

Your Guise 911

Chapter 911

Mobius was often overlooked, so much so that everyone had forgotten about him in their excitement.

Suddenly, they all looked at him at the same time.

Mobius was lost in his thoughts. Feeling their stares, he looked up, confused. "Why are you all staring at me?" he asked, puzzled by their attention during a simple dinner.

"It's nothing. Just noticed you're really into your meal," Hanzel said, teasing Mobius a bit.

"Yeah, but I'm not the one who just charmed a lovely lady," Mobius shot back at Hanzel, not thinking twice about his words.

"I get it, you're probably still hung up on Esther. But she decided to break up, so let's not dwell on her. The world's full of wonderful women. Why fixate on one? Makes sense, right?"

At first, Mobius was okay, but he lost his cool when Hanzel brought up Esther. He slammed his fork down. "Stop mentioning her in front of me!"

Hanzel realized his attempt to cheer Mobius up wasn't helping, so he quickly tried to soothe him, "I'm sorry. I didn't realize it was still a sore subject. I won't bring it up again."

"Fine, let's drop it." Mobius got up and headed to the back garden.

Pearl and Richard looked at each other, concerned.

"Should I go check on him?" Pearl suggested. She was Esther's closest friend here, so her words might mean more. Maybe she could help Mobius feel better.

Richard agreed with her thought and nodded.

So, Pearl grabbed a coat and a scarf, then left the dining room.

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Mobius was feeling down, his sadness growing as he sat by the pond, looking at the distorted reflection of the scenery on the water's surface.

"Why did she stop loving me—" he murmured to himself when suddenly someone patted his shoulder. He turned sharply and saw Pearl smiling at him. "Pea... Oh, Pearl, why are you here?"

Even though he wasn't in the mood for talking, Pearl was his sister-in-law and Esther's best friend. He felt obliged to talk to her.

"I came to see how you're doing."

"What can I say? It's tough," Mobius said, managing a weak smile. He picked up a stone and threw it into the pond, watching it create ripples before sinking.

"Come on, don't be like that. Is it because you can't get over Esther?" Pearl understood his pain. They had been together for so long, so forgetting her wouldn't be easy.

"Yeah, I just don't understand how she could stop loving me when we were so in love."

Chapter 912

"Could it be that she stopped loving you because you've let her down?" Pearl gently prodded.

Mobius had indeed disappointed Esther because of the previous misunderstanding. Trying to hide the hurt in his eyes, he kept his gaze lowered.

"All you're thinking about is how she doesn't like you anymore. But aren't you forgetting who let down whom first in your relationship?"

"I didn't let her down. I never actually betrayed her," Mobius insisted, still trying to defend his actions.

Pearl sighed. "I might not know every little thing about you two, but I do know that being too close to another woman while you were with Esther can hurt her deeply. Maybe those photos were fake, but you kept in touch with that woman. You thought it wouldn't harm your relationship and gave her the chance to cause trouble between you two. Can't you see the mistake you made?"

Mobius felt the weight of his guilt grow heavier. "I know I messed up, but I was too scared to admit it. I thought if I did, it would give her a reason to leave me for good."

In essence, Mobius feared confronting the issue.

Pearl, feeling helpless, sat next to him. "What's done is done, Mobius. You can't change the past. It's better to move on rather than dwell on what you had with her."

She knew Esther had been moving on, slowly healing from the pain of their relationship's end, with James playing a significant role in her recovery.

"Is she happy with that guy?" Mobius asked, referring to James.

"Would it upset you to know she's very happy now?" Pearl inquired.

"Yes, but I'd be happy for her too," Mobius replied, looking at the distant mountains, feeling a mix of sadness and contentment.

"She's not with James yet, but it's clear he cares about her a lot. They'll probably end up together."

Mobius felt a pang of disappointment, his mood darkening further. "So, I really don't have a chance anymore?"

Pearl gently patted his shoulders. "It's time to let go of the past, Mobius. You need to move on."

Mobius shook his head sadly. "I don't think I can ever fully let go."

"Ah, by the way, Esther told me something. She asked me to pass it on to you." Pearl then shared the message from Esther, "We're on different paths now. Let's appreciate our time together but not cling to it forever."

Hearing this, Mobius relaxed. "So she's saying to hold on to the good memories but not to live in the past?"

Pearl smiled and nodded. "Exactly. She also hopes you'll be okay and find someone truly right for you."

As a cold breeze swept through, Mobius shivered, and Pearl wrapped a scarf around him, foreseeing his need. "It's time to accept it," she said.

Mobius nodded. Although he still looked gloomy, he seemed much better than when he first came here.

Chapter 913

"Thank you, Pearl."

"You're welcome. After all, I'm your sister-in-law. I'm just trying to help you get back on your feet," Pearl replied, looking away for a moment. "How about this? Tomorrow, I'll get Richard to take you to Dark Bar for a drink. Maybe you'll meet someone new."

"Ha! Pearl, stop joking. I'm not in the mood to meet anyone new. I just want to focus on myself." Mobius chuckled, brushing off the idea of dating.

Pearl was stunned. "What do you plan to do?"

Mobius perked up. "Have you forgotten my hobby?"

"Car racing?"

"Exactly. There's this international car racing event that invited me to compete. I hesitated before because it requires training abroad for six months." Mobius gazed at the moon and sighed. "Now, I suddenly feel like going. It's only half a year. If I can achieve something in the sport I love, that would be amazing."

Pearl felt emotional, realizing that Mobius had put off his dreams because he was with Esther. Now that Esther was no longer in his life, he didn't want to give up on his dreams too.

"I support you. I'm sure Esther would too," she said encouragingly.

Mobius smiled. "She always supported my racing. But I couldn't leave her, so I never accepted the invitation."

But he knew he couldn't let his breakup keep him down. That would be too embarrassing, and Esther would look down on him.

"I'll sign up tomorrow. I'm off to bed early tonight. Good night, Pearl." Mobius handed back her scarf. "You should keep it. If Rick sees me with it, he'll get the wrong idea."

"You're exaggerating," Pearl responded, but she took the scarf back anyway. Knowing Richard's temper, it was better to avoid any misunderstandings.

After Mobius left, Pearl headed to the house. Suddenly, a shadowy figure moved from the bushes. Pearl sensed it and was immediately on guard.

The next moment, the black figure approached and hugged her.

Pearl breathed a sigh of relief when she smelled Richard's familiar scent. "Richard, why did you scare me so?"

"I saw you wrap a scarf around him," Richard said through clenched teeth.

Pearl's heart raced, realizing Richard had seen everything. "Were you spying on us?"

"When my wife is out here talking to another man, of course, I'm going to listen," Richard retorted. He wasn't upset at first, but seeing Pearl comforting Mobius and offering him her scarf made him uneasy.

"I was just giving him advice. Why are you making it sound so suspicious, as if there's something between us?" Pearl defended herself.

Richard pulled her closer, his gaze fixed on her lips before he bit them gently. "Yes, I'm jealous. What are you going to do about it?"

Chapter 914

Richard's jealousy seemed out of place, but Pearl didn't argue since he was clearly upset. She quietly put up with the painful bite and thought to herself how much it hurt.

"Don't comfort him anymore. If he can't move on, that's his problem," Richard said, his eyes reflecting his unhappiness even in the darkness.

"Come on, don't be like that. He's your brother, and I'm his sister-in-law. How could I just watch him struggle?" Pearl tried to reason with him.

Richard seemed to relax a bit at her words. "I get that he sees you as his sister-in-law, but you two should still keep some distance," he said, reminding her that even family members need their boundaries.

"Alright, I understand. Let's head back. It's late, and we should get some sleep," Pearl suggested, wanting to end the conversation on a positive note.

Richard nodded, and they walked back to the house hand in hand.

Feather and Hanzel had left earlier since they didn't live there. Hanzel was visibly annoyed when he found out Pearl was using his room, but his complaints fell on deaf ears, especially with Feather pulling him away, amused.

Pearl couldn't help but notice the change in Hanzel. Once a calm person, he now seemed more lighthearted and silly around Feather, which Pearl found both amusing and endearing. He had also influenced Feather, making her livelier.

It was nice to see both of them influencing each other positively.

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The next morning, Richard was up early, pushing Pearl to start her day.

Back when she was at Waldorf Residence, Pearl had the luxury of sleeping in, but now things were different.

Richard walked into her room without a second thought, finding her bathed in the morning sunlight, looking peaceful and even more attractive than usual. Unable to resist, he leaned in and kissed her, waking her up.

Startled, Pearl opened her eyes to Richard's close presence and screamed in surprise. "What are you doing?" she exclaimed, caught off guard by his sudden kiss.

Richard, realizing he might have overstepped, awkwardly stepped back, trying to act as if he was just fixing his clothes.

"Why are you kissing me secretly in the morning? Who said you could come into my room?" Pearl, still adjusting to her new surroundings, was both annoyed at being woken up and flustered by the intimacy.

"Do you think this is inappropriate for us?" Richard asked, slightly amused by her defensive reaction.

Realizing the underlying issue, Pearl remembered they were married. "Ah, right. We're married, aren't we?"

"So, you remember," Richard noted, with a hint of relief.

"I'm sorry. I'm still not used to this," Pearl admitted, feeling overwhelmed by the sudden change in her life.

Sensing an opportunity to deepen their connection, Richard suggested, "How about we sleep together and do what married couples do?"

Pearl, taken aback by the suggestion, hesitated. "Isn't it too early for that?"

Richard looked disappointed. "Why do you think so?"

Chapter 915

"We've only just gotten our marriage certificate, and we haven't really started our life together yet. We didn't have a wedding, and you haven't proposed properly. I think we should do things in order," Pearl explained, trying to make sense of her feelings and the rush of events.

Richard sensed her hesitation. "Never mind. Forget it if you don't want to."

Pearl fell silent for a moment. "It's not that I'm not ready. I just think that..." she trailed off, trying to find the right words.

Richard sighed and embraced her. "I understand it's a lot to take in all at once. Don't worry, I can wait."

Feeling his genuine patience, Pearl's heart warmed to him. "Then I look forward to your proposal, Mister Richard," she said, her eyes twinkling with a mix of humor and expectation.

Richard smirked. "I promise you, it will be grand and unforgettable. Now, come on, get up. You don't want to be late for work again."

Their companies were located in the south and north respectively. Despite their high-ranking positions, Richard insisted on driving Pearl to her workplace before heading to his own.

Pearl often wondered why it seemed acceptable for him to be late, but not her, which frustrated her.

At her company's entrance, Richard hesitated to leave. "Feels like we're missing something, don't you think?" he hinted.

Pearl, puzzled, asked, "Missing what?"

"Don't you think you should give me a morning kiss?"

Pearl looked around. The idea of a morning kiss in public made her anxious, especially with so many people around.

"Let's save that for when we're at home, okay?" she proposed, hoping for a compromise.

"Are you trying to pacify me?" Richard wasn't easily swayed.

Pearl found herself in a dilemma, not understanding Richard's thoughts. It seemed like he wanted the whole world to know that they were a sweet and lovey-dovey couple. In a quick decision, she pecked his cheek and hurried away, feeling like she was escaping.

Richard watched her leave with a satisfied smirk. It felt sweet to have his wife's kiss.

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Entering her company still flushed, Pearl was soon approached by a nosy colleague with a mischievous grin.

"Miss Pearl, I just saw something juicy. How much are you willing to pay for my silence?" she teased, her smile turning sly.

When Pearl saw that crafty smile, it gave her a headache. "What did you see?"

The woman pretended to be shocked. "Are you sure you want me to talk about your kiss with Mister Richard here, in front of everyone?"

She spoke loud enough for others to overhear, instantly attracting a crowd eager for gossip.

"What? Miss Pearl kissed someone?" the onlookers murmured, all ears for the details.

Chapter 916

The gossip about Pearl and Richard's kiss had everyone talking, causing Pearl to feel embarrassed. But the mood changed when Wayne stepped in to divert the attention.

"Miss Pearl, there's something important I need to discuss with you," Wayne said, coming to her rescue.

Pearl, feeling the eyes of her colleagues on her, put on a brave face. "I'm quite busy. And everyone else should focus on their work. Idle gossip can cost you, remember that. I won't hesitate to deduct a month's pay from anyone caught spreading rumors."

Her stern warning worked like a charm. The office quickly returned to its usual state of business, with everyone burying themselves in their work to avoid Pearl's wrath.

With a glare, Pearl dismissed the gossiping colleague and followed Wayne to her office.

Once seated, Wayne laid out a contract on her desk. "This is the agreement we had with Steward Group regarding the streaming company. They're now looking to back out and seem to think the 7 million compensation for breach of contract is trivial. They're adamant about terminating the agreement."

Pearl frowned, understanding the gravity of the situation. The collaboration with Steward Group was expected to be highly profitable for Cerubleu, especially in the booming online industry.

"Why do they want to cancel?" she asked, trying to grasp the sudden change of heart.

Wayne paused, considering his words carefully. "I'm not completely sure, but our inside source mentioned Steward Group has been in close contact with Hugo recently. They even had dinner together. It looks like they're close."

"So, you believe Hugo is behind this?" Pearl asked, piecing things together.

"It seems like it. I can't fathom what he's promised or lied about to make them willing to break the contract and pay the penalty. Hugo always seems to target us," Wayne expressed, unaware of the deeper animosity between Pearl and Hugo. He merely assumed that Hugo was being a b*stard as usual.

Pearl, however, knew all too well that Hugo's actions were aimed at suppressing Cerubleu to force her hand or gain control over what mattered to her. In the past, such a move by Hugo might have led her to seek a compromise. But things were different now.

With a light laugh, she said, "Don't worry, I've got this."

"Miss Pearl, just be careful. Hugo is cunning and might set traps for you," Wayne warned.

Pearl wasn't worried about Hugo's potential traps. She had faced him alone before and came out unscathed. Now, she had the support of her friends, the Jordan Group shares, and Richard.

Stunned, Pearl realized she had regarded Richard as her support at some point. It felt good.

"It's okay, Wayne. I appreciate your concern. Just let me know how I can help or when you need me," she assured him, feeling a surge of warmth from his loyalty and support.

Wayne's dedication was a constant reminder of their strong bond.

Chapter 917

Wayne had left, and Pearl, with a sharp look in her eyes, quickly thought of a plan. She knew exactly who she needed to team up with.

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Pearl reached out to the head of Steward Group, suggesting they have dinner together in three days. Before, this man had always been polite, but for some reason, he suddenly acted all high and mighty, making her wait three days before agreeing to meet.

But Pearl was fine with it; she just went along with it and rescheduled for three days later.

When the dinner date arrived, Pearl didn't hurry. She showed up half an hour late on purpose.

She walked into the restaurant and immediately spotted the middle-aged man waiting. She couldn't help but feel a mix of disdain and disgust.

"Miss Pearl, making a big entrance, I see. You call me here and then show up late," he said.

Pearl forced a calm smile, hiding her inner revulsion. She sat down casually. "Mister Jonathan, how can you say that? You took three days to even accept my invitation. I'd say I'm pretty on time compared to that," she replied, her words dripping with sarcasm.

Jonathan's chubby face darkened, his annoyance clear. "Miss Pearl, as your business partner, I don't think you should talk like that," he said, taken aback.

"Business partner? Mister Jonathan, it seems you remember our agreement after all," Pearl shot back.

"What do you mean by that? If this is how it's going to be, then forget it," he said, standing up angrily.

"Wait, Mister Jonathan. We're not done here." Pearl calmly pulled out a contract and tossed it on the table. "You want to terminate the contract, right?"

"Yes." Jonathan glanced at the contract, his interest piqued. "Your company's plans don't align with our direction anymore. The board and I have decided to move on."

Pearl covered her lips and smiled slyly. "Is that the board's decision, or just your personal issue?"

Jonathan faltered, caught off guard by her question. "Miss Pearl, I don't have any problems with you. Why accuse me of such things?"

"If you're innocent, you have nothing to worry about," Pearl countered.

"I've done nothing wrong. Your accusations are baseless," Jonathan said, fixing his tie and trying to maintain his composure.

"If you refuse to admit the truth, it'll only be more embarrassing for you when I reveal it," Pearl warned.

Jonathan turned and sneered. "You need proof for accusations, Miss Pearl. Do you have any? You're just fishing for a reaction. I haven't done anything wrong."

"Naturally, I have evidence." Pearl clicked her tongue and pulled out another document from her bag.

Jonathan's confidence wavered at the sight of the familiar cover. He panicked when he took a closer look. How did Pearl get this document?

Chapter 918

"I bet you're pretty shocked, Mister Jonathan. You're probably wondering how I got this," Pearl said, holding up the document and giving it a little wave. "Don't worry, I'm not going to do anything to you."

"Where did you find that contract?" Jonathan asked, suddenly realizing he might have shown his true intentions. Quickly trying to cover his tracks, he added, "That document is a fake. I don't know where you got it, but please don't use it to try and frame me."

"A fake?" Pearl was unimpressed, shaking her head at his bold lie. "Well, why don't you take a closer look and see for yourself?"

Jonathan hesitantly picked up the document, and as he read, he began to sweat a lot. It turned out the contract did have his signature, even though it was a copy. His signature was right there at the bottom.

"It wasn't me," he protested weakly, knowing full well he had no other option but to deny everything.

Pearl signed inwardly at his stubborn refusal to own up. "Since you won't admit it, I'll have to prove it in another way."

"How?" Jonathan was clearly nervous.

"I'll get a handwriting expert to check it. Your signature is on it, after all. We'll compare it to your other signatures, and then we'll know the truth," Pearl explained with a smirk.

Jonathan felt a chill down his spine. He had never expected Pearl to get hold of such a sensitive document. He had signed this contract with Hugo before telling Cerubleu he was ending their deal, so if Pearl held that against him, it was not as simple as paying 7 million in compensation.

"Why did you end our deal so suddenly? And why sign a new one with Hugo before officially ending ours?" Pearl pressed, seeing Jonathan slump back into his chair, at a loss for words.

"You can't prove anything with just this. What if you made it up and forged this document?" he blurted out, though his voice was filled with panic.

Despite his desperate denial, Jonathan knew Pearl wouldn't be pushing this hard without good reason. He was starting to feel the weight of his actions, thinking he could outsmart her due to her lack of legal knowledge.

Pearl chuckled and clapped her hands. A tall man walked in, and Jonathan's face went pale with fear.

James? The star lawyer James?

"Before you get any ideas, Mister Jonathan, you might want to talk to my lawyer first," Pearl said with a smile.

James was a well-known lawyer in Enswood, famous for never losing a case. Pearl had initially just wanted to consult him, but he ended up being a crucial ally.

He got his hands on the copy of the contract between Hugo and Jonathan, thanks to a friend who had notarized it. Hugo thought he had covered all his bases, but he hadn't counted on James being in the mix.

Jonathan, still trying to find a way out, made a last-ditch offer. "Mister James, how about I hire you instead? I'll pay more than you're making now. What do you say?"

He had assumed he could tempt James with money, believing like many others that lawyers only cared about their fees. If he paid James a higher salary, James wouldn't ignore him.

Chapter 919

However, Jonathan's anxious look made Pearl laugh. "James, can you believe he's trying to bribe you?"

"Thanks for the offer, Mister Jonathan, but I don't need your money," James replied, dismissing the bribe with his usual sharp tone. This was an insult to him, who had far more wealth than Jonathan could imagine.

Left with no options, Jonathan turned to Pearl with a worried look. "Miss Pearl, is there any other way we can solve this?"

He had surrendered.

Pearl, however, wasn't ready to let him off the hook so easily after his previous arrogance.

"Now you're being polite. Weren't you acting all high and mighty before, Mister Jonathan?" she said, walking over and gently patting his shoulder. "Let's just talk this out," she added, her smile beguiling.

Under different circumstances, Jonathan might have been charmed by Pearl's beauty. But now, her smile only sent shivers down his spine.

"So, what's your plan for resolving this, Miss Pearl?" he asked, hoping for some leniency. He regretted his greed and realized Hugo had duped him.

Pearl played it cool. "I just wanted to have a chat today, see if we could continue our partnership..." She sighed with feigned regret. "It's such a shame you signed another agreement. That was disappointing."

Jonathan felt a chill as Pearl acted all innocent and naive. "I'm really sorry, Miss Pearl. I want to keep our partnership. I can even end the other deal. Please, don't be upset," he pleaded, deciding

that humility was his best defense. Even if he was much older than Pearl, she was way more cunning than him.

"Ah, so you want to keep our deal and cancel the other?" Pearl clearly wasn't satisfied with his response.

"Just tell me what you want. If it's possible, I'll do it," Jonathan said, bracing himself for her demands. He had long anticipated such words, and surprisingly, she was very straightforward.

"What if I want shares in Steward Group?" Pearl dropped the bombshell.

Jonathan nearly choked on his saliva. Her demand was outrageous.

Pearl blinked. "What's the matter, Mister Jonathan? You don't agree?"

Jonathan's face twitched with anger, but he forced a smile. "No, it's not that. It just doesn't seem right. After all, you have no ties to Steward Group."

"That's exactly why I'm asking. If you transfer the shares to me, we'll be tied together. You wouldn't be able to back out of our deal so easily. Makes sense, right?"

Chapter 920

The idea seemed crazy to Jonathan, but he was stuck in a tight spot with Pearl and didn't dare to object.

"So, aren't you going to consider it seriously, Mister Jonathan? This is all I'm asking for."

James stood nearby, expressionless. "Mister Jonathan, we can settle this quietly if you agree. If not, we'll have to take it to court. You might end up in jail for a while."

He made it clear. If Jonathan didn't accept Pearl's demand, James was ready to take legal action that could land Jonathan behind bars.

Jonathan forced a grin, but inside he was fuming. The nerve of these two brats, threatening him! Yet, he couldn't even voice his anger.

Jonathan, now in his sixties, feared he wouldn't survive a jail sentence. Plus, he'd lose everything he had. Reluctantly, he asked, "How much do you want?"

Pearl casually inspected her nails and smiled. "I want fifteen percent."

"That's too much! I only have forty-five percent, and you want fifteen? You're ruining me."

Pearl pursed her lips. "Mister Jonathan, your life isn't worth much, is it?"

Asking for fifteen percent was neither too much nor too little in her view; it was just a figure to test his limits. Besides, she didn't even want the shares.

She was just playing with the silly man to see how he'd react, but he was genuinely considering giving them up.

"This is too much. You've done nothing to deserve fifteen percent. That's outrageous!" Jonathan felt like Pearl was just trying to take his money away.

It would be generous to give her five percent, but fifteen seemed like she was trying to take over his company. What a shameless woman.

Pearl was unaware of his inner turmoil but amused by his changing expressions. "If you think it's too much, we'll go ahead with legal action," she said as she stood up. "I'm not losing anything here. I'm fine with whatever outcome, but you should prepare for jail time. James, let's go."

"Wait!" Jonathan, who had seemed resigned, suddenly sprang to life. "Fine, fifteen percent it is."

"It would've saved us both a lot of time if you'd just agreed sooner," Pearl said with a smug grin.

"Meet me here tomorrow at the same time. We'll sign the contract then," she instructed. With that, she turned and left.