

Substitute B 368

Chapter 368: Serena Sterling Is Julian Rathborne's Daughter!

Yvonne Knight was shaken, as Old Mrs. Rathborne ruthlessly unveiled the past, she still felt embarrassed.

Back then, she was the eldest daughter of the Knight family. Just because she spared an extra glance at Julian Rathborne, the son of Aethelgard, among the crowd, her heart fell for him, almost to the point of obsession.

To have him, Yvonne seized an opportunity to drug Julian's drink. She initially planned to take advantage of this chance to turn a chance encounter into reality, making herself Julian's woman.

But...

But something unexpected happened.

Julian was inherently highly vigilant, and he quickly noticed the anomaly with his body. Consequently, he didn't return to his room, leaving her efforts in vain.

There was a blank period in between, and Yvonne wasn't sure what had happened. She searched everywhere for Julian in the hotel and finally found him in a room!

Yvonne could still vividly recall that scene: she walked to the room door, which happened to open, and a woman rushed out.

The woman bumped into her, moving too fast for Yvonne to see her face clearly. She only noticed the woman's disheveled clothing revealing a fair shoulder, with a bright red flower beneath the lovely butterfly wing bone.

The flower didn't seem like a tattoo, but more like it naturally grew from her skin, vividly enchanting, capturing one's soul.

Yvonne had just a hurried glance, yet she never forgot it.

At that moment, she found it very strange. After the woman left, she stood at the door peering into the room, and what she saw left her breathless.

Inside, she saw Julian sprawled on the soft bed, clothes strewn across the carpet, and the sheets in disarray, clearly the aftermath of a passionate encounter.

She froze, a terrifying realization swirling in her mind—she had dressed others beautifully; Julian had entered the wrong room.

That fleeing woman had become Julian's woman!

Yvonne didn't know who that woman was, as she never appeared again nor returned for Julian. Everyone knew Julian, the son of Aethelgard, strikingly handsome at the peak of his fame. Someone had climbed into his bed, yet never came back for him—a secret Yvonne had buried deep in her heart for years.

Regardless, the mistake was made, and she had to consider how to save herself first.

She waited too long for this opportunity. For Julian, something that happened once would never happen a second time. Missing this chance meant she could never have Julian.

So, at that time, she made a significant decision. She decisively walked into that room, undressed, and lay beside Julian before he awoke.

Later on, when Julian opened his eyes, the first person he saw was her!

Eventually, she became pregnant, and Julian married her because of the child in her belly. She took this chance and bore Anabelle Rathborne.

Julian had never touched her, neither before nor after the marriage, so her daughter Anabelle... wasn't really Julian's child!

Of course, nobody knew about Anabelle's true parentage, and she would not let anyone find out.

If Anabelle's parentage were ever exposed, everything would be over.

"Mom, I..." Yvonne felt guilty, pleadingly looking at Old Mrs. Rathborne.

But Old Mrs. Rathborne coldly interrupted her, "Don't call me Mom. If it weren't for Anabelle's sake, I wouldn't have allowed you through the doors of our Rathborne family!"

"Our Rathborne family has been a prestigious family for over a hundred years. Through the ages, the heads of our household have never sought family status but prioritized character. Back then, you liked Marcus Kingsley, drugged him, and acted shamelessly; you maneuvered your way into our family, thus revealing your manipulative nature. Later, you couldn't bear the loneliness of confinement and misbehaved, hence utterly failing both as a wife and a mother!"

"You can't have all the good things in the world. You knew from the beginning that Marcus didn't love you. You schemed to marry him and fancied romantic affection from him. Our family has been generous to your Knight family; over the years, Marcus lifted the Knights into one of Aethelgard's four great noble families and firmly supported you through the turbulent times, Yvonne, you should be content."

"You keep saying Marcus and I don't like or value Anabelle, but isn't Anabelle bearing the honor of the Rathborne name? You put a green hat on Marcus, and what? Didn't Marcus and I, considering Anabelle not being grown, refrain from officially divorcing you and casting you out from the Rathborne household?"

"Don't think I can't see your cunning. You still wish to rekindle with Marcus and bear him a son; it's utterly delusional!"

Old Mrs. Rathborne's sharp words came crashing down, making Yvonne's legs weak, her fantasies shattered. She knew she could never have what she truly desired her entire life.

She was unwilling.

She was so unwilling!

"Mom, since you still care about Anabelle, then why recognize Serena Sterling as your granddaughter? What kind of enchantment did she cast on you?"

Yvonne genuinely couldn't understand what charm Serena Sterling had. Not only did men succumb to her, but even the old lady was captivated by her.

This question brought warmth to Old Mrs. Rathborne's face. In truth, Old Mrs. Rathborne herself couldn't explain why she liked Serena Sterling so much. From the first glance at Serena in Bayside, she adored the clear-eyed, wise, and lively girl; her first thought was to recognize Serena as her granddaughter.

Now this thought grew stronger, wanting to bring Serena into the Rathborne family, bestowing her with the Rathborne surname.

Old Mrs. Rathborne thought perhaps she had truly been enchanted by Serena.

"Yvonne, I've made up my mind; don't tangle with me over the matter of the girl Serena! I'm weary, you may leave now!"

Nanny Lowell opened the door then, gesturing 'please,' "Madam, you may leave."

Yvonne gritted her teeth, then reluctantly left the room.

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Yvonne left, and Nanny Lowell stepped in, "Old lady, I told you before, this Yvonne harbors ill intentions and isn't worthy of the young master. The young master is unparalleled in splendor, and Yvonne is simply a stain on his life."

Old Mrs. Rathborne sighed, "Perhaps this is all fate."

The phone rang then, the sound of a call coming in.

Nanny Lowell quickly smiled, "Old lady, it should be the young master calling; though he didn't come back today, he remembers your birthday."

Nanny Lowell was the head maid who accompanied Old Mrs. Rathborne into marriage, hence over the years she never changed her address, always calling Julian 'young master.'