

Substitute B 439

Chapter 439: You're Not the Woman from That Night, Are You?

Anabelle Rathborne turned pale; she hadn't expected Daddy to reject her so decisively.

Now that Mommy is in prison, Grandpa has been bewitched, and Pearl Nightingale remains terrified, she didn't dare to play with that madman Felix Knight. Now even Daddy won't help her scheme, so what should she do?

"I'm going to see your Mommy now. Do you want to come along?" Julian Rathborne asked at this moment.

Going to prison?

Anabelle Rathborne quickly pulled her hand back and declared righteously, "I don't want to go. Mommy has done so many wrong things and even instigated me to slit my wrists. She is no longer my mommy; I am not going to see her!"

Julian Rathborne looked at Anabelle Rathborne.

Anabelle Rathborne felt a chill spread over her scalp under his gaze. "Daddy, did I say something wrong? I really did nothing; it was Grandpa and Mommy who incited me."

"I understand," Julian Rathborne said, then lifted his foot to leave. Soon, his figure and that of the private butler disappeared from view.

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The private butler had already noticed that his master was in a bad mood. He whispered, "Sir, do you feel that the young lady is too heartless and cold? Actually, if the young lady were to despairingly cry before you, asking for help for her mommy, it would instead make her appear innocent and pure-hearted. But now, the young lady is pushing everything away, scared of being tainted by her mommy. Her attempt to cover everything up actually reveals all."

Julian Rathborne pressed his thin lips together. This private butler had been with him for twenty years and hit the nail on the head regarding his thoughts. Just now, Anabelle Rathborne seemed like a clumsy clown performing a foolish act before him.

He, as the father, also bore responsibility; for years, he had been negligent in disciplining Anabelle Rathborne, allowing her to mingle daily with the Knight family, which caused her personality to change completely.

The current Anabelle Rathborne was mediocre, jealous, vain, and cowardly, without a trace of the Rathborne family in her.

In Julian Rathborne's mind, images of Serena Sterling's bright, intelligent eyes popped up. That girl was smart, graceful, resilient, and brave; she was more like... a member of the Rathborne family!

Born into power, Julian Rathborne possessed a keen intuition for the unknown. Serena Sterling's sudden appearance made him sense something unusual. He had speculations and hypotheses in his mind. Now, he needed to meet with Yvonne Knight to confirm some things.

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Yvonne Knight had been imprisoned and had fallen from high above the clouds into hell, leading a miserable life.

She was still at work when someone outside shouted, "Number 49, someone is here to visit."

Yvonne Knight was Number 49.

Since Yvonne Knight had been imprisoned, no one had come to see her; her biological father, daughter, son, and nephew had never visited. She was disheartened.

Now someone had come to see her, her eyes brightened, and her desperate heart ignited with raging flames momentarily. Who was it? Who had come to visit her?

Yvonne Knight quickly put down what she was working on and stood up, then followed and walked out.

"It's here, go in."

The door opened, and Yvonne Knight walked in. Soon, she saw a handsome and noble figure inside—it was Julian Rathborne!

Yvonne Knight's pupils contracted sharply; she hadn't expected the only one to visit her when the whole world abandoned her to be Julian Rathborne.

Now Julian Rathborne sat on a chair, clad in a bespoke black wool coat. This man exuded an innate aristocratic aura, clean and exceptional. The tables and chairs here were already quite old, making his presence markedly dignified.

Of course, the one more wretched was Yvonne Knight, still wearing a wrinkled, dirty prison uniform with a large number 49 printed on it—a symbol of shame. She reached out, trying to smooth out the wrinkles on her clothes, wanting to face Julian Rathborne in the best possible form.

Julian Rathborne turned his side glance towards her; he bore no emotion but gestured with his gaze to the chair opposite him, "Sit."

Yvonne Knight was utterly miserable. Even when she was glamorous before, she felt unworthy of this son of Aethelgard. Now incarcerated, the difference between them was even more stark.

Yvonne Knight quickly stepped forward and sat opposite him, smiling, "Marcus, how... how do you have the time to see me?"

Julian Rathborne looked at her with an indifferent gaze, "I have a few questions for you."

"What questions? Go ahead."

"That night, when I asked for your name, why didn't you tell me?"

Yvonne Knight felt as though she'd been hit by an electric shock, her entire body froze. She hadn't expected Julian Rathborne to come to see her to ask about that night.

That night, he actually asked... Seraphina Linden what her name was?

As adults, after a one-night stand everyone should part ways. Asking for a name is taboo, unless in Julian Rathborne's definition, he didn't want to define that night as a one-night stand.

Clearly, Seraphina Linden pleased and intrigued him greatly that night, otherwise he wouldn't have asked for Seraphina Linden's name.

Yvonne Knight turned pale; she felt truly unfortunate, having been imprisoned, wasn't that punishment enough? Yet he came here to stab at her heart!

He knew perfectly well her greatest pain in life was her unrequited love for him, this man she couldn't have recalling his bed with another woman right before her.

Julian Rathborne quietly looked at her before speaking again, "Since you didn't want to tell me your name that night, why did you come to me pregnant, asking me to take responsibility? Didn't you aim to have my child that night?"

Yvonne Knight finally understood Serena Sterling's origins; this Seraphina Linden was truly shameless, finding her way into Julian Rathborne's room to have his child.

This child was Serena Sterling!

"You weren't after me because of the child, were you? Could it be... you liked me? But that night you didn't like me, you said I was your one-time fling."

What... what?

One-time... fling?

Yvonne Knight's mouth was wide open in shock. Over the years, Julian Rathborne hadn't mentioned a word about that night, but everyone knew he couldn't forget it.

That Seraphina Linden, was she crazy? Did she know whom she had slept with? The world's richest man, son of Aethelgard, the most powerful and wealthy man once conquered by her beneath, yet she arrogantly claimed Julian Rathborne was her fling, and a one-time fling at that?

Julian Rathborne looked at Yvonne Knight, silent for a few seconds before lightly shaking his head, "You aren't the woman from that night, are you?"

Yvonne Knight drew a sharp breath; had he discovered something, was his visit aimed at probing her, in search of the truth from back then?

He should have already met Serena Sterling; had he already realized Serena Sterling was his biological daughter?