

Substitute B 450

Chapter 450: Hayden the Sycophant

At this moment, a lengthened luxury business car slowly halted outside the main gate, and the rear door opened, letting Julian Rathborne's handsome and noble figure leap into view.

Julian Rathborne has arrived.

The private butler respectfully reported in a low voice, "Sir, Old Man Knight, Yvonne Knight, and Anabelle Rathborne are already inside waiting for you."

"Got it." Julian Rathborne moved up the steps with his private butler, heading inside.

At that moment, a Rolls-Royce Phantom roared in from behind, and the driver's door opened, revealing Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford looked at Julian Rathborne's figure and called out, "Uncle Julian."

Julian Rathborne halted his steps, turned around, and standing atop the high steps, he looked at Hayden Crawford, then gently pursed his thin lips, "Why are you here?"

Julian Rathborne's face showed he did not welcome him.

Hayden Crawford swiftly advanced, stopping below Julian Rathborne, then gazing up with a flattering posture, wholeheartedly trying to please, "Uncle Julian, I heard today you are personally unveiling a major drama of true and false identities here, so I hurried over to lend my support."

Julian Rathborne understood at once; Hayden Crawford had already guessed. He curled his thin lips in amusement, "Kid, where's the courage from last night to introduce a woman to me? Don't chicken out if you have the guts."

"..."

Hayden Crawford felt utterly frustrated. He knew he had thoroughly offended this father-in-law last night. Now, attempting to marry his daughter seemed like a distant dream.

Hayden Crawford suddenly recalled his father's warning, advising him not to easily offend Julian Rathborne. Today, save something, and tomorrow meet him well; it seemed his dad knew something ahead of time.

He really is... too young!

A thousand curses roared in Hayden Crawford's heart, but he dared not show a hint on his face, laughing twice, "Uncle Julian, last night I was joking. Please be the bigger person and overlook my mistake, forgive me once, we're all family after all."

"Family? Who's family with you?" Julian Rathborne said and turned to leave.

Hayden Crawford stood alone and stiff. He slowly narrowed his deep-set eyes; this father-in-law certainly holds a grudge!

Hayden Crawford had never humbled himself like this to curry favor with someone, only to be rejected outright. He thought of walking away.

Yet, Hayden Crawford quickly lifted his foot and followed, "Uncle Julian, slow down, wait for me."

Leaving is not possible; now, his only option is to double the effort to please this father-in-law. After all, he sowed these seeds himself; he has to embrace this path even if it makes him cry.

...

Old Man Knight, Yvonne Knight, and Anabelle Rathborne were all waiting for Julian Rathborne. Just then, the door was pushed open, and the crisp cold wind blew in, accompanying Julian Rathborne's figure.

Anabelle Rathborne's eyes brightened, quickly expressing cheer, "Daddy, you came?"

Today, Julian Rathborne wore a black thin woolen coat. The frost from outside adorned his shoulders. He removed the black leather gloves from his hands and handed them to the private butler behind him. His long and narrow eyes calmly glanced at the three people.

The private butler then brought over a chair, intending for Julian Rathborne to sit.

But the chair was intercepted halfway, with two strong hands coming over to directly take the chair from the private butler's hands.

The private butler looked up; it was Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford placed the chair behind Julian Rathborne and produced a handkerchief from his suit pocket, carefully wiping the chair, "Uncle Julian, please sit."

Seeing such fawning behavior from Hayden Crawford, the private butler felt an impending crisis, wondering if someone was trying to take his job.

Julian Rathborne briefly glanced at Hayden Crawford, then sat in the chair.

Having attended to his father-in-law, Hayden Crawford found another chair to sit down, ready to watch the scene unfold.

"Brother Hayden, why have you come too? Did my dad invite you over to... discuss our wedding date?" Anabelle Rathborne widened her eyes in surprise upon seeing Hayden Crawford, considering her dad really efficient for having brought him here.

Hayden Crawford's deep-set eyes landed on Anabelle Rathborne's face, his meaning clear—idiot.

Yvonne Knight already had a bad feeling; she looked up at Julian Rathborne. At that moment, Julian Rathborne sat in the chair, his proud long legs elegantly crossed, his narrow eyes quietly observing them—seemingly harmless yet sharp enough to leave no place to hide.

"Marcus, today you called us here to discuss the wedding date for Anabelle and Hayden? Discussing matrimony in a prison seems quite inauspicious, doesn't it?" Yvonne Knight tugged her lips.

Discussing marriage in a jail is unheard of.

Old Man Knight noticed something odd too and looked at Julian Rathborne, "Marcus, you're here now, why remain silent? Anabelle is your only daughter; a marriage alliance between the Crawfords and the Rathbornes is a big affair in City of Aethelgard, this time you must give Anabelle a grand wedding, let her marry gloriously!"

Julian Rathborne's gaze fell upon Old Man Knight's face as he slowly curved his thin lips, seemingly smiling as he counter questioned, "Is Anabelle really my daughter?"

That was Julian Rathborne's first sentence since coming in, and as his voice lingered, the three from the Knight family had their pupils contract, staring at Julian Rathborne in shock.

Anabelle Rathborne quickly bolted up from her chair, "Daddy, what are you talking about, didn't you already do the DNA paternity test, you..."

"Anabelle!" Yvonne Knight swiftly interrupted Anabelle Rathborne.

Anabelle Rathborne immediately covered her mouth with her hand, realizing she had misspoken.

Julian Rathborne's handsome face showed no emotional fluctuations; sitting there silently exuded a powerful aura, like a ruler atop the throne controlling everything, "Anabelle, how do you know I did a DNA paternity test?"

"I..." Anabelle Rathborne's face turned ashen.

"Of course, you know, and you secretly swapped the hair samples, didn't you?"

"Daddy..." Anabelle Rathborne exclaimed.

The private butler handed over the DNA paternity test results, Julian Rathborne received them and "bang" threw them onto the table beside Anabelle Rathborne, his long narrow eyes suddenly turned sharp, the rage inside like a thunderbolt wrapped in icy chill, "Take a good look. This is the DNA test done with our hair, showing we have no blood relation. You aren't my daughter!"

The paternity test result crash landed with a sharp force like a blade scraping Anabelle Rathborne's face. She realized now, her dad knew everything, but he remained silent, choosing to play along with circumstances.