

Substitute B 210

Chapter 210: Caught in the Act

Lillian Sterling's pupils instantly contracted and expanded, and then a surge of anger ignited in her chest; she wished she could jump into the photo and tear that pair of scoundrels apart!

No wonder Gregory Sterling has been staying out all night lately. Turns out he's keeping a vixen outside. He's been messing around with her every day—even someone in their fifties would find it hard to handle. Of course, he wouldn't come to her room at night.

Lillian clicked to enlarge Zoe's face and quickly recognized her. Wasn't this slut just a dog following her daughter Vanessa before?

She'd heard that Zoe's family situation was terrible. Who would have thought she'd set her sights on her classmate's dad? Look at those designer shopping bags in Gregory's hands; they must be expensive.

Sleeping with someone once to enjoy this kind of life—truly a slut!

No one was angrier than Lillian now. Having been the other woman who succeeded, she feared others mimicking her success path. She used to monitor Gregory closely and never thought while she's at home bearing his son, he would betray her!

Lillian was so furious that her nails dug into her palms, then she swallowed her pride and dialed Gregory Sterling's number.

Currently, Gregory is in a hotel room. Zoe had just gone to shower. He'd quickly washed up and was waiting for Zoe, when he received a call from Lillian Sterling.

Gregory had no feelings left for Lillian Sterling. Now, in this moment of passion, receiving her call was nothing but a buzzkill. He picked up, irritatedly asking, "Lillian, what are you calling me for so late?"

Lillian initially thought Gregory would feel guilty, but he started with anger and disdain, which left her dumbfounded. She realized she had been too naïve, yet pushed through her bitterness and calmly asked, "Gregory, where are you now? Why aren't you home yet?"

"I'm out socializing, discussing business. I don't have time to talk. If there's nothing else, I'll hang up," Gregory said, about to end the call.

Lillian quickly said, "Gregory, which boss are you discussing business with? I just have some free time; I can come have a look."

Just then, a "click" sounded as the bathroom door opened; Gregory looked up, and Zoe emerged.

Zoe was only in her twenties, vibrant and pretty, fitting the image of the fair-skinned, beautiful college girl—just the type wealthy businessmen loved keeping as mistresses.

She came out wrapped in a towel, seeing Gregory on the phone. Boldly, she walked over and hugged his waist.

Gregory immediately felt unsteady, unable to hear whatever Lillian was saying on the other end, finding her voice nothing but noise. He hung up and turned off his phone.

Zoe clung to Gregory, "President Sterling, is that old nag from home calling to check on you again?"

Zoe deeply despised Bella Sterling and Lillian Sterling for looking down on her, having her humiliated in the bar, almost leading to worse.

Though she couldn't catch a rich prince like Seth Sullivan, wrapping Gregory Sterling, a mid-aged boss, around her finger was easy. Gregory was generous, without any torturous quirks, warm and considerate—Zoe had it easy.

Gregory turned and hugged Zoe into his arms, "Zoe, don't worry about that old hag. Our marriage is just in name. I don't even go to her room anymore. I'm all yours now."

Gregory was enamored with Zoe. At his age, he adored fair-skinned, beautiful college girls like Zoe. Compared to Lillian's nagging, Zoe's gentle and sweet demeanor offered fresh and exciting days full of romance.

And Zoe had given him her first time. That day he awoke from drunkenness with Zoe in his arms; the sheets showed evidence of her virginity. It felt like finding treasure.

Lillian's first time hadn't been his, so this seemed to compensate for that regret.

Plus, Zoe's features bore a resemblance to Seraphina Linden, so Gregory easily settled her outside, spending lavishly on her.

Zoe laughed, wrapping her arms around his neck, "You honestly haven't gone to her room? I don't believe it."

"Well, then let me prove it to you right now." Gregory pushed Zoe down on the bed.

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At the Sterling family residence, listening to the constant "beep-beep" of the disconnected call, Lillian Sterling, infuriated, hurled her phone. Gregory Sterling dared to hang up on her!

What could he be doing now? Definitely in a hotel room with that slut.

They'd been shopping, spent all that money; how could they not get a room at night?

Sitting on pins and needles, Lillian felt like an ant on hot coal, her anger insurmountable. She couldn't let this slide!

If she didn't make that bitch Zoe pay, she might just become a threat to her position!

Besides, she was bearing a son for Gregory; what could he do? He'd still have to treat her like royalty!

Lillian quickly called Gregory's secretary, demanding the hotel where Gregory had booked a room and then grabbed her bag, heading to the hotel in a fury.

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Lillian arrived at the hotel, found the room, and brought along a locksmith. The room wasn't bolted, so the locksmith opened the door quickly.

Lillian burst in, charging right into the room where Gregory and Zoe were in the throes of passion, inseparable.

Startled by the intrusion, Zoe screamed, while Gregory leapt up, pulling a sheet to cover himself, flushing as he looked at Lillian, "Lillian, why are you here? Get out of here!"

They hadn't expected Lillian to show up, but she had rehearsed scenarios of how to beat Zoe countless times on the way. Swiftly, she lunged forward, grabbing Zoe's long hair, gritting her teeth with force, dragging her off the bed.

Zoe was no match for Lillian, especially not while scantily clad and defenseless.

"Ah!" Zoe shrieked, clutching her face.

"Slut, how dare you seduce my husband! Do you even know what you are? You shamelessly climbed into your classmate's dad's bed! Since you've lost face, let's drag you out and let everyone see exactly what kind of homewrecking slut you are!"

Fuming, Lillian dragged Zoe by the hair from the room all the way into the hotel corridor.