

Substitute B 406

Chapter 406: I'm the Mother of Your Child~

Yvonne Knight froze in place.

Julian Rathborne walked over to the shining floor-to-ceiling window. He didn't look at Yvonne but tossed a document onto the bedside table. "Take a look at this. If there's no problem, sign it."

Yvonne looked at the document. The five large characters "Divorce Agreement" pierced into her line of sight.

Julian Rathborne really wanted to divorce her!

Yvonne felt cold all over. She had taken a rose petal bath to wash herself clean and fragrant so she could reconcile with Julian Rathborne. Over the years, there hadn't been a single woman beside Julian Rathborne, and she couldn't believe he had no desire at all. She wanted to build a deep bond with him in bed.

But Julian Rathborne never allowed her to get close. Now, Yvonne looked up at his handsome and noble face. As the former son of Aethelgard, he had become even more refined and elegant over time. His demeanor had always been aloof, having been raised with the best education since childhood. Every gesture exuded an unattainable coldness and restraint.

Everyone knew he wasn't interested in women, as if no woman in the world could match him. Women were merely coveting and defiling his existence.

"Julian, I won't sign. I don't want to divorce." Yvonne said resolutely.

Julian Rathborne's gaze fell on Yvonne's face. "I thought I didn't need to waste words. You should know that the divorce is merely a notification, not a discussion."

"..."

Julian Rathborne indicated the divorce agreement with his eyes. "Sign it quickly, or else... the things promised on it won't be available to you. Are you sure you don't want them?"

Yvonne looked into Julian Rathborne's eyes. His eyes were cold and indifferent, with little emotion, yet he had already seen through her.

Perhaps he didn't intend to mock her, as it wasn't necessary, but Yvonne felt a stark naked humiliation.

Back then, she wanted to marry into the Rathborne family. She and Old Man Knight had schemed to get her married into the Rathborne family. Over the years, the Knight family had successfully become one of the four major conglomerates of Aethelgard.

Yvonne clenched her fist, feeling like Julian Rathborne was an iceberg, with a vast river flowing between them that she couldn't cross no matter how hard she tried.

"Julian, why have you treated me like this all these years? If you knew this was coming, why did you marry me in the first place? Was it because of that night? Have you never forgotten about that night?" Yvonne pursued.

Mentioning that night, Julian Rathborne fell silent. Indeed, he hadn't forgotten that night. He could still vividly recall the scene in his mind.

That night, he drank alcohol. There was something in the drink, and he quickly noticed the change in his body. Instead of returning to the reserved room, he went to another room.

It was a six-star hotel owned by the Rathborne family. As the Rathborne heir, he could choose any room he liked.

At the time, he went to another room and quickly called his personal secretary. The secretary soon delivered an antidote, just needed a moment of rest.

He took the antidote and lay on the bed to rest. He could already feel the heat in his body gradually dissipating, returning to calm. He had drunk a lot that night and drifted off to sleep.

While sleeping in a daze, he suddenly woke up because there was someone in the room.

Someone had broken into his room!

Julian Rathborne abruptly opened his eyes. The room lights were off, and it was very dark. The moonlight was hazy, and a girl boldly straddled his muscular waist.

He couldn't see the girl's face clearly, but he vaguely saw the girl's silhouette. Her figure was excellent, extremely slender, with delicate shoulders leading down to the beautiful curves of a young girl, tapering down like the neck of a porcelain vase as she straddled him.

Instantly alert, he moved slightly, but his pupils suddenly contracted, realizing he couldn't move, as his hands and feet were all bound.

Julian Rathborne had been bound in a big 'X' shape on the bed by a girl!

His eyes turned cold as he stared at the girl on top of him. "Who are you?"

The girl's voice was sweet and adorable, her laughter as delightful as bells, "I'm... the mommy of your kid~"

"..."

He pressed his lips tightly together. "What exactly do you want?"

The girl lowered herself, bringing their faces closer, and he saw her bright eyes shimmering like water, full of allure. Like a cunning little fox, she lay on top of him, blinking and looking at him. "I already told you, I'm the mommy of your child, so... I want to give you a baby~"

Julian Rathborne had been receiving the most orthodox education as an heir since birth. Many girls liked him, but he was inherently uninterested in women.

Nevertheless, those girls were all from wealthy families, with excellent upbringing. When had he ever encountered such... bold and shameless behavior from a girl?

Julian Rathborne coldly stared at her, but the girl on top of him was unfazed. She leaned close to his ear, her breath fragrant like orchids. "Do you prefer boy babies or girl babies... never mind, don't bother telling me. I'm not going to take your advice, because I want to have a girl baby~"

She told him she wanted to have a girl baby with him.

It was the first time Julian Rathborne had met such a girl. He felt a strong dislike for her, yet her presence was soft and fragrant, her face unseen but her eyes extraordinarily beautiful and captivating. Her bell-like voice made Julian Rathborne suddenly suspect he had taken a fake antidote, for the heat within him surged fiercely again.

Even more potent than when he had initially taken the drug.

Julian Rathborne was incensed, biting out, "Witch!"

"Tsk tsk, why are you insulting me? You're so hot, reacting already? I get it, you must like witches. Who would've thought that the man with the most perfect genes in the world would have such a peculiar taste, liking to be bound, preferring the submissive role, huh, men."

"..."

The girl continued talking to herself while her hand reached for the leather belt around his muscular waist.

At that moment, Julian Rathborne saw an item in her hand, resembling a high-tech syringe, though unsure of its purpose.

Right then, he flipped his hand over, directly breaking free from the binding ropes and firmly grasped her delicate wrist.

"You!" The girl cried out in surprise.

Julian Rathborne pulled hard, drawing her into his embrace. Unprepared, she fell over, the syringe dropping onto the plush carpet, and her red lips unintentionally pressed against his thin lips.

The two kissed.

Julian Rathborne froze. He had never kissed a girl before; it was his first time.

Due to his extreme personal hygiene sensitivity, he always felt that kissing was quite unsanitary.