

Substitute B 404

Chapter 404: The Old Madam Faints

"Yes, Prof. Sterling, what about Felix Knight?" Raina asked.

This time Serena Sterling raised her delicate willow-shaped eyebrows, "Don't worry, this kind of finale act will definitely come last. I'll deal with him myself."

A direct confrontation between Serena Sterling and Felix Knight is coming soon.

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Yvonne Knight urgently hurried to the Rathborne family. She asked a maid, "Where is Old Mrs. Rathborne?"

"Madame, Old Mrs. Rathborne is in the study."

Yvonne Knight quickly ran up the stairs and pushed open the study door without hesitation.

In the study, Old Mrs. Rathborne and the lawyer were discussing something. Her sudden entrance made Old Mrs. Rathborne quickly look up, and she looked at Yvonne Knight with displeasure, "Do you not understand the courtesy of needing to knock before entering the room now?"

Yvonne Knight walked in and snatched the already drafted legal letter from the lawyer's hand. The content indeed announced that Hayden Crawford and Anabelle Rathborne had peacefully dissolved their engagement.

Yvonne Knight was furious. She crumpled the legal letter into a ball and threw it forcefully into the trash bin.

"Mrs. Rathborne, you..." The lawyer was stunned.

At this moment, Old Mrs. Rathborne waved her hand, "Lawyer Snyder, please leave for now. You've worked hard today."

"Yes, Old Mrs. Rathborne." The lawyer quickly and respectfully withdrew.

Old Mrs. Rathborne took off her reading glasses and looked at Yvonne Knight, "Yvonne, it's good you came, so I don't need to inform you separately that I will be issuing a statement."

"Mother, Annette is your real granddaughter. Have you ever considered her? Is Serena Sterling the only one in your eyes and heart now? Wake up!" Yvonne exclaimed emotionally.

With a "bang," Old Mrs. Rathborne slapped the table and stood up, her face cold and sharp as she looked at Yvonne Knight, "The one who needs to wake up isn't me, it's you. Let me ask you, who instigated Annette to slit her wrists and attempt suicide?"

Yvonne Knight's face went pale. Did Old Mrs. Rathborne discover something?

Old Mrs. Rathborne picked up a notebook and threw it at Yvonne Knight forcefully, "The tricks you play are all transparent to me. Zane has always liked Serena. How could he suddenly want to marry Aurora? Do you think the old fox Jude Crawford from the Crawford family wouldn't see through it? He even agreed to the marriage. What does all this signify? Have you thought about it?"

"It's your own stupidity, thinking you've played everyone in the palm of your hand, but actually, the truly foolish one is you. I'm not interested in meddling with the Knight family's trifling matters. But Annette is my granddaughter, how dare you instigate her to slit her wrists and attempt suicide! Yvonne, I fear Annette will be ruined at the hands of a morally depraved mother like you!"

"Keep playing your games as you wish, but I won't allow any Rathborne family member to be involved. I do like Serena, and this statement is to clear her name. However, Annette is my real granddaughter, and I've made plans for her too. Once she's healthy, I'll send her abroad for study. I've already paved the way there. As long as she listens, she won't waste my efforts; her future will be bright and promising!"

Yvonne Knight's pupils shrank. Old Mrs. Rathborne actually... intends to send Annette away?

Annette, coddled since childhood, would surely struggle to adapt abroad; there's no place as comfortable and refined as in Aethelgard.

Yvonne Knight suspected that Old Mrs. Rathborne was doing it deliberately, intending to separate her and her daughter. After so many years of living as a widow, Annette was her only companion. Old Mrs. Rathborne has a cold heart!

If Old Mrs. Rathborne truly cared about Annette's future, why not in Aethelgard? Why not find a way for Annette to marry Hayden Crawford, become the Crawford family's eldest young wife, and subsequently the mistress of the Crawford family?

Yvonne Knight deeply pinched her palm with her nails, feeling no pain, "Mother, is there really no room for negotiation on this matter?"

"Marcus Kingsley will be back tomorrow." Old Mrs. Rathborne suddenly remarked.

What?

Yvonne Knight gasped sharply, her previously lifeless eyes instantly brightened with captivating allure, reviving her whole being from a dead state, "Mother, what did you say? Marcus will truly... be back tomorrow?"

Old Mrs. Rathborne nodded, "Yes, Marcus called; he's returning tomorrow."

Yvonne Knight immediately smiled. She glanced at her attire—no, she needed to rush out to buy a couple of new outfits; she wasn't satisfied with her hairstyle either, it needed a change.

Her mind was filled with thoughts of what kind of woman Marcus liked, aiming to style herself in a way he preferred.

Julian Rathborne was finally coming back, and she wanted to seize this opportunity to reconcile with him.

Truly, over the years, without Julian Rathborne's affection, she had nothing.

At this moment, Old Mrs. Rathborne's voice suddenly came again, "This time Marcus returns to finalize the divorce with you. You've dragged it on for so many years; it's time to bring it to an end."

Divorce...?

The word "divorce" felt like a cold bucket of water poured directly over Yvonne Knight, chilling her to the core. Her previous anticipation shattered, falling from heaven to hell.

"Mother, I don't want to divorce, I won't divorce!"

Old Mrs. Rathborne let her sleeves fall, "Yvonne, don't insist anymore. Divorce properly; after all, you've contributed a daughter to the Rathborne family. Economically, the Rathborne family won't treat you poorly. Don't make it embarrassing."

Yvonne Knight stood frozen, her hands and feet cold. She couldn't divorce, she really couldn't.

Yvonne Knight's resentful gaze landed on Old Mrs. Rathborne, the years of feeling unacknowledged, the bitterness and shame all surged forth, driving her nearly to madness.

If this old woman would just die!

This old woman should have died long ago!

At this moment, the sound of knocking on the door was heard. A maid walked in, carrying a bowl of bird's nest soup, "Old Mrs. Rathborne, it's time to eat your bird's nest soup."

Yvonne Knight looked at the bowl of bird's nest soup. An extreme thought grew wildly in her heart.

Yvonne Knight stepped forward, took the bowl of bird's nest soup, "Let me do it. You can go now."

"Yes." The maid left.

Yvonne Knight stepped forward with the bird's nest soup, hiding all her emotions, pretending to be obedient and pitiful, "Mother, I'll listen to you. I've grown tired over these years; I agree to the divorce. Since we've lived as mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, please eat this bowl of bird's nest soup, and from now on, we're no longer a family."

Old Mrs. Rathborne looked at Yvonne Knight, who appeared submissive and lowly. She accepted the bowl and then ate the bird's nest soup.

"I've finished. You may leave now."

"Mother, then I'll go."

Yvonne Knight glanced at the empty bowl, then left.

Just as she reached the door, a noise suddenly came from behind. Yvonne Knight quickly turned around, only to see Old Mrs. Rathborne clutching her chest, her face pallid as she collapsed onto the carpet, unconscious.

Yvonne Knight showed a sinister and accomplished smile before screaming in panic, "Someone, quickly, someone come, something happened, Old Mrs. Rathborne has fainted!"

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Old Mrs. Rathborne was urgently sent to the hospital and diagnosed with a heart attack, entering the intensive care unit, remaining unconscious.