

Substitute B 464

Chapter 464: I'll Satisfy You Properly

Titus Ashworth's eyes lit up even more. She truly lived up to being Seraphina Linden's daughter, so interesting.

"That's right, the man your mommy chose is Julian Rathborne, and Julian Rathborne is your biological daddy," Titus Ashworth nodded.

Serena lowered her long lashes. When Titus Ashworth laid out his perfect plan for revenge, the people Old Man Knight, Yvonne Knight, and Anabelle Rathborne all connected in her mind, all revolving around the Rathborne family. She knew then that she was Julian Rathborne's daughter.

Serena didn't speak as Julian Rathborne strode over. He came before Serena, using his broad shoulder to shield her from Titus Ashworth's gaze. "Lord Ashworth, I appreciate your favor, but if you wish to marry my daughter and make me your royal father-in-law, you must see if I acknowledge you as my son-in-law. Otherwise, why don't you try calling me Dad first?"

"You!" Titus Ashworth's expression changed, directly countered by Julian Rathborne.

Julian Rathborne slowly curved his thin lips. "Lord Ashworth, this is not the State of Westria, but the City of Aethelgard. I advise you not to cause trouble and leave promptly. Taking my daughter out of the City of Aethelgard is impossible."

This was the first head-on confrontation between Julian Rathborne and Titus Ashworth. Titus quickly squinted his eyes; he knew that the City of Aethelgard was Julian Rathborne's territory.

Next to Julian Rathborne was also Jude Crawford. These two big shots could control Aethelgard with a single hand. They erected a wall of protection around Serena, giving Titus no chance to approach, let alone take Serena away from Aethelgard.

Titus Ashworth didn't intend to clash with Julian Rathborne for now. If it were in his Westria, things would be different.

Titus gave a cold snort and left with a wave of his sleeve.

Julian Rathborne watched Titus's figure disappear from sight, then turned towards Serena, "Serena, shall we go home?"

"Go home?" Serena looked up at him.

"Yes, go back to the Rathborne family. That's your true home." Julian Rathborne raised a hand to gently stroke Serena's long hair.

Throughout Serena's life, she had never had a father figure, missing that paternal love. Just now, Julian Rathborne's strong, broad shoulder shielded her, protecting her from the storm. Now, his large hand, full of tenderness and indulgence, stroked her head, just like the father she had always imagined. Julian Rathborne's fatherly love was like a mountain, dignified yet warm, fulfilling all her fantasies.

Julian Rathborne was her biological father, which meant Old Mrs. Rathborne was her real grandmother.

When she was in Bayside, she saved Old Mrs. Rathborne. Since then, they became instantly fond of each other. Serena liked Old Mrs. Rathborne, who also loved her, wanting to recognize her as a granddaughter several times. Looking back, these were ties forged in blood and family that couldn't be broken.

Serena lightly shook her head, "I can't return to the Rathborne family right now. My head is a bit confused. I just want to be alone for a while."

"Serena, where do you want to go? Titus Ashworth is watching you like a hawk; you absolutely cannot be out of our sight, understood?"

"Understood, I just want to go back to my place. I won't wander off; I'm leaving now." Serena stepped away.

Julian Rathborne didn't chase after her, but people were already following Serena secretly to protect her.

Now, the situation in Aethelgard was treacherous, with people from all directions converging to attack her. She needed to be protected flawlessly.

Jude Crawford walked over at that moment, "Rest assured, your daughter is just like her mommy, extraordinary. She'll bounce back quickly."

Julian Rathborne shook his head, "Precisely because of that, I worry. She won't be subdued by fate, and the harder it gets, the more she shines. Sometimes, I wish she could be a bit more ordinary."

Jude Crawford agreed with this sentiment.

Julian Rathborne glanced at Jude Crawford then, "You and Isabelle Willow didn't have a daughter, and now, my daughter, with the pot and the flowers, has been taken home by your family."

Jude Crawford snorted, "You should feel satisfied. In front of you, Hayden acts like such a brown-noser. If you play some music, he could even give you an impromptu dance. I, as his biological father, have never enjoyed such a privilege."

...

Thus ended today's grand wedding, with Anabelle Rathborne officially becoming Mrs. Crawford.

Hayden Crawford stood at the elaborately carved railing on the second floor, one hand in his pocket, the other holding the ring of uniqueness, gripping it so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

She had promised him that no matter what happened in the future, she would never take off the ring of uniqueness.

Yet, just now, she took it off and discarded it.

She didn't want the ring of uniqueness, nor did she want him anymore.

Hayden Crawford's handsome and chiseled face took on a layer of gloom, filled with surging forbearance and extreme pain.

He just wanted to see her now.

At this moment, Anabelle Rathborne walked over from behind, "Hayden, what are you doing?"

Hayden Crawford turned sideways, his tall and straight posture emanating an indescribable cold arrogance; he pulled at the corners of his mouth indifferently, "I should be asking you. I've done what I needed to do, marrying you. Now you should do what you ought to, give me the blood."

Hayden Crawford's words were blunt, constantly reminding her that this wedding was merely a transaction; Anabelle Rathborne stiffened for a moment.

But she quickly curled her red lips, "Hayden, I am already your wife. Tonight, I want to be your woman."

"Oh." Hayden forced out a chilling laugh from his throat, "You're implying that if I don't touch you tonight, you won't give me the blood?"

Anabelle Rathborne felt she now had the capital to negotiate because she was the proactive party, thinking she should control the rules of the game, "Exactly, Hayden. I can give you the blood, but every time before I do, you must spend that night with me."

Hayden Crawford understood, his handsome face remaining expressionless, merely arching an eyebrow, then snorting lightly, "Sleep with you once; you give blood once. Did I get it wrong? This is the first time I've seen someone so desperate for a man, eager to get slept by one."

Anabelle Rathborne, after all, raised in the best environment, turned pale instantly at Hayden Crawford's words. He had pushed his disdain and loathing for her to the extreme.

However, she wouldn't give up; she didn't want to repeat her mother's fate, living as a widow for the rest of her life.

She wanted to be Hayden Crawford's woman, nurtured by him, and she wanted to bear him several kids, becoming the true matriarch of the Crawford family.

"Hayden, you can refuse, but without the blood, Serena won't survive." Anabelle said.

Hayden Crawford's hawk-like sharp eyes fell on Anabelle Rathborne, "How could I refuse? Since you're so eager for a man, tonight I will surely satisfy you well."