

Your Guise 851

Chapter 851

Pearl approached the table and noticed an unlocked diary sitting on it. She picked it up and began to read.

The elegant handwriting belonged to her mother, detailing her battle with illness. As Pearl read on, she could sense the weakening of her mother's words, reflecting her declining health.

But what struck Pearl the most were the recurring expressions of longing for her, written at the end of nearly every page.

[Pearl, my daughter. I miss and love you.]

Tears welled up in Pearl's eyes as she traced the words on the page. But it was the letter on the final page that truly broke her.

[Pearl, I might have passed away when you read this letter. I know that it's wrong of me to leave you without telling you, but I did it for your sake. You're still young, and I didn't want you to sacrifice your life for mine.]

[I love you very much, Pearl. As a mother, deciding what's best for you has been the hardest yet the right choice. I chose to let go in exchange for your freedom. I'll always watch over you, even if we can't see each other again. Time is something I have very little of, and Hugo is the only one who could have changed that. So, I chose to embrace my fate early, leaving peacefully before you had the chance to come here.]

[Gigi has been very good to me, a true friend. She's stuck by my side with unwavering patience and has never left me. Her kindness is genuine, and I appreciate her deeply. I'm aware of her job at Dark Bar, and I silently approved because I know the place is under your care. Please, look out for her and treat her well. After I'm gone, I trust you to care for her as if she were your own sister. Finally, I hope you always stay true to yourself, never letting anyone dictate your path or bowing

down for the sake of others. Pearl, my dear daughter, I miss you and love you deeply. Love, your mom, Beah.]

Pearl's tears flowed freely as she soaked the paper with her grief. She felt the weight of her mother's sacrifice and love.

Damian, too, was grieving and deeply affected by Beah's passing. He had cherished memories of her kindness during his childhood. Though saddened, he knew he couldn't console Pearl in the way he wished, let alone the right to hug and comfort her.

Although he was ignorant of the content of the letter, he could guess that Beah must have done something like ending her life given Pearl's breakdown. Quietly, he approached and gently patted her shoulders. "Don't be too sad. Aunt Beah faced her own struggles. She would want you to be strong and carry on."

"My mom was always too worried about me." Pearl, amidst her tears, chuckled softly. "Tell me, am I too weak?" she questioned suddenly. "If I had the courage to stand up to Hugo and demand he save my mother, would things be different?"

Damian pondered her words, finding them reasonable. "Perhaps, but..."

"I understand," Pearl interrupted, her resolve firming. Closing the diary gently, she wiped her tears and faced Damian with newfound determination. "I know what I need to do."

Damian, surprised by the change in her demeanor, asked, "What are you going to do?"

Pearl, with tear stains on her face but resolve in her eyes, replied, "I want to become stronger."

Chapter 852

Pearl's desire to be stronger didn't come from a lack of power but from a need for absolute control and confidence.

Damian, understanding her intentions, tried to console her. "You'll get there in your own time. The important thing now is—"

"No, it's very urgent." Pearl touched the diary, sounding firm despite her soft voice. "My mom has passed away. It means that I'm late."

Damian felt that his words were too superficial, so he changed the topic. "What's your next step? To reclaim Aunt Beah's body?"

Pearl tensed at the mention of it, her mind filled with apprehension.

But when she finally saw her mother's body, her fears were eased. Beah's serene expression seemed to convey peace, as if she had been released from all earthly troubles.

Gigi, lost in grief, didn't notice Pearl's approach until she was enveloped in her arms. Her eyes were swollen from crying, her guilt consuming her.

"Pea..."

Helpless, Pearl patted Gigi's back. "Stop crying. It's okay. It's all over now."

"It's my fault. If I hadn't overheard that conversation and told Aunt Beah about it, she might still be alive... I just hate myself..."

Pearl, feeling sympathy for Gigi's anguish, reassured her. "It's not your fault. She would have known eventually. Stop blaming yourself."

"But I don't know what to do now that Aunt Beah is gone..."

Beah had been Gigi's guiding light, and now she felt lost without her. She contemplated going back to the Jordans, yet doubted they'd welcome her, given she wasn't a blood relative.

She then considered remaining where she was, but staying felt pointless now that Beah was gone.

Seeing Gigi's lost expression, Pearl made a decision. She embraced Gigi and declared, "From today, you're my sister. Why not change your name to Georgia Leighton? I'll take care of you from now on."

Gigi was overwhelmed by Pearl's kindness. She hadn't anticipated Pearl holding no grudge against her for revealing that affair to Beah, and was even more surprised that Pearl wanted to look after her...

"Thank you, Pea."

Pearl looked at her and Damian before whispering, "You've been here for a long time. I'm sure you're tired. Let Damian take you to rest. I'll take over instead."

Damian wanted to refuse, but he understood Pearl's need for solitude and agreed to give her space. "Okay."

Pearl wanted to cherish this final moment with her mother, while Gigi, now Georgia, left to rest under Damian's care.

Chapter 853

Pearl sighed and watched over Beah's body with a heavy heart.

"Mom, you were so stubborn, just like me."

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Damian led Gigi outside for some fresh air. Remembering she still had Damian's clothes, Gigi hurried to her room to fetch them.

Returning with the suit jacket, she saw Damian relaxing against a tree, smoking. Despite disliking the smell of cigarettes, Gigi found Damian's smoking oddly captivating.

She shyly offered him the jacket. "Here's your jacket. I cleaned and ironed it for you."

"Thank you." Damian, having forgotten about the jacket, was touched by her gesture and simply thanked her, noticing her bashfulness.

An awkward silence fell between them until Damian spoke up. "You know, Aunt Beah was really clever."

Gigi, lost in his voice, barely registered his words, managing only a surprised "Ah!" in response.

Damian continued, "She knew you were at Dark Bar but let things happen. She knew I'd find you and her, even though she was gone by the time Pearl found out."

Although it sounded very incredible, the naive Gigi still couldn't believe it. "Aunt Beah knew all along? She let us fall into her plan?"

Bitterness filled Gigi. It seemed like Beah had considered it for a very long time.

"It's just my guess, but I don't think there's anything wrong with it."

Gigi nodded and started recalling something. Many formerly confusing things suddenly became clearer. "I remember it now. Aunt Beah rarely let me go out, but she ignored it when

I went to work at such a far place."

"Yeah, she knew it was safe because of Pearl, but didn't know Pearl wasn't there recently. So, you might have suffered for a few days. That's how I ended up meeting you." Damian then turned to her and asked, "How did it go, by the way? Did they mistreat you?"

Nervously, Gigi assured him, "I... I'm okay. I ran into some trouble with bad people, but I managed."

It was possible to bump into perverts if one worked at a bar. However, she avoided any serious problems by staying cautious and pretending to be sick if needed, keeping herself safe from any harm.

Gigi's heartbeat quickened when she noticed Damian's admiring surprise. "I'm fine."

"That's good. I wouldn't want Pearl to be mad at me for not taking care of you," Damian responded. As the one managing the bar these days, he felt responsible for Gigi's well-being.

Gigi's disappointment grew upon realizing Damian's care came from his concern for Pearl.

She had hoped...

Sensing Gigi's change in demeanor, Damian assumed that she had recalled those bad experiences. He quickly reassured her, "Don't worry. You're Pearl's sister now. You'll always have someone looking out for you. And if anyone bothers you, just mention my name. They won't dare to trouble you."

But all Damian seemed to care about was Pearl, shattering Gigi's budding feelings of love and leaving her feeling despondent.

Nevertheless, she wouldn't dare to compete with Pearl for anything, not even for affection.

"Alright, thank you, Dame," she replied with a gentle smile.

Pea, Dame... It sounded like a perfect match.

At the thought of that, Damian had a better impression of Gigi. "Well, let's grab a bite to eat. You must be hungry after spending so long there," he suggested kindly.

Gigi gratefully accepted his offer. "Okay, thank you, Dame."

After texting Pearl about taking Gigi out for a meal, Damian led her out of the sanatorium.

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Pearl decided to return Beah's body to the Jordan Residence. It seemed fitting for Beah to rest there, finally.

She asked Damian to look after Gigi for a few days before heading to Bodgow with the body.

Pearl arrived at the Jordan Residence and was met with Ezra fainting upon hearing the news. It was Blake who came to receive her and arranged for the body to be settled.

Seeing Pearl's exhausted expression, Blake felt a pang of sympathy. "How have you been holding up lately?"

Pearl, looking thinner than usual, managed a chuckle, though her voice sounded distant. "I'm managing."

Blake sensed she was trying to conceal her emotions and awkwardly tried to comfort her. "It's okay to cry if you're sad. I won't judge you."

"I've already shed my tears. Do I look that weak?" Pearl teased, tapping his head lightly.

Blake rolled his eyes. "I was trying to be nice, but you just hit me. Ungrateful."

Despite the banter, Pearl felt a bit lighter.

Chapter 855

"By the way, what did Grandfather say?" Pearl asked.

Blake hesitated for a moment. "He was chatting with others in the hall when he heard the news. He fainted but is awake now. However, he's refusing to see anyone. Seems like he's in a bad mood. You can see him if you want, though. I think he only wants to see you right now."

Did Ezra really want to see Pearl?

Pearl was doubtful. "He's never been fond of me. You know that."

"That's what he shows on the surface, but who knows? He's a bit... complicated. He's got his quirks. Despite tricking you a few times, he never meant you harm. What do you think?"

Pearl looked down, feeling a lack of connection with her mother's family except for Blake. While she sensed a bit of warmth from him, she didn't care much about the others, especially Ezra, who had always forced her.

"Well, I'll go see him anyway," she decided, more out of curiosity than any real expectation of a warm reception. She wanted to encourage him to move past his sorrow and learn more about her mother.

Blake smiled. "Okay, let me take you there."

As they made their way through the Jordan Residence, people seemed to avoid eye contact with Pearl, a reaction that struck her as both odd and amusing.

"What's up with them? Why are they so jumpy around me?" Pearl found their reactions curious.

Blake's expression mirrored her confusion, but he chose to let Pearl ignore it.

Pearl nodded, lost in thought, until she overheard some whispers behind a rockery.

"Do you think Miss Pearl brings bad luck? Why does trouble follow all her family members?"

"Yeah, think about it. Her dad died, then her mom, and now Ezra's sick because of her. Ugh... who's next?"

"Bah, cut the crap! If others hear you, they'll make you regret it!"

Pearl stopped in her tracks, eavesdropping on the conversation intently.

Blake noticed her pause and the conversation behind the rockery. He worried she might overthink too much.

"Let's not dwell on that. Those people are just spreading gossip. I'll have them chased away." He'd even consider more drastic measures if they continued to gossip behind her back.

"No, it's okay. They might have a point," Pearl said, surprisingly calm.

"Huh? A point?" Blake was incredulous. "Are you serious? Are you really taking their nonsense seriously?"

"No, I'm not taking it seriously. I just find it logical. Maybe I bring bad luck to people. Blake, you should watch out too. Don't catch bad luck."

Blake sighed helplessly. It seemed he'd fallen into her trap. He'd tried so hard to comfort her and stand up for her, only to find she was fine all along.

However... her calmness left him feeling even worse. How many hardships had Pearl endured to become this resilient?

Chapter 856

Pearl followed Blake into Ezra's backyard, paying little mind to the earlier gossip, focused instead on what lay ahead.

Contrary to her expectations, Ezra's backyard was rather modest, not the grandeur she had imagined. It felt oddly familiar, though it was her first time there. Then it clicked-Beah's place seemed to be designed the same way.

As they ventured deeper, the foliage grew denser, nearly obstructing their path. Blake pointed at a house by the wall. "Grandfather's in there. Knock three times when you enter."

Pearl nodded, sensing it was probably Ezra's rule.

"I'll wait out here. Best if I don't go in," Blake added hastily, itching to leave.

"Why not?" Pearl was taken aback by this.

"He's not in the mood to see me. I'll just annoy him," Blake explained.

Pearl understood. Rather than press him, she accepted his decision.

Knocking three times on the ornate wooden door, Pearl heard a gruff voice from inside. "Leave me alone! Get lost!"

Though Ezra sounded irritated, Pearl sensed he was fine. "It's Pearl," she announced.

Ezra fell silent for a moment before granting entry with a solemn "Come in."

As expected, Blake had been right. Ezra really wished to see Pearl.

Stepping into the room, Pearl found Ezra seated on the bed, looking worn with grief.

"Master Jordan," Pearl greeted him respectfully.

"Your mom's gone, yet you still won't call me grandfather," Ezra remarked sadly, frowning in grief when he mentioned Beah, who had passed away. "They're two separate matters." Pearl held firm. She didn't feel obligated to address Ezra as family just because of Beah's passing and Ezra's sorrow.

"Then why did you come?" Ezra asked, sensing it was related to Beah.

"Blake suggested it. He said you just wanted a chat," Pearl replied.

"My grandson knows me well." Ezra smiled, a rare sight.

Curious, Pearl asked, "What did you want to discuss?" She looked around the room and sat down on a chair.

"Don't put it that way. I think you just want to ask me things about your mom." Being an old and experienced man, Ezra naturally wouldn't delve into personal matters easily.

Chapter 857

Ezra hoped Pearl would initiate the conversation, giving him leverage in their interaction. Unfortunately, Pearl inherited his stubbornness and had her own agenda.

"Talking about the past won't change anything now that she's gone. Let's discuss something else. If you don't want to talk, it's fine," she suggested, casually biting into an apple from the table. It was sweet and refreshing. No wonder it was something being delivered to the Jordan Residence.

"I had underestimated you," Ezra admitted.

Pearl raised her brows, her smile unfathomable. "I thought you knew me well."

"Very well, then let's talk about your mother."

"I'm all ears," Pearl responded, intrigued.

For the next hour, Pearl listened as Ezra recounted Beah's life experiences. Though familiar, hearing it again left Pearl in awe. Beah had been a beloved figure in Bodgow, charming many with her grace and lineage.

"I was furious when your mother chose to marry that man. I forbade it and grounded her," Ezra confessed, still seething at the memory. He felt that Pearl's father was poor because the latter didn't even have 40 million dollars.

Ezra's disdain for Pearl's father, a poor man, concerned her, hinting at tensions within the family. As expected, not all people could be compared with the Jordans, given the latter's power.

"What happened next?" Pearl inquired.

"I arranged a marriage for her, but she eloped with that poor guy on their wedding day," Ezra revealed with bitterness. He sipped some tea, then gritted his teeth after.

"Did you try to find them?" Pearl asked.

"I did, but tragedy struck that night. Your aunt took her life," Ezra explained, his tone heavy with regret. "I couldn't bear to lose another daughter, so I let them be."

Feelings of helplessness and bitterness hit Pearl as she remembered the incident she was aware of. She realized that Beah had been able to find happiness with Max by hiding her identity, but at a great cost. It was a pity that the price was one's life.

"That's also why I opposed your relationship with a Waldorf," Ezra confessed.

Pearl knew her response might anger him, but she couldn't hold back. "But why condemn every Waldorf for one person's actions?"

Ezra sneered. "It's not just his mistake. The Waldorf family tried to shield him and helped that b*stard escape from punishment. But the more they wanted to hide his mistake, the more I wanted him to rot in jail. I'll make sure he faces justice."

Pearl sensed the depth of his anger. The murderer had escaped punishment, a sore point for Ezra. His daughter had died with a grievance, but the culprit didn't even confess his crime or feel guilty. Instead, he used all kinds of connections to escape from punishment.

She understood Ezra's actions; she would be very angry if it were her. But even so, she wouldn't sacrifice her love because of the Jordan family and the other irrelevant people.

"So, do you still want to stop me from dating Richard?" Pearl challenged.

Chapter 858

Ezra watched Pearl's expression with surprise. "Even with everything happening, do you still wish to be with Richard? I recall he's set to marry the girl from the Jesselton family. It's happening in a couple of days."

"Yes, their wedding is planned, but no one knows if they'll go through with it," Pearl replied nonchalantly.

Ezra's lips trembled in anger. "I advise you not to provoke the Waldorfs again."

Pearl met his gaze with a cold stare, her icy demeanor unsettling Ezra. "I won't provoke them, but I will hold them accountable," she declared boldly, revealing her intentions.

Ezra couldn't figure out how she was going to do that.

"What's the direct link to my mother's death?"

Pearl's question enlightened Ezra. It was Hugo!

He had entrusted Beah's care to Hugo, believing the latter could cure her. But Hugo failed, and Beah died. Of course, Hugo must be blamed.

Ezra's fury surged. Amidst his grief, he now desired retribution against Hugo.

"Pearl, I support you in this matter." Slowly, Ezra closed his eyes, concealing his deep-seated resentment.

"I don't need your support. I only ask that you don't sabotage my efforts covertly," Pearl responded firmly.

"No, I must support you because you're fighting for your mother's justice," Ezra insisted, retrieving a stack of contracts from beneath his pillow and handing them to Pearl.

"I've prepared these in advance. You'll receive fifty-one percent of the family company's shares. The remaining forty-nine percent will be split between Blake and Felix. Some shares are held by other shareholders. Now, I'll transfer all my shares to you. You'll become the majority shareholder of the Jordan Group. No one will dare to challenge you," Ezra explained solemnly.

Pearl was shocked by Ezra's unexpected gesture. It was as if he had announced that she was the heir of the Jordan family.

"Did you prepare this long ago?" she asked, incredulous. After all, Ezra had placed all his wealth on someone he didn't even like, a move that seemed out of character for a business mogul who had faced many hardships.

"Yes, ever since you returned with your mother's body," Ezra admitted, a tear escaping as he closed his eyes. "Pearl, you're a good kid. I've always known that."

Ezra's words caught Pearl off guard, making her feel complex emotions as she saw his vulnerable side.

"Thank you, Grandfather," she said softly.

Ezra, startled by her address, opened his eyes wide. "What did you call me?"

"Grandfather," Pearl repeated, her tone sincere.

Chapter 859

Ezra's face lit up with genuine joy, a rare sight for Pearl.

"You're a wonderful granddaughter. You take after me, and you're far better than that disappointing Blake," he remarked with pride, reaching out his hand.

Pearl walked over and placed her hand in his.

"From now on, you'll need to guide Blake. He's as mischievous as his brother and lacks understanding. Despite being older than you, you possess more wisdom. You must teach him well and stop him from being too impulsive."

"But why didn't you teach him yourself?" Pearl inquired.

Ezra's expression darkened in frustration. "I tried, but he never listened. However, he respects you and values your opinion." Sighing, he continued, "As for me, I'm ready to retire and rest well."

Pearl's warmth toward him faded slightly, suspecting his motives for retiring and leaving everything to her. Nonetheless, she expressed her gratitude for his support, as the Jordan Group ranked among the top three companies in Bodgow, wielding immense influence.

After bidding Ezra farewell, Pearl was surprised to find Blake waiting for her outside, standing on a nearby bridge with flowers at his feet. It seemed he had casually picked them out of boredom.

"You're still here. Aren't you bored waiting?" Pearl asked as she approached.

Blake glanced at her, his expression seemingly reproachful. "Yes, I'm bored. But you're not familiar with this place. What if you get lost when I leave?"

Noticing the documents in her hands, Blake asked about them. "What are those?"

Pearl had nothing to hide, so she explained, "Grandfather gave these to me. I now have control over the Jordan Group. You'd better listen to me."

Blake's expression soured. "I should have known. You called him 'Grandfather,' and he practically handed over the entire family to you."

"He even instructed me to discipline you," Pearl added with a hint of amusement.

The mention of discipline infuriated Blake. "I'm older than you. I don't need you to discipline me. Grandfather must be losing his mind to suggest such nonsense!"

He stormed off in a huff, leaving Pearl unfazed.

Pearl watched his back and said firmly, "By the way, I'm returning to Enswood the day after tomorrow."

This halted Blake in his tracks. "What? Why so soon?"

Pearl nodded. "I have something important to do."

Blake paused, considering her words. "Then I'll accompany you."

Pearl smiled. "Great, but I'll need your help with planning my mother's funeral first. After that, we can head back together."

Blake sighed, realizing he had more work ahead of him.

Chapter 860

Finally, the Jordan family decided on a simple funeral for Beah, in line with her humble nature.

On the day of the burial, Ezra made a rare appearance, joining the procession to witness Beah's interment. Overcome with grief, he couldn't contain his emotions and wept openly until he fainted by her grave.

Pearl attended the funeral discreetly but chose not to conceal herself during the ceremony. With her departure back to Enswood and the time for news from Bodgow to reach Enswood, she saw no need for secrecy.

After bidding Ezra farewell, Pearl and Blake returned to Enswood. They arrived just on the eve of Richard and Winona's wedding.

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Winona was in high spirits, excited about her wedding to Richard the next day. Her nerves prevented her from sleeping, prompting her to call Richard.

"Hello," Richard answered.

Winona sounded softer at the familiar voice. "Rick, I'm a little nervous. I can't sleep."

Richard patiently reassured her. "Why not? We're going to get married tomorrow. Sleep early. If not, how are you going to handle it?"

"Rick, do you ever regret choosing me?" Winona ventured, her anxiety spilling over after months of restraint. She had been meaning to ask that, but she was worried it might infuriate Richard.

Richard's response was gentle. "Haven't I already answered that question?"

Although he didn't give a direct answer, Winona understood him. She smiled and nodded. "Okay, Rick. I'll sleep now. You should rest early too."

Richard gave a muffled yes and hung up.

In his room, Richard sat before his desk, the box containing his wedding suit before him. Though he lacked enthusiasm for the marriage with a woman he didn't love, he found solace in the thought of Pearl's impending cure.

Suddenly, a tapping on the window interrupted his thoughts.

Startled, he turned to find Pearl outside, a mischievous yet sultry smile on her lips.

Richard was dumbfounded. How had she managed to scale the wall and appear at his window?

Richard felt like his eyes had played tricks on him. But it really was Pearl!

Feeling overwhelmed with indescribable emotions, his heart rate surged in an instant, yet he maintained a stoic expression.

Pearl had been outside for quite a while, and given that Richard's room was on the second floor, she had exerted a lot of effort to get there. Meanwhile, Richard was lost in thought, oblivious to her struggle. If she waited any longer, her hands would start to ache.

And so, she gestured for him to open the window, and he complied, allowing her entry.

"Are you trying to scare me by playing the ghost?" Richard said, attempting to mask his surprise.

Pearl had expected he would at least ask her what she was doing there, but he said such surprising words. "Isn't it romantic to visit you like this, just like in Romeo and Juliet?" she joked.