

YOUR GUISE 711

Chapter 711

" don't know either. But he wants to meet you." Riley glanced at the casually dressed young man sitting nearby.

She was unaware of his intentions, and when he arrived for his interview, he displayed a rather arrogant attitude. When she informed him that the company president was busy, the young man shockingly insisted on waiting for her to conduct his interview.

Given the presence of other people around, Riley felt compelled to call Pearl for assistance. "Alright, I'll head there now," Pearl responded calmly, her curiosity piqued as to who was behaving so arrogantly.

When she entered the interview room, casting a scrutinizing glance at the young man seated nearby, she couldn't help but be taken aback.

He was the same person she had encountered in the elevator at Waldorf Enterprises a few days ago. With his fair complexion and handsome appearance, he seemed surprisingly obedient.

Pearl quickly regained her composure and approached the office desk where the young man's profile was located. She discovered that he was just eighteen years old, confirming her initial impression that he was quite young.

"Why are you so insistent on having me interview you?" Pearl inquired, her gaze fixed on the young man, who maintained his cheerful smile.

"Didn't mention it the other day? I'm a fan of yours. It's only natural for a fan to want to meet their idol," he replied, maintaining an air of reasonableness, though his motives appeared questionable.

Pearl narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing him further. "You're Silas Quinton?"

The Quinton surname was well-known to Pearl, and it held significant power, even surpassing the Waldorfs in Enswood.

In Bodgown, the four great families were the Jordan, York, Scott, and Palmer families. Meanwhile, the Waldorf family was the top family in Enswood. But in Luburgh, the Quinton family was the most powerful.

It seemed that the young heir of the Quinton family before her was none other than Silas Quinton. "Yes," Silas confirmed with a nod. Standing at 1.85 meters tall, he towered over Pearl. "Is there any problem, Pea?"

Pearl sized him up, contemplating whether the Quintons would approve of their heir becoming an internet celebrity. She worried that they might hold her responsible for tarnishing his reputation if they found out.

"I'm sorry, but we can't hire you," Pearl stated plainly.

Silas's displeasure was evident, and his smile faded. "Why not?"

"You don't need to pursue this if you're looking to gain life. As has come some crises, and we'd rather not invite more trouble," Pearl explained.

Silas, however, closed the gap between them and pinned her

He placed his hands on either side of her, compelling her to meet his gaze.

"Pea, won't be a problem. want to stay here and become an internet celebrity!" Silas declared, his casual and radiant smile contradicting his actions. "Please hire me!"

It appeared that Silas was accustomed to such actions, leaving Pearl somewhat stunned. Despite his sp5 hg demeanor that would befit a playboy. Had he not been the young heir of a powerful family, Pearl might have considered hiring someone with his charisma.

But unfortunately...

" will not hire you," Pearl firmly reiterated.

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"Why?" Silas, feeling quite charming, was surprised by Pearl's resistance, and he slouched in defeat.

"I've already told you, you can't fool around here," Pearl said. If the Quintons discovered their young heir had become an internet celebrity, which they regard as a lowly job, they might even assassinate her. Silas was insistent. "But my family knows about my plans to become an internet celebrity here, and they fully support it."

Pearl was taken aback by his words and lightly tapped Silas on the shoulders. "Kid, don't lie now that you've just come of age," she chided him, emphasizing the six-year difference between them. Silas, however, was not deterred. "No, I'm not lying." He quickly retrieved his phone and played a video for Pearl to prove his claim.

In the video, members of the Quinton family sat on a sofa, all smiles. "Miss Pearl, Silas has expressed his desire to work at your company. It's an opportunity for him to gain valuable experience, so we hope you'll take good care of him."

Pearl was genuinely surprised by the video and the Quinton family's open-mindedness. However, she couldn't help but think it was going a bit overboard. Nevertheless, since the Quintons had given their approval, she was willing to accept Silas.

"By the way, Silas, I forgot to ask you why your parents agreed to let you work here." Pearl reacted a little late, somewhat puzzled by the extent of their trust.

"It's because I told them that you're a very capable woman."

Pearl raised an eyebrow, doubtful of his casual smile. "The truth?"

Silas met her gaze confidently. "I told them you're my future wife."

Pearl couldn't help but find his statement ridiculous. "Future wife? That's absurd!"

"Although I like you, and you don't like me, I'm confident I can win you over with my charm," Silas declared, though Pearl found him both childish and hilarious.

"Let's not forget that I'm six years older than you, and I will never fall in love with you."

However, Silas was undeterred, nonchalantly placing his hands in his pockets. "You know, some people believe that it's a great match when the woman is older than the man in a relationship."

Pearl felt the urge to knock some sense into him. "I'm your boss now, and you're my subordinate. It's not appropriate for the boss to date her subordinates. You better drop this idea, or I'll fire you."

But Silas waved the contract in his hand. "I just read through the contract, and there's no such stipulation."

Pearl remained calm despite his protest. "I'm the boss, and I can amend the contract to include that rule."

"You're being unreasonable!" Silas gritted his teeth.

Pearl mocked him, "Kid, you're way too young!"

Silas scoffed. "If you fire me, I'll stand outside your company with a banner every day, professing my love for you!"

Pearl secretly clenched her fists but maintained a composed smile. "Fine, you got me..."

Silas smirked. "I can say the same about you."

Several more candidates arrived for interviews, and eventually, Pearl successfully established her internet celebrity company.

As a newcomer to this field, she dedicated herself to learning and often worked late into the night to make up for her lack of knowledge.

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Pearl was the only one left in the company at that late hour. Darkness enveloped the surroundings, with the exception of her office, where a faint yellow light glowed.

Suddenly, footsteps echoed not far from her office. Even though the company was secure now, Pearl remained cautious. She set aside her documents and fixed her gaze on the door. As she considered getting up to investigate, the footsteps stopped just outside her office door.

"Pea..."

The voice that followed was a blend of childishness and arrogance. Pearl recognized it as none other than Silas, who had been rather idle at the company lately.

Pearl relaxed her guard. "Come in. Don't stand there scaring me."

Silas strolled in nonchalantly, placing a bottle of drink on the table and holding another in his hand. "Pea, why are you still here so late?"

"There's some work need to take care of."

Pearl noticed the drink appeared quite sweet, but since she wasn't a fan of overly sweet beverages, she refrained from sipping it. "never thought of you as a workaholic," Silas remarked, sounding somewhat sarcastic, though Pearl chose not to address it. "What about you? Why are you here so late?" she asked.

Silas pouted. "I've been waiting for you downstairs these past few days, intending to give you a ride home. But you never appeared, and thought you'd left early. Turns out you're still here." He then draped himself across her desk, his tone akin to that of a neglected puppy.

Pearl rubbed the place between her brows. "Silas, know you're not genuinely in love with me. You're just teasing me. But regardless, please refrain from coming to me again, okay?"

"Why not? Can't try to pursue the person like?" Pearl smiled helplessly. "Then, why did you fall in love with me?" She wondered why it had to be her. " started listening to your songs when was thirteen. It's been five years now. I'm sure can say that like you."

Five years could bring about significant changes. He used to be the most difficult student in middle school and later became the top bully in high school. It was rather unexpected that this seemingly tough and carefree playboy would spend his nights listening to the gentle songs of a female artist.

"When got into my first fight, got beaten up pretty badly. stood alone on the street and didn't dare to return home. Then, heard your voice on the radio. Your song touched me." Silas spoke softly, his voice filled with reminiscence. "I remember the song was called 'Salvation.'"

She was his salvation.

Pearl didn't expect such a link between them.

were between them was simply not possible.

" understand that you might see me as your 'salvation,' but grow up," She thar Are and ruffled his hair as if she were an older sister.

"Don't casually touch my hair,"

"Why not?" Pearl was confused. " once said that whoever touches my hair must marry me."

Helpless and speechless, Pearl couldn't help but find the notion absurd.

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Pearl paid no attention to Silas and returned to her seat at the office desk to continue working. Today's workload was heavier than usual, and she toiled until eleven o'clock at night.

Meanwhile, Silas sat on a couch nearby, amusing himself with his phone while he waited until eleven o'clock. At a quarter past eleven, Pearl stretched and stood up. She had finally completed her tasks for the day. "Have you finished your work?" Silas asked, setting aside his phone as he saw her rise.

Pearl was shocked when she heard him. She blinked her tired eyes, glancing into the dimly lit room. To her surprise, Silas was still there.

"Yes, I'm done. I'm heading home now. You should head home too," she replied, waving off any intention of accepting a ride from him.

"I've been waiting here for you for quite a while. Did you come here just to watch you work?" Silas grinned at Pearl, picking up her bag and nonchalantly shutting down her computer without asking for her consent. "Alright, it's settled. I'm giving you a ride home."

Pearl couldn't snatch her bag back due to his height, so she let out a resigned sigh. "Fine, you can give me a ride home. Just give me my bag back."

Silas wagged his finger teasingly. "No way, what if you try to escape once you return it to you?" Pearl wondered if he took her as such a person. With an eye roll, she said sarcastically, "Then, take it if you want." She walked away briskly, leaving Silas to follow her with a cheerful face since he had gotten what he wanted.

Pearl waited by the roadside, and Silas joined her. She snorted, finding him to be just a child. He claimed to be pursuing her, yet he lacked basic sensibility. "Hurry up and get the car. Why are you standing around?"

Silas nodded and pointed at a scooter nearby. "It's right here. Let me give you a ride home."

Ascooter? Pearl was puzzled. How did the heir of the Quinton family end up using a scooter for transportation to work? She asked, "Are you short on money?"

"Can't rich people ride a scooter?"

It was a reasonable question, and there seemed to be no problem with it. Pearl pursed her lips and reluctantly climbed onto the scooter.

The late summer air was warm, with a hint of heat. Her palms began to sweat, but she grabbed the hem of Silas's clothing to maintain her balance.

"Are you nervous? Your sweaty palms are making my clothes wet," Silas remarked with a teasing smile, raising his voice, which sent shivers down her spine.

"No, I'm not," Pearl replied with defiance, releasing her grip. However, she nearly tumbled when he navigated over a rough patch of road.

"Hold onto my waist." Silas noticed her unsteadiness and immediately seized her arms, wrapping them around his waist.

However, Pearl was reluctant. When she tried to release her arms, she nearly fell off the scooter on the bumpy roads. She eventually wrapped her arms around his waist.

Silas exuded a scent of cigarettes and alcohol, different from others she had encountered. It might be how the real world smelled like.

Pearl finally understood why playboys who frequented places up a question, "By the way, there's something I've been curious about."

"What is it?"

"You told your parents that you like me and want to marry me, right?" Silas nodded. "Yeah."

"Why did they agree to it?"

There were countless admirable women in the world, and the Qui family was extensive plenty of to choose from. Pearl couldn't fathom why they would select her.

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Silas smiled when he heard that. "It's because you're the one I fell for. You should know that I've never been interested in marrying anyone until now. Now that I've found someone I want to spend my life with, they're delighted. They don't really care about who my future wife is."

Pearl felt deflated and stopped trying to dissuade him. Suddenly, the scooter began to stutter and stop intermittently, making her uneasy.

Both Pearl and Silas frowned as they realized the problem.

"It seems like the scooter has run out of battery," Silas noted.

True to his words, the scooter came to a steady halt on the roadside, refusing to budge any further. It was midnight, and the two of them were stranded by the side of the road.

"You're quite something. You didn't even charge the scooter fully when you planned to pick up a lady after work," Pearl scolded with a mix of anger and laughter.

"If I hadn't been thinking about you all these days, I would've noticed," Silas retorted with a reasonable excuse, sounding righteous.

Pearl decided to stop arguing with him and took out her phone to call for a taxi. However, they were stranded in a remote area, with no other vehicles in sight for several kilometers.

"Silas Quinton! If I can't get home and sleep tonight, I'll fire you!" None of this would have happened if he hadn't insisted on picking her up after work.

Silas gloomily turned around and tried to shift the blame. "How is it my fault? The scooter ran out of battery, and I did want to get you home."

Pearl continued to question him. "Is this scooter yours?"

"Yes."

"Did you pick me up from work?"

"Yes."

"Then, how could you make excuses?"

Silas conceded defeat since he couldn't argue with her, but he did so with a hint of stubbornness. "Pea, you're quite the debater." His childish behavior left Pearl feeling helpless. Suddenly, she came up with an idea. "Alright, I'll call for a tow truck."

Silas' gloomy expression instantly brightened. "You're smart, Pea."

"Stop flattering me. wasn't planning on taking you home."

Lost in their conversation, neither of them had noticed a car approaching from a distance. call a set of bright car headlights shone directly at her and Silas. They were so dazzling that they had to shield their eyes from the glare.

Pearl squinted her eyes to see better. It was a black car, and the license plate looked somewhat familiar. Her eyes widened when she saw the person stepping out of the car. It was Richard. "Is your scooter out of battery?" Richard asked, his voice tinged with disdain as he glanced at the nearby scooter.

Pearl happened to catch his disdain. It felt as if he were mocking her choice in men, now that she had someone who rode a scooter after leaving him.

She clenched her fists and looked away, remembering how he she ad so earnestly. But now, he was trying to act like a kind man here.

"Yes, Mister Richard. Could you please help us and drive us hog Silas greeted Rios completely ignoring Pearl's silent treatment.

Pearl couldn't help but notice that Silas was acting dumb in front of her but quite clever in front of others.

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Richard didn't refuse, which implied his agreement. However, Pearl found the idea repulsive. "No, we'll wait. We'll get a taxi soon enough."

Silas, on the other hand, was hesitant to let the opportunity slip away. He attempted to persuade Pearl, saying, "Pea, Mister Richard is kind enough to give us a ride home. Why should we turn him down?"

Pea... Richard noticed how Silas had addressed Pearl and sneered.

Pearl was stunned. For some reason, she felt guilty when Silas called her "Pea," even though she was no longer in a relationship with Richard. She quickly agreed to put an end to Silas' impudent remarks.

"Okay, let's go." Richard observed their interactions, wondering why she followed the kid's lead so readily.

Both Silas and Pearl got into Richard's car, leaving the scooter behind by the roadside. Silas even placed the scooter's key on it, leaving it for anyone who might come across it. After all, his family was wealthy enough that losing a scooter was inconsequential.

Pearl was smiling but privately mocking Silas for being too lazy to arrange for a tow truck. However, she didn't dwell on this as Silas seemed intent on making things awkward by engaging in idle chatter.

"Pea, heard you used to date Mister Richard. Is that true?" Pearl's smile stiffened. "If you can't say something nice, it's best not to say anything at all."

Richard remained focused on his driving, gently tapping the steering wheel upon hearing Pearl's remark. He made no attempt to explain or provide any insight into their past.

"What's the big deal, anyway? It's in the past, and Mister Richard has a new fiancée now. You should move on as well," Silas commented nonchalantly.

As expected, the kid who had just come of age didn't take such relationships seriously.

Pearl turned to look out the window, choosing not to engage further with Silas. She happened to notice a nearby hotel, which piqued her interest.

She glanced at Richard through the rear-view mirror. He maintained his tight-lipped expression, his gaze fixed straight ahead as if he were oblivious to everything around him.

Pearl couldn't help but entertain wild thoughts. Could it be that Richard knew there was a hotel nearby, so he came to drive them home to prevent her from spending the night in a hotel with Silas?

Another even more improbable thought crossed her mind: Was Richard following them?

However, Pearl quickly dismissed these notions. Richard had Winona on his mind now; he wouldn't be concerned about anyone else, especially not his ex-fiancee, whom he had long moved on from.

Unaware of Pearl's musings, Silas asked Richard curiously, "By the way, Mister Richard, why did you come here at such a late hour?" He seemed to be testing the waters with his inquiry.

"Winona likes the macarons from this area so I came to buy some for her," Richard replied calmly. Pearl glanced over and noticed a box of macarons in the passenger seat.

Silas grinned. "Mister Richard, you're so thoughtful to your (friend BER) here be my

I'll be very considerate too."

Helpless, Pearl wondered why she was pulled into the mess. She gave a curt response, "In your next life." She then closed her eyes to rest, her thoughts in disarray.

Richard was never one to waste time needlessly, let alone change his routine for any. In the past, he never let himself sleep later than midnight. But on this particular night, he had changed his habits for Winona.

As far as Pearl could recall, Waldorf Enterprises was in the south, whi

the dozen kilometers apart. It seemed that true love was at play.

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Inexplicable grief gripped Pearl. It weighed on her chest, making it hard to breathe. Lost in her tangled thoughts, she eventually drifted off to sleep.

When she opened her eyes, she felt a familiar coat draped over her, carrying the faint scent of orchids. It was unmistakably Richard's scent. Silas was no longer in sight, and Richard remained in the driver's seat, their car parked by the roadside.

She blinked away her drowsiness, realizing that they were already at her home. "Why didn't you wake me up?" She pushed Richard's coat aside and placed it on the seat next to her.

"dropped him off first. didn't wake you because we just arrived," Richard calmly explained.

Pearl thanked him politely but kept her tone distant, seemingly out of spite. "Thank you for the ride home." "You're welcome. won't do it again if this happens in the future," Richard replied coolly, his words holding a hint of cruelty. Before leaving, Richard couldn't resist asking, "He's your boyfriend?"

Pearl retorted, "I'm sure it's none of your business, right, Mister Richard?"

Richard mumbled a yes, realizing that he had behaved impudently.

Pearl then got out of the car to avoid any more unsettling exchanges.

Once Pearl was out of sight, Richard made a phone call.

"Demolish all the hotels on North Street," he ordered.

Confused, the person asked hesitantly, "All of them?"

"Yes, all of them," Richard affirmed firmly.

It was a clear directive, and the person on the receiving end of the call responded eagerly. "Alright, we'll begin demolishing all the nearby hotels as soon as possible."

Satisfied with the response, Richard nodded and hung up.

The following morning, a phone call stirred Pearl from her slumber. "Pea, Pea, come downstairs now. I've come to pick you up for work," a familiar voice exclaimed.

Pearl recognized the voice and hastily got out of bed, heading to the nearby balcony. As she opened the curtain, she spotted Silas below, dressed in white attire, looking up at the second-floor balcony with a bright smile.

Pearl was caught off guard, clad only in her pajamas. She quickly closed the curtain in embarrassment.

It took her more than ten minutes to prepare herself reluctantly, after which she made her way downstairs. Silas, still beaming, whistled the moment he saw her. "Pea, the pink pajamas are pretty."

Pearl had always been an aloof woman. Unexpectedly Silas' eyes brighten even more.

Pearl turned beet red. "Okay, shut up."

Silas relented with a grin. "Fine, I'll stop joking. I'm here to give you a ride to work." With the sleek Lincoln parked behind him. "How do you like this car? I'm sure it's an improvement from yesterday's scooter."

Pearl was momentarily at a loss for words. "Don't you have any normal cars?"

Silas appeared somewhat crestfallen at her words. "But my-housekeeper car in my family's garage."

Pearl's smile twisted as she gnashed her teeth. "I'll never ride in your car again!"

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"Pea, came all this way to pick you up. Just do me the favor of riding in my car," Silas pleaded, blocking Pearl's path with an innocent smile.

Pearl, feeling a surge of annoyance, looked up at the towering figure of Silas, who stood nearly 1.90 meters tall. Her voice was tinged with frustration. "I already said no. What if your car breaks down again? I'll be late for work. It's safer if I drive myself."

Surprisingly, Silas seemed delighted by her response. "Pea, you have a car? That's great. Just give me a ride to work then." Pearl, now thoroughly exasperated, retorted, "What? Who are you to ask me for a ride to work?"

Silas didn't back down. "How about this? You drive my car and drop me off at work." He reached into the car through the window, retrieving the car key and offering it to her. "Here, take it."

Pearl tossed the key back into his arms with a huff. "You do it yourself. I'm leaving."

As she turned to walk away, Silas watched her departure helplessly before sighing and getting back into his car. Pearl had expected Silas to give up after they arrived at the company, but his determination remained unwavering. The office was bustling with activity during business hours, and Pearl's office was located in the innermost part.

Silas confidently strolled into the office and, much to everyone's bewilderment, closed the door behind him. His persistence in pursuing Pearl was on full display.

Pearl was furious when she saw Silas, leisurely playing with his phone and sitting with his legs crossed on the couch. "It's office hours. Shouldn't you be at work on time since you're an employee in my company?"

Silas grinned. "Pea, my job is quite simple. I'm just doing a live show."

"Yes, that's your job. So where's your live show?"

Silas nonchalantly continued fiddling with his phone. "I'm doing it right now. See?"

Pearl looked over and saw him playing a game. "Playing games?" she exclaimed in disbelief. But Silas was not at all ashamed. "Well, isn't streaming a game still considered a live show?"

Pearl couldn't believe how difficult Silas was being. She gritted her teeth and scolded him, "The company designated you as a charismatic streamer, not a gaming streamer!"

"But I'm technically doing a live show." Silas exited the game on his phone when his character died. "See? I'm doing my job." Stunned, Pearl entered his live show by using her phone. However, as soon as she joined, there was an uproar in the live show's chat.

[Ah! Who's that?]

[Why is there a woman's voice in Mister's stream? Is it his girlfriend?]

Mister... Pearl couldn't help but twitch her lips at the

[No, didn't you hear him? It's his boss.]

[Why can't his boss be his girlfriend? Mister has

[No way! don't want to get my heart broken so soon. cute,

h home and down-to-earth...]

[Wait. Look! Something's off about the newcomers username.] Pearl's heart sank as she read that comment and noticed her username: Pearlbelle!

Oh, shoot. She forgot to switch to her other account.

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Damn! realized it after clicked on it. It's Pearlbelle, the former gaming queen!]

(Were you mistaken? Did you check the number of her fans?)

She has 90 million fans. How could make a mistake?]

Pearl found herself in a bit of a pickle. Leaving now would seem suspicious, so she decided to greet them instead. [Hi.] She thought she could help boost Silas's popularity a bit.

(Wow! She's actually here!]

Wait, isn't Pearlbelle's real name Pearl Leighton? She's the president of Cerubleu!]

But didn't she die? Did she fake her death?] Faking one's death seemed ridiculous. Pearl wiped away her cold sweat and typed a reply. [Ugh, I'm not dead.]

She had considered announcing her return to her homeland and revealing that she was still alive, but she hadn't imagined doing it in such a bizarre way. This world was indeed mysterious.

[Pearl isn't dead! That's fantastic!]

[Hmm... cried so much when heard about her death, and it was all for nothing.] Pearl laughed drily. [It's fine. You can save your tears for another time.]

Laughter soon filled the live show, replacing the initial sadness.

Meanwhile, Silas had just finished a match, winning easily and earning the MVP title. He had been following the lively discussion in the chat and decided to chime in.

[Would you all like to see a match between Pearlbelle and me?]

The suggestion ignited excitement among the viewers. A showdown between Pearlbelle, the former top gaming queen, and the newly rising handsome streamer was something they couldn't resist.

The live chat exploded with agreement. [Yes!]

[But it's been a while since Pearl last posted a gaming video, and she hasn't been playing much lately. Can she win?] [Nonsense! My idol was the top at that time. No one could beat her. A short break won't make her lose her skills.] [Let's make a bet. I'm betting that Mister will win!]

[I'm putting my money on Pear!!]

Pearl had initially not planned to participate in the match, but oven fervent di. [So, this is group gambling, huh? You guys should be arrested]

Silas chuckled at her comment and promptly made her his assistant in the live show. "What's the matter? Are you afraid?" he teased.

"No, I'm not. I'm just worried might beat you so badly that you'll lose interest in the professional players, let alone an unknown kid who had only played games for merely a few days.

" used to be a professional player, you know. Don't underestimate me," Silas retorted. Pearl scoffed. "You consider yourself a pro after a few days of youth training?" Silas raised his brow. "Are you afraid to accept it?"

While the match had no real value or meaning for Pearl, she Golllele Seen his the sere? his eyes. With determination, she decided to take on the challenge.

"Okay, accept your challenge."

Chapter 720

The viewers, who had been discussing excitedly just a while ago, had now fallen silent as they watched the intense match between Pearl and Silas with bated breath.

Silas turned on his profile page to show off his achievements and stats.

Damn! I had no idea he had won so many awards before.

Yeah, he used his alternate account for the live show, but this is his main one.

So, he's MissingPearl, the one who suddenly became the runner-up on the list and took the top spot when Pearlbelle stopped playing?

MissingPearl... Could it be that he was missing Pearlbelle? Oh, my! How romantic!

Pearl had missed that connection, but as people discussed it, she realized the truth. She glanced at Silas, catching the passion in his eyes.

"Yeah, they're right."

Pearl refuted, "Bah! How disgusting!"

"You could have called it cheesy, but 'disgusting'? That's a bit harsh," Silas retorted. He moved his wrists deftly, clicking on the one-on-one match option and inviting her to join. "The first to score three kills wins. How does that sound?"

Pearl saw no reason to decline his challenge. "Sure. But since it's a match, let's make it interesting. How about a bet?"

Silas stroked his chin with a mischievous smile. "How about this? If I win, you become my girlfriend."

Pearl quickly decided that she couldn't afford to lose this match based on those terms. "What if you lose?"

"If I lose... I'll behave, work properly, and won't pester you for an entire month."

This bet was certainly biased.

Slightly exasperated, Pearl rolled her eyes. "It's unfair. If you lose, you won't be able to pester me again."

Her words stung him, and he dramatically threw his phone aside, sprawling on the couch in mock despair. "Then I won't play this match."

"What's the matter? Are you scared?" Pearl teased. "Mister Silas, I thought you were confident, but it seems you're just a coward."

Her provocation fell on deaf ears, as Silas remained motionless as if he hadn't heard her.

"Silas, you're not going to play this match then?"

He responded with a hint of petulance, "You'll have to kill me if you want me to stop bothering you forever."

Seeing that taunting him wouldn't work, Pearl reluctantly agreed to the bet. "Fine, just for a month."

Silas beamed. "I know you're the best, Pea."

Suddenly, Pearl was taken aback. "Wait, you muted your microphone, right?"

Silas shook his head innocently. "I haven't muted it since I joined the match."

Pearl was flabbergasted. She didn't want to read the comments, so she quickly left the live show to avoid affecting her mood for the match.

With their characters selected, they officially began the match. Pearl was surprised by Silas's skill level. He displayed remarkable awareness and control in the game, earning her respect. Still, Pearl wasn't one to back down. In the first round, she secured the first kill with ease.

She raised an eyebrow and taunted, "Impressed yet? You can give up now."

"Give up? Never," Silas replied with determination.

In the second round, Pearl underestimated him, leading to her defeat at his hands.

"Did you see that, Pea? You're not all-powerful," Silas said with a triumphant grin. Pearl, undeterred, responded, "It's because I let you win. Let's continue."