

Substitute B 463

Chapter 463: The Blood of the Rathborne Family Flows in My Veins

Now, every time she appears, Serena Sterling receives a full house of cheers, and yet she always loses miserably.

Anabelle Rathborne couldn't understand how, with such a high starting point, being the daughter of the world's richest man, the first beauty and the leading socialite of the City of Aethelgard, everything fell apart once she encountered Serena Sterling.

Of course, Anabelle wasn't dwelling on it. She smirked to herself; who said she'd be keeping an empty house? Tonight, on their wedding night, Hayden Crawford must spend it with her.

If he doesn't accompany her in bed, she would not willingly give her blood to save Serena Sterling!

...

Serena Sterling walked out quickly, a fine layer of sweat had formed on her soft, tender skin. Her delicate brows were knitted as she leaned her slender, graceful back against the cold wall, panting heavily. She wasn't pretending earlier; when she cried out to Hayden Crawford about her pain, it was because the old injury had acted up.

The pain on her face felt like being cut with a knife, as if her skin was splitting open from within, causing her radiant body to tremble.

She couldn't collapse here.

She didn't want to fall at this grand wedding party.

She couldn't let Hayden Crawford see her like this.

She had to leave this place.

Serena straightened up and continued walking forward.

But after she took two steps, someone approached her, and Titus Ashworth appeared.

Upon seeing Titus Ashworth, Serena's steps came to a halt.

Since coming to Aethelgard, Titus had been quiet because his target was... Serena Sterling. He had been waiting for her to appear.

Now, as Titus looked at Serena, his blue eyes shone with a fervent, twisted light. So much alike.

Truly so much alike!

Titus's gaze lingered on Serena's delicate and dazzling face, her exquisite and striking features, her arched eyebrows, her dainty little nose, and even those crimson cherry lips reminiscent of Seraphina Linden.

Titus displayed a hint of infatuation; at that moment, his eyes met Serena's bright, clear pupils. As he looked at Serena, she looked back at him.

Serena, calm and composed, was also taking measure of the man opposite her. Dressed in an elegant black evening gown, her clear eyes like a flowing spring hid a subtle sharpness.

Titus was instantly captivated by Serena's composed demeanor. He curled his lips, "Do you know who I am?"

Serena smiled, "Titus Ashworth, long have I heard your name."

Titus moved closer to Serena, "Has anyone ever told you how much you resemble your mom?"

Only, Seraphina Linden was more radiant and playful, innocent and carefree, whereas Serena's demeanor was more akin to... the Rathborne family!

Looking at Serena reminded Titus constantly that she was the child Seraphina had with another man. She was the fusion of the most perfect genes in the world, having perfectly inherited every excellent gene from Julian Rathborne and Seraphina Linden.

Serena tilted her head slightly, "You know my mom?"

"More than know her; she was once my fiancée, my queen, but she didn't choose me. She chose a mortal, and conceived you instead." At this, Titus's blue eyes brimmed with resentment and dissatisfaction.

Serena understood; this was someone tormented by unrequited love, distorted through prolonged infatuation and observation.

"I cannot judge what happened in the past. I only want to know, what do you intend to do?" Serena looked directly at Titus.

"Originally, I planned to obliterate you to ashes, so your mother could feel the pain of my loss and regret it for a lifetime, but now I've changed my mind."

As he spoke, Titus took another look at Serena, in her black gown, her beautiful collarbones like butterflies, radiant shoulders, all perfect. Her young, firm body exuded endless allure.

"Now, I want to take you back to my kingdom. Since I couldn't have your mom, I'll have you instead, to make up for my life's regret. I want you to become my queen. If I can't be your mom's king, then I'll be her son-in-law. Isn't that much more entertaining?"

"..."

Serena thought Titus Ashworth was sickeningly perverse; he actually wanted to marry her as queen.

After contemplating for a moment, Serena asked, "What is your relation to Old Man Knight? Is the idea behind the old beauty poison yours?"

Titus's blue eyes suddenly lit up; this girl was indeed exceptionally intelligent. She could easily connect the dots among all these people and events.

"That's right, the old beauty poison was my idea. When your mother ended the engagement with me and brought herself to the City of Aethelgard, selected your father's genes to conceive you, I devised a perfect revenge plan. Old Man Knight, Yvonne Knight, and Anabelle Rathborne were just my pawns. Felix Knight, the Knight family's grandson, had a talent for poisons since childhood. I had Old Man Knight train him over these years to produce a poison that could defeat the immortality blood, using Annette's blood to cultivate the formula, tying your fate to my daughter's. It's truly a flawless plan; you're all within my chessboard, no one can escape!"

Serena understood now, no wonder Hayden Crawford had to marry Anabelle Rathborne. Annabelle's blood was the antidote to the old beauty poison.

With such a blood-based component, healing would be impossible; she would probably depend on Annabelle's blood for her entire life.

This Titus Ashworth was not only perverted but insane.

During her time at Westerley Estate, through this conversation with Titus, Serena had roughly figured out what was happening outside.

But...

Serena looked up, and she saw two figures in front of her, Julian Rathborne and Jude Crawford, who had arrived without her noticing.

Serena cast her gaze upon Julian Rathborne. The outside temperature was frigid, and Julian was hidden in the dim light, the pavilion lamps faintly illuminating him, revealing a face akin to a masterpiece.

Now Julian wore a carefully pressed black shirt, standing silently. His every move exuded the deep experience and noble, cold air that time had cultivated in him.

This leader of the Rathborne family, Julian Rathborne, the son of Aethelgard, had receded from public view over the past two decades, yet remained omnipresently powerful.

Serena's gaze shifted from Julian's face to Titus's face. "Just, why did you choose the Knight family to execute your revenge plan? Is it because the most perfect genes chosen by my mom back then came from... Julian Rathborne, the head of the Rathborne family, and I carry Rathborne blood, correct?"

Serena had instantly guessed her own ancestry.

Looking at such a clever, insightful Serena Sterling, Jude Crawford suddenly felt sentimental—they were all getting old, and now belonged to the battleground of the young!