

Substitute B 901

Chapter 901: Yes, I Do

Amidst the cheers and crowd, Hayden Crawford lifted Serena Sterling horizontally and carried her directly into the floral carriage.

Justin Xavier was also present, accompanied by Davina Rowe, while the bride and groom had already left, Justin chose to stay.

Davina felt a bit timid and anxious. After Old Master Xavier's visit, she returned to Justin's side. Although Justin didn't reject her, he was very indifferent, neither speaking to her nor even looking at her, almost treating her as if she were invisible.

"Pre... President Xavier," Davina whispered, "Shall we... go too?"

With his hands in his pockets, Justin's cold gaze fell on the seven fake brides with their headscarves on ahead, as if he hadn't heard Davina. He simply strode forward.

Davina watched him in surprise, and soon her pupils shrank, for she saw Justin walking straight up to one of the brides and lifting her headscarf.

The next second, Leah Thorne's soft and charming face came into view.

Davina was shocked, realizing why Justin had stayed put. Like Hayden, he had spotted Leah among the crowd at a glance.

Now he approached and directly lifted Leah's headscarf.

Davina's hands hanging at her sides quickly clenched into fists, filled with unwillingness and jealousy.

As a bridesmaid, Leah naturally had to participate in the game with the eight brides. With Serena Sterling taken away by Hayden Crawford, Leah was preparing to leave when a pair of hands suddenly reached over and lifted her headscarf.

She looked up, finding Justin Xavier's handsome and refined face magnified in her view.

He had surprisingly come over to lift her headscarf directly.

Justin stood before her, his gaze falling on her delicate features. Today, Leah wore light makeup, and to match the performance earlier, she had twisted up her wavy curls. It was Justin's first time seeing her with her hair up.

With her hair up, Leah lost a bit of her usual aloof charm, gaining more of a warm, homely feel. As Justin looked at her, his thin lips slowly formed a curve, and he smiled.

He understood now, he saw what she looked like, ready to marry with her hair up.

Who could pick this thorny red rose and make her a wife, yet she could be so warm and homely.

Why is he smiling?

What's so funny?

Leah raised her delicate eyebrows, "President Xavier, have you seen enough? If so, please let go. Aren't you afraid your girlfriend will get jealous if you come running over to lift my headscarf?"

Leah glanced knowingly at Davina.

Justin still held her headscarf, unwilling to let go, his low voice tinged with laughter, "It's okay, my girlfriend is very understanding. She knows when to turn a blind eye."

Davina felt like the two were openly flirting right in front of her.

After Old Master Xavier's departure, Leah had ignored Justin, and now Justin was back with Davina, it seemed their relationship had ended.

Yet it also seemed unresolved, like the spring breeze that couldn't be extinguished, and wildfires that grew again.

Leah raised her hand, took off the headscarf, and stuffed it into his hand, "Since President Xavier likes it, I'll give it to you."

Leah turned and left.

Justin watched her sway her slender waist, walking away in high heels, disappearing from his sight. Hands in his pockets, he reached out, licked his dry lips, and laughed to himself.

In his palm was the headscarf she had just worn. He placed the scarf under his nose and took a whiff.

Fragrant.

Her scent lingered on this scarf.

Justin stuffed the headscarf into his pocket and also left.

Davina stood frozen on the spot. She had just witnessed Justin looking in the direction Leah had disappeared, smiling inappropriately. She had also seen Justin lower his head to smell Leah's worn headscarf and watched as he stashed Leah's headscarf into his pocket, hiding it away. She really thought Justin was quite... strange.

Justin's attitude towards Leah was becoming more honest and blatant. Every look he gave her was that of a man watching a woman, as if any minute, he wanted to strip Leah bare.

...

Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling walked down the red carpet amidst everyone's blessings, reaching the priest.

The priest asked, "Bride, do you take this man beside you as your husband, to live together in rich and poor, in sickness and in health, facing challenges and tribulations together, without betrayal, without abandonment?"

Serena's bright eyes fell on Hayden's handsome face, and she slowly curled her lips, "Yes, I do."

"Alright, the groom may kiss the bride," the priest announced.

Finally, they reached this moment. Hayden lifted Serena's headscarf again and held her face, kissing her.

Hayden kissed for a long time, even making the priest tap his small gavel, "Groom, enough already, even God has had his fill of this dog food."

Pff~

Hahaha~

The guests below burst into laughter once more.

Serena felt the nervous sweat in Hayden's palms, and she laughed as she fell into Hayden's arms.

The breeze kissed her cheeks, and happiness overflowed.

Now it was time for the bride to toss the bouquet; whoever caught it would be the next to marry.

The unmarried men and women began to stir, "Come on, come catch the bridal bouquet!"

Serena stood on the stage, blinking anxiously at her best friend Leah, signaling her to stand behind to catch it, indicating she'd throw it to her!

Leah raised her eyebrows, unmoving, signaling she didn't want it—after all, she was a single aristocrat.

Serena, "..."

Not daring to make it too obvious, Serena turned her back, closed her eyes, and threw the bouquet directly.

Ah!

A scream erupted from behind.

Leah looked up to see the bouquet landing on someone—it was... Justin Xavier.

Justin stood elegantly, hands in his pockets, with no intention of catching the bouquet, yet it flew straight into his arms.

--Daily Story with Ariel and Jude--

17-year-old Isabelle Willow.

Isabelle is now 17, marking her second year with Jude Crawford.

On her 17th birthday, Jude took her to witness a rain of flowers.

When they returned to the hotel, both of them were soaked through. Jude looked at the 17-year-old Isabelle, who had quickly matured over the past two years. Her once youthful features growing more stunning, and even her figure had transformed. The wet clothes clung to her tight, curved, youthful form. It wasn't seductive yet, but carried a sense of innocent allure.

Jude quickly averted his gaze, tucking his hand into his pocket.

At that moment, Isabelle ran over, hugging his waist, "I'm so cold, Jude, hug me~"

Chapter 902: Why Are You Ignoring Me, Hmm?

Ah!

The unmarried girls all screamed, "Oh my God, the bride's bouquet hit President Xavier!"

"Looks like President Xavier is close to a happy event, he's going to get married!"

"I just wonder which lucky girl will marry into the wealthy Xavier family and become Mrs. Xavier."

Justin Xavier didn't move. The bouquet hit his firm chest and then fell to the ground. He raised an eyebrow and looked at Leah Thorne.

Leah glanced at him indifferently and then turned to leave.

...

The wedding concluded successfully, and Leah Thorne went back to change her dress.

But suddenly, a large hand reached out and grabbed her slender, fair wrist, then with a light pull, she quickly stumbled into a firm chest.

Leah gazed up, frowning, "President Xavier, why are you following this routine of stalking people? Listen to me; let's change this habit; it really lowers your class."

Justin Xavier's large hand moved down to her soft waist and pinched it, "Why are you ignoring me, huh?"

Leah wanted to push him away, "Does President Xavier still need me when he has his beauty beside him?"

Justin Xavier held her and moved forward a few steps, pressing her against the wall, trapping her in his embrace, "Don't you know whether I want you or not? You don't reply to my messages, turn off your phone when I call, and ignore me even when I look at you. Did you just predict that I'd fall for this 'playing hard to get' strategy?"

As he spoke, he lifted his hand, his long fingers threading through her hair, "Leah, don't be spoiled by favors. Now I haven't got you; naturally, I cherish you. Once I have you and grow tired, let's see if you'll turn around and try to win me back!"

Once the veil between men and women was pierced, he became unrestrained, every word revealing his innate wild nature.

The women around Justin Xavier all circled around him, but only Leah required him to pamper and coax her. The more she acted like this, the more it stimulated his inherent desires for possession and conquest.

Leah looked at him with alluring eyes, not angry, just pouted at him, "President Xavier, have you reduced yourself to just talking big? Show some skills when you actually have me, when you've had your fill of me."

Justin Xavier's eyes suddenly darkened, and after a few seconds, a low, hoarse laugh rolled from his throat, "You said it, just wait!"

Leah had already seen the blatant and intense desire in his eyes. This man was practically a beast, ready to pounce at any moment.

"Aren't you afraid your grandfather will find out and kick you out of the Xavier family and Xavier Corp, leaving you with nothing?" Leah retorted.

Justin Xavier's handsome face remained emotionless. He used his rough fingers to caress Leah's delicate skin, the silky sensation leaving him reluctant to pull away, "I won't allow myself to have nothing. I need a little time."

He said he needed a little time.

Leah understood what he meant. She nodded, "Alright, come find me once you've handled things."

She tried to push him away to leave.

Just then, a familiar voice rang out, "President Xavier~ President Xavier~"

Davina Rowe was calling out.

Looking for Justin Xavier.

"President Xavier, your girlfriend is calling you, hurry up and move aside; I need to go... Ugh." Leah's red lips were suddenly sealed.

Justin Xavier lowered his head and kissed her.

Davina Rowe, noticing Justin Xavier was missing, came to find him. Old Master Xavier had instructed her to keep a close eye on Justin, not to let him find Leah Thorne.

But she found she couldn't keep track of Justin Xavier. He sneaked off to find Leah like a cat stealing cream.

Now she was walking in the corridor, looking around, "President Xavier, where are you~"

Leah's beautiful back was pressed against the wall, her small hand gripping Justin Xavier's shirt at his waist, creating deep creases from her grasp. She was very nervous, as she could hear Davina Rowe's footsteps getting closer.

Davina Rowe was coming this way.

Leah didn't close her eyes, watching as Justin Xavier's handsome face magnified in front of her. He kissed her passionately and forcefully, like a wild storm, as if he were a ravenous wolf ready to devour her as a tasty meal.

Just then, a few executives walked over in the corridor, "Miss Carter, why are you here? Where's President Xavier?"

Davina Rowe said helplessly, "I don't know where President Xavier went; I'm looking for him."

"Then we'll help you look," the executives volunteered to join the search for Justin Xavier.

So many people outside, Leah was already starting to panic. This was Serena's wedding; she didn't want to make the entertainment headlines tomorrow for being caught kissing Justin Xavier. That would be explosive news.

Unlike Leah, Justin Xavier remained unmoved. He didn't care about what was happening outside, only immersing himself in the kiss.

"Let go!" Leah forced him away.

This time Justin Xavier released her a bit, but in the dim light, his eyes remained dark and burning, his voice low and raspy, "Open your mouth, I just taught you once, and you forgot?"

"..." Leah wished she could slap his handsome face, "What's our relationship now? Am I your secret lover?"

Justin Xavier ignored her. Seeing she wouldn't open her mouth, he pinched her delicate face with his thumb and index finger, applying a bit of pressure to force her to open it.

Leah couldn't endure the pain and opened her mouth.

In the next second, her breath was taken away as Justin Xavier's fierce kiss came over her.

Ugh!

Leah let out a muffled voice.

"What was that noise? Is there someone over there?" At this time, an attentive executive heard the sound and came over.

Someone was coming!

Leah's body stiffened, both hands pressed against Justin Xavier's firm chest.

Justin Xavier sensed her unease and whispered hoarsely, "If you don't want to be exposed, hold my neck."

The executive's footsteps were approaching, right beside her, and Leah really didn't want to be exposed, so she quickly reached up and wrapped her arms around Justin Xavier's neck.

Justin Xavier held her soft body tightly in his arms.

Just then, the executive arrived and immediately spotted Justin Xavier in the corner. Because the light was dim, and Justin Xavier had Leah completely sheltered in his arms, the executive didn't notice Leah.

"Pres... President Xavier..." The executive was dumbfounded; he never expected to find the President everyone was searching for here.

What's going on?

His official girlfriend is searching high and low outside, but President Xavier is here... sneaking around?

Rich people's games.

Then Justin Xavier turned his head, his light gaze landing directly on the executive's face.

The executive shivered involuntarily, "Pres... President Xavier, please continue to enjoy yourself. I'll handle Miss Carter for you."

The executive gave an "OK" gesture and quickly ran off.

Chapter 903: She's Always the Aggressor

Leah Thorne heard that the boss turned around and ran. The boss slapped his thigh and earnestly said to Davina Rowe, "Oh, Miss Carter, I remembered, President Xavier is not here, he's playing cards in a private room. Let me take you to find him."

Davina Rowe was unaware of the deceit and sincerely apologized, "Alright, thank you."

The people all left.

Leah Thorne breathed a sigh of relief. She was still in Justin Xavier's arms. She immediately raised her hand, pushed against his firm chest, and forcefully pushed him away, "Let go of me!"

Justin Xavier let her go but pinched her small face with his large hand, looking carefully for a few moments, "Just a moment ago, you were tightly holding onto my neck when you needed me. Now that everyone has left, you want to kick me away. Leah Thorne, you're really practical."

"..." Leah's soft and charming face was pinched in his palm, her red lips squeezed into a pout. He was too disrespectful. "President Xavier, if it weren't for you, would I be like this?"

As she spoke, Leah raised an eyebrow and glared at him, "Sneaking around behind your official girlfriend's back must be quite thrilling for you, President Xavier."

Justin Xavier's handsome brow furrowed slightly, then he leaned closer, chuckling hoarsely, "Then why don't we... try something more thrilling?"

Leah Thorne reached out and pinched his firm waist hard.

Justin Xavier winced in pain, releasing her small face. However, the deep kiss from before had left her lips red and swollen, her tousled curls cascading down lazily and messily, adding a touch of alluring allure under the moonlight.

Justin Xavier slowly curled his thin lips, remarking, "You really do look like my secret lover this way."

Leah Thorne gave him a look and then pushed him away forcefully, turning to leave.

...

The wedding was over, and next came the socializing.

In the luxurious private room, Julian Rathborne sat in the main seat on the dark red sofa, having removed his outer suit, now dressed in a white shirt and black trousers, looking handsome and dignified.

The champagne-colored lights in the booth cascaded down from above, as if adding a golden edge to his handsome face. His slender fingers held a cigarette, smoking nonchalantly. Many businesspeople came over to greet him eagerly, but seeing his lack of enthusiasm, they wisely moved away.

Soon, Sean Dawson came by.

Sean Dawson had drunk quite a bit, reeking of alcohol and looking quite tipsy. He plopped down beside Julian Rathborne, "Mr. Rathborne, my dear, it turns out we're family. Such a pleasure to meet you!"

Julian Rathborne slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke without responding.

"I really didn't expect that because of my lovely wife, Seraphina, I'd end up being family with the world's richest man, Julian Rathborne, and the leading financial magnate, Hayden Crawford. I feel like I'm dreaming, and this dream is just wonderful."

"Come on, Mr. Rathborne, let's have a toast. I'll drink, and you can do as you please."

Sean Dawson gulped down a glass of red wine.

At this moment, Julian Rathborne moved slightly, his slanted eyes watching Sean Dawson through the swirling smoke, and he casually pressed his thin lips, "Is she good to you?"

He was ultimately curious.

Sean Dawson was startled, looking drunkenly at Julian Rathborne, "Mr. Rathborne, who are you referring to?"

Julian Rathborne tapped his cigarette in the ashtray, "Isn't she your lovely wife?"

Sean Dawson's eyes lit up, thinking he understood, "Good, of course, she's good. My lovely wife, Seraphina, is tender and obedient, always compliant. If I tell her to go east, she wouldn't dare go west. She's especially sweet and obedient."

Is that so?

Julian Rathborne curled his thin lips. He had never seen her tender and obedient. In front of him, she was like a fierce little wildcat.

She listens to other men, but not to him at all!

Could it be because he's not her husband?

At this moment, Sean Dawson mysteriously leaned close to Julian Rathborne's ear, "Mr. Rathborne, you and my lovely wife, Seraphina, even have a daughter together. Surely you've also had your moments with her. How are her skills in bed?"

Julian Rathborne paused in his smoking action, then turned to look at Sean Dawson, "Are you sure you want to privately discuss your wife's skills in bed with me?"

Julian Rathborne's handsome brow had already darkened, covered by a layer of icy frost. Right now, he wished he could give Seraphina Linden a new pair of eyes. How did she marry such a man!

But Sean Dawson hadn't realized anything, and he said excitedly, "Yes, Mr. Rathborne, we can discuss and exchange notes. Let's do it this way, I'll start. My lovely wife, Seraphina, is always very proactive. She loves taking control."

"Moreover, my lovely wife, Seraphina, is quite playful. She'd wear very sexy or cosplay outfits just to show me, asking if I found them attractive. Her coquettish little appearance just makes me love her more and more, unable to get enough of her."

Julian Rathborne directly pressed his thin lips into a cold arc. Only when he felt the burn on his fingertip did he come back to his senses. The cigarette end, fiery red, had burned him.

She actually!

The moment twenty-something years ago was something he had never forgotten. That night, she quietly climbed onto him and asked with intoxicating scent whether he preferred a son or a daughter.

She really liked taking control, but he always thought she only did that with him. Now he knew he was just one of many!

Also, he had never seen her in a sexy outfit, let alone any cosplay. Julian Rathborne's private life was clean, but he knew cosplay was when a woman dressed up in maid outfits or such to please a man.

He liked Seraphina Linden, but he was upright and never thought about having her wear any cosplay outfits one day.

Sean Dawson had no clue about the subtle, icy atmosphere and was still about to excitedly say something more, when suddenly there was the loud bang of a "thud".

--A daily story by Jude and Yara--

Isabelle Willow suddenly threw herself over, playfully demanding a hug.

Jude Crawford froze, quickly reaching out to push her away, "Yara, stand properly."

"No~" Isabelle Willow clung to him like a koala, refusing to let go.

Soon, Isabelle Willow noticed something unusual. The two bodies were pressed tightly together now; she felt something hot poking at her.

Isabelle Willow had memories from a previous life, and with a flutter, she immediately understood what it was.

No wonder someone had been eager to push her away earlier, with his hands resting in his pant pockets, not letting her touch his body.

Isabelle Willow raised her stunning face, gazed at him with moist, sparkling eyes, "There's something on you poking me."

Jude Crawford, "..."

Isabelle Willow looked innocent, "Did you hide some formidable weapon? Let me feel it."

With that, her small hand reached down.

Jude Crawford pushed her away and fled in a hurry.

Chapter 904: A Thousand Miles of Fate Led by Money

Pa.

Sean Dawson's voice abruptly stopped because Julian Rathborne reached out and shattered an ashtray.

The expensive ashtray smashed onto the floor, breaking into pieces and producing a soul-stirring noise.

The once bustling luxury box suddenly grew quiet, and the other executives exchanged glances, cautiously observing Mr. Rathborne's expression.

Julian Rathborne was initially not very interested, but now everyone could see that he was angry.

The crowd collectively looked at Sean Dawson next to Julian Rathborne, implying, how did you provoke Mr. Rathborne?

Sean Dawson, drunk and aggrieved, thought, I didn't, I was just discussing a fun topic with Mr. Rathborne!

Just as the atmosphere became tense, the door of the luxury box was suddenly pushed open. A bright and graceful figure walked in — Seraphina Linden had arrived.

As soon as Seraphina entered, she sensitively noticed the change in atmosphere. Her watery eyes glanced around, "Did I...interrupt you?"

"No, no," the other executives chuckled.

"Seraphina darling, you're finally here." Sean Dawson scrambled up from the sofa, walked over to Seraphina, and wrapped an arm around her soft waist, "Come on, just in time, go offer Mr. Rathborne a drink."

Sean Dawson shoved a glass of wine into Seraphina's hand.

Seraphina really wanted to roll her eyes at Sean Dawson, but with so many people here, she decided against it. She would deal with him later.

Now standing before him, Seraphina looked toward Julian Rathborne at the main seat. He slightly lifted his handsome eyelids, and his almond-shaped eyes fell upon her face.

The luxury box was full of wealthy executives, but Julian Rathborne, among them, was the most distinguished. Although middle-aged, his figure hadn't lost its shape, thanks to his passion for fitness. His tailored white shirt perfectly outlined his broad shoulders, the expensive steel watch on his wrist, and knife-edge tailored black trousers all showcased his exquisite taste in life, exuding an irresistible charm of a successful upper-class gentleman.

Of course, his looks were also among the top in the group of men; a man in his forties showing no signs of aging, Seraphina thought he was truly a marvel.

However, such an outstanding man also had flaws, and a fatal one at that — he had premature ejaculation.

Sigh.

Seraphina sighed inwardly, her watery eyes glistening with sympathy. She raised her glass, "Mr. Rathborne, I offer you a toast."

Seraphina was standing while Julian Rathborne was sitting, yet his gaze had an innate sense of superiority. He gave Seraphina a casual glance, his gaze settling on Sean Dawson's lecherous hand around her waist. His lips had already formed a sharp arc, "If you offer me a toast, do I have to drink?"

Seraphina, "..."

Today's his daughter's wedding, yet he's completely disregarding her dignity.

At this moment, Julian Rathborne suddenly said, "Come here!"

Come here.

Just two simple words, assertive and domineering.

Seraphina stood still, but the drunken Sean Dawson spoke up, "Mr. Rathborne, if you have something to say, say it to me. Don't scare my Seraphina darling..."

Before he could finish the word "wife," Julian Rathborne suddenly extended his long arm, grabbed Seraphina Linden's slender wrist, and pulled.

In the next moment, Seraphina found herself sitting on his solid thigh.

Gasp.

The luxury box echoed with gasps as everyone widened their mouths in shock. What did they just witness?

No one was unaware of Julian Rathborne's aversion to women. Many men pretend, appearing celibate while keeping mistresses, but through all these years, Julian Rathborne truly has had no woman.

The Rathborne family's Crown Prince, Aethelgard's son, Julian Rathborne's aversion to women once greatly worried The Rathborne Dowager. Fearing her son wouldn't marry and would end up lonely, she spent a fortune hiring fortune-telling experts to define his marriage destiny.

One day, Master Zayne, a wandering monk, came to the Rathborne family's doorstep and left a divination, stating that a thousand-mile marriage would come for money.

The Rathborne Dowager had heard of the saying about a thousand-mile fate connected by a thread, but never about fate connected by money. Did the Rathborne family lack money? Discussing money with them was almost an affront to refinement.

The young and impulsive Rathborne Dowager became enraged and directly chased High Monk Zayne away.

Chased away, High Monk Zayne chuckled, then turned and disappeared into the crowd.

Everyone knew Julian Rathborne wasn't close to women, but now, he surprisingly had a woman sitting on his lap.

Wow!

That's explosive!

Seraphina Linden was unprepared, suddenly sitting on the man's solid thigh. She felt her backside was going to burst.

It hurts.

"Mr. Rathborne, if you have something to say, speak, gentlefolk talk, not fight~" Seraphina said smilingly, looking into his handsome face.

Julian Rathborne snorted coldly, "Weren't you going to offer me a drink? Feed me, and I'll drink."

What... what?

He actually... wants her to feed him a drink?

"Mr. Rathborne, let's forget about it then, drinking is harmful to health, let's not drink anymore." Seraphina gestured to rise.

Julian Rathborne held her delicate waist, confining her to his embrace, preventing her from moving. Seraphina became anxious, "Mr. Rathborne, I'm a married woman, how can you flirt with a respectable lady in broad daylight?"

"Do you believe I'll have you become... a widow by tomorrow?" Julian Rathborne replied airily.

"..." Seraphina truly experienced what was meant by the evils of capitalism, flirting with respectable ladies was nothing, with Mr. Rathborne, he directly turned a new bride into a widow!

Wisely, Seraphina picked up the wine glass and brought it to his thin lips, "Mr. Rathborne, I'm feeding you wine, ah, open your mouth~"

She actually fed him wine.

Just for Sean Dawson?

Julian Rathborne didn't drink, his gaze was dark and intense fixed on her, and then his thin lips curled into a mocking arc, "You feed me wine just because I ask. If I tell you to come to my room tonight, will you also come?"

Seraphina blinked her feathered eyes at him, "Mr. Rathborne, you keep haunting me like a ghost, your mood swings like a woman's period, always wanting to get into bed with me within three sentences, could it be you've fallen for me?"

Julian Rathborne stiffened.

Seraphina wasn't foolish; living to her age, she could tell when someone liked her.

Back in the day, when she courageously ventured to Aethelgard, she gained a large fan base, mommy fans, true fans, fervent fans, dim-witted fans... She had them all.

Ahem, she wouldn't dwell on her glorious past.

Actually, she had long suspected Julian Rathborne liked her, but she had no evidence.

Now, she seemed to catch him red-handed.

Looking at his stiffening, iron-blue expression, Seraphina asserted, "Mr. Rathborne, you really like me!"

Chapter 905: Entering Her Room at Night

Julian Rathborne looked at her. She now knew he liked her, and in her sparkling eyes, there was a hint of cunning, like a little fox already raising its proud little tail.

Julian Rathborne pressed his thin lips together, "Get off my lap!"

With that sudden shout, Seraphina Linden quickly got up.

Julian Rathborne glanced at her coldly, then strode out of the luxurious private room, disappearing from sight.

...

Seraphina Linden brought a drunken Sean Dawson back to the presidential suite. As soon as they entered, she sharply shouted, "Kneel down!"

Sean Dawson's legs went weak, and he fell directly onto the carpet.

Seraphina Linden already had a ruler in her hand. She looked at Sean Dawson, "Stretch out your hand!"

Sean Dawson, drunk as he was, got so frightened that half of his drunkenness was scared away. He looked at Seraphina Linden, about to cry in fear. This woman was terrifying, almost scaring a grown man to tears.

Years ago, when Seraphina Linden fled to Bayside, she gave birth to a daughter out of wedlock, which brought many inconveniences. Thus, she entered into a false marriage with her butler's son, Gregory Sterling. Of course, everything with Sean Dawson was fake too.

Over a decade ago, the Dawson family was still a nobleman. Back then, Old Mrs. Dawson was still alive, and Seraphina Linden returned to Alani, facing its toughest year.

That year, the whole sea was frozen, Alani was covered in three feet of ice, and all sea routes were closed, cutting off all means of exit.

Seraphina Linden tried many methods, but she alone couldn't open up the maritime transport line. So, she turned to Old Mrs. Dawson for help.

She had once saved Old Mrs. Dawson, who readily agreed to help her, but with the condition that she had to marry Sean Dawson.

In her youthful and carefree days, Seraphina Linden had her mischievous moments. But she only ran away for a brief time; she quickly walked the path every woman was meant to walk, not missing any exciting moments. For years afterwards, she diligently worked her role and supported the people of Alani.

At that time, she faced the choice of whether to sell herself.

Seraphina Linden chose not to.

She bore all the responsibilities and shackles that fate imposed, but she never succumbed to it.

She told Old Mrs. Dawson, "I will not marry your son. It's of no benefit to you. But I can sell you my freedom and become a slave to the Dawson family for twenty years."

In the end, she signed a contract of servitude with Old Mrs. Dawson.

Old Mrs. Dawson passed away years ago, but Seraphina Linden, grateful for the past, couldn't let the Dawson family fall apart under Sean Dawson's hand. So she directly made Sean Dawson her subordinate, allowing him to pick up some business under her wing, ensuring a lifetime of luxury and prosperity for him.

However, Sean Dawson had been coveting Seraphina Linden's beauty for a long time. With a beautiful boss right in front of him, how could he not be tempted? He often bragged outside that Seraphina Linden was his darling wife.

Now, Sean Dawson was very scared; he felt that Seraphina Linden was scarier than his own mother. He refused to stretch out his hand, trying to muster his own courage, "Seraphina Linden, don't forget, you are a servant of the Dawson family. How dare you make the young master kneel here and even hit him with a board; it's simply... outrageous!"

Seeing his incoherence made Seraphina upset. She raised the board and struck Sean Dawson's arm forcefully.

Ah!

Sean Dawson let out a tragic scream.

The soundproofing here was excellent, but passersby outside had already heard Sean Dawson's pig-like screams.

"Seraphina Linden, your contract isn't up yet. You... you have gone too far!"

"Yara, stop... stop hitting me, it hurts so much!"

"Great Aunt, Young Great Aunt, it's all my fault. I won't speak nonsense anymore, you're not my darling wife, please forgive me!"

"Mom, stop sleeping, please rise from the dead and save me!"

...

Julian Rathborne returned to his room. Soon, there was a knock on the door, followed by a respectful voice from his private secretary outside, "President."

"Enter."

The private secretary pushed open the door, entered quietly, and reported, "President, Miss Linden brought a drunk Sean Dawson back to the presidential suite. They've been inside for over half an hour now, and they are likely to spend the night together."

Julian Rathborne stood handsomely in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, his expression dark and unreadable. In his mind, he kept wondering what they were doing now?

Was she passionately climbing onto Sean Dawson again?

She and Sean Dawson were married, so they would certainly engage in conjugal activities at night.

Julian Rathborne frowned heavily, really wanting to shake Seraphina Linden's face out of his mind. When did he, Julian Rathborne, fall so low as to pine for a married woman?

If he merely gave a nod, countless girls would readily jump into his bed.

But none of them were Seraphina Linden.

Julian Rathborne's muscular chest heaved a couple of times, then he turned and left the room.

...

Julian Rathborne arrived at Seraphina Linden's room. The private secretary directly swiped the room card to open the door, and Julian Rathborne stepped inside.

He immediately looked towards the large bed in the room and saw Sean Dawson.

Now, Sean Dawson lay on the bed, appearing to be asleep.

Julian Rathborne didn't know that Sean Dawson was actually passed out from fright.

Where was Seraphina Linden?

Julian Rathborne quickly heard the sound of running water in the shower, Seraphina Linden was showering inside.

Julian Rathborne walked over and pushed open the shower room door. In the next second, he saw Seraphina Linden soaking in a milk bath with rose petals.

Seraphina Linden appeared quite relaxed and leisurely, humming a little tune.

Julian Rathborne listened for a moment, catching the lyrics of a song called "Take Off", which went something like: Take off that coat, take off, take off, Take off that top, take off, take off, Take it all off, take off! take off! take off! Hey, yeah!

Julian Rathborne, "..."

--A Short Daily Story from Lucy and Jude--

On Isabelle Willow's 18th birthday, she marked her third year with Jude Crawford.

After the birthday party, Jude Crawford drove Isabelle Willow home. As Isabelle Willow watched the road, she asked, "Jude, did you take a wrong turn?"

Jude Crawford, holding the steering wheel, glanced at her, "Tonight, can you not go home?"

She was already 18.

Isabelle Willow's heart leaped, suddenly growing nervous. She knew that what was meant to happen had finally arrived; he had been holding back for two years.

At this moment, the luxury car stopped at the entrance of a six-star hotel. Jude Crawford leaned over to unbuckle her seatbelt, "Don't be afraid, I won't do anything."

Isabelle Willow blushed and nodded, "Okay."

Jude Crawford held her small hand and led her into the hotel; this was their first time renting a room together outside.

After taking a bath, Jude Crawford slept on the sofa while Isabelle Willow slept on the big bed. He tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

What he was thinking about, everyone knew.

At this moment, there was a stir, and a fragrant, soft body wormed into his blanket.

Jude Crawford's throat tightened, "You."

Isabelle Willow snuggled into his embrace, her pearly white teeth biting her red lip, and timidly whispered, "Jude, I'll give myself to you, please marry me, alright?"

Chapter 906: Little Liar

Julian Rathborne looked at her, and he couldn't believe she had become so wild.

Seraphina Linden was happily entertaining herself when suddenly "snap" — the lights in the bathroom went out.

What happened?

Why did the power suddenly go out?

Her vision was plunged into darkness, and then she heard a steady footstep approaching. Someone had entered the bathroom, getting closer to her.

Who is it?

Seraphina was startled. She quickly stood up, grabbed a large towel to wrap around herself, and pulled out a silver needle, aiming it at the person.

But a large hand came over, grabbing her delicate wrist, "So enthusiastic about my visit, eh?"

A playful, magnetic, and charming voice — who else could it be but Julian Rathborne?

How did he get into her room?

"Mr. Rathborne, why are you here?"

Julian Rathborne didn't respond verbally but instead expressed his intentions through his actions. His large hands cradled her bright and lively face, and his firm lips pressed directly onto her red lips.

She was kissed.

He had come to steal a kiss!

Seraphina froze for a moment, then quickly struggled, placing her hands on his broad chest to push him away, "Mmm... let go, Mr. Rathborne, didn't you say you didn't want to waste time playing with a married woman?"

Taking advantage of her parted lips, Julian Rathborne deepened the kiss, exploring her sweet mouth.

He kissed dominantly yet gently, sweeping over every soft territory of hers, and coaxing her to dance along.

She was like cheese that melts at the touch, deliciously sweet and hard to forget.

Julian Rathborne hadn't touched a woman in years, and she had taught him just how wonderful a woman's allure could be.

Now, this kiss was enough to awaken his long-slumbering desires; she was still as enticing as years before.

Julian Rathborne kissed her more deeply.

Seraphina struggled in his arms, trying to break free, but his embrace was like an iron shackle, unyielding.

This noble and distinguished man exuded an innate elegance and charm, yet he was also intensely masculine.

She could taste the red wine in his mouth, the rich aroma indicating he had been drinking.

Rathborne was kissing her, and in the silent, dark bathroom, the sound of their lips meeting was tantalizingly audible.

"Julian Rathborne, let go!" Seraphina finally managed to push him away.

Julian Rathborne pulled back from her lips but still held her slender body, his voice rough with a mischievous laugh, "Why can other men, but not me? I've changed my mind, I've never played with a married woman before; it must be quite interesting."

"... Julian Rathborne, are you drunk? My husband... Sean is still outside. You should go quickly!"

"Why should I leave?" he said, tightening his grip on her waist, whispering huskily, "Have you and Sean ever done it?"

Done it — that was his question.

Seraphina stayed silent; Sean had never even been close to her.

Julian Rathborne felt confused, especially since earlier Sean had boasted about her charms and skills in front of him in the private room.

"Why do I feel like you haven't been touched by another man? Because your kiss is still so pure," Julian murmured.

Seraphina gave him a little shove, her seductive lips asking back, "Mr. Rathborne, when did you become a virginity detector?"

"Then I should verify if your body is as pure as your kiss." He said this as he embraced her slender waist, half-hugging, half-pushing her out.

As he pushed her into the room, Seraphina's eyes widened — was he crazy?

Although Sean had been scared into unconsciousness, he was still lying in bed.

"Julian Rathborne, let me go. What kind of sick humor is this, intruding into a married couple's space, bullying a married woman!" Seraphina secretly clenched her fists and punched Julian Rathborne.

Julian Rathborne didn't release her, and their knees bumped into the edge of the big bed, causing both to fall into the soft bed together.

Julian Rathborne's tall, jade-like body pressed directly onto her petite figure.

Seraphina's heart turned cold because Sean was right next to them.

Julian Rathborne then curled his lips into a slow smile, "What's wrong with bullying you? I even want to do a... live broadcast!"

A live... broadcast?

Seraphina realized she didn't recognize the man above her anymore. When did he become so malicious?

At that moment, Sean stirred, mumbling, "Seraphina, darling, is that you... where did you go?"

Sean was asking her.

Seraphina had never experienced something like this before, so she held her breath and quickly responded, "It's me, I just went to take a bath."

"A bath? Hehe, then you must smell really nice, right?"

Seraphina felt the urge to pull out her yardstick again, but suddenly Julian Rathborne kissed her red lips once more.

A surge of heat rushed to her brain; Seraphina's bright little face instantly flushed. She didn't expect Julian to mean business.

He was so bold, and so wicked — he actually humiliated her right in front of Sean.

Suffering from shock and shame, Seraphina forgot to clench her teeth, giving the man an advantage, allowing Julian Rathborne to claim a deeper kiss.

The sound of their kiss intensified, shushing and popping audibly.

"Seraphina, darling, what are you doing? What's that shushing sound?" Sean asked.

Just then, Julian Rathborne released her, and in the darkness, his deep, almond-shaped eyes fell on her bright face, with a hint of amusement and mockery.

He was laughing at her.

The bastard!

"Seraphina, darling..." Sean called out again.

"You misheard, there is no shushing sound." Seraphina lied with a blushing face.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah."

"Ha," at this moment, Julian released a sensual, low laugh from his chest, and while whispering close to her snowy earlobe, he said, "Little liar."

All because of him.

He was deliberately making a fool of her!

"Seraphina darling, come over quickly, I really miss you..." Sean rolled over, unintentionally lunging in their direction.

Seraphina quickly planted a small hand on Julian Rathborne, pushing him over.

Sean ended up hugging Julian Rathborne instead, his hand even stroked Julian's firm chest, drunkenly saying, "Seraphina darling, you smell so good, it's so comfy hugging you."

Julian Rathborne, "..."

All his impeccable reputation fell to Seraphina, and now, for the first time in his life, he was hugged by a greasy, fat man, utterly disgusted.

Then a "snap" was heard as Seraphina turned on the room's wall lamp. She quickly rolled out of bed, taking in the sight on the bed, where Sean bear-hugged Julian Rathborne.

Oops~

She raised a graceful eyebrow, watching Julian Rathborne with amusement.

Julian Rathborne looked at her bright, lively face with bitterness, wishing he could smack her pert behind twice right then and there.

He stretched out his long leg and kicked Sean off the bed.

Chapter 907: Be Good, Obey

Crash, Sean Dawson fell onto the soft carpet.

Seraphina Linden watched Sean fall and felt the pain herself. She was afraid he might wake up from the fall, so she quickly ran over to check, only to find Sean had fallen asleep.

She let out a big sigh of relief.

Just then, a large, well-defined hand reached over, grasping her slender wrist firmly and pulling her hard, causing her to fall flat on the man's muscular thighs.

Julian Rathborne sat on the edge of the bed, reaching out with his big hand to smack her butt.

Smack.

The sharp sound of the slap echoed throughout the room and exploded in Seraphina Linden's ears.

He actually slapped her butt!

She had never been spanked growing up.

As legendary as she was, she couldn't believe she had been spanked.

Having reached this age, she was still spanked.

The fiery pain on her butt seemed to ignite her fair skin, and her face flushed like it was burning.

At that moment, the low, magnetic voice of the man sounded in her ears, carrying a severe reprimand, "Will you behave from now on?"

"..."

This pervert!

What did he take her for, to scold her like this?

He had really changed!

"Julian Rathborne, don't hit me, let me go!" Seraphina Linden struggled hard.

As she struggled, her little bottom wiggled, cute like a little cat dance, innocent yet enticing.

"Wiggle that butt again!" He gave her another slap.

Only then did Seraphina Linden realize how ambiguous the situation was; she was lying on his muscular thighs like a little girl, accepting his lesson.

"Julian Rathborne, let me up first."

"Will you behave?"

"... I will."

"Will you listen to me from now on?"

"... Yes."

Only then was Julian Rathborne satisfied, lifting her up.

Seraphina Linden wanted to run, but Julian Rathborne had already pushed her back onto the bed, reaching to pull off her towel.

Instantly, Seraphina Linden protected herself, "Julian Rathborne, what... what are you doing?"

Julian Rathborne leisurely curled his thin lips, "The last herbal remedy you gave me worked wonders, I think I'm cured. Let's try again."

What?

"Julian... Mmph!"

...

Deep into the night, Seraphina Linden was exhausted and fell asleep. Julian Rathborne stood on the balcony lighting a cigarette, as people say, a cigarette after the act is like being in paradise, and that was absolutely true.

After feeling the cool breeze, he turned and went back into the room; the woman was already asleep, her breathing becoming soft.

Standing tall by the bed, he looked at her, then lifted the quilt and got on the bed, lying down beside her.

The woman slept facing away from him; he reached out a strong arm to encircle her soft, slender waist and turned her to face him.

He looked at her little face, so bright and striking just like years ago, but now tired out, her little face flushed like a blooming red rose, deeply asleep.

This naughty little thing was inherently mischievous, outwitting any man. Only by giving her a proper scolding would she show such an obedient and soft side.

Julian Rathborne held his handsome brow as he kissed her red lips, the feel so wonderful that he went for another deep kiss.

In her sleep, she didn't resist, allowing him to do as he pleased.

At this moment, Seraphina Linden moaned slightly, as if about to wake up.

Julian Rathborne quickly let go of her, pretending to be asleep.

No sound came to his ears, she didn't wake up, so Julian Rathborne opened his eyes again, a large hand threading through her hair. He propped himself up with a muscular arm, cradling her face as he kissed her lips, which enchanted him.

His muscles tensed piece by piece; after all these years, only she could give him such a wonderful feeling...

"Seraphina." He softly called her name by her ear.

...

Seraphina Linden had a very, very long dream, where she was born as the Princess of Alani, with the matriarch constantly telling her that Alani was her responsibility.

She didn't understand what responsibility was.

She loved sitting on the swing with maids pushing her from behind; feeling like a caged bird curious about the outside world, she wanted them to push higher, just to see a glimpse of that world.

Later, she escaped, leveling up through challenges, becoming a legend.

Later again, she suddenly thought about becoming a mother.

So she searched the global gene pool for the most perfect genes, which was Julian Rathborne's.

That night, she went to steal Julian Rathborne's genes.

But something unexpected happened.

In the hotel room, she lay on the soft bed, Julian Rathborne pressed above her, kissing her.

Julian Rathborne's tall body pressed against her delicate form, forming a most ambiguous posture. Looking at him, she wanted to hide, but he whispered by her ear, "Be good, listen."

She didn't know what to do. He swooped down and captured her red lips.

He kissed for a long time, seeming to particularly enjoy this game of lip pursuit.

Her mouth and heart filled with sweetness, and at that moment, her small hand was clasped by his. His slender fingers interlaced with hers, slowly intertwining.

He asked, "What is your name?"

She inexplicably got scared and fled in panic.

Her long, sweeping eyelashes trembled slightly, and Seraphina Linden opened her eyes.

Now it was already the next morning.

The magnificent morning light filtered through layers of sheer curtains, filling the room with warmth. Her watery eyes sparkled; it was obvious she had a romantic dream.

Last night, Julian Rathborne entered her dream, where they spent an intimate night.

Seraphina Linden moved, trying to get up, but then she realized she was still held tightly within a warm and well-built chest. Looking up, she saw Julian Rathborne's handsome face magnified in her view.

He hadn't left but had slept holding her all night.

Seraphina Linden raised her fingers, gently tracing over his perfectly handsome features. This man was truly handsome.

Perhaps she was getting older; they say women at forty are like wolves and tigers. Without a man by her side for a long time, her body began to feel empty and lonely. Faced with his forceful yet irresistible advances last night, not only did she half-heartedly resist, but she also ended up having an erotic dream.

--A Daily Story of the Crawfords--

Jude Crawford married Isabelle Willow in their fourth year together; he fulfilled his promise to marry her as his wife, Mrs. Crawford, once she grew up.

Isabelle Willow donned a white wedding dress, and just before walking down the red carpet, she dismissed everyone, slowly pulling out a pen to start drawing.

Although the sweetness of this life was fleeting, she felt it wasn't enough. Recalling the painful love from the past life still made her heart ache bitterly.

Soon, a figure appeared vividly on the paper.

It was a middle-aged man, over fifty, wearing a casual gray thin sweater, standing alone under the retro palace lantern in the corridor. It was a back view, heavy and weathered, with gray hair at the temples.

That was the Jude Crawford of her past life.

Isabelle Willow put down the pen, looking at his lonely back, tears instantly streaming down her face.

This was her love.

Chapter 908: From Now On, I Am Her New Master

Seraphina Linden looked at Julian Rathborne. She had always appreciated good looks, and in the morning light, Julian seemed exceptionally young and handsome. Her gaze was somewhat dazed.

He was her first man.

And, the only man.

At this moment, Julian Rathborne stirred beside her, showing signs of waking up.

Seraphina was startled and quickly withdrew her hand, as if she had done something wrong. She immediately pulled away from his embrace and fled the room.

In the corridor, Seraphina leaned against the wall, breathing heavily. She could hear her own "thump thump" heartbeat, but soon she realized something was off.

No, why was she panicking?

It was he who forced her last night, not the other way around!

She's the victim.

Seraphina regretted it; she shouldn't have run away just now. She should have waited for Julian to wake up, then given him a hard slap and called him a "beast," or kicked him off the bed.

Yes, that's exactly what she should have done!

...

Julian Rathborne opened his eyes; in fact, he had been awake for a while, just pretending to sleep.

Last night, under the influence of a little alcohol and anger, he had forced himself on her. Lacking experience, he didn't know if she would cry and make a fuss like last time. He felt uneasy, so he kept his eyes closed.

Who knew Seraphina behaved so obediently in his arms, even more so than last night.

Julian sat up. Just now, while pretending to sleep, he felt her little hand crawling on his face. She lay sweetly in his arms, even touching his face.

Julian got out of bed and walked to the dressing table, looking at his face in the mirror. He really was quite handsome.

Julian had never cared about having such a good-looking face, but now that he took a good look at himself, he couldn't help but be a little satisfied.

At this moment, a "knock knock" sounded at the door, and his personal secretary called from outside, "President."

Julian quickly gathered his thoughts, "Come in."

The personal secretary entered respectfully, "President, you asked me to investigate Miss Linden and Sean Dawson's marriage, and I've found some information."

If Seraphina had married another man, an outstanding one, Julian might not have doubted it, but she married Sean Dawson. When he calmed down, he felt it was very suspicious, so he had his personal secretary investigate.

"What did you find?"

The personal secretary reported in a low voice, "President, Miss Linden and Sean Dawson didn't register a marriage. Miss Linden sold herself to the Dawson family."

What?

She didn't marry Sean Dawson but... sold herself?

Julian looked at his personal secretary, "Why did she sell herself?"

The personal secretary shook his head, "President, I haven't been able to find out the reason for the sale. It seems to be for... money, so Miss Linden signed a contract to sell herself."

Back then, only Seraphina Linden and Old Mrs. Dawson knew about the sale. Since Old Mrs. Dawson passed away years ago, it's difficult to find any more information.

Money?

Money again?

Julian really wanted to crack open Seraphina's head to see how much she loved money.

She sold herself for money?

Julian pressed his thin lips together, and a few seconds later, he spoke in a deep voice, "Where is Sean Dawson?"

"He was thrown into the next room last night, and we've had someone watching him since."

"Tell him that I want the contract concerning Seraphina Linden's deal. Tell him to name his price."

The personal secretary hesitated.

Julian frowned, "What, didn't you understand what I said?"

"President, you mean?"

"I want that contract. From now on, I will be Seraphina Linden's new owner."

...

Seraphina Linden packed her things to leave, but as soon as she stepped out of the room, she was blocked by several men in black suits.

"Who are you people, and why are you stopping me?" Seraphina asked.

At this moment, Julian's personal secretary approached, "Miss Linden, I'm sorry, but you cannot leave."

Seraphina recognized the personal secretary and furrowed her brows, "Is this the order of your president, Julian Rathborne?"

The personal secretary nodded, "Yes."

"Doesn't your president know that unlawfully restraining someone is illegal?"

"...Miss Linden, you no longer have any personal freedom because my president has bought out your freedom."

"What do you mean?"

"The contract you signed with the Dawson family has been transferred to my president by Sean Dawson, which means, from this moment on, you belong to my president. My president is your new owner."

Seraphina's eyes widened in shock. What did...what?

Her contract was bought by Julian Rathborne?

Sean Dawson!

Seraphina's rage flared, and she immediately set out to settle the score with Sean.

With a loud "bang," she pushed the door open and shouted angrily, "Sean Dawson, show yourself!"

There was no sign of Sean Dawson in the room, only a hotel staff member tidying up the bed, "Miss Linden, are you looking for Mr. Dawson? He's already left."

"He's gone? Where did he go?"

"Mr. Dawson seems to have come into a large sum of money, and he's gone on a world tour."

"..." So Sean Dawson took her selling price to live a life of luxury?

Seraphina clenched her fists, "Sean Dawson, you better hope I never see you again!"

At this time, Sean Dawson had already arrived at the airport, wearing a large gold chain around his neck, thick like a dog's leash. A group of men in black followed him, and he had a beautiful lady clinging to him. He swaggered proudly through the airport lobby like a nouveau riche.

Sean tossed his head with a swagger, "Goodbye, Seraphina Linden, you wicked woman~"

Sean had escaped, but Seraphina, with her head lowered, also wanted to run away.

However, after taking just two steps, the men in black blocked her path once again. The personal secretary smiled, "Miss Linden, don't make any more futile struggles. Please come with us."

"Go? Where to?"

"The president has already flown back to City of Aethelgard via private jet. Naturally, you will also be returning to City of Aethelgard."

"..."

...

Seraphina Linden, under the "escort" of the men in black, arrived safely at City of Aethelgard. This time, instead of returning to the Rathborne family mansion, she was taken straight to Julian Rathborne's private villa.

In the villa, a young and beautiful maid threw a maid's uniform at her, "You, quickly change into the maid's uniform and go to the kitchen to help with the work!"

Seraphina, without understanding the situation, was given a maid's uniform, "..."

This young and beautiful maid was named Cherry. Before Seraphina arrived, she was the most beautiful here and had the best chance of climbing into the master's, Julian Rathborne's, bed.

But with Seraphina's arrival, Cherry saw Seraphina's lively and charming face as a tremendous threat, and she felt jealousy and hostility toward her.

"This villa isn't a place you can just enter as you please. You need to understand your own status first. You're just a servant!"

Chapter 909: Did I Hurt You?

This Cherry has arrogantly assumed herself to be the lady of the house and started giving Seraphina Linden orders.

The maid Seraphina Linden, "..."

Although she had sold herself to the Dawson family, Old Mrs. Dawson while alive always treated her with great respect, not to mention Sean Dawson.

So now, she has yet another new job, as a maid?

"Hey, what are you looking at, not convinced? Let me tell you, don't get any funny ideas. The gentleman is both handsome and wealthy, and he's still single, but that doesn't mean you can scheme to get close to him. He's not someone you can dream about, understand?"

Seraphina Linden understood that this Cherry had always been dreaming about Julian Rathborne.

Julian Rathborne hasn't had any women around for years, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have women around him. There are always some shameless women trying to find a way in, like this Cherry.

Seraphina Linden looked at Cherry a few more times. Cherry is probably in her twenties, in her fresh youthful age, has a pretty little face, and most importantly, Cherry's figure is just perfect.

Cherry has a voluptuous figure with a slim waist. Seraphina Linden estimated her bust size, at least an E cup.

Men can't resist women with large busts, especially lonely and repressed men like Julian Rathborne.

Seraphina Linden lowered her head and looked at her own chest, which couldn't compare to Cherry's.

Julian Rathborne would probably like Cherry's type, wouldn't he?

Stop!

Seraphina Linden quickly interrupted herself, wondering what she was thinking. What does it matter to her what type of woman Julian Rathborne likes?

Since when did she start paying attention to Julian Rathborne?

This Cherry in front of her has nothing to do with her, no matter how Cherry tries to seduce Julian Rathborne!

Seraphina Linden ignored Cherry, put on her maid uniform, and went straight to the kitchen to help out.

...

Seraphina Linden doesn't know how to cook. She's been busy making money over the years, and she indeed earned quite a lot, with chefs around.

This is her first time cooking, grilling steak.

But obviously, she couldn't control the heat properly and ended up burning the steak.

The oil splattered onto her hand, leaving a large blister almost immediately, and she frowned in pain.

Then the sound of the villa's front door opening came from outside, "Sir, you're back."

Julian Rathborne is back!

Seraphina Linden quickly dropped the spatula and hurriedly ran out.

Soon she saw that handsome and aristocratic figure by the door. Julian Rathborne came from outside wearing a black wool coat, his broad shoulders adorned with the frost of the night, appearing all the cleaner and more elegant, every move exuding an air of noble descent.

"Julian..." Seraphina Linden wanted to step forward.

But someone was quicker than her, running to Julian Rathborne's side, "Sir, you're back. Here, change your shoes first."

It was Cherry.

Cherry took out a pair of slippers, then squatted down and reached out her little hand to personally change Julian Rathborne's shoes.

Seraphina Linden looked at Cherry. Cherry was wearing a maid's outfit too, but it seemed to have been secretly tailored, making it smaller and accentuating her slender waist.

Now Cherry was squatting, deliberately pulling her chest tightly, so if Julian Rathborne looked down at her from above, from this angle, he would definitely see her almost popping E cup breasts.

Seraphina Linden's steps froze and she didn't want to step forward anymore. She also didn't want to see this scene; it just inexplicably irritated her.

Seraphina Linden turned and walked away.

At this moment, a man's deep and magnetic voice sounded behind her, "Seraphina Linden, where are you going?"

Julian Rathborne stood at the door. He hadn't even looked at Cherry; his gaze was locked on Seraphina Linden, furrowing his straight brows.

A man like Julian Rathborne is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, served from childhood to adulthood, so Cherry squatting down as a maid to change his shoes is very normal, and he didn't think much of it.

Seraphina Linden looked back at Julian Rathborne, "I'm going to prepare dinner for you!"

She went into the kitchen.

...

In the kitchen, Seraphina Linden prepared to grill another steak. Julian Rathborne walked in and saw the burnt steak, "Is this the dinner you prepared for me? Are you sure you can cook?"

Seraphina Linden was a bit unhappy, "Yeah, I can't cook. You can just have someone else do it!"

This "someone else" was Cherry, who immediately walked in with a plate of exquisite fruit, "Sir, let's go to the living room and eat fruit."

Seraphina Linden glanced at it; the fruit platter contained all sorts of fruits, and grapes were peeled.

Compared to her clumsy hands in the kitchen, Cherry seemed clever and cute, probably just short of personally feeding the grape meat into Julian Rathborne's mouth.

"Make way; you're blocking my path!" Seraphina Linden felt these two were really an eyesore, she turned to leave.

At this moment, Julian Rathborne grabbed her little hand, and slowly narrowed his pair of Danfeng eyes at her, "Seraphina Linden, what's wrong? Did you eat gunpowder?"

She definitely didn't eat gunpowder.

Hiss.

Seraphina Linden winced in pain because he grabbed the spot where she was scalded.

Julian Rathborne now noticed the injury on her hand, his handsome brows directly furrowed deeply, "How did it get burnt?"

Saying so, Julian Rathborne glanced at Cherry beside him, which was the first glance he gave her today, "Go bring the medical kit."

Cherry, "..."

She intended to sell her beauty, not do servant work.

Cherry was very unwilling, glared fiercely at Seraphina Linden, and quickly fetched the medical kit.

Julian Rathborne opened the medical kit and started treating Seraphina Linden's burn.

Seraphina Linden looked at the man in front of her, his handsome eyelids lowered, focused and serious, the soft warm kitchen light softened his perfect features, making it hard to look away.

Seraphina Linden's personality is vivacious and playful, she has been injured a lot in her life, she is her own doctor and can self-heal, this is the first time someone else bandaged her.

Hiss.

Seraphina Linden whimpered again.

"Did it hurt you?" Julian Rathborne's movements became even gentler, and he gently blew on her scalded area.

--A little story from Jude and Yara's daily life--

Meanwhile, the door to the bridal chamber was pushed open, and the bridegroom Jude Crawford walked in.

"Yara..."

Hearing Jude Crawford's voice, Isabelle Willow quickly hid the painting behind her, not having time to wipe away the tears on her face. Her tearful eyes became evasive with panic, "Jude, you... why did you come in?"

Jude Crawford's perception is sharp, and he immediately noticed the item Isabelle Willow was hiding behind.

"Oh, I heard you dismissed everyone, afraid you're nervous, so I came in to check on you. What's wrong, why are you crying?" Jude Crawford wanted to step forward.

But Isabelle Willow quickly retreated a few steps, holding the painting tightly behind her, "I'm fine; right now the groom shouldn't see the bride; you'd better leave."

Jude Crawford was silent for a few seconds, then nodded, "Alright."

Jude Crawford went out, his handsome face already turning cold.

Ps: Babies, tomorrow's update will write a bit about the conclusion of past and present lives between Jude Crawford vs Isabelle Willow, kiss, kiss.

Chapter 910: He Amazed the World (Part 1)

Jude Crawford stood handsomely and upright in the corridor; the sky was clear today, but he felt an inexplicable chill.

What was she hiding in her hand?

What secrets lay in her heart?

"Young master, is something the matter?" At this moment, Butler Thorne walked over and asked in a low voice.

Jude's handsome face remained unmoved. After a few seconds, he parted his thin lips slightly, "Later, I need to see the paper that the young madam is hiding in her hand, understand?"

Butler Thorne nodded respectfully, "Yes."

...

After the wedding, following a night of passion, Isabelle Willow had already fallen into a deep sleep in Jude Crawford's embrace.

Jude's sturdy back leaned lazily against the headboard. He held a lit cigarette between the fingers of his right hand while his left arm cradled Isabelle, letting her lie comfortably in his strong embrace.

He lowered his eyes, smoking, and his gaze lingered long on Isabelle's enchanting small face.

Just then came a "knock knock" at the door, followed by Butler Thorne's voice from outside, "Young master."

Jude got out of bed, opened the bedroom door.

"Young master, this is what you wanted." Butler Thorne handed over the piece of drawing paper, "This seems to be something very important to the young madam, it was locked in the drawer."

Jude took the paper, "I see, you may go."

"Yes."

Jude closed the door. He extinguished the half-burned cigarette in the ashtray and then walked over to the floor-to-ceiling window.

Glancing at the still-sleeping Isabelle, he slowly unfolded the paper.

More than fifty-year-old Jude appeared before his own eyes.

Jude's pupils constricted violently at that moment; he looked at the face on the paper that was both familiar and strange, who was he?

The man on the paper was only a silhouette, yet it exuded a profound sense of power and command borne of the years, clearly a figure accustomed to authority.

His shoulders were broad, yet his temples bore the white of age, already marked deeply by time's passage.

Jude stared in a daze at this man, as Isabelle's hand must have been gentle and lingering when she sketched him, tracing every feature as if her hand, in a dream, had stroked his face countless times.

The paper still bore mottled traces, remnants of her fallen tears.

Jude remembered the scene when he'd entered that door, Isabelle looking at the back of the man on the paper, her face awash with tears.

In that instant, he knew, the man on the paper was the love of her life.

Who was he?

Why did he resemble himself so much?

She loved him, but then what was he?

Jude clutched the paper, his heart already in turmoil. This was now the fourth year since he and she first met. Back then, at the temple, he had collided with her shimmering eyes, eyes that were brimming with love.

She seemed to have fallen in love with him very early on.

As though, before he even knew her, she was already deeply in love with him.

Jude wondered if her fervent love for him was all because of this man?

Was he merely a substitute for this man?

Who exactly was this man?

...

Jude did not tell anyone about this man. He began to personally investigate the man.

But, it seemed as if this man simply did not exist in this world. No matter how thoroughly he searched, he found no trace of this man.

Jude personally sifted through many people; any man who bore even a slight resemblance to him was personally examined, with none overlooked.

This man, with the passage of time, had already sunk to the depths of the sea.

Of course, this did not affect Jude and Isabelle's blissful married life, and Isabelle's jewelry brand, Queen, was already preparing to go public.

In the Rolls-Royce luxury car.

Yara Linden looked at the man beside her, "Jude, there's something I'd like to discuss with you."

Jude rested both of his large hands on the steering wheel, his thin lips curving slightly, "Go on."

"I really like jewelry design, and my Queen is about to be listed."

The current jewelry brand, Queen, was known as Fly in her past life. Soon after, Queen became a classic masterpiece of jewelry, becoming a legend for centuries to come.

Before, yearning for Fly, loving freedom, now, staying by his side, she would become her own Queen.

Jude raised an eyebrow, "And then?"

"Would you like to acquire my Queen and make it part of our family business?"

Jude reached out his large hand to hold her small, delicate hand, giving it a loving squeeze, "No need, Queen is yours, and you are mine. You are my Queen!"

Isabelle's heart warmed. Indeed, with his business empire, he could easily acquire her Queen and bring it under his domain, yet he said there was no need, graciously providing her with privacy and freedom.

In the future, all her glory would be hers. His love for her was no longer about control but about standing together as equals.

This man was handsome, mature, wise, and wealthy, providing her with the most reasonable guidance and advice, protecting her as she grew.

Isabelle slowly leaned over, wrapping her small hands around his sturdy arm, resting her small head on his proud shoulder, her eyes curving into a smile, "Jude, thank you."

The red light came, and the Rolls-Royce slowly came to a stop. Jude turned his gaze and kissed her red lips.

"Don't just speak empty words. How will you thank me? Perhaps by offering yourself?"

...

Isabelle's jewelry brand, Queen, officially went public, stunning and shaking the entire jewelry world. Queen, like a whirlwind, permeated people's lives, becoming the jewelry classic pursued by all young girls and noblewomen.

Two years later, when Isabelle was 21, she attended the highly anticipated and dazzling Charity Night, surpassing all her peers to top the major entertainment magazines.

That night, Isabelle wore a red strapless gown, her silky black hair draping over her smooth shoulders. The silk red dress perfectly outlined her fair and lovely figure, the skirt having a slit that revealed glimpses of her slender, fair legs as she walked, breathtakingly beautiful.

After the charity event, all the media rushed in, eager to interview her, but the staff apologetically said, "Miss Willow has already left."

All the media ran to the lobby to see, only to catch sight of a long black luxury car speeding away.

The back window slowly rolled down, revealing a handsome and aristocratic face.

Jude Crawford.

In those two years, Jude Crawford had also reached the pinnacle of his life. Recently, the Forbes Rich List had just been unveiled, and Jude Crawford had taken the top spot; it was rumored that his net worth had already reached trillions.

His business empire spanned the globe, encompassing real estate, technology, entertainment, and various other industries. The name Jude Crawford had become synonymous with an era, stunning all of time itself.