

## Substitute B 482

Chapter 482: Today I Must Teach You a Lesson

Mr. Jonson was furious, his face quickly turning sinister after being so blatantly cuckolded. He stormed inside and grabbed Pearl Nightingale, swearing, "You little bitch!"

At the sight of Mr. Jonson, Pearl Nightingale snapped awake with a scream, hugging herself in panic, her eyes wide with terror looking at the terrifying Mr. Jonson. What... what had she just done?

"Mr. Jonson, listen to me, I... I didn't do it willingly, I..."

With a loud "slap," Mr. Jonson raised his hand and struck Pearl Nightingale.

Mr. Jonson's anger was easily understood. He was chasing Serena Sterling while still cleaning up Pearl Nightingale's mess, yet Pearl Nightingale was in his room seducing another man.

He had heard Pearl Nightingale's words clearly just now; Pearl Nightingale didn't like him at all, lying beneath him while thinking of another man. No man could stand this provocation!

Pearl Nightingale collapsed onto the carpet, utterly humiliated. Mr. Jonson was a brute, and the slap had even loosened her teeth.

"Mr. Jonson, things aren't like that, listen to me..." Pearl Nightingale wept, her eyes brimming with tears, trying to use her usual tactics.

At this moment, Serena Sterling interrupted Pearl Nightingale, her voice clear and melodious, "Mr. Jonson, I think Miss Knight isn't such a person; perhaps we should ask this black-clad bodyguard what actually happened."

Mr. Jonson turned to the black-clad bodyguard, "You speak!"

The black-clad bodyguard quickly waved his hands, "Mr. Jonson, I know nothing; when I came in, Miss Knight was already undressing in front of me and pulling me to the bed. She seduced me."

Hearing this, Mr. Jonson's eyes reddened. He was the master here, and now this public scene had attracted all the servants, resulting in a loss of face.

Feeling unappeased, he immediately stepped forward and grabbed Pearl Nightingale's long hair, delivering two more slaps. "Little bitch, you dare to cuckold me, to trick and deceive me, playing me like a fool. Today, I must teach you a lesson!"

These few slaps almost took half of Pearl Nightingale's life. She wanted to beg for mercy, but no one came to help her.

"Sob sob, stop hitting me, it hurts, Mr. Jonson, I beg you to stop..." Pearl Nightingale hugged herself, crying bitterly.

Mr. Jonson would no longer believe her. He ordered, "Someone, take this little bitch away!"

Saying this, Mr. Jonson snorted coldly and left, sweeping away.

A few black-clad bodyguards stepped forward and quickly dragged Pearl Nightingale away. She still struggled, her eyes red with hatred as she glared at Serena Sterling, "It's all because of you, you ruined me."

Serena Sterling watched with amusement the entire time; she didn't care about Pearl Nightingale, only coldly enjoying her current predicament.

This disdainful attitude infuriated Pearl Nightingale, so she targeted Serena Sterling's weaknesses and stabbed fiercely, "Serena Sterling, don't get too complacent. You've been affected by Rapid Beauty Decline and still rely on Anabelle Rathborne's blood. Even if Hayden Crawford doesn't like Anabelle Rathborne, every antidote you take was exchanged by Hayden sleeping with her hahahaha."

Serena Sterling's petite face showed no extra expression, but she moved, gracefully walking over to Pearl Nightingale and lowering her voice to a whisper only audible to the two, "Why rush? I'll deal with you hopping locusts one by one. I'll get rid of you first, then the next one will be Anabelle Rathborne. I'll go find her now to keep you company."

With that, Serena Sterling turned and walked away, her coat tails sweeping through the air in a brilliant yet fierce arc.

Corvus watched from the side, observing how Serena Sterling easily KO'd Pearl Nightingale out of the situation.

Now, Serena Sterling exuded an aura of calm and poise, overflowing with a powerful presence. Corvus's knees almost buckled in awe.

Pearl Nightingale watched Serena Sterling's figure leaving, her expression changed, realizing Serena Sterling intended to target Anabelle Rathborne. Did she not care about her own life anymore?

Pearl Nightingale had a bad premonition; she felt Serena Sterling would stir up the storm once more.

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Serena Sterling walked through the corridor when a person came toward her—it was that attendant.

The attendant saw Serena Sterling too and quickly lowered his head, walking away nervously.

As they brushed past each other, Serena Sterling said nothing, her clear gaze merely sliding over the badge on the front of the attendant.

The attendant's number was 309.

Serena Sterling continued forward when Anabelle Rathborne rushed over anxiously.

Anabelle Rathborne herself was disheveled; Hayden Crawford had sent her away, ignoring her advances. She had already reflected on her life.

After hearing about Mr. Jonson catching Pearl Nightingale in the act, she was filled with anxiety. She and Pearl Nightingale were now in the same boat; if Pearl Nightingale fell, she would be in danger.

Anabelle Rathborne saw Serena Sterling and paused her steps.

"Serena Sterling, it's you again. Every time you appear, bad things happen. Did you set up Pearl Knight?" Anabelle Rathborne demanded quickly.

Serena Sterling came over, slowly curling her lips, "That's right, I set up Pearl Knight. Now that I've told you, what can you do to me?"

Serena Sterling was blatantly provocative, exceedingly arrogant, which made Anabelle Rathborne tremble with anger.

Serena Sterling didn't look at her again, turned, and left.

"Serena Sterling, don't go! Let's clear things up today!" Anabelle Rathborne chased after her.

Serena Sterling naturally heard the footsteps approaching from behind; Anabelle Rathborne had taken the bait.

Serena Sterling knew Corvus and Silas had been following her, making it impossible to act. So she quickly turned into a corridor, entering the ladies' restroom.

"Serena Sterling, don't go!" Anabelle Rathborne followed into the restroom.

Serena Sterling swiftly locked the door to the ladies' restroom.

Anabelle Rathborne saw Serena Sterling acting mysteriously and asked in confusion, "Serena Sterling, what are you doing?"

Serena Sterling raised her eyes to Anabelle Rathborne and then opened her hand, "Lend me your phone."

"Serena Sterling, you're funny. What's our relationship for me to lend you my phone? I..."

Before Anabelle Rathborne could finish, Serena Sterling acted directly, grabbing Anabelle Rathborne's arm and quickly snatching her phone.

Anabelle Rathborne was dumbfounded; she hadn't expected Serena Sterling to just take action. She wanted to grab her phone back, but Serena Sterling moved her fingers, pressing forcefully on a pressure point, making Anabelle Rathborne's body tingle and rendering her powerless.

With one hand restraining Anabelle Rathborne, Serena Sterling quickly dialed the resort's hotline with the other, and the restroom's chandelier light bathed her exquisite little face, exuding an intense, breathtaking brilliance.

The hotline quickly connected, and Serena Sterling spoke, "Put me through to operator 309."