

Your Guise 871

Chapter 871

"It's because you got really chummy with Winona. I learned from you..." Pearl glanced up, checking Richard's reaction. She then stopped herself from saying more, knowing it would cause trouble.

"Just keep your distance," Richard warned. He didn't want to repeat himself because if she could do it, he could help her.

"Fine," she replied, not wanting him to sound like a broken record.

After that, Richard stayed silent, driving her home quietly. He only left after ensuring she walked through the door.

Pearl arrived home past ten, nearly bedtime. However, there was a steady knock on the door downstairs. Thinking Richard might have something else to say, she opened it, surprised to find a drunk Silas standing there.

"Silas?"

Pearl looked into his bleary eyes and felt troubled. It was the first time she'd seen him like this. Although he drank often, it was unusual for him to be so drunk.

"Why wouldn't you answer my calls, Pearl?"

She suddenly remembered that after Winona had taken her away, the latter had blocked almost all her contacts to prevent her from getting in touch with them. Silas's number was one of the blocked ones.

"Why did you block me?"

"Because I didn't have time to contact anyone until now." It was true, but she also didn't want to be in touch with too many people.

"You didn't have time or you didn't want to contact us? What can't you tell me that you had to block me?" Silas chuckled sadly. She didn't know what he went through. She had disappeared suddenly, making it impossible for him to find her.

He'd come to her home every day, checking if her lights were on. That lasted almost a month, and if her lights hadn't been on tonight, he wouldn't have knocked.

"I really had something important to do, Silas. You need to understand."

Silas raised his voice. "Do you know how worried I was? You blocked me out of nowhere, and I couldn't reach you. I waited here almost every night for a month, leaving only in the morning. Do you have any idea how I felt all that time?"

Pearl hadn't realized he had done all that and felt a twinge of guilt. But she couldn't show it, lest it lead to overthinking. She wanted him to stay away from her.

"I told you not to do things that only benefit you. I'd never fall for you."

Any normal person would've been touched by Silas's words, but Pearl remained as cold as ice.

Silas was taken aback and burst into manic laughter. "Things that only benefit me... Do you think that's what I'm doing?"

Pearl sighed. "You're drunk, go home." But then, realizing it wasn't safe for him to drive drunk, she added, "If you can't drive, I'll take you home."

Silas looked up with tears in his eyes. "Do you feel sorry for me?"

Chapter 872

This was the first time she'd seen Silas so upset. She felt a pang of guilt, but she knew she had to keep her distance.

"Of course not. You're my employee. I have to take responsibility for you."

It was the right thing to say, but not what Silas wanted to hear. "Is that the only reason?"

Pearl scoffed, her voice cold and unchanged. "Didn't I make it clear enough? I'll never fall for you. You should give up."

Silas stumbled, barely standing straight against the door frame, his voice faint. "I know you won't fall for me, but I had to try."

"Why bother with something futile?" Pearl couldn't understand. Most people would reconsider after being rejected repeatedly. Even if they persisted, they'd be wary.

But Silas was different. He wanted to break down her walls, convinced he had a chance.

"I don't know, but I've liked you for years."

"Have you thought this feeling might not be love?"

Silas looked at her with sorrowful eyes. "Even if you don't like me, you shouldn't try to break me down like this." It hurt because she dismissed all his efforts.

"Fine, I won't hurt you then."

Pearl planned to change and send him home, but as she turned, Silas stumbled in and collapsed onto the couch.

"What are you doing? Are you going to sleep here?" Seeing him get comfortable, Pearl felt uneasy.

Silas knew she wouldn't kick him out, so he lay on the couch with his eyes closed.

"No, you can't stay here." Pearl tried to pull him up, but he was too strong even in his drunken state. In the struggle, she fell onto him.

"Jumping into my arms?" Silas smirked, his words slurred with alcohol.

"I didn't jump. I slipped." Pearl tried to get up, but he pulled her back.

"Don't move. Let me hug you for a bit."

Silas's voice held a hint of sadness, making it hard for her to refuse. But she knew it was wrong, so she wriggled out of his embrace. "Get up while you're still conscious."

Seeing his plan fail, he pretended to fall asleep on the couch.

"You can't sleep here," Pearl said anxiously. If Richard came by the next day and found this, neither of them would be safe. It was outrageous.

Silas closed his eyes, pretending to sleep. Eventually, Pearl left, and when Silas thought she was plotting to get him out, a blanket covered him, and he was gently tucked in.

Chapter 873

"I'm warning you. You better be gone before I wake up tomorrow," Pearl said firmly.

Silas muttered quietly about her being heartless.

After that, Pearl went back to her room to sleep.

The next morning, she headed downstairs to check on things.

The blanket was neatly folded, and it seemed Silas had left.

"You're up, Pearl? Come and have some breakfast. I made your favorite thick egg toast." A head popped out from the kitchen, waving a spatula.

Pearl was speechless. "Didn't I tell you to leave?"

Silas pretended to look hurt. "You never eat breakfast, just bread. I figured I'd make you something proper before I go so you'd have a decent meal."

It was considerate, but she didn't need it. But since he was still cooking, it didn't feel right to kick him out.

She slapped her forehead. "Fine, but leave after breakfast."

Hearing his stay extended, Silas grinned. "Sure!"

And so, Pearl's quiet morning turned into a breakfast for two. She lost her appetite, worrying about Richard showing up.

"Is it not good? Why aren't you eating?" Silas asked, looking at her untouched waffles.

"No," Pearl replied, taking a bite. It tasted good, but she wasn't hungry.

After quickly finishing the food, Silas took charge of cleaning the dishes.

Pearl watched him happily working in the kitchen, feeling powerless.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Her alarm bells went off.

That must be Richard. If he saw Silas had spent the night there and they had breakfast together, hell would break loose. Should she pretend no one was home?

While she was thinking, a key turned, and she realized it was the cleaner. Relief filled her when she saw the familiar face. She had given the cleaner a spare key for easy access.

"Miss Pearl, the usual cleaning?" the cleaner asked.

Pearl nodded and smiled. "Yes, thank you."

The cleaner went in. Pearl glanced at Silas in the kitchen and hurried him, "Quick, so no one misunderstands."

"Who would misunderstand?" a clear voice came from the door.

Pearl froze, then turned around to see Richard standing there with a smile. It felt like the sky was crashing down around her.

Chapter 874

"Why are you here?" Pearl was at a loss. The thing you fear most will always appear.

"Did I interrupt your time together?"

Richard's voice sounded calm, but Pearl could sense his anger simmering beneath the surface. "Of course not. I'm just a little surprised," she replied.

Richard glanced at Silas, who was happily washing dishes inside. "Explain. Why is he here?" As he took in Pearl's pajamas, he pieced together that they had spent the night together. His eyes darkened. "He came to talk but couldn't get a taxi, so he stayed here," Pearl explained quickly. "He slept on the couch. We didn't interact."

If it had been anyone else, Richard might have let it go. But this was Silas, a man who kept thirsting for Pearl.

"You're still lying to me?" His expression turned cold, his eyes piercing. There was a faint smell of alcohol as he entered the house. If they hadn't been drinking together, it meant Silas had been drunk when he came to see her.

Both scenarios angered Richard.

Pearl shivered at the sight of Richard's cold demeanor.

However, Silas, still washing dishes, poked his head out and smiled at Pearl. "I've finished washing up. I'll mop the floor next... Oh. Mister Richard is here too. Have you had breakfast? We made too much. Would you like some?"

Seeing Richard standing there, Silas went over to invite him. "I'm quite a good cook. You should try it—"

"This is what you mean by he came here to talk? He came here to cook for you?" Not only was Silas cooking, but he was also inviting him in as if he belonged there. He couldn't stand to be around Silas for another moment.

Silas froze, dropping the washcloth to the floor, then smirked. "Are you missing something? You're not engaged to Miss Winona, yet you're already cozying up to Pearl the day after. Listen to yourself. You're talking like she offended you."

Silas was growing increasingly annoyed with Richard. He had ignored Pearl before, but now he was interrogating her. A problematic man.

"Enough, Silas," Pearl intervened. Every word Silas spoke felt like stepping on a landmine. She couldn't let it continue.

"Enough? Have you forgotten how he treated you? I know you're not ready to let go, but you shouldn't keep running back to him every time he calls. What's so special about him that you can't resist?" Silas's frustration with Pearl's obsession was evident.

Pearl's expression went cold. "This is none of your business. Get out of my home now."

Silas was so angry that his efforts were brushed aside. "I've put up with your rejections, Pearl, but you've pushed it too far. You're heartless."

Chapter 875

Silas removed his apron and threw it to the floor. "Sure, I'll leave. I hope you're happy and not led around in circles." His smile faded, and he slammed the door as he left.

Watching him go, Pearl had a bad feeling.

Richard's voice came from behind. "Feeling reluctant?"

"No, there's nothing between us..."

Richard raised an eyebrow as his anger subsided. He knew Pearl wasn't interested in him; it was one-sided. Yet seeing Silas's persistence toward Pearl made him uncomfortable.

Finally managing to chase him off, Richard spoke sternly. "Don't let him stay over anymore."

Pearl saw the anger in his expression but couldn't help but laugh, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Don't worry, I won't."

Realizing she still didn't know why he was there, she asked, "What brought you here?"

"I can't visit because I miss you?"

Pearl immediately blushed at his words. "I never thought you were the flirty type."

Richard took her hand, his eyes sincere. "What, you don't like it?"

"I'm not used to this sudden change," she admitted. She had been the one taking the lead before, so the change felt strange.

Richard didn't reveal the real reason for his visit. He had received news from his assistant that the person trailing Silas found him drunk at a bar, heading to a familiar location alone.

Based on the description, Richard realized it was Pearl's home. Silas would wait at her home every night in the past month. This angered him, leading him to drive over to warn Pearl to stay away from Silas, but he caught them together instead.

"If you have any more contact with him, I'll make him disappear from Enswood forever."

Pearl nodded, knowing he wasn't joking. "I promised to stay away from him, and I will. You don't have to worry."

Richard pondered for a moment before bringing up another matter. "Is he an influencer in your company?"

Pearl nodded. "He's one of the best ones."

Richard immediately ordered, "Fire him."

Chapter 876

It was a difficult decision to fire Silas. Even though their relationship wasn't close, he had brought in a lot of profits for the company, not to mention he came from an influential family. Letting him go so suddenly would mean a big loss for her as well.

Pearl was weighing her options when Richard spoke up, "Waldorf Enterprises will cover your losses."

"I appreciate your generosity, but I'm not sure it's a good idea," Pearl replied. She knew Richard wouldn't let her bear the burden alone, but she preferred earning her own money rather than relying on his. It wouldn't be as fun as making the money herself.

Richard saw her expression change and immediately knew what she was thinking. "I'll pay double the loss."

Reluctantly, Pearl agreed, smiling. "Well, since you're being so cool about it, I'll accept."

Richard's expression softened. "It's Thursday, so you should be going to work. Let me drive you there."

Pearl, who had been preoccupied with Silas, realized she had almost forgotten about work. "Sure."

With Richard as her driver for the day, they arrived at the office quickly.

As Pearl entered, she was greeted by Wayne, who wore a serious expression.

"What's wrong? You look upset," Pearl remarked, noting his unusual demeanor.

"Pea," he began, his brow furrowed, "Silas resigned."

The realization hit Pearl like a ton of bricks. Firing Silas and him resigning were two different matters. She finally understood why she had been feeling uneasy.

"That's fine if he quits. Has he already left?" she asked.

Wayne nodded. "Yes."

"It's not a huge problem. We can find replacements quickly," Pearl reassured.

Wayne couldn't comprehend why she would let go of their most profitable employee. Then, Richard approached, and everything became clear. He must have been behind all this.

Wayne frowned at Richard, then shook his head and walked away without saying a word.

Richard frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Pearl, understanding Wayne's unspoken thoughts after spending so much time with him, decided not to reveal anything to Richard. It was better to avoid potential conflicts.

"He might not be in the best mood. Don't worry about it. Let's go to my office." Pearl then led Richard away before he could object.

Chapter 877

But when Pearl opened the door, she found someone familiar sitting at her desk.

Blake Jordan was casually munching on grapes. When he saw them both showing up at the same time, he couldn't believe it.

"You two got back together so quickly. I thought it would take some time. That's quite the skill, Richard, quite the skill." His words sounded more like they were partners in crime than just friends.

Pearl closed the door and asked, "Do you have some sort of secret arrangement?"

Blake chuckled. "You didn't know how much he cared for you. When something happened to your company before, he pretended not to care and kept a distance. But that night, he flew over to Bodgow to see us and asked us to help you get through the situation."

Pearl was stunned; she never imagined that to happen. She turned to look at Richard, who didn't look shocked at all.

"Not only that, all the money used to help came from him. I used to wonder why he was being so generous, but now it's clear he was trying to win you over." Blake stroked his chin thoughtfully. "As a man trying to win your heart, he's doing a pretty good job. Handsome, wealthy, and clever. Finding someone like him isn't easy, so I fully support you two being together."

"Are you trying to sell me out, Blake? Why didn't you tell me about this?" Pearl asked, though there was a hint of a smile on her lips.

"What would be the point? If I did, Richard's plans would be ruined. I'm just thinking about your future," Blake replied with a mischievous grin, looking like he had made a huge sacrifice worthy of praise.

But Pearl just wanted to punch him. "If this happens again and you don't tell me about it, I'm going to beat you up."

Blake rolled his eyes. "Whatever. Richard gave me enough."

Richard cleared his throat. "It was just a car."

"A discontinued car! Next time, give me a better one, and I'll keep giving you information about her." Blake winked, looking annoyingly pleased with himself.

"Blake Jordan!"

Realizing he might have said too much, Blake hung his head in shame. "Let's keep this between us so Pearl doesn't get mad."

Pearl slammed her hand on the table. "If you keep on with all this bullsh*t, I'm going to kick you back to Bodgow."

"Uh, boring..." Blake grumbled, finally shutting up.

Richard couldn't help but think that exchanging a car for information about Pearl wasn't a bad idea as he watched them bicker. He had been unsure about Blake before, but now he was starting to appreciate him.

"He's not entirely wrong," he said.

This only annoyed Pearl more. "It's one thing for him to act this way, but why are you going along with it?"

"He's telling the truth. We make a good team."

Blake raised his chin and confidently said, "Exactly. You two are the couple I'm rooting for the most, so I won't let anything ruin your relationship."

Pearl sensed something was off. "What do you mean by that?"

Blake glanced around nervously before responding, "Someone just submitted their resignation letter. It sounded bitter, so I replied, 'Good riddance'."

Chapter 878

Hearing that, Pearl and Richard both had their own thoughts.

Pearl took a deep breath, knowing that Silas would likely see her as heartless. Meanwhile, Richard decided to reward Blake with a car for his help.

"You can't make decisions for me without informing me first," Pearl said, feeling conflicted as this might actually help Silas give up.

Blake nodded half-heartedly. "Alright, but I have a question for you."

Pearl raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"There's a girl in your company named Rosalie Sawyer. Can you give me her number?"

Rosalie? What could have caught the attention of a devil like Blake?

Pearl sensed that Blake didn't seem to have any malicious intentions toward Rosalie, so she asked, "Is there some issue with her?"

Blake retorted, "Do I look like the trouble-making type to you?"

"Why do you suddenly want her number? She's a good, honest person."

"Um... Well, it's none of your business. Just give me her number." Blake blushed unexpectedly.

It was the first time Pearl saw him react like that, hinting at his hidden motives. "I can give her number, but you must promise me one thing."

Blake's eyes lit up. "Go on."

"Promise me you won't send any information to Richard," Pearl insisted.

Blake looked at Richard, then back at Pearl, looking troubled. "You're threatening me."

"It's up to you to decide that. Do you want her number?" Pearl sat down on the couch and crossed her legs casually, as if she knew he was going to fold.

Blake looked torn but eventually relented. "Fine, I'll have to betray Richard for now..."

Satisfied with his response, Pearl sent Rosalie's number to Blake.

After seeing Rosalie's profile picture, Blake seemed to have an idea. Standing up, he announced, "Well, I'll leave you two alone then. Go to go."

Pearl refrained from stopping him, sensing his eagerness to leave. "Sure, bye."

Blake patted Richard's shoulder and then whispered into his ear, "It's just to calm her down. I'll tell you more when I have time."

Pearl heard that. "You're such a big liar, Blake!" she exclaimed, tossing a pillow at him in frustration.

Quickly darting out the door, Blake left the office, narrowly avoiding the pillow thrown his way.

"So annoying," Pearl muttered.

*

Blake left the office but didn't immediately leave.

Chapter 880

Celine was convinced that this man was interested in Rosalie. Why did that copycat deserve such a good man? She wasn't going to let that happen!

"She goes out with men often?" Blake sounded uncomfortable. Rosalie seemed aloof, but this friend of hers claimed she enjoyed going out with men. He wanted to clarify that.

"Oh, should I really talk about this?" Celine pretended to be hesitant. "I don't mean to gossip, but she's going too far. As her friend, I can't just stand by. You should talk to her about it. Those men don't seem like good company. They're probably just interested in her looks."

Blake scoffed. "I know what to do. You don't need to tell me."

Celine was angry as she was just trying to help, yet she felt like she was being treated unfairly. Her opinion of Blake soured instantly.

"Look, she's back at her desk," she pointed and scoffed.

Blake lost interest in talking to Celine and turned his attention to Rosalie, his heart burning with determination. Approaching her, he confronted her. "I caught you."

Rosalie hadn't expected Blake to be so persistent. She felt trapped.

"I told you we're done."

Blake leaned against the table, interrupting her work. "What do you mean done? It's not over until I say it is."

"Why are you so bossy?" Rosalie was swamped with work, and his presence was hindering her progress. She tried to push him away.

"What do you think you're doing?" Blake dodged her hand.

"You're distracting me from my work," Rosalie insisted.

But Blake didn't care. "I can pay your salary if I'm taking up your time."

"I need to work, not your stupid money," Rosalie snapped.

Blake squinted, his tone turning menacing. "So, you think you're better than me?"

Rosalie didn't want to engage with him any further. She feared she might lose her patience. "Mister, I don't even know your name," she said politely but firmly. "But I'll say this again. You're disrupting my work, so please leave me alone."

Despite her polite tone, Blake wasn't budging. "I've already spoken to your boss. She's given me three hours to take you out on a date."

Rosalie was stunned. "You'll have to come up with a better excuse," she retorted, knowing it was impossible Pearl had given such permission. She knew how serious Pearl was about work.

Blake realized he hadn't introduced himself, so he tried to appear cool by putting his hands on his waist. "Do you know who I am?"

