

## **Substitute B 481**

Chapter 481: Please Behave Yourself!

Although Mr. Jonson likes Pearl Nightingale, he is not foolish. Hayden Crawford is his distinguished guest, and any slight carelessness might lead to self-destruction, so he is very angry right now.

When it comes to handling men, Pearl Nightingale is undoubtedly an expert. Seeing Mr. Jonson angry, she quickly pinched herself secretly, and two lines of crystal tears fell down.

"Jonson, I ordered someone to do this, sorry, I know I've caused you trouble. Just hand me over, I definitely won't implicate you, boo hoo..." Pearl Nightingale threw herself into Mr. Jonson's arms, her small face buried, sobbing softly.

Seeing her sincere attitude, Mr. Jonson's expression softened a bit. He looked at the attendant, "Someone, take him away and lock him up first."

"Yes."

The attendant was taken away.

Only the two of them were left at the scene. Mr. Jonson listened to Pearl Nightingale's sobbing, feeling a bit reluctant. That voice on the bed really drove him crazy.

"Mingzhu, you were too foolish. Do you know who Hayden Crawford is, and yet you dared to meddle with him? If I hand you over, he wouldn't spare you!"

Pearl Nightingale reached out her small hands to wrap around Mr. Jonson's neck, whispering in his ear, "Jonson, I was momentarily confused. You know Annette is my sister, and Annette is Mrs. Crawford, but Hayden Crawford only pampers Serena, making Annette suffer so much injustice. That's why I lost my head and wanted to help Annette."

Mr. Jonson quickly pinched Pearl Nightingale's neck, "You, you're just too kind, like a little angel."

"Oh Jonson, this time you must protect your Mingzhu, okay?" Pearl Nightingale pouted her red lips, her eyes filled with tears, acting coyly.

Mr. Jonson couldn't resist her coy and coquettish demeanor; he immediately kissed Pearl Nightingale.

These two were like dry wood meeting a raging fire; they ignited instantly, and they didn't care about the drugging incident anymore, entangled with each other just like that.

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A long time later, Pearl Nightingale emerged with a flushed face.

She wore a luxurious long dress, her pretty little face tinted a rosy hue. Two maids followed behind her, and her aura was clearly that of the mistress of the resort.

At this point, Pearl Nightingale's steps halted because Serena Sterling was walking towards her, Serena's clear, sharp eyes fixed on her.

"You may leave now," Pearl Nightingale waved the two maids away.

"Yes."

Pearl Nightingale stepped forward, coming face to face with Serena Sterling. She smiled arrogantly, "Serena Sterling, Mr. Jonson and I have already uncovered the truth. The drug was secretly administered by a maid who harbored illicit thoughts about Mr. Crawford. We will turn that maid over to you for punishment."

Mr. Jonson chose to shield Pearl Nightingale, pushing an innocent maid into the line of fire to settle the matter.

Serena curled her red lips, her eyes glancing around, "Pearl Nightingale, you must have worked hard in bed just now, right?"

Pearl Nightingale froze.

"Pearl Nightingale, Mr. Jonson doesn't know yet that your true love is Zane Crawford, right? Because Zane Crawford broke off the engagement at the wedding, you latched onto Mr. Jonson. If Mr. Jonson finds out he's just a stopgap, will he still protect you?"

Mentioning Zane Crawford, Pearl Nightingale's heart felt pricked with needles. Just one step away, she was just one step away from marrying Zane Crawford.

Zane Crawford, the proud child of heaven, born aloof and unmatched, was also the youngest academician in the City of Aethelgard. Marrying him was her lifelong dream.

But now she's reduced to serving someone as coarse as Mr. Jonson; she felt very unwilling.

"Serena Sterling, do you think Jonson would believe you after you said that? You can try, see whether Jonson believes you or me," Pearl Nightingale confidently smiled.

Serena raised a delicate willow eyebrow, "So, you have to cooperate with me."

"What do you mean?" Pearl Nightingale was wary of Serena Sterling, having dealt with her before. Now watching Serena's mysterious demeanor, she had a bad premonition.

At this moment, Serena walked up, arriving before Pearl Nightingale, and whispered with a smile, "No big deal, just going to drug you the way you drugged others."

Pearl Nightingale quickly sensed danger, and she lifted her leg to run away.

But it was too late; with a flick of Serena's hand, a colorless and tasteless powder rushed towards Pearl Nightingale.

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Pearl Nightingale felt that something was amiss; she turned and ran to find Mr. Jonson.

But Mr. Jonson wasn't in the room, nowhere to be found.

Pearl Nightingale gradually felt her whole body feverish, even her mind turning hazy. She reached out to tear her clothes, wanting to cool herself down.

Just then, the door to the room was pushed open, and a man in black walked in.

Pearl Nightingale looked at the man in black, and soon the man's face merged with Zane Crawford's handsome and elegant face.

"Zane!" Pearl Nightingale immediately rushed over, hugging the man in black, "Zane, is that you? I've missed you, really missed you so much."

The man in black reached out to push Pearl Nightingale away, "Miss Knight, please behave."

The heat inside Pearl Nightingale surged wave after wave, about to overwhelm her. At this moment, she only had one thought in mind, wanting a man.

Wanting a man.

Now this man even seemed like Zane Crawford, the man she couldn't forget, her old flame. Pearl Nightingale felt her desires igniting.

She tightly hugged the man in black, her little hands groping over his well-built body, "Zane, don't push me away. I miss you so much, don't you miss me at all?"

At this moment, Mr. Jonson and Serena Sterling walked in together, Mr. Jonson apologizing, "Miss Sterling, it was all that audacious maid who dared to desire Mr. Crawford, I've already taught that maid a severe lesson."

Serena curled her lips, "Glad the truth was uncovered, thank you, Mr. Jonson, for your hard work."

Mr. Jonson was delighted, having protected Pearl Nightingale and closed the case. Suddenly, an enchanting sound came from his room.

Serena also heard it, quickly showing confusion, "Mr. Jonson, what is that sound coming from your room?"

Mr. Jonson rushed forward and pushed open the door to the room.

Inside, Pearl Nightingale was entwined like a little water snake on the body of the man in black, who was persistently trying to push her away, "Miss Knight, please let go. We can't do this; you are Mr. Jonson's fiancée."

"Zane, can we not mention Jonson? Actually, I don't like him at all, he's just a brute, knows nothing of romance in bed. The one I love has always been you. Every night with Jonson, I fantasize that it's you. Zane, I want you!"