

Substitute B 52

Chapter 52: Divorce Agreement

Mrs. Rowan was furious. She shoved Mr. Rowan, "Is that vixen who seduced you this bitch?"

Mrs. Rowan pointed a whip at Lillian Sterling.

Mr. Rowan dared not admit it and quickly denied, "No, she... she's just my goddaughter..."

"Pah!" Mrs. Rowan immediately interrupted, "Goddaughter, really? How disgusting is that?"

Mrs. Rowan walked straight up to Lillian Sterling, "Bitch, did you not bother to find out who I am before daring to seduce my husband? See if I don't whip you to death today!"

Mrs. Rowan raised her whip again.

Lillian Sterling's forehead was sweating in pain, the places struck by the whip burning like fire. She quickly knelt to beg for mercy, "Godmother, you've really misunderstood. My godfather and I are innocent. Today is my wedding anniversary with my husband, and I invited my godfather to attend."

Gregory Sterling was resentful towards Lillian Sterling, feeling that shutting the door and beating her to death would be fine. However, The Sterling Group needed urgent investment, and now, having angered the fierce Mrs. Rowan, he dared not make a big fuss.

Gregory Sterling quickly stepped forward, "Mrs. Rowan, it's true. She is my wife, and today is our wedding anniversary."

Mrs. Rowan lowered her whip and looked at Mr. Rowan, who was wiping his cold sweat and nodding frantically, showing his innocence.

Mrs. Rowan sneered, "Mr. Rowan, since when did you become someone else's godfather? Haven't I given you any daughters?"

"This..." Mr. Rowan was speechless.

The crowd's gazes began to change, and they started discussing among themselves.

Mr. Rowan quickly hugged Mrs. Rowan, comforting her, "Darling, if you don't like it, I won't acknowledge the goddaughter anymore. In the future, I won't have any relationship with her. Don't get mad, calm down. It's not good for your health to get worked up over this person. Let's leave here first."

Hearing these words, Lillian Sterling's heart sank completely.

It's over; she's lost her support.

Mrs. Rowan put away the whip, "Then let's leave first. Seeing such a bitch makes me angry. Mr. Rowan, I'll settle the score with you when we get back!"

Mrs. Rowan left with Mr. Rowan.

But just a few steps away, the screen in the hall suddenly lit up. Originally, it was supposed to show Gregory Sterling and Lillian Sterling's loving moments over the years, but it turned into a video.

In a room with dim, lukewarm lights, Lillian Sterling was restlessly twisting on the bed, while Mr. Rowan and a well-known director and producer were sneering, "Shall we go all together?"

The video showed a much younger Lillian Sterling, before she became a film queen.

Then another video quickly followed. Again in a room, Mr. Rowan brought several business bosses, "This is my goddaughter; you can thoroughly enjoy her. Don't forget to invest in The Sterling Health afterward. She's reformed now, a virtuous wife and mother, haha."

This was filmed after Lillian Sterling got married.

Lillian Sterling sat on the carpet, watching these videos with fury and despair. Where did these come from? Who did this?

The hall was warm, but Lillian Sterling felt as if a giant hand had pushed her into a deep abyss, dark and chilly.

She had never felt this way before, something like... despair.

At this time, Mr. Rowan panicked, "Darling, let me explain!"

Mrs. Rowan whipped Mr. Rowan away with one blow and then rushed forward, the whip in her hand snapping harshly on Lillian Sterling's body.

"I've seen many bitches, but never one as cheap as you. Now, I'm going to rid the world of evil in the name of good and whip you to death!"

Lillian Sterling screamed in agony as she tried to dodge the lashing storm, but Mrs. Rowan's aim was precise, always striking her. In pain, she rolled on the carpet, begging for mercy continuously.

But no one came to help her.

Gregory Sterling's legs went weak, and he fell onto the carpet.

The crowd in the hall whipped out their phones to take pictures and videos, pointing at Lillian Sterling disdainfully.

The wedding anniversary descended into chaos, and Serena Sterling retreated to one side, watching coldly.

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Nobody knew how the wedding anniversary ended. Gregory Sterling sat in his study, smoking, his back hunched, and more white hairs atop his head, as if he had aged several years overnight.

The butler walked in, "Sir, it's not good. Many suppliers have terminated contracts with The Sterling Health. Not only has the funding gap not been filled, but we're also on the brink of bankruptcy!"

Gregory Sterling had smoked a lot and asked gloomily, "Why did they terminate contracts?"

"Sir, don't you know? Madam made headlines again... again. She was always a resource hog in the entertainment industry. Netizens have listed all the works she acted in over the years and are digging into which directors and producers she might have slept with."

"And even our clients at The Sterling Health have been dug into. These years, Madam accompanied you to socialize plenty and introduced many connections. Netizens are now digging into which clients Madam may have slept with."

"Those clients are terrified and have cut ties with us overnight, not wanting to be dragged down."

"And also... also..."

The old butler hesitated to say it.

Gregory Sterling tapped the ash from his cigarette into the ashtray, "And what else, say it."

"Also, sir, you're also a trending topic. Everyone is questioning and mocking you, curiously asking you for the many ways to wear a 'green hat,' then calling out to ask whether the money you swapped by letting your wife sleep around is still enough, still enjoyable, and finally, for your worry, sincerely urging you to do a DNA test for Miss Yasmine and Miss Vanessa, in case you're raising other people's children."

The old butler felt he was being mild. The online environment was a storm. The second trending topic was 'Idiot Gregory Sterling.'"

He hadn't yet told Gregory Sterling that the whole nation was cursing him as an idiot.

The motion of smoking halted, and a few seconds later, he swept the documents off his desk and smashed the ashtray forcefully.

He began kicking desks and chairs, like a raging beast, filled with terrifying violence.

Everything he cared about in his life was destroyed!

The Sterling Health was on the brink of bankruptcy, and the weight of the 'green hat' clung heavily to his head, leaving him with no face in the eyes of others for the rest of his life!

All because of that bitch, Lillian Sterling!

She had caused him so much anguish!

The old butler had never seen Gregory Sterling like this, mad, frightened enough to retreat to the side, not daring to speak.

Exhausted from kicking, he stopped. His eyes were bloodshot, and he looked at the old butler, "Where's Lillian Sterling?"

"Sir, Madam... Madam was whipped half to death by Mrs. Rowan and is now in bed, unable to move."

Gregory Sterling wiped his face, "Have the lawyer draft divorce papers. I want to divorce Lillian Sterling immediately!"

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Lillian Sterling lay on the bed, her face pale with pain, her expensive clothes torn apart, soaked with countless blood stains.

At this moment, the door was kicked open, and Gregory Sterling walked in.

"Gregory, please... please save me, I'm in such pain, so much... I might die, take me to the hospital..." Lillian Sterling weakly pleaded for help.

Gregory Sterling threw the divorce papers onto her face.