

Your Guise 891

Chapter 891

Pearl was taken aback. She never expected Richard to be so willing to give her all his assets. "Isn't this too sudden?"

Richard squinted playfully. "I've been wanting to give you these for a while. I just haven't found the right moment." After all, she was his chosen one, so giving her the keys was just a matter of time.

"Well, I guess I'll have to accept it then." Pearl picked up the keys and put them in her vault.

After quickly finishing dinner, Pearl assumed Richard was about to leave, but he didn't intend to. A troubling thought crossed her mind. "You're not planning to learn from Silas and decide not to leave tonight, are you?"

Richard's voice took on a hoarse tone, his eyes gleaming mischievously. Half-smiling, he replied, "Why? Can't I do what he did?"

Pearl slapped her forehead, feeling somewhat powerless. "Are you planning to crash in the living room like him?"

Seeing Richard's unhappy expression, she quickly changed her tune. "Actually, there are plenty of guest rooms in this villa. You can choose any room."

But Richard remained silent, refusing to respond.

Pearl tentatively asked, "What's wrong? Is there something else bothering you?"

Richard's intense gaze met hers. "I want to sleep with you."

Pearl almost choked on his words. He wanted to sleep with her? Didn't he understand the boundaries between men and women? "I'm not used to sharing a bed with others," she replied, feeling flustered.

"Well, that settles it." Richard checked his watch, and it was already eight in the evening. "It's bedtime soon. Let's take a shower and get ready for bed."

Pearl blocked the bathroom door, protesting, "This doesn't seem right. We're not married or even engaged." She wouldn't cross any lines before marriage, not even with Richard.

Richard looked at the flustered woman before him with a playful smirk. "What if I insist on sleeping with you?"

Pearl blushed. "You're such a jerk."

"It's perfectly natural for me to sleep with my fiancée." Then, he seemed to realize something. He bent down and asked, "Are you trying to tell me you want a 'Mrs.' title? If that's what you want, we can get married tomorrow."

This was way too fast. Pearl never thought she would marry Richard so soon, so she instinctively shook her head. "I don't want to get married yet."

Richard narrowed his eyes, a hint of annoyance in his expression. "Do you not want to get married now, or you just don't want to marry me?"

Richard's change of tone and expression left Pearl startled. "I'm just not considering marriage at the moment."

Richard frowned, looking unhappy. Was he that unattractive? He wondered why, despite his charm and appeal, she wasn't ready to marry him.

Why did so many women want to marry him, yet this intelligent woman didn't seem interested?

Chapter 892

Dragging the marriage out any longer wouldn't be good, as Richard didn't want any other men having eyes for Pearl.

"In that case, let's get married tomorrow," he declared, his tone firm.

When Pearl heard this, she felt like the world was spinning. Marriage was a serious commitment, and the sudden proposal caught her off guard.

"I didn't plan to get married so soon..." she trailed off, her mind racing with thoughts.

But Richard's reaction surprised her. His expression darkened, and he pulled her close, pressing her against the wall with a chilling intensity.

"Say that again," he demanded, his voice low and commanding.

Pearl felt a surge of apprehension, but she couldn't back down now. "I'm just not ready—mmph!" Her protest was cut short by his forceful kiss.

It was a kiss unlike any they'd shared before—assertive, passionate, and overwhelming. Pearl felt herself melting under his touch, her thoughts scattered by the intensity of his embrace and his tongue prying open her mouth.

Pearl felt breathless, whimpering slightly, only to be met with even more emotional retaliation. Her legs nearly gave out, but he caught her and held her close.

When he finally released her, she was left breathless and disoriented, her heart pounding in her chest.

"Do you want to marry me now?" Richard asked, his voice husky with desire.

Pearl, panting in his arms, nodded. But then she shook her head, tears glistening in her eyes.

"So indecisive," Richard remarked, his gaze lingering on her swollen lips with a hunger that sent shivers down her spine. "Will you marry me?" he asked again, his fingers gentle as they brushed against her cheek.

Pearl was already dizzy from the kiss and couldn't muster her usual arguments. She could only nod obediently.

"Then let's get married tomorrow." Richard ruffled her hair and smiled before letting her go. "I won't sleep with you tonight. I'll take the guest room."

As Pearl watched him leave, a sense of relief washed over her. She straightened up and hurried to her room.

When Richard heard the click of her bedroom door, he couldn't help but chuckle.

Alone in her room, Pearl couldn't help but reflect on the events of the evening. Richard's domineering presence had left her feeling both exhilarated and unnerved, but she couldn't deny the excitement bubbling within her.

Moreover, he was really good at kissing. It seemed like he had some practice. Had he secretly been studying?

Thinking about Richard carefully studying some inappropriate videos, Pearl couldn't help but smirk.

Suddenly, there was a knock at her door, breaking her thoughts. Pearl hesitated for a moment before opening the door cautiously.

"What is it?"

"Do you have any clean towels?" Richard asked, his expression unreadable.

Realizing she hadn't prepared anything for him, Pearl felt a pang of guilt. But the clean towels were in her bedroom, which meant she had to open the door for him.

"Wait a moment," she replied after some hesitation, disappearing into her room to fetch what he needed.

Chapter 893

Richard stood shirtless, wearing only his suit pants.

Pearl couldn't help but admire his well-defined muscles, catching a glimpse of his toned eight-pack. Richard was in great shape, impressive yet not overly imposing. His physique emitted a soft, inviting aura, complemented by his fair complexion.

Pearl mentally scolded herself for her wandering thoughts, blushing and daring not to look at him.

Seeing her reaction, Richard couldn't help but smirk. He was still attractive in her eyes, which made him happy.

Pearl handed him the clean towel and a set of loungewear, ready to close the door, but a hand stopped her.

Richard took the loungewear and asked, "Care to explain why there's men's loungewear in your place?"

Was it Silas's? The thought repulsed him, and he almost wanted to burn the garment in his hand.

"It's for emergencies," Pearl replied sincerely, leaving Richard no room to argue.

"I'm gonna shower now," Richard announced before leaving.

Pearl closed the door, prepared to shower, and went to bed, feeling exhausted after a long day. As she lay in bed in the dark, the sound of footsteps outside her door drew nearer, stirring up a mix of emotions within her.

But the footsteps hurriedly left, bringing her a sigh of relief.

Exhaustion won over her rational thoughts, and she fell into a deep sleep amidst her scattered mind. She shivered from the cold. Late autumn nights always made her hands and feet ice-cold.

In her dreams, she felt a soothing warmth enveloping her chilly limbs, leading her to cuddle closer into the comforting heat.

The next day, she woke up to find herself clinging to Richard like an octopus, prompting her to panic. "Why are you in my room?" she exclaimed, withdrawing from his embrace.

Richard, already awake, explained, "I came for the AC remote last night, and suddenly, you grabbed me, refusing to let go."

Pearl checked her clothes and felt relieved they were still intact.

Seeing her reaction, Richard frowned, looking aggrieved.

Pearl couldn't believe she had shamelessly pulled a man into her bed like that, her face flushing with embarrassment. Yet, she doubted the truth of the matter.

"You're not lying to me, are you?" she asked.

Richard raised his hand and showed her the bruises on his fingers. "This is from when you grabbed me and hit the headboard last night."

The evidence was enough to prove her bizarre behavior from last night.

With a wail, Pearl buried her head under the blanket in embarrassment.

Chapter 894

Pearl had never imagined being in this situation with Richard. But seeing him look all pitiful now, she couldn't bring herself to refuse.

"Alright, I'll marry you."

Richard's face instantly lit up. "Okay, hurry and freshen up. I'll be waiting downstairs in ten minutes."

He got up, completely shaking off the annoyance of accidentally bumping into the table. He looked thrilled as if they were getting married right then and there.

Pearl suddenly felt that she had been tricked. But unable to come up with anything else, she mechanically washed up and then changed into fresh clothes before heading downstairs.

Seeing her bare face, Richard reminded her with a firm tone, "We'll be taking photos for our registration today. Aren't you going to put on some makeup?"

Only then did she realize she had missed something. She shot him an annoyed glance. "Why didn't you remind me earlier? I thought it was just signing some papers, and that's it."

If he hadn't mentioned meeting downstairs in ten minutes, she wouldn't have been so nervous that she forgot to put on makeup.

"So what? My future wife looks stunning whether she wears makeup or not."

Pearl rolled her eyes. "Since when did you become a smooth-talker? Wait a minute, who said you could call me your wife?" She didn't expect Richard to call her his wife so naturally.

Richard pulled her into his arms, resting his chin on her forehead. "Aren't you going to be my wife soon? If you don't like that, we can choose another one. How about... missus?"

"I...I didn't say I liked that!" Pearl pushed him away and blushed. She dashed upstairs and shut her bedroom door.

About half an hour later, Pearl reluctantly applied makeup she was happy with and hesitantly made her way downstairs.

Honestly, she was feeling uncertain. She hadn't quite wrapped her head around the idea of getting married so soon. It was a big challenge for her.

Richard admired her makeup and the effort she put into wearing a white dress for the photoshoot. Grinning, he said, "You look really beautiful today."

His compliment caught Pearl off guard and caused her to blush. "Alright, enough with the sweet talk. Let's get married."

Richard glanced at her and teased, "Did you bring your ID?"

"How could I forget something so important?" Pearl took her ID from her pocket and showed it to him.

Suddenly, Richard leaned in and kissed her. "Good." He then led her outside.

The marriage bureau was close to Pearl's villa, just a twenty-minute drive away. Soon, they arrived and stood at the entrance.

Seeing Pearl anxious, Richard reached out and gently squeezed her hand. "Don't worry."

"I'm fine," Pearl replied, though her heart skipped a beat.

There was a long queue inside. Apart from Pearl and Richard, everyone else was chatting happily, looking like sweet couples.

Richard couldn't help but be influenced by the relaxed atmosphere. He looked at Pearl, who appeared tense, and reached to ruffle her hair. "Relax, it's just a certificate."

"Huh? Are you planning just to get the certificate and skip the wedding?"

Pearl rolled her eyes at Richard. It was all part of the gradual process, bound to happen sooner or later. Being nervous ahead of time wasn't a big deal.

"Of course not. I'll give you the most spectacular wedding," Richard assured her.

Pearl wasn't impressed by the grandeur. Even though she had control of his money now, she still felt hesitant to spend it. "Don't go overboard," she snorted.

"How can you say that? My wife deserves the best," Richard whispered in her ear. "Tell me, what kind of wedding dress do you like?"

"Number 36, number 36!"

The announcement from the staff interrupted their conversation.

They tidied up their clothes and held hands as they walked in.

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As they walked out of the marriage bureau with their certificates, Pearl hadn't fully grasped the reality of being a married woman.

"Why do I feel like I've aged ten years right after getting the marriage certificate?" Pearl expressed her exasperation. Being married and being single were vastly different. She didn't want to be addressed as 'Mrs.' just yet. After all, she was only twenty-four, in the prime of her life. She couldn't stand the kids calling her 'Mrs.'

Seeing her frustration, Richard grabbed her waist and said, "Nah, you'll always be a kid to me."

Being labeled as a kid sounded off to Pearl. She looked at his smug smile and couldn't shake the feeling that he was acting out of character.

Richard had always been serious and composed, rarely cracking a smile. How could he suddenly be grinning ear to ear like this?

"Are you sure you're the Richard I know?" Pearl blurted out, unable to contain her curiosity.

Richard immediately wiped the grin off his face. "What's wrong? Do I look weird?"

"You're smiling like you just hit the jackpot."

Richard responded seriously, "No way. Hitting the jackpot wouldn't be enough to make me smile."

Pearl sighed inwardly. Was he always this argumentative?

"However, marrying the woman I love is worth celebrating." Feeling her warmth in his arms, Richard was beaming.

Pearl stomped on his foot. "Stop reminding me that I'm a married woman."

"Sure thing, wifey," Richard teased.

Pearl shot him a look, feeling a headache coming on. "Well, now that we're official, can I go to work?"

"Wait a minute." Richard's hand darted out, snatching the marriage certificate from Pearl before she could react. "I'll hold onto this to prevent you from doing anything unexpected."

Pearl was furious. "What do you think I'll do with it?"

Richard was silent for a moment. "I'm afraid you'll go back on your promise."

"Be honest."

"Fine. I want to share it on social media." With that, he snapped a photo of their marriage certificate in front of her and quickly drafted a caption.

[To forever and ever.]

Pearl looked at his calm expression, feeling a strange mix of emotions.

Chapter 896

Richard's post garnered over 300 likes within a minute.

Pearl was stunned by the swift response. She knew Richard had a lot of friends, but this was beyond her expectations. As she scrolled through the comments, most of them expressed shock or disbelief.

[What?! You're married?]

[No way! Who's the lucky woman? Don't tell me it's Winona?]

[That's impossible. They broke up already.]

[Then who could it be?]

[I don't know, but it's definitely not you.]

[This is insane. I gotta send this to the news agency before anyone else does.]

[You're quite the strategist. First come, first served.]

Pearl was dumbfounded by their excitement. "Haven't they ever seen someone get married before?"

Richard raised an eyebrow teasingly. "I've seen marriages, but ours isn't so ordinary."

"What a narcissist!" Pearl scoffed. She then realized something and blurted out, "Wait, why didn't you tell everyone it was me?" Was this man planning to keep their marriage a secret?

Richard's expression changed as Pearl realized what was going on. Even if it was supposed to be a secret, wouldn't it make Pearl look suspicious when Richard boasted about it on social media?

"Are you forcing me into a secret marriage?" she asked. Even though keeping their marriage under wraps might make things easier temporarily, she wasn't keen on being called 'Mrs.' just yet.

"I did it to protect you." Richard couldn't help but poke Pearl's nose. Considering he had just called off his engagement with Winona, if she found out about his marriage to Pearl so soon, there would be trouble.

Knowing the Jesseltons, they might cause trouble for Pearl. For safety's sake, keeping their marriage a secret for now was the best option.

"How considerate of you." Pearl smiled, narrowing her eyes at Richard, who looked at her affectionately.

"I worry about something happening to you, like before. So, I want to keep you safe," Richard pulled her into his arms, comforting her. "Even though I really want to make our relationship public, I know I have to hold back."

Pearl patted his back. "I'm fine if you want to make it public. I can protect myself."

"It's okay, honey. We can make it public later, after I give you a grand wedding." Richard remained surprisingly calm about this.

But Pearl suddenly realized something was missing. "Richard, where's the proposal?"

She had agreed to the marriage in a daze yesterday, but how could they get married without a proposal? That didn't sit well with her; it made her feel undervalued.

Seeing Pearl's expression darken, Richard hurriedly reassured her. "There will be a proposal, I promise. I was in a rush to get you here for the marriage registration, so I had to trick you."

Richard didn't like the idea of the attention a proposal would bring to Pearl. So, he came up with a reason to get her to marry him first.

Tie her down, then figure everything else out later.

"...You tricked me?" Pearl suddenly remembered something. She grabbed his finger and found that the bruising had disappeared. "You said you were hurt. Where's the injury?"

Chapter 897

Richard was suddenly overcome by a foreboding sensation, like an impending storm. "It's been a while, so the injury has healed."

"A while? It's only been a couple of hours. Don't tell me you've got some super healing power," Pearl retorted with a forced smile.

Richard acted surprised. "Oops, you caught me."

"Richard!"

Frustrated, Pearl grabbed his hand and dragged him towards the marriage bureau. "Well, it's not too late now. We're right at the entrance, so we can still get a divorce."

But Richard wasn't budging. After all his efforts, there was no way he would let her slip away.

Pearl glanced back at him, expecting some reaction to her tug-of-war, only to notice a hint of hurt in Richard's eyes. Did she misinterpret his expression?

Richard stayed silent, looking vulnerable. "Please don't get a divorce," he pleaded, sounding like a scared teenager fearing abandonment.

Pearl felt a surge of guilt for her outburst.

Richard, pretending to be hurt, realized he'd found another way to manipulate Pearl—her weakness for vulnerability. If he pushed her too hard, she'd resist. But showing vulnerability seemed to melt her resolve.

Still, Richard resolved that if their future son ever tried this trick on Pearl, he'd immediately set him straight.

An awkward silence fell upon them.

Feeling like she had gone too far, Pearl gently tugged his finger and tentatively asked, "Are you mad?"

Richard blinked but didn't say a word.

"Okay, I was just kidding. We're not getting a divorce. There's no way we'll do that."

Richard reached out, gesturing for her to hug him.

Pearl embraced him tightly, apologizing for her harsh tone. "I'm sorry. I know you just wanted to marry me."

Richard nodded, but he couldn't stop smiling.

Pearl, too focused on soothing him, didn't notice his grin, falling for his act.

Once Richard was assured that Pearl wasn't leaving him, he finally let her go.

He dropped her off at the office. Before driving off, he leaned out and asked, "What time should I pick you up tonight?"

Pearl remembered her dinner plan with Hugo and casually replied, "I have dinner tonight. You don't need to pick me up."

Richard's suspicion was piqued. He didn't like the sound of this. "What dinner? Can't Wayne handle it?"

"They specifically asked for me. It's best if I attend," Pearl replied calmly, trying to mask any nervousness. Richard was sharp; any hint of anxiety would tip him off.

"Alright then. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning."

Pearl smiled and nodded. "Okay."

Once Pearl was in the office, Richard's expression turned calculating. He made a call. "Francis, keep an eye on Missus Pearl tonight. Make sure she's safe and find out where she's going."

"Yes, sir!"

Chapter 898

At six in the evening, Pearl got off work and headed straight to the meeting spot with Hugo.

Pushing the door open, she found Hugo already waiting.

He smirked. "You came alone as promised. I like that."

"Cut the crap. Tell me what the secret is."

Hugo raised an eyebrow. "I'll tell you, but not now."

"Don't waste time. Just spit it out." Pearl wasn't in the mood for small talk. Talking to Hugo felt like a chore.

"Alright, take a seat. Let's eat and talk."

Though Pearl wasn't thrilled about dining with him, she needed information. So, reluctantly, she sat.

The food arrived, mostly Pearl's favorites.

"After all our time together abroad, I know what you like. Aren't these your favorites?" Hugo said, a hint of smugness in his tone.

Despite her dislike for him, Pearl admitted he was considerate. She sampled the food, finding it oddly familiar.

"Don't tell me you cooked all this." Though skeptical, she couldn't shake her doubts.

Hugo didn't answer directly, instead offering her a potato. "These baked potatoes turned out well. Want some?"

"Hugo, I'm not here to reminisce and play games with you. Tell me."

Hugo's expression changed at her words. "Are you in a rush to leave me?"

Pearl felt anger rising. "I've never been with you, so why would I leave you?"

"What's the deal with Richard's social media post? Are you the bride?" The idea of Pearl with Richard, possibly married, was like a stab in Hugo's heart.

"So what if I am? What does it have to do with you? It's none of your business." Pearl stood up, ready to leave. "I doubt I'll get any useful info here. I'm leaving."

But as she moved to go, Hugo dropped a bombshell. "Have you ever doubted you're Beah's daughter?"

Pearl froze, disbelief in her eyes. She turned back and said, "What nonsense is this? How could I not be her daughter?"

Was Hugo losing his mind, making up such lies?

"Why would I lie to you? If you don't believe me, check for yourself. Have you never doubted this?"

Pearl was stunned. She had indeed never questioned this matter, nor had she ever contemplated delving into it.

"Perhaps you'll find some unexpected answers. If you can't find anything, you can always come to me. I'm willing to give you any answers you seek."

Pearl remained calm, but inside, she was reeling.

Chapter 899

It had never crossed Pearl's mind that she might not be Beah's daughter. But if she wasn't Beah's daughter, whose daughter was she?

"Okay, I got it... Thanks for telling me."

Pearl took a deep breath, unsure of Hugo's intentions but grateful for the information.

Hugo smirked, propping his chin up. "You're welcome. You've given me what I wanted anyway."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Before Pearl could fully process his words, she felt dizzy. A disorienting sensation overtook her, leaving her off-balance.

"Did you drug the food?"

Hugo chuckled. "How else could I keep you here?"

Frowning, Pearl struggled against the dizziness and heat. "Why would you do that?"

"Didn't I make myself clear? I don't want you to leave. I don't want you to be with him. It pisses me off when I see you with him." Hugo stood up and approached her, holding her arm.

Pearl tried to resist but found herself too weak. "What are you going to do?"

Hugo looked at her with obsession. "Don't worry. I like you, so I'll never hurt you."

Disgust surged within Pearl. "Hugo, I never thought you'd sink this low."

"You can curse all you want. All I want is you." Hugo reached out and gently stroked her face. "I know you two have gotten married, but it doesn't matter. I'll take you abroad. We'll find a place

where no one knows you're married. It'll be just the two of us."

Pearl gripped the table, struggling. "You're a psycho!"

"A psycho? I like that title." Hugo leaned in for a kiss, knowing the drug should be taking effect by now.

Just then, the door burst open with a forceful kick.

Richard's handsome face was cold and stern, his dark eyes emanating a threatening aura. His anger flared at the sight of Pearl's flushed face, clearly affected by drugs.

"What are you doing to her?"

How dare Pearl sneak behind his back to meet Hugo? Who knew what unforeseen events might have happened if he hadn't been on his guard?

"What I do to her is none of your concern," Hugo replied, sensing that things were about to turn for the worse again. Annoyed, his voice took on a less friendly tone.

"None of my concern? She's my wife."

The mention of 'wife' immediately ignited a firestorm between the two men.

"You just broke off the engagement with the Jesseltons, and now you're marrying someone else. Aren't you afraid they'll come after Pearl once they find out?"

Chapter 900

Richard's expression darkened as Hugo made a blatant threat.

Hugo knew the risk, but he saw no other way to silence Richard and keep him away from Pearl.

"What does this have to do with you? The only thing you should be concerned about is letting go of my wife."

Hugo had no choice but to release her.

As soon as Hugo let go, Richard reached out to support Pearl, his heart boiling with anger.

Pearl, though affected by the drug, remained somewhat lucid.

Feeling dizzy, she looked up at Richard, struggling to speak. "I need water." Her throat was so dry that all she wanted was water.

Understanding her discomfort, Richard decided not to engage further with Hugo and carried Pearl away.

As they left, Hugo couldn't resist a parting shot. "I hope you handle the consequences properly."

This statement could be interpreted in two ways, and Richard understood both implications. However, he chose to respond to just one. "Don't worry. I'll take care of the Jesseltons."

Hugo's eyes flashed with anger.

Pearl had been drugged, and though she had only taken a small dose, the effects were strong. The only way to relieve her pain was to engage in intimate activities. Even seeking medical help would involve a painful process.

The thought of what Richard might do to her enraged Hugo, who smashed a glass in frustration.

He would make Pearl his woman, no matter what!

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Richard carried Pearl into the car, intending to take her to the hospital. Seeing her in pain tore at his heart.

As they drove, Pearl seemed restless, fidgeting with her shirt buttons. She removed her coat, revealing a white shirt. Her unsteady hands kept undoing the buttons.

"Hang in there, Pearl. We'll be at the hospital soon." Richard tried to comfort her, but seeing her exposed neckline stirred something within him.

Despite her petite frame, Pearl had a remarkable figure, undeniably alluring. His desire simmered, darkening his gaze.

Pearl, barely conscious at this point, felt a burning sensation throughout her body, desperate for relief. With that thought in mind, her hands wandered to the person beside her.

Feeling her warm touch on his arm, Richard's agitation grew. He pulled over, darkening the car's interior with the blinds.

In the darkness, Pearl saw the dangerous glint in Richard's eyes. "Richard..."

Drugged and weakened, her voice was barely a whisper, making her all the more fatally tempting.