

Chapter 2624 Avril's Wrath

Avril had been feeling inexplicably annoyed with Matthew lately. He's just a hoodlum following my family. Who is he to act so arrogantly?! If it weren't for his somewhat refined demeanor and his ability to fight, I... I wouldn't let him be my personal bodyguard! But why is Elara getting so close to my own bodyguard? Speaking of which, that Matthew is such a b*stard! He's supposed to be my playing! Someone who relies on my guerdon!

Elara, with her outstanding figure and looks, even outshone Avril, the so-called heiress. Avril saw Elara as an eyesore to begin with. Now, she even dared act obstinate and direct harsh words at her. That was something Avril couldn't tolerate.

With a condescending air, Avril looked provocatively at Elara. "I bet you've successfully lured quite a few men dressed like that, haven't you? Most men here are either rich or powerful. I've given you a chance here. Go up and do a pole dance! If you're lucky, you might even earn some extra cash tonight!

"Of course, for someone like you who flaunts herself so brazenly, one man won't be enough for you. Don't worry; I can give you some pills afterward."

Evil was written all over Avril's face.

While Elara may not come from a prestigious family, she had never been humiliated in such a way before. Her eyes turned red instantly. She held back her tears and retorted through gritted teeth, "If you like pole dancing so much, why don't you do it yourself?! I don't want to see you. Let me leave."

Before Avril could respond, Wilbur, her sycophantic hanger-on, quickly stepped forward. "You f*cking b*tch! How dare you talk back?!"

With a resounding slap, Wilbur's heavy hand struck Elara's face, causing her to tumble to the ground.

"Miss Avril has spoken. You will dance today, whether you want to or not!"

Elara's originally delicate features now displayed a swollen imprint from the hand. She held her face and looked at him with a look full of resentment.

Avril, seeing her disheveled appearance, felt quite pleased with herself. However, Elara's defiant gaze bothered her a bit. "Are you glaring at me?! Wilbur, strip her clothes off and drag her onto the stage. Today, I, Avril Stubber, will give all the guests here a special treat, guaranteed to satisfy everyone's eyes."

As Avril's loyal sycophant, Wilbur was naturally at her beck and call.

"Hehe, don't forget to thank Miss Avril, everyone." Wilbur quirked his brows toward the onlookers, then bent over and extended both hands.

Elara, with a terrified look, tightly wrapped her arms around her chest. "What are you doing?!"

Wilbur's eyes, glistening with a hint of smugness, were fixed on Elara on the ground. The idea of undressing this stunningly beautiful woman excited him immensely.

"Hehe, what do I want? Isn't that obvious?" He chuckled and grabbed Elara's hair, pulling her back.

In pain, Elara struggled and resisted as much as she could. "Ah, get off, don't touch me, get lost!"

However, she was just a young woman, and her weak resistance was in vain.

Under the expectant gaze of the guests in suits and holding their glasses, Elara's clothes gradually became scarcer. A glimpse of fair curves began to appear tantalizingly in the eyes of the onlookers.

With desperate cries, tears streamed down Elara's face. "You're all monsters! I will drag all of you down to hell with me! Ah, Matthew, save me!"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk! You'll drag us down to hell, eh?" Avril, looking at the ragged Elara baring it all, her eyes filled with mockery, said, "You can scream your heart out; let's see if anyone comes to save you. You f*cking b*tch. This is what you get for having a foul mouth and being such a f*cking sl*t!"

At that, she raised her delicate hands and gave Elara two resounding slaps on her face.

On the other side, Matthew was still collecting information around him. He had initially wanted to go upstairs, but when he reached the staircase, he was intercepted by some security personnel.