

YOUR GUISE 691

Chapter 691

Pearl fought to hold back her tears, but she just couldn't help it. She blamed it on the cold weather for making her eyes dry.

She clicked on Richard's profile and unfriended him, proceeding to unfollow him on all social media platforms. She then opened a game and noticed his familiar profile picture, indicating that he was online.

Her heart raced, and she immediately switched to stealth mode. Richard rarely played games because of his busy work schedule, but they had played together a few times in the past.

Many people had added her because of her identity as Pearl Belle, and Richard, being possessive, had formed a close in-game relationship with her, spending a significant amount of time together.

Without thinking much, she checked his game records. Scrolling through the pages, she noticed that he had been playing with a girl recently. She played the support role exceptionally well, and the two of them were steadily ranking up together, showing great synergy.

Pearl couldn't quite pinpoint her feelings, but her fingers trembled, and she immediately removed him from her list of friends. After that, a surge of emotions overwhelmed her, and she was consumed by darkness. A few days later, Pearl and Hugo successfully held their engagement ceremony.

Gigi's facial scar had almost healed, and she expressed her desire to be the most beautiful bridesmaid when Pearl and Hugo got married.

Despite Pearl's untreatable illness, she refused to interfere with Richard's commitment and Hugo's plans, avoiding any discussions about her own marriage with Gigi.

Lately, Hugo seemed to be getting busier and was spending less time at home. Pearl, curious about his activities, asked him when he returned early one day, "What have you been up to lately, Hugo?"

Hugo replied with a tired look on his face, "There have been some issues at the company that require my attention. Also, Aunt Beah's illness has reached a critical stage so I can't take it lightly."

Pearl nodded and offered to help. "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Are you so eager to spend time alone with me?" Hugo teased her.

Pearl was momentarily taken aback but then realized that if she helped him, it would mean spending time alone in the same room as him. She glared at him and walked away.

As she passed Hugo's room, she noticed something unusual. In the past, Hugo had always kept his room locked when he was away. However, recently, he had left it unlocked.

Did this mean that he had completely trusted her? This piqued her curiosity.

Pearl hesitated for a moment but decided to enter his room while he was absent.

Inside, she found that Hugo's room was quite similar to what she had touched. Her eyes were drawn to a desk covered in reports that appeared to be related to her mother's illness.

Pearl's medical knowledge allowed her to deduce that her mother's condition was gradually improving, which filled her with relief.

As she continued to examine the papers, she came across one, but as she read its contents, it started to feel strangely familiar.

When she reached the last page, she finally realized the shocking event was her own report detailing her symptoms and the severity of her condition.

Pearl's mind was in turmoil as she tried to process this discovery, but her thoughts were interrupted by a cold voice from behind her.

"What are you doing in my room?"

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Pearl couldn't deny that entering someone else's room without permission was wrong, but the shock of seeing her own medical report on Hugo's desk had left her feeling violated. She confronted him, asking, "Why do you have my examination report?"

Hugo's defensive tone softened, and he couldn't help but smirk slightly. "What's wrong? Can't be concerned about you?" "I don't need your concern. You're acting like a creep." Hugo frowned. Despite being more forgiving, he found it hard to accept her words. "So, what are you trying to say?"

"I mean, you don't need to concern yourself with my health from now on." Annoyed, she grabbed her medical report from the desk and tore it in half.

Hugo remained silent for a moment before asking softly, "Do you have a solution to cure your illness?" Pearl finally couldn't take it anymore. "This has nothing to do with you."

"Why not? You're my fiancée now. If anything happens to you, who am I going to marry?"

Pearl glared at him. "I only agreed to be engaged to you. Who said I was going to marry you?"

Hugo, somewhat resigned, rubbed his forehead and chuckled softly. "Well, let's make a deal. If I can cure your illness, you'll have to marry me."

"No way. You should just give up on that idea." Being engaged to him was already going against her wishes. If she married him, she would probably spend the rest of her life in misery.

Hugo continued to tease her, playfully bending down and saying, "What do you mean no way? Weren't you forced to be with me because of your mother's illness? Why are you unwilling to do it now, pretending to be all high and mighty?"

"Remember to keep your promise," was all Pearl said in response. The words 'high and mighty' stung her deeply, but she decided not to engage in further argument. She gave him a disdainful look and left the room.

As she walked out, she noticed Gigi passing by with a tray. Gigi's expression seemed uneasy and nervous. "What's wrong, Gigi?" Pearl asked in a softer tone, concerned about her. "I'm fine. just hurt myself while preparing the medicine," Gigi quickly came up with an excuse.

Pearl examined Gigi's right hand, which appeared reddened. "Be careful next time, okay? I'll get some ointment from my room. You just need to apply it a few times, and it'll be fine."

"Okay. Thank you, Pea." Gigi smiled sweetly.

Pearl then returned to her room, while Gigi's heart remained unsettled. She couldn't help but think Pearl had been forced into a relationship with Doctor Hugo, and she had endured it all for Aunt Beah's sake. Now, she was trapped in a situation she didn't want to be in.

Gigi was filled with sadness, and she didn't know whom to tell. She would be very angry if she found out about the truth.

With the prepared medicine in hand, Gigi headed to Beah's room. She knocked on the door, only to find Le reading a magazine and seemingly in a good mood.

"This is your medicine for tonight, Aunt Beah," Gigi said as she placed the tray on the table.

Her anxious expression didn't go unnoticed by Beah. Sensing that Gigi was troubled, she asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Gigi stammered, "N-No, it's nothing. I..."

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"You can't lie. You stutter when you do. I know that about you. Come on, spill it. What's really going on?" Beah pressed Gigi for the truth, sensing that something serious had happened.

Unable to keep it to herself any longer, Gigi confessed, "I overheard a conversation between Doctor Hugo and Pea in his room." Her fingers fidgeted nervously as she spoke.

"What did they say?" "Pea said that she's only with Doctor Hugo because he forced her. It was all to cure your illness..."

Beah's smile disappeared in an instant, replaced by disbelief and sorrow. "Are you saying she was forced into a relationship with Doctor Hugo just to save me?"

She struggled to accept this revelation. To everyone else, they were just a cute couple. Pearl had managed to hide her true feelings so well that even her own mother had been kept in the dark.

Her daughter, whom she hadn't seen for many years, not only lacked a mother's love but had also endured so much for her. Her guilt weighed heavily on her as she realized the extent of her daughter's sacrifices.

"Gigi, do you think I've been too much?" Beah's eyes got teary, her guilt apparent in her voice.

Gigi shook her head vigorously, her eyes welling up with tears. "Aunt Beah, it's not your fault at all. You had no way of knowing. believe that if you had known, you wouldn't have..."

Gigi's words seemed to give Beah a wake-up call, and her determination intensified. "Thank you, Gigi. know what need to do

now. Gigi looked at Beah, puzzled. "What are you planning to do?" "I'm planning to leave this place, and I'll take you with me. But you mustn't tell anyone, okay?"

Gigi's initial response was to refuse. "Aunt Beah, you're at a crucial stage in your treatment now. If you leave Doctor Hugo, your illness might become incurable. What awaits you then is..."

She left her sentence unfinished, but Beah understood the implication.

"It doesn't matter. As long as both of us won't become a burden to Pearl, that's enough." Beah forced a smile through her inner turmoil. "Gigi, know you're worried about my illness, but if you think from my perspective, you'd understand. Your daughter is threatened by others, yet you have to pretend to smile. I'm sure any other mother will feel heartbroken."

The thought of the pain that Pearl might be enduring was too much for Beah to bear.

Gigi reluctantly respected Beah's decision. She had been treated kindly by Pearl, and it wouldn't be right to cause her any more trouble. "When are we leaving?"

Beah smirked. "Tonight. The sooner, the better."

Gigi asked, "Do you want to take another look at Pea before you leave?"

Beah briefly considered it but ultimately decided against it. Pearl was an intelligent oyagayorsn id Begh believed that her daughter would understand her intentions. Instead of causing her unnecessary distress, it was best to leave now.

"No, it's fine."

Pearl was the pride of her life, and Beah was confident that Pearl would understand the sacrifice she was making.

As the night grew darker, everyone in the villa drifted into a deep slumber.

Pearl lay in bed, her mind burdened with weariness and unansw questions. herewaska Vaid in her Healt aut ige couldn't fill, a lingering feeling of something missing.

Attributing it to thinking too much about Richard, she reached for a sleeping pill out of frustration.

As drowsiness washed over her, she closed her eyes and drifted that Beah and

i had silently left the villa.

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The effect of the medicine may have been so strong that Pearl slept until the next day.

When Pearl finally woke up, she suddenly remembered that Gigi hadn't asked her for the ointment the day before. She rummaged through her drawer, found a bandage, and prepared to take it to Gigi's room.

Standing at the entrance, she knocked several times, but there was no response. Gigi wasn't in her room, and there wasn't any activity downstairs, so Pearl decided to check Beah's room. She knocked on the door, but there was still no answer.

Sensing something was wrong, Pearl pushed the door open. To her surprise, the room was immaculately clean, as if no one had ever lived there.

Pearl felt a sudden rush of panic. She hurried to Gigi's room, opened the door abruptly, and found it in a similar state, neat and empty.

Had they both disappeared overnight? Hugo had left early for work and was currently in a meeting when Pearl called him. "Where's my mom and Gigi?" Pearl cut to the chase.

"I'm in the middle of a meeting. Please don't disturb me. They're probably out shopping or something," Hugo replied, thinking that Pearl was overreacting. He hung up quickly to attend to the urgent matters at hand, assuming that Beah and Gigi had gone out and would return later.

However, Pearl felt that the situation wasn't that simple.

Unable to reach Hugo on the phone, she had no choice but to wait patiently at home. Perhaps he was right that they might have just gone out shopping and hadn't returned.

But by noon, there was still no sign of them.

Pearl's anxiety grew, and she couldn't shake off the feeling that something was seriously wrong. She quickly tried to find any information about their whereabouts, but being in a foreign country made it challenging to track them down. In the end, her search yielded no results.

Considering what had happened in Hugo's room, a thought gradually surfaced in her mind. She considered the possibility that Hugo might have hidden them as a way to pressure her into marrying him.

With this suspicion in mind, she hailed a taxi and went straight to his office. When she arrived, Hugo was in his office, engrossed in documents. He looked up in surprise as Pearl stormed in with anger. Hugo had seen Pearl angry before, but this was a level of fury he hadn't witnessed in her before. "What's wrong?"

"Tell me, where have you hidden my mother and Gigi?" Pearl demanded, her voice trembling with rage.

Hugo burst into laughter, genuinely surprised. "Why would I hide them?"

"Stop playing games. Besides you, who else could have made them disappear like that? (bref ERE He) toad laéa with scorn. "I'm sure you used this despicable tactic to force me into marrying you."

Hugo's smile faded, and he looked at her seriously. "Do you really see

as such a vile person? Where was a rapist in his deep, dark eyes, and an unsettling chill seemed to emanate from them.

Pearl was taken aback. While Hugo had his motives, this extreme measure seemed unnecessary—all he needed to do was not treat her mother's illness.

A sudden realization hit her. The bewildered expression on Gigi's face when she had last seen her, the unease in her eyes... It all started to make sense.

What had she been doing the previous day? She had argued with Hugo, and Gigi had happened to overhear the conversation. She must have told Beah everything...

Her chaotic thoughts began to clear, and Pearl felt her heart sink even further.

If her suspicions were correct, Beah would go to great lengths to keep her from being spotted. She was the daughter of the Jordans, and she had the means to disappear completely if she wanted to.

Chapter 695

For the past twenty years, Pearl hadn't managed to locate her mother even once. "So the bottom line is, they're both missing, right?" Pearl nodded, trying to steady her emotions.

"I'll get my people to search for them right away." Hugo's mood was sour as well. Losing both Beah and Gigi meant he would lose any leverage he had over Pearl. The loss of control made him uneasy.

"It's fine. I'll find them on my own." Pearl took a deep breath, confident that Beah would return to their home country. She was certain Beah would prefer to die there rather than be left in a foreign land.

Hugo sneered. "How do you plan to find them? You're not as familiar with this country as I am." Pearl gave him a cold look. "Who said I intend to stay here?" Hugo harbored a sinister thought. "You mean you're going back home?"

Pearl chuckled, looking down at him with a sense of superiority. "There's nothing you can do to threaten me now. Where you go is none of your business."

Hugo had expected this outcome. He remained calm, showing no signs of panic or frustration, just smiling quietly as he looked at her.

"Very well, I'll go back with you."

Pearl felt that the man before her was somewhat unhinged. Although he wasn't displaying any erratic behavior, the bloodlust in his eyes was unmistakable.

A shiver ran down her spine, and she turned to leave. She needed to keep her distance from this man; he didn't appear to be someone she could easily deal with.

"Pearl." Hugo's cheerful voice called out from behind her. "See you in Enswood."

The next day at Enswood Airport, Pearl, dressed in winter attire, seemed out of place in Enswood, where spring and summer were in transition.

She wore a mask and sunglasses, keeping a vigilant eye on her surroundings. Despite her long absence abroad, she hadn't forgotten that she was officially declared dead in her home country. Reappearing at this moment might startle others.

Pearl scanned the area, searching for a familiar license plate. When she spotted the discreet black Maybach parked nearby, she walked over.

Opening the door, she entered the car and removed her jacket. "It's so hot! I didn't expect it to be summer already in Enswood."

Pearl glanced at the short-sleeved outfit and skirt neatly prepared in the car, appreciating Wayne's thoughtfulness. Observing her, Wayne lowered the window curtains and stepped out of the car.

Pearl quickly changed her clothes and asked Wayne to get back in the car. She hadn't seen Kitt for nearly thirty years, and she seemed more composed now, perhaps refined by time.

"How have you been lately?" Wayne forced a smile and said, "Not bad."

In the past, he would have bantered with her, but Pearl suddenly realized a tension, "Is there something wrong with the company?"

Before leaving, she entrusted the company to Wayne. Could there have been unexpected issues?

Wayne's smile vanished when he heard her question.

somewhat guilty. "The company... is in big trouble."

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Pearl had anticipated this situation, but hearing it from him still stirred a hint of panic within her. "Why?"

Wayne bit his lower lip, confusion evident in his deep, black eyes. "I suspect it's because they think you're dead. They're trying to team up to suppress Cerubleu, either by annexing us or forcing us into bankruptcy."

Pearl's gaze turned cold. Did they really think Cerubleu was defenseless?

"What about Damian? Didn't you approach him—" She stopped herself mid-sentence, realizing her mistake. Damian hadn't even sorted out his own affairs yet. He wouldn't have had the time to attend to Cerubleu's troubles. Pearl sighed deeply. "Let's head back to the office. need to figure out how to handle this."

Wayne nodded, and they drove straight to Cerubleu.

Pearl's return to Enswood this time was certain to reveal that she was still alive. The news might not reach the others immediately, and the Jordans likely wouldn't take action against her for the time being. Therefore, she decided to attend the impromptu emergency meeting.

In the meeting room, everyone was shocked, except for Wayne. Several female colleagues who were on good terms with her were dumbfounded. "Miss Pearl, you're not dead?" The news of Pearl's death had spread throughout Enswood, and everyone had mourned her loss.

"What's going on? If I'm dead, then who's standing right in front of all of you? A ghost?" Pearl laughed and glanced at the stunned woman.

"You're finally back, Miss Pearl! You have no idea. Many companies are bullying us now, and our finances are in serious trouble!" a man said with a gloomy expression. He was the head of the finance department and understood the company's financial situation best.

"It's not a big problem. How long can the company's funds sustain us?"

After careful consideration, the man reported a figure. "Probably about twenty days."

"Alright. In these twenty days, all of you just continue working as usual."

People around her were puzzled. "How do we solve the company crisis?"

Pearl asserted confidently. "Don't worry about it for now. Trust me, I can pull the company through this crisis."

Indeed, Pearl was the president of this renowned company! She had established such a large conglomerate before turning twenty and had propelled it to the forefront of Enswood in just two years. As long as Pearl was in charge, nothing could bring them down!

After dismissing them, Wayne expressed his concerns, "Miss Pearl, you're well aware that this situation is quite grave..."

"I understand it's serious. That's why I told them not to panic and to carry on with their work." Pearl knew that! Gu apis hatter with them uldn't make much of a difference. This emergency meeting was mainly to reassure them, prevent panic, and maintain normal operations.

The current situation was intense, and it was clear her enemies eiael targetin et. They Were Sx Oiting hep cane: death to act recklessly, and whatever she said wouldn't make a difference.

Wayne voiced his worry, "So, what's your plan?"

At present, all the companies in Enswood, except for Waldorf Enterprises, were putting pressure on them. It felt like they were being surrounded.

Pearl lowered her head, carefully contemplating the situation carefully.

After a moment's pause, Wayne continued, "By the way, Miss Pearl, you had some Cant you ask him for help? Considering the past, he should at least offer some help. After all, he hasn't been pressuring our company."

Wayne's thoughts were still somewhat naive. At this point, he didn't know what had happened between her and Richard yet.

Chapter 697

Pearl felt bitter. The reason Richard hadn't put pressure on their company might be that he simply didn't care about Cerubleu anymore. After all the things she had said and done, if Richard was still willing to help at this time, he wouldn't be the Richard she knew.

"No, we can't go to him."

"Why not?" Wayne looked at her, understanding her decision after seeing her face. "Okay, I get it."

Pearl reassured him with a smile, "It's okay. I'll figure something out."

Since she couldn't ask Richard, she needed to find someone else. But Damian hadn't sorted out his matters yet and was not answering his phone. Her other friends, Esther and Mobius, hadn't returned either.

She felt alone, especially with her being thought of as dead. If people in Bodgow found out she was back, the Jordans might cause trouble.

Pearl felt that she wasn't just being attacked on all sides. It was an insurmountable catastrophe.

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A few days later, things at the company got worse. Some employees started leaving. Pearl heard their conversations around the office.

"The president said she'd fix this, but it's been days with no change."

"Don't say that. She's trying her best."

"Trying? She looks calm all the time. It's like she's not worried."

"We don't know what she's doing in private. Let's not talk about it."

"I've found a new job. I'm quitting tomorrow. I can't stay here anymore." "Shh... Here comes the president."

Pearl felt sad hearing this. Back in her office, Wayne had made her coffee.

"Take a break, Miss Pearl. You look so tired lately," Wayne said, noticing her exhaustion. Only he knew how busy she had been these days.

Pearl, rubbing her neck, smiled weakly. "I'm okay. Just a few more things to sort out."

"Miss Pearl, can't you just go to Richard?" Wayne hesitated before leaving, then continued, "Asking for his help is the only way out for now. Really, I'm not lying to you."

Pearl felt a sting in her heart. "Wayne, it's not about my pride. There's really no way he'll help our company."

"Why not?" Wayne asked, surprised.

"Because I said very hurtful things to him when I was abroad. He's probably never going to forgive me for the rest of his life." Pearl smiled, looking helpless.

"But I don't think he's a cold-hearted person. Although he usually keeps everyone at arm's length, he seems to have a special fondness for you."

Pearl might have believed this half a month ago, but she knew the severity of the matter now. Seeing Wayne's equally tired expression, she clenched her fist and whispered, "Alright then, I'll go see him." "Miss Pearl, you don't have to beg him if you don't want to," Wayne said, feeling bad for suggesting it.

Pearl gave a sad smile. "Wayne... we have no other choice now."

Chapter 698

The situation in the office was getting more urgent each day. Pearl couldn't afford any delays, so she took out her phone and dialed that familiar number.

After a couple of rings, someone answered. "Hello. How can I help you?" The voice from the other end sounded cold and distant.

"I have something I'd like to trouble you with—" Pearl began, but before she could finish her words, a colder voice interrupted, "Nope."

She knew this would be the answer, but it still hurt her. "But I—"

"Rick, guess what delicious food I brought for your lunch today? It's your favorite roast pork. Give it a try and see if it suits your taste." A woman's voice from the other end cut in.

Without needing to guess, Pearl immediately knew that this woman must be Richard's rumored fiancée, Winona.

"If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now." Before Pearl could say much, the call was ruthlessly ended, and the mechanical beeping sound reminded her that she truly couldn't have any contact with him.

Outside the door, the noise of employees suddenly reached her ears, so she put away her phone. The situation in her company didn't allow her to sit idly by.

Even if there was a slim hope, she had to try.

Since a direct phone call didn't work, Pearl decided to visit him in the office personally and catch him there. Pearl arrived at the front desk of Waldorf Enterprises and asked politely, "I'd like to see your president." Pearl wore huge sunglasses today. If one didn't know her well, they wouldn't recognize her immediately.

The receptionist had seen Pearl before. With her familiar demeanor, she was surprised. But she still maintained professional courtesy, so she smiled and asked, "Do you have an appointment with our president?"

Pearl looked conflicted. She paused, then took out her phone, showing the receptionist the call record from about an hour ago.

"Well, he told me to come to the office to see him. But we discussed it over the phone, so there's no specific record." She was very careful with her words, not missing a beat.

The receptionist seemed convinced. After all, this phone was indeed their president's personal number. Anyone who could get hold of the president's private number must have an extraordinary identity. Thinking about this, she suddenly felt a sense of respect.

Pearl boldly asked again, "Can go up to see him now?"

The receptionist didn't stop her this time but directly pointed in her direction. "This way, miss. The president's office is on the eighteenth floor."

Pearl pushed her sunglasses and smiled, "Thank you." After bidding farewell to the receptionist, she pressed the elevator button for the eighteenth floor.

The elevator stopped on the tenth

floor, and a man over See

aiNhiod ea cai'dri ean, with an ibis refined demeanor.

The moment he turned to look, Pearl distinctly noticed the stunning allure in his eyes. However, she shed her hair and her face. In front of her was a man, but she had been surrounded by all kinds of attractive men—Richard, Damian, Blake... She could randomly pick any of them without losing out.

The man smiled at her and said, "You look familiar, sister."

Pearl frowned, a trace of displeasure crossing her face. Isn't it, is it? "Don't call me that. We're not acquainted."

Hearing this voice, the man pretty much confirmed her identity. "Are you okay, Pea?"

Pearl was slightly stunned when she heard him calling her that name. "You know me?"

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The man stroked his chin, deep in thought. "How could I not know you? I've listened to every song you've released and watched every episode of the dramas you've acted in. I'm your biggest fan."

Biggest fan...

Pearl's mouth twitched. For some reason, she had a feeling that this man was a bit strange.

"Sadly, there was news about your death not long ago. I actually believed it and was upset for a while." Pearl's expression darkened. "You thought I was dead."

The man laughed. "You're even more interesting in person. Looks like you chose the right idol to support." Pearl didn't want to spend any more time with him. Finally, the elevator stopped on the eighteenth floor. "You were so busy chatting with me that you forgot to press the elevator button."

As the elevator went up, the man looked confused. "Are you going to see the president?"

"Well, this has nothing to do with you. Goodbye." Pearl rushed out of the elevator.

Watching her go, the man slowly smiled.

Pearl arrived at the president's office, but Richard wasn't there.

His office was the same as before, but the photo of the two of them on his desk was gone.

Pearl sat down on a nearby couch. Knowing his routine, Richard would likely return from lunch in about ten minutes.

Sure enough, Richard came in at half-past twelve, accompanied by a woman holding his arm. True to her name, Winona had a gentle appearance.

Seeing Pearl, Winona's expression showed a hint of confusion. "Why are you here?"

Pearl nodded politely, trying to keep her composure. "I'm here to discuss something with Mister Richard." Mister Richard... It sounded distant and formal.

But under these circumstances, Pearl had to use it, or Richard might have her thrown out.

Richard remained indifferent and said, "already told you, won't do you any favors."

Winona forced a smile, observing Richard's cold attitude and suppressing her worry for now. "It's good to see you're still alive, Pearl."

In truth, Winona had known Pearl was alive for a while, and had a chance with Richard.

"Thanks for your concern, Miss Jesselton. But I really need to talk to Mister Richard today." Winona smiled and took Pearl's hand, whispering, "If there's anything you need, you can just tell me, Pearl."

In the past, Pearl wouldn't have shown vulnerability in front of someone mocking her: But one HantaioWwer her standards. "We're having some issues in our company, and I'd like to seek Mister Richard's help."

Richard raised an eyebrow, his voice carrying a trace of displeasure. "I don't want to repeat myself." Winona complained, "Rick, she was someone you once liked. You don't have to be so cold to her."

Richard's previous kindness to Pearl had made many women jealous. Ensworth, even though this situation bothered her, she didn't mind using it to hurt others.

"It's fine. I don't want to see her at all." Richard's eyes were sharp, his expression cold and distant.

Chapter 700

Richard's refusal to help her company was a harsh reality for Pearl to accept. Her heart ached as she looked up with determination and sincerity. "I don't care about your attitude towards me, but I still hope you can save my company. It's in everyone's interest. I'm sure you understand, Mister Richard."

She was right. In Ensworth, aside from the Waldorfs, Cerubleu held the most power and even more potential than the Waldorfs. The once-balanced situation, where both powers coexisted, was now on the verge of collapse.

"I do," Richard replied, his eyes resolute. When emotions failed, he turned to reason, a method that aligned with Pearl's style. "Since you've made that clear, I won't trouble you further." A hint of disappointment flashed in Pearl's eyes.

There was no way out now. Richard had closed himself off entirely. No matter how she pleaded, he wouldn't lend a helping hand. He seemed determined not to help Cerubleu.

Leaving these words behind, she could only leave. However, behind her, Richard's gaze was deep and unwavering.

With her only solution blocked, Pearl returned to the office where Wayne awaited her. Seeing her somewhat despondent, he understood what had happened.

"He refused to help me, Wayne." She spoke those words as if drained of all strength, as if she might collapse at any moment."

Looking at her in this state, Wayne felt distressed but didn't know what to say to comfort her. "It's okay. We'll get through this together." He specifically used the word 'we.'

Pearl knew he was comforting himself and managed a wry smile. "It's okay, I'll think of another way for the company."

From that day on, Pearl immersed herself in the office all night long. However, the company's situation worsened each day. 30% of the staff had already resigned, leaving the remaining 70% with half of them still complaining.

Many had lost the will to work, and the company was in dire straits. Today, a meeting of the company's executives was held. Pearl sat at the main seat, looking slightly weary. Seeing her in this state, her staff dared not say anything.

There was only a man named Bennett, a senior executive in the company, who looked at Pearl and spoke discontentedly, "Miss Pearl, you said that you found a solution that would save our company. What exactly is this solution you mentioned?"

Pearl wanted to offer some explanation, but she quickly realized she had no excuses at all. In her current situation, trying to save the company was like chasing a mirage.

"Sorry, didn't successfully implement the last plan," she said.

Upon hearing this, those who had been silent began to murmur.

"How could that be? Didn't you promise that?" "Yeah, why didn't you tell us earlier? Why keep it hidden until now?"

"If Mister Bennett hadn't asked, we wouldn't have known that the O1"" myrieori eb brink of bankruptcy."

"Miss Pearl, just tell us the truth. Is the company closing down? Is everything done?"

A barrage of comments hit her like a wave.

Pearl clenched her hands under the table, maintaining a calm com

posure. "The company isn't at all. I'll present specific

implementation measures after this."

"Well, why don't you tell us now? What's your plan?"

Pearl's eyelashes drooped slightly. "Currently, I don't have any particularly good plans."