

## Substitute B 407

Chapter 407: Put Your Clothes On!

However, the girl's soft red lips pressed against his, and surprisingly, he found the taste... not bad at all.

Coincidentally, the girl on top of him thought the same, "So this is what they call kissing, huh? Not bad, let's do it again."

She leaned in for another kiss.

Julian Rathborne experienced an intense inner struggle. He never imagined having a fling with a stranger; he wasn't fond of one-night stands. Yet now, the heat waves coursing through him climbed higher and higher, almost setting him ablaze.

Closing his eyes, he turned over, pinning her beneath him, and commanded hoarsely, "Open your mouth!"

"What are you... mmph!"

Everything that followed was only natural. He was inexperienced, and she was making a fuss,

Hey, hey, hey, be gentle, don't tear my clothes. I need to wear them later.

Do you... do you even know what you're doing?

Burying his heated face in her long hair, he muttered angrily, "Shut up! Stop screaming!"

Her screams were practically drawing his soul out!

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After a chaotic night, he extended a sturdy arm to pull her into his embrace. Both were covered in sweat. He asked her, "What's your name?"

The girl in his arms was utterly insincere, "Didn't you already call me that? I'm the enchantress."

He felt a bit unhappy at that moment.

The girl in his embrace sensed it immediately, "What's wrong with you? Don't you understand the rules of a one-night stand? Don't ask me for my name. I won't tell you, and don't come looking for me. We're just one-time friends with benefits."

What?

One-time... friends with benefits?

Julian had never heard of this term before, but the unhappiness was genuine. He withdrew his sturdy arm, "Then you'd better not come looking for me, either!"

"Don't worry, I won't look for you!" The girl got off the bed, dressed, and dashed out.

She left just like that, confidently, without even looking back.

Julian was angered, having exhausted all his stamina and energy on her, he decided to just close his eyes and sleep.

When he awoke, it was already the next morning. As he moved, he found a girl lying beside him; the girl had returned.

He admitted that at that moment, a trace of excitement and joy coursed through him. But when he looked at the girl's face, he saw Yvonne Knight.

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Julian returned from distant memories, looking at Yvonne in front of him. That night, he indeed felt a pang of compassion, but ever since he first saw Yvonne, that compassion simply vanished. He had no interest in Yvonne.

Seeing Julian silent for so long, Yvonne knew he was reminiscing about that night, making her both jealous and resentful.

Suddenly, Yvonne lunged forward, hugging Julian tightly, "Marcus, I know you can't forget that night, which means you have feelings for me. Then why don't you want me now? You haven't touched me since then."

"Marcus, let's try again. Maybe I can even give you a son!" She said as she tiptoed to press her face against Julian's handsome face.

Julian immediately smelled an artificial perfume, completely different from the soft and sweet scent on the girl that night.

Julian pushed Yvonne away at once.

Yvonne looked at him puzzled, "Marcus, what's wrong with you?"

The occasions Julian and Yvonne interacted after their marriage could be counted on one hand. He felt no spark when he first laid eyes on her, so they never got close. Now, as he smelled Yvonne's perfume, Julian's brows furrowed quickly, "Yvonne, be smarter. I'm going to the hospital to accompany my mom later, and you're pestering me to give you a son here. Don't you find yourself annoying?"

Yvonne froze, suddenly realizing the old lady was still in the hospital. She had picked the wrong time, but she was too anxious.

Julian had been out of the country for years, and now that he was finally back, she couldn't wait any longer.

Having already taken action, Yvonne didn't want to give up halfway. She gave it another shot; she immediately let the thin strap on her shoulder slip off. The red spaghetti strap dress fell from her body. Over the years, Yvonne had maintained herself well, her figure sculpted with confidence, she looked at Julian, "Marcus, let's go to the hospital together later. We haven't been together for so long; I miss you a lot."

As Julian looked at the woman pestering him in front of him, his eyes showed no emotion; calm and composed, not glancing at Yvonne's exposed form even for a second, he parted his lips to call out, "Come in."

The bedroom door swung open immediately, and several maids walked in.

Yvonne was still naked at this point, with no clothes on. She didn't expect Julian to suddenly speak and call people in. The cool breeze from outside brushed against her skin instantly; Yvonne grabbed herself and squealed, "Ah!"

She was Mrs. Rathborne, who had put on a strong and happy facade for all these years, very concerned about saving face. Now, the maids seeing her like this felt like a slap in the face, humiliating her beyond measure!

Yvonne screamed, "Get out! Get out now!"

The maids didn't leave, for the master of the Rathborne family was Julian Rathborne.

Without Julian's orders, they wouldn't leave.

Julian gave Yvonne a cold, detached glance and instructed, "Help madam get dressed, so she doesn't catch a cold."

Having said that, Julian walked out.

The maids approached, picking up the spaghetti strap dress from the carpet, and brought out a coat, surrounding her, "Madam, please get dressed."

Yvonne's face was now as pale as paper. She had discarded the one bit of modest covering she had, and now Julian had people help her put that covering back on.

Her eyes turned red, tears welling up, she bit down hard, drawing blood in her mouth.

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Anabelle Rathborne was still in the hospital. Four days passed in a flash with nothing but peace and quiet. There was not a word from Serena Sterling, as if she had vanished from Aethelgard.

The Knight family was busy preparing for the wedding, leaving no time to bother with Anabelle. Of course, Anabelle was having a good time because Prof. X visited every day to apply ointment for her. After four days, the scar on her wrist was gone, and her skin was as smooth as ever.

Anabelle looked at X, delighted, "Prof. X, your medical skills are truly remarkable. Thank you."

X shook his head, "No need to thank me. Today is the last day for applying ointment. Miss Anabelle, goodbye."

X said "goodbye" and then left with his medical kit.

Walking down the hospital corridor, Serena Sterling looked up and quickly saw a handsome, pale figure ahead—Felix Knight!