

Substitute B 452

Chapter 452: She Forcefully Entered His Sight

Speaking of this, Julian Rathborne's pheasant eyes darkened slightly. That night, it was too dark, and the room wasn't lit. He only saw her youthful, exquisite figure boldly straddling his waist. By the moonlight, he remembered her bright, almond-shaped eyes.

He didn't know what she looked like.

Mr. Crawford raised one of his dashing brows and said openly, "Father-in-law, this is a photo Serena has been keeping privately. It took me a long time to get it. I just knew you'd want to see your mother-in-law, so here's the photo. No need to thank me."

Julian Rathborne shot Mr. Crawford a look, then reached out and took the photo, lowering his eyes to glimpse at the picture in his hand.

The photo showed Seraphina Linden and Serena Sterling. Serena was just four or five years old back then, still a little cherubic child. Seraphina was with her, flying kites on the lawn. The photo captured a moment of sheer joy between mother and daughter—Serena running, Seraphina holding the kite string, looking up at the sky.

Since Seraphina stood slightly turned, Julian could see her profile, and Serena perfectly inherited her mother's beauty. Seraphina's profile was lovely and stunning.

Seraphina's lashes were dense and lifted like tiny brushes, her red lips curving in a smile. Though a mother, she was still as bright and charming as an eighteen-year-old girl. The breeze tugged at her light pink chiffon dress. Such an astonishingly beautiful woman suddenly and violently broke into Julian Rathborne's sight.

Julian was born a child of Aethelgard, always surrounded by beauties of all types, but now, looking at Seraphina, a flash of amazement crossed his eyes.

Actually, he knew that night that she was very beautiful.

Because she smelled so good—not the artificially added fragrance of perfume, but an enticingly natural young girl’s aroma. It’s said you can recognize a woman by her scent. Under the moonlight, her hazy and delicate figure lay on his chest, tracing circles with her finger, with her voice tinkling at his ear, asking if he preferred sons or daughters. He thought she must be... the most bewitching little vixen in the world.

Julian Rathborne’s eyes lingered on Seraphina’s body, then turned to young Serena. His heart was suddenly full, both warm and itching. Was this the daughter she was to give him?

Yes, he really liked this daughter!

Though young, Serena Sterling was bright, resilient, and courageous, with the gravitas of a great family. Truly, the blood of the Rathborne family flowed through her.

But Julian quickly pressed his thin lips, a hint of displeasure spilling from his handsome brows and eyes. She indeed didn’t want him, living well on her own with their daughter.

Julian thought about himself, how all these years, Yvonne Knight had posed as her. Although he gave Yvonne no affection, he had been responsible for that night, personally promoting the Knight family to power, gifting them immense privilege.

But she probably didn’t care about those things. She didn’t even care for him. Julian suddenly felt quite foolish.

"I heard she left Aethelgard and went to Bayside with Serena back then?" Julian asked casually.

Mr. Crawford smirked, knowing what Julian wanted to find out. Julian had already done a DNA paternity test, and certainly investigated Serena Sterling thoroughly. Serena took the surname Sterling, previously the daughter of Gregory Sterling. After Seraphina went to Bayside, she remarried.

"Yes, after your mother-in-law took Serena to Bayside, she remarried, and it's been eight or nine years." Mr. Crawford said.

Julian Rathborne's eyes suddenly sharpened, and his whole person was layered with cold frost. The files on Gregory Sterling still lay on his desk—such a useless person, he couldn't fathom how she'd marry him.

She actually remarried.

Took his daughter with her and married another man.

Julian felt breathing tight, raised his hand to undo a button at his neck, but this didn't make breathing easier.

How exactly did she live with Gregory Sterling as husband and wife?

Did she also straddle Gregory Sterling like a little vixen?

The long-repressed anger in Julian Rathborne's heart seemed to explode with a crash, sparks flying everywhere. The only thing he wanted was to drag Gregory Sterling over personally and bury him, then find Seraphina Linden and choke her.

Meanwhile, in Bayside, Gregory Sterling, who had settled into an honest life, suddenly sneezed. He felt as if someone was thinking about him, like someone was discussing a thousand ways for him to die!

Mr. Crawford naturally sensed Julian Rathborne's sinister displeasure. He spoke up, "Father-in-law, calm down. I know you're angry about being cuckolded."

"..."

Julian, who had been cuckolded, glared fiercely at Mr. Crawford and cursed, "Can't you speak properly? Get off my car immediately!"

"Father-in-law, look at your explosive temper. You weren't like this before. I wasn't finished. That marriage with your mother-in-law was a sham. Gregory Sterling is just a crazed fanboy of hers. He never got the chance to touch her hand."

What?

Julian looked at Mr. Crawford squarely, "Are you serious?"

"Absolutely." Mr. Crawford affirmed.

The dark displeasure between Julian's brows instantly dissipated, and he drew a faint curve with his lips. He thought so—she couldn't possibly be into someone like Gregory Sterling when she wasn't even interested in him.

Julian suddenly felt at peace. "So, she..."

Mr. Crawford interrupted Julian, implying there was more to come, "Father-in-law, I'll tell you more about your mother-in-law later. By the way, do you have time lately? Serena and I are planning to remarry and wanted to invite you for a meal."

Julian considered for two seconds, "No time."

Mr. Crawford, "..."

At this moment, a melodious ringtone sounded as Mr. Crawford received a call.

Mr. Crawford checked the caller ID—it was Hailey Young calling.

On the last day of the deadline, Hailey Young finally called.

Mr. Crawford answered the call, "Hello."

Hailey Young's voice quickly came through, "I've gotten the formula for the Elixir of Youth, and it's in my hands. Mr. Crawford, send a private jet to get me and my brother out of here. I'll give you the formula before we leave."

Hailey's voice sounded urgent. It was clear she was eager to escape, and Mr. Crawford understood why. Being pursued by someone as obsessed as Felix Knight, she must be desperate to shake him off.

Mr. Crawford nodded, "Okay."

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An hour later, Hailey Young left with her brother as Mr. Crawford stood tall and handsome in the airport lobby, clutching the Elixir of Youth formula.

Then the sound of footsteps echoed—Felix Knight and his entourage had arrived.