

## Your Guise 881

### Chapter 881

Rosalie couldn't care less who he was. But to get him to leave, she pretended to ask politely, "What's your name, sir?"

"Blake Jordan."

Rosalie rolled her eyes. "Never heard of you."

Blake was shocked. "You don't know who I am?" He was famous among the socialites in Bodgow, but in Enswood, he was just a nobody.

"I'd say I'm not interested in finding out," Rosalie retorted.

Blake touched his chin. "Are you pretending not to know and playing hard to get?"

Rosalie's head started pounding, so she decided to call Pearl. "Miss Pearl, there's a crazy guy here bothering me. Can you send security to escort him out?"

Pearl's lips twitched. The crazy guy must be Blake. After getting Rosalie's contact, he started harassing her.

Before she could say anything, Blake raised his voice. "Don't listen to her. I'm not bothering anyone. I just need to clarify something with her."

He was confident Pearl would be on his side. Not only were they related, he had leverage over her, so he knew she wasn't going to do anything to him.

"Rosalie, he's my cousin. He's not very smart, so I hope you can be patient with him."

Rosalie could hear Pearl's helplessness. Feeling sorry for her, she hung up without further ado.

Blake stood there smugly, thinking he had won. "If you need help, talk to someone else." He shook his head. "Your boss is my cousin, so she'll listen to me."

Rosalie found him even less appealing after seeing he wasn't working. She couldn't help but ask, "If you're family, why are you so different?"

Rosalie's question was a stab on Blake's ego. "Are you looking down on me? You have no idea what I'm capable of!"

Rosalie scoffed. "I don't care to find out. Please leave my desk."

This wasn't the response Blake expected. He was used to women fawning over him, but Rosalie was different. For the first time in his life, he felt defeated. Women usually pursued him, but now that he was interested, she wasn't reciprocating.

It was weird. Not only was Rosalie peculiar, but his feelings were too.

"What do I have to do for you to talk to me normally?"

Rosalie was typing, feeling exhausted. "If you really want to talk, do it after work. I'm busy now."

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Did she really mean they could chat after work?

Blake grinned. "Alright then. I'll come by after work. Don't try to dodge me again."

Rosalie smiled, relieved he was leaving. "Sure thing, it's a deal."

Except it wasn't.

When it was time to leave, Rosalie packed up two minutes early and slipped out unnoticed. Blake arrived anxiously, only to find her desk empty.

How dare she lie to him!

Spotting a woman packing up nearby, he approached her. She wore glasses and dressed modestly, so she looked like someone honest.

Blake flashed his most charming smile, leaving the woman stunned by his good looks. No one this handsome had ever smiled at her before, and she was captivated.

"C-Can I h-help you?" she stuttered.

Blake knew he had her hooked and flashed puppy-dog eyes. "I have a question."

Eager to please, the woman nodded. "Go ahead. I'll do my best to help or find someone who can."

Blake patted her shoulder. "You're a good girl."

The woman beamed at the praise.

"Do you know where Rosalie lives?" he asked, his voice oozing with charm.

The woman shook her head. "She keeps to herself and doesn't like to talk, so I don't know her that well."

"Oh..." Blake sighed.

But the woman couldn't bear to see him disappointed. "But I know where all employee information is kept. Her address should be there."

Excited by the idea, Blake's eyes sparkled. "Where is it then?"

"I work in HR, so I know where everything is," the woman replied confidently. She quickly found Rosalie's address on her laptop and showed it to Blake.

Blake noted it down in his phone contacts and patted the woman's shoulder again. "Thank you. You'll be rewarded with good karma."

The woman melted after being praised again. "It's no trouble. I'm just glad to help."

"I appreciate it." Blake blew her a kiss.

Placing her hand on her heart, she blushed. "You're welcome."

With Rosalie's address in hand, Blake lost interest in the conversation and hurried off to her home. He wasn't going to let her slip away this time.

Chapter 883

In her office, Pearl checked the news on her phone and frowned.

Silas resigning wasn't a shock, but joining Hugo's company after that? He must have known about her conflict with Hugo.

Was he trying to provoke her or make her his enemy?

Pearl felt uncomfortable. She had been too harsh with him, and now he was hurt, resorting to extreme measures to cut ties with her.

Silas leaving Cerubleu would be a setback, but him teaming up with Hugo might lead to unforeseen consequences. With her war with Hugo intensifying, it was crucial to have the best people on her side.

Should Silas work with Hugo, she wouldn't hold back.

As she pondered, her phone rang. She answered, recognizing the voice and feeling annoyed. "You again, Hugo."

"Yes, it's me. Surprised?"

Pearl tried to suppress her anger. After her mother's death, she had blocked all his numbers. But Hugo always found ways to contact her, which irritated her.

"You know I've blocked you," Pearl said casually.

"Of course I do. Why else would I use a new number?"

Pearl calmed herself and asked, "If you knew, you should stop. Why are you doing this?"

"Is it wrong to get in touch with the person I love?" Hugo chuckled, sounding hurt.

"Saying you love me now disgusts me."

Hugo wasn't surprised as he was used to her cold attitude. "It's fine, I knew you would say that."

"Just tell me why you're calling. No point wasting each other's time."

Hugo stood up, his face partially concealed by shadows, gazing downward with his striking features. "I want to see you."

"I guess you have nothing to tell me then." Pearl was ready to hang up, feeling inexplicably irritated by their conversation. It was best to stop engaging with him.

"Hold on. Remember the jewelry ad we worked on?"

Pearl paused. Wayne was in charge of that project, and she had almost forgotten about it. "Yes?"

Hugo ran a hand through his hair, appearing deep in thought. "That jewelry campaign was a huge success, and we made a good profit. I'd like to invite you for a celebration."

"We'll see how things go."

"I think you should attend. There's more I need to discuss with you." Hugo's low, raspy voice had an unexpectedly compelling effect.

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"Deal. You'll get news about me firing him tomorrow," Hugo replied.

Pearl hung up, feeling relieved.

Later that night, as Pearl left work, she noticed Richard's familiar car parked outside the office building. Her head immediately began to ache.

She didn't intend to avoid him, but Richard had only just broken off his engagement with Winona two days ago. If rumors started spreading about him getting back with his ex-fiancee, it would cause gossip.

However, Richard didn't care, doing things his own way and treating Cerubleu like his own home. He went straight to her office and casually took her arm, displaying intimacy in front of everyone.

Pearl glanced at his tall figure beside her, feeling a mix of emotions. "Richard, maybe tone it down next time you come to see me," she suggested, mindful of potential gossip.

"Why? Do I need permission to see my girlfriend?" Richard countered, knowing her concerns. He leaned in and planted a quick kiss near her lips. "Don't worry about a thing. Just be with me."

Pearl stopped fretting and turned to glare at him. "Girlfriend? Weren't you calling me your fiancee before this?"

Richard smiled and tapped her nose. "Yes, my fiancée. Can I invite you to dinner?"

Pearl raised her brows, looking hesitant. "Should I take time to consider this?"

Richard's eyes seemed to twinkle. "I'm going to personally cook tonight."

"Really?" Pearl couldn't believe it.

"If that kid can cook for you at home, I can too," Richard retorted, still hung up on the past.

Pearl chuckled and playfully pinched his waist. "Alright, let's do it."

Their affectionate display in the office shocked everyone. After their public falling out, everyone knew about it. So, why was their relationship stronger now?

Moreover, hadn't Richard been close with Winona? Why was he now flirting with their president? Was their president blinded by love? Confusion buzzed around the office.

Pearl sensed the stares and addressed the room with a smile. "Why are you all staring? Don't you want your salaries?"

Everyone lowered their heads and quickly returned to their work.

"Why are you so cold?" Richard whispered to her.

Pearl pinched him hard. "I learned it from you."

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Hand in hand, the couple walked out of the building.

Meanwhile, the employees sighed, convinced that their president was indeed blinded by love.

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At the grocery store, Pearl watched as Richard zoned, staring at a broccoli. She nudged him with her elbow. "You said you can cook. Why do I feel like you've never cooked in your life?"

Richard wasn't about to admit he'd watched countless cooking videos and broken a few pans before mastering a few dishes. "You don't need to worry about that," he replied, looking into her eyes with a slight frown before grabbing some carrots.

Seeing the carrots in the cart, Pearl grabbed them. "I don't like carrots."

Richard realized he hadn't asked about her preferences or dietary restrictions. "What else don't you like?"

Pearl started listing them, counting on her fingers. "Carrots, sprouts, celery, bitter melon, fish, and—"

Richard's head began to ache. All the ingredients she listed were ones he knew how to cook. Frowning, he realized she might not enjoy the dishes he had planned.

Noticing his change in mood, Pearl softened her tone. "I don't totally hate them. Once in a while is fine."

Richard perked up. "Then I'll stick to my plan."

But Pearl really didn't like carrots. She clenched her jaw. Why should she have to explain herself? They could eat out. Why force herself to eat food she didn't like?

But if she refused now, he would be embarrassed.

Pearl nodded. "I'll love everything you make."



After Richard picked out the ingredients, they headed to the checkout. However, an unwelcome encounter awaited them at the cashier.

"Hi, Pearl. What a coincidence, Richard too—"

Richard wasn't expecting to see Hanzel here. "What are you doing here, Hanzel?"

Hanzel's expression changed. "Don't say my name so loud. There are fans here. I might have to run if they see me."

Richard's lips twitched, and he glanced at Feather Douglas. "Is this your girlfriend?"

Hanzel was about to confirm when Feather interjected, "No, he's just my sidekick."

Pearl couldn't help but chuckle. "You have an interesting way of communicating."

"Why do you look excited?" Richard raised an eyebrow subtly.

Chapter 887

"I'm not. I can't call you my sidekick, can I?" Pearl teased.

Richard's expression turned serious. "You better not."

"When did you two get together?" Hanzel observed their closeness and the groceries they bought, acting like a married couple. He was genuinely surprised. "Didn't your wedding just get called off, Rick? Why are you back with Pearl so soon?"

Richard's face darkened. "Do you think your life is a little too comfortable now?"

Knowing his brother was angry, Hanzel avoided saying anything and instead glanced at Feather.

Feather promptly knocked his head with her knuckle. "I told you to just mind your own business."

Pearl couldn't believe the change in expression on Feather's usually cold face. She recalled their first meeting, when Feather seemed uninterested in anyone or anything. The girl back then wouldn't have engaged in interactions with people or gotten a boyfriend. Yet here she was now, more animated, all because of Hanzel.

While she was away, the young lady actually became romantically involved... It was a pity that she missed that.

Richard wrapped an arm around Pearl's waist, his tone still sharp. "Stop thinking about others." Knowing Pearl's nosy nature, he didn't want her to dwell on how Hanzel and Feather got together.

"Why didn't I know you were so jealous before?" Pearl remarked.

Richard lowered his voice. "You know now."

"Alright, I'm not interested in your PDA. Fifi is very shy and doesn't want to show our love in public," Hanzel said, trying to lighten the mood. But he immediately got a slap after saying that. "Not the face. I need it for my job."

Feather's cold expression made her warning sound ominous. "If you continue, I might not stop at your face."

Hanzel feigned sadness but secretly enjoyed the attention. "This feels kinky..."

Pearl rolled her eyes and raised her chin at Feather. "Discipline him. If he acts up, beat him up."

Richard nodded in agreement.

Feeling outnumbered, Hanzel pretended to be crestfallen, hoping for sympathy from Feather. "Look how sad I am. No one's on my side, so you can't bully me. If you do, there'll be no one to feel sad for me."

Feather realized she might have gone too far and was about to speak up when Pearl suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, it's Hanzel Waldorf!"

The quiet grocer overheard and became excited. "Hanzel? Where is he?"

#### Chapter 888

As a famous celebrity, Hanzel always caused chaos wherever he went; even a simple trip to the grocery store turned into a spectacle because of him.

Sensing the impending chaos, Hanzel shot Pearl a glare and made his escape with Feather, followed by a crowd of curious onlookers.

Pearl held onto Richard, staying clear of the commotion.

"Never knew you could be a little devil." Richard chuckled, finding her mischievous side endearing. "You're full of surprises."

Pearl tilted her head up, giving him a coy smile. "Alright, time to check out and head home."

Richard paid for their groceries using his phone, and once they arrived at Pearl's home, he shoed her out of the kitchen.

"I don't need your help. Just wait outside, and dinner will be ready soon," Richard insisted.

Not one to argue, Pearl happily obliged and settled onto the couch, turning on the television to pass the time. Besides, she wasn't a great cook.

But soon, an unpleasant smell wafted from the kitchen, prompting Pearl's concern. "What are you doing?"

Richard's response was curt as he continued to chop ingredients. "I'm cooking."

Pearl hesitated, unsure. "Why do I smell something weird? Are you sure you don't need any help?"

Richard shook his head, then suddenly remembered she couldn't see him, so he raised his voice. "No."

Respecting his wishes, Pearl decided to wait and see how things turned out.

After what felt like an eternity, Pearl's stomach growled, but Richard still seemed busy. "How many dishes did you make?" she asked, growing curious.

"Three," came Richard's reply.

Three dishes in two hours? Pearl found that odd.

Unable to resist her curiosity any longer, Pearl ventured into the kitchen, only to be met with thick smoke.

"Why didn't you turn on the kitchen hood?" Pearl scolded.

Richard paused, realizing his oversight. Ramona usually handled that for him when he cooked at home, so he had forgotten about it.

Looking annoyed, Pearl quickly turned on the hood, clearing the smoke from the kitchen.

"Let me see what you made."

Richard's cheeks flushed slightly as he tried to hide the dishes behind him. "No, forget it. Let's dine out."

"After two hours of cooking? We can't just give up," Pearl protested.

Chapter 889

Pearl was determined to see what Richard had cooked, but he blocked her view. "I told you not to look, so you shouldn't."

Richard couldn't accept that he failed, looking awkward and disappointed at his botched attempt.

"Don't worry. I'll love anything you make," Pearl reassured him.

Her words managed to sway him, but her expression changed drastically when she finally saw the plated dishes.

The fish was burnt to a crisp, and the pork ribs looked overseasoned and unappetizing. Pearl regretted her earlier statement about loving anything he made. Who wouldn't be repulsed by this?

Richard noticed her awkward expression and tried to maintain his composure. "Alright, we should throw the food out and order delivery."

Pearl hesitated but decided to give the ribs a try. She took a small bite and immediately noticed the overpowering saltiness and rubbery texture. Despite her discomfort, she forced a smile. "It's not too bad. The ribs are a little overcooked, so next time, be careful not to cook them for too long. The taste is fine. It's a good attempt. Anyway, the fish is um... burned. I don't think we can eat that."

Richard felt warmth in his heart, knowing she was being polite. He had tasted the food himself and found it inedible. "You don't have to do that. I know it wasn't great. Let's go out for dinner."

But Pearl insisted that they shouldn't waste the food. "No, I think they're fine," she said, trying to salvage the situation.

"No, we won't eat that." Richard gently touched her hair, appreciating her effort.

However, after waiting for so long, Pearl didn't feel like going out. After some discussion, they settled on ordering takeout from a well-reviewed restaurant.

It surprised Pearl to learn that it was Richard's first time ordering takeout. "I always eat on time and sometimes dine out, so I never had to order takeout," he explained.

"Alright, I'm buying dinner even though you wanted to cook for me." Pearl ordered the food through her phone.

But Richard felt insulted that she was paying for dinner. He quickly transferred money to her account, insisting that he would cover the cost. "I said I'm going to get you dinner, so I'll make that happen."

Pearl was taken aback by his generosity. "This meal is too expensive."

Richard shrugged it off. He picked up his glass, his voice calm. "I want to treat you."

Then, a thought occurred to him. "What did you order?"

Chapter 890

Pearl tapped on her phone and realized she hadn't ordered anything nutritious, so she cleared her throat. "Do you like McDonald's?"

Richard looked sluggish, not expecting that question.

"If you don't like that, we can order something else," she offered, having just received a thousand dollars for the meal.

"It's fine, but it's unhealthy. Not something I would usually go for," Richard admitted, sounding a little guilty.

"Just this time," Pearl replied, covering her ears in surrender.

The food soon arrived, but Richard seemed visibly unhappy when Pearl returned with it. He stared at her with a dangerous look in his eyes. "You were too close to the delivery man. Do you have bad intentions?"

Pearl was angry to hear that but maintained her composure. "It's just an accident."

An accident? Richard's mind raced, imagining the delivery man looking at Pearl inappropriately. She was wearing a sexy dress and it was obviously showing too much. He didn't like the idea one bit.

"No more takeout," he declared firmly.

Pearl crossed her arms, feeling frustrated. "I can't cook. If I don't order takeout, what am I supposed to eat? Are you going to cook for me?" She immediately regretted the last part, remembering Richard's disastrous attempt at cooking earlier.

"Sure, I'll cook for you from now on."

Pearl almost choked on her drink, recalling how smoky her kitchen was and realizing the mess that would entail. "It's fine, that's too much hassle."

But Richard was determined. "That won't happen again if I learn to cook properly," he assured her, hoping to ease her concerns.

Pearl's eyes darted around. "Are you trying to get the keys to my home?"

Richard blushed. "No," he denied, though he had considered it. He then realized Pearl saw through his ruse and said in a low voice, "I'm your boyfriend. What's wrong with me having keys to your home?"

Pearl found herself filled with regret. She realized she was only making things more difficult for herself.

But Richard saw it differently. He asked for her keys, not wanting a repeat of the past incident. The thought of Silas spending the night sparked anger in him every time it crossed his mind.

Pearl understood Richard's point. Recalling her attempts to conceal Silas's stay at her place left her feeling embarrassed.

She turned, took a spare set of keys from the drawer, and tossed it to him. "Here, take it."

She wanted to assure him of her trust. As long as she wasn't up to anything suspicious, she had nothing to hide.

Richard accepted the keys and pulled out a different set from his pocket. "These are my home keys, my villa keys, my car key, and the key to my safe."