, you might still not be able to afford me.

"Well, tell me how much you need then."

Pearl's eyes darted around before settling on a figure. "Well, if you insist, I'll give you a good figure."

"Oh?" Richard gently touched her hair, showing interest.

"A billion dollars. I think that's a fair price."

Richard's face froze when he heard that. "You're really going for it."

Pearl had expected him to change his mind, but to her surprise, he seemed to become more

interested. "That's too low. How about 10 billion?"

Pearl rolled her eyes. "Stop joking."

Richard pinched her chin to make her look into his eyes. "You're the one who started it."

Pearl's face turned red. "I just want to get away from you."

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. He was the one who had pushed her away, yet

now he acted as if she were at fault.

Richard was infuriating. None of the Waldorf brothers were good men!

As her tears flowed unnoticed, a rough finger suddenly brushed against her eyes. Richard was wiping away her tears.

Pearl wasn't even aware she had started crying, and her tears had escaped from the corners of her eyes. It was the second time she had cried that day, and she felt deeply embarrassed.

"Alright, you can hate me or dislike me, but you can't work here, do you understand?" Richard had never been this gentle with her since he changed. If she hadn't experienced it firsthand, she would never have believed it.

Pearl was startled and struggled to find a way to express her feelings. "I have my reasons for being here."

Richard frowned. "What would make you sacrifice your body?"

"I'm not sacrificing my body. I have my reasons." Pearl glared at him with a hostile expression. "Now that you've shown up and disrupted my plan, I'll need to find a new way to get in touch with that man."

That man had what she needed. If Richard hadn't messed things up, she could have lured him into a room, threatened him, and coerced him into handing over what she sought. Such bad luck!

“Tell me what you need, and I can help you with anything,” Richard offered, a rare display of helpfulness. “Don’t lie. Dress properly and come with me.”

Annoyed by her revealing attire, he removed his jacket and attempted to place it on her.

“No need.” Pearl shook her head and sidestepped the offered jacket. “I said I have things I need to do. I’m not leaving.”

Neither of them was willing to yield, and just then, a voice came from behind.

“What are you doing?”

It was calm, gentle, yet authoritative. This was the first impression Pearl had when she heard the newcomer’s voice.

Chapter 637

“I didn’t catch the whole conversation, but from what I gathered, you’re saying you want to take my girl away from here? Are you here to ruin my business, Mister Richard?” Zinedine positioned himself in front of Pearl, creating a barrier between her and Richard.

Pearl’s heart jumped when she saw the man’s imposing figure. Although he was powerful there,

Richard wasn't someone one could just offend.

And just as she expected, Richard raised his chin and said, "I'm taking my fiancée out of here. Do you have a problem with that?"

Zinedine clapped his hands and laughed. "That's funny. You think my girl here is your fiancée, and you want to take her away?"

"It's the truth." Richard's tone sounded cold.

"I don't care if it's the truth. Any girl working here pretty much sold themselves to me. They can't leave unless they fulfill their contract."

Zinedine smiled at Pearl. "Maybe you should ask if the lady wants to leave with you."

Richard looked at her. "Come with me."

"No, I want to stay." Pearl sighed and shook her head. Gigi was waiting for her, and she couldn't just give up and disappoint her now.

Zinedine's gaze deepened. "See. I'm not stopping her. She doesn't want to leave."

Richard's anger ignited once more. He took a step forward and grabbed Pearl's wrist tightly. "I said I'll give you anything you want. Come with me."

“Richard, I already told you I won’t leave with you. I have obligations here.” Pearl felt bitter. It would be wonderful if he could genuinely provide what she needed, but Zinedine was the only one who had the medicine.

The work she referred to was something entirely different from their discussion, and she believed Richard could understand it. However, he seemed consumed by his determination and tightened his grip. “What do I need to do to convince you to come with me?”

The standoff continued until Zinedine proposed an intriguing solution. “Why don’t you pay for her for the time being? She’ll be yours then.” It was the best idea he had so far.

“I don’t want him to pay for me!” Pearl hated the idea as being paid for would place her under Richard’s control. While she wouldn’t have to entertain other clients, it would still be a hassle for her.

She had no intention of serving Richard!

“I have no choice then.” Zinedine shrugged, then looked at Pearl. “Remember your job, or the deal I made with you will be null and void.”

This was a reminder to Pearl. Her heart felt cold as she nodded. “Okay.”

After Zinedine left, Richard looked at her, as if he had more to say. Just as Pearl thought he was going to yell at her, he looked away and left without saying anything.

want him to leave?

Shaking her head, she tried to dispel this strange notion from her mind. They no longer had any ties to one another. He could do as he pleased, and she had no right to interfere.

Nevertheless, she couldn't be sure if Richard had given up trying to convince her or if he had other plans.

Chapter 638

All she could do at this point was take it one step at a time and not allow him to disrupt her plans.

At six in the morning, after finishing her work, Pearl was about to return to Hugo's villa when she accidentally bumped into the cleaning lady. The cleaning lady was still sweeping the floor while lost in thought and hadn't noticed Pearl approaching.

Pearl initially thought that this peculiar woman was intentionally ignoring her and was prepared to leave, but then the woman's robotic voice broke the silence. "You ended up

working as an escort, didn't you?" Her voice held a mix of emotions—some happiness and a touch of

indignant regret.

“Why does it matter, ma’am?” Pearl responded politely, even though she wasn’t sure whether she liked this woman or not.

“You’re a disgrace to your mother.” The woman’s voice suddenly sounded sharp and impatient.

For some reason, Pearl felt the need to explain herself, despite not owing this woman any explanation.

“I have my reasons for doing this, ma’am.”

“It doesn’t matter what your reasons are. Being an escort means you’ve done something despicable.”

Pearl felt like she was receiving a lecture. Was this woman trying to impart some moral lesson to her?

Pearl couldn’t quite understand, but she knew it was futile to speak further with a stranger. She simply wanted to get home so that her mother wouldn’t worry.

“I have my plans no matter what I do, so you don’t need to worry about me,” Pearl replied politely

before turning to leave.

The woman slowly looked up, revealing a pair of blurry eyes. If Pearl had taken a closer look, she might have realized these eyes looked familiar.

Back at the villa, it was still early, and everyone else was still asleep. Only Hugo had gone for an early morning jog.

When he saw Pearl returning with heavy makeup, the scent of alcohol, and the faint smell of cigarettes, he furrowed his brows and spoke somewhat curtly, "This outfit is rather inappropriate."

Even so, he still believed Pearl wouldn't do anything that went against her principles.

Pearl ran her fingers through her newly permed hair and grinned. "Don't I look good? I got my hair permed at the salon. I heard it's the latest trend."

"Not at all. I think the previous curls looked just right."

Pearl rolled her eyes. "You have bad taste." She then stretched her arms and yawned, visibly exhausted. "Listen, you can't imagine how tiring it is to stay up all night. Even though I enjoy a good party, I've never stayed up through the night before. I'm dead tired after spending the entire night there."

Pearl kicked off her four-inch heels to give her legs a break, removed her jacket, and headed upstairs, wearing nothing but a slip dress.

Hugo watched her with intense eyes as she ascended the staircase.

Why didn't he want her to go?

Just then, his phone rang, displaying a familiar name on the screen. He smirked and answered, "Yes, Jenny."

Chapter 639

"I called because I miss you," Jenny said, getting straight to the point. "How are you handling Pearl?"

Hugo understood that she still cared about this matter and just smiled. "How do you want me to handle it?"

While it sounded like he was seeking her opinion, Jenny sensed something different. "Didn't we agree that once she goes abroad, we'll take care of her?" In this context, "taking care of her

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meant killing Pearl. She believed Hugo understood this implication.

"I know, but it's not the right time yet."

Jenny's patience was wearing thin. "Not the right time? You've been gone for at least a week."

The old Hugo would never be so dismissive. He would always find a way to fulfill her wishes promptly.

Now, it felt like he was brushing her off.

“Wait just a little longer. I’m on it.”

Hearing his reluctance, Jenny couldn’t help but feel uncertain. “Get it done soon then.”

“Don’t worry, Jenny. I’ll do as you say,” Hugo reassured her, his tone gentle yet more resolute.

Jenny finally smiled. “I know you’ll always treat me the best.”

Hugo smiled in return, but inside, his heart felt cold. If he treated her so well, then why wouldn’t she marry him? The notion of being treated the best seemed ironic.

“I have to go back to the shoot now. I’ll call you when I have time.” Jenny quickly ended the call after blowing a kiss.

Jenny had not only Pearl to worry about but also Richard. Both were abroad, in the same location. She needed to see for herself...

She then went into the assistant’s office.

Inside, the assistant didn’t even spare her a glance. Jenny was just a former star with a tarnished reputation. Even if she managed to revive her career, she still wouldn’t be worth much. Hence, everyone in the company, including her manager, tended to ignore her.

“Yes?”

Seeing the cold reception from the assistant, Jenny knew she had to use a softer approach to get what she wanted. “About the fashion week in Mernaut-’

“No way, you’re not famous enough.” The assistant immediately shot her down.

Jenny placed her hand on his shoulder and gave him a shoulder massage. “Winston, you’re the nicest person I know. I’m sure you can figure something out, right?”

No man could easily refuse when gentle hands massaged their shoulders. The assistant found himself distracted, his hand touching hers, though his expression remained neutral. “Why don’t you come to my place tonight, and we’ll talk about it.”

Jenny smiled happily. “Sure, Winston.”

When Pearl woke up, it was getting dark. The room felt empty and lonely.

Chapter 640

Pearl ran her fingers through her disheveled hair and pulled the curtains apart, but it remained dark in her room.

Suddenly, there was a knock on her door. She dragged her feet to answer it and found Gigi, who stood

about a foot shorter than her, holding a tray of neatly prepared food.

Pearl paused. "What's this?"

Gigi blushed and stuttered. "I... I made this for you."

"That's very kind of you, Gigi." Pearl smiled and accepted the tray, patting Gigi's head affectionately.

"Thank you."

Gigi hesitated for a moment before finally saying, "If working at that place is tiring, you don't have to go.

I'm okay with my face like this."

Gigi's understanding made Pearl's heart melt. "Don't worry, it's fine. It's pretty easy working there, and I

know how to protect myself."

To reassure Gigi and ease her worries, Pearl brought the food into her room and devoured it.

After finishing the meal, she took the dishes downstairs, where Hugo was curled up on the couch,

engrossed in a book. He turned around and smiled at her. "Are you going back to work tonight?"

Pearl placed the tray down, stretched, and let out a sigh before replying, "Yes, I haven't completed my

missions yet so I need to go back for a while."

Hugo's eyes gleamed. "Did you meet anyone interesting while you were there?"

“No, I didn’t. Why?” Pearl’s heart thumped, realizing he was trying to get information from her.

Hugo knew she wouldn’t easily divulge any information, so he stopped probing and smiled. “ Alright, it’s nothing important.”

Suspicion arose in Pearl’s mind, suspecting that Hugo might know Richard was there. Nevertheless, her priority was Gigi for now.

Pearl returned to her room, applied bold makeup, changed into a revealing dress, and then headed back to the establishment.

As she greeted customers at the entrance and prepared to approach her target, a strong hand tightly gripped her wrist, almost as if it intended to crush it. Pearl turned to see that it was Richard.

“Why can’t you just leave me alone?” Pearl glared at him irritably, then glanced at the man she was talking to leaving with another woman. She exerted all her strength to break free from Richard’s grasp, but it was futile.

“Do you really have to serve customers?” Richard’s tone was stern.

Pearl raised her voice, exasperated. "I've told you countless times that we're no longer together. I can do as I please without explaining myself to you!"

Richard clenched his other hand into a fist. "You're my fiancée. I don't see any issue with you explaining yourself to me."

Pearl scoffed. "We're no longer in a relationship. You're the one who called off our engagement."

Richard remained stubborn. "I did that, but it was regarding the Pearl who's now gone. Since you're still alive, it doesn't count."

He was playing with his words, and Pearl could sense that he had no intention of letting her go.

Frustration building up, she delivered a powerful kick to his knee. She wore black stilettos, and even though she controlled her strength to merely teach him a lesson, it still inflicted considerable pain.

Seeing that Richard's expression remained unchanged and he was dragging her toward a chair, Pearl lost her temper. "Richard! Can't we just talk things out?"

Annoyed by the commotion, Richard picked her up and carried her toward one of the rooms upstairs, ignoring her protests.

