

Substitute B 911

Chapter 911: He Softened the Years for Her (Part 2)

Yet the Crown Prince of the Crawford family remains so low-key, never accepting any interviews nor making public appearances. He has become a presence that no magazine can capture, shrouded in mystery.

He has already wielded immense power over the entire City of Aethelgard, becoming the unmatched titan of business.

He is still young, too young, at the mere age of 27.

A man like him is destined to nightly enter the dreams of countless socialites, with some women who consider themselves strikingly beautiful trying every possible way to catch his attention, but none succeed.

The only chance people have to see him is through Isabelle Willow, the young lady of the Crawford family.

Every occasion where Isabelle Willow appears, his silhouette can be found as well.

Just like tonight's Charity Night, his luxury car was waiting outside early on, his gaze and heart filled with her icy elegance.

He accompanies her step by step in her growth, watching her enter into glory, radiating brilliance.

How much jealousy does such a grand love invoke in other women?

On one hand, these women frenziedly chase the new season releases from Queen; on the other, they spitefully gossip at socialite gatherings, wondering when Isabelle Willow will fall out of favor.

After all, how could a 27-year-old business giant love one woman for a lifetime?

But as the years passed, each spring turning to autumn, Isabelle Willow's favor remained undiminished.

The world saw her as fresh and radiant as years ago, pure and lovely, with her time seemingly halted at that year's temple. The man named Jude Crawford cherished her all his life, loved her all his life.

Jude Crawford dazzled time itself, but for her, he tenderly softened the years.

...

One winter.

Isabelle Willow's eyes were covered by a large hand, as the man behind hugged her and led her to a place.

"Jude, where are you taking me?" Her voice was soft and sweet, sugary sweet.

Jude Crawford released her eyes, a smile curved on his lips, "Our home."

Isabelle Willow lifted her gaze, and then her pupils abruptly contracted, one second, two seconds, three seconds... she was mesmerized.

What did she see?

In this life, she dreamed of returning to the splendor and entered Jill's house once more.

In this lifetime, her marriage with him came earlier, Jude Crawford did not build the towering Jill's house for her, nor shower her with regal affection as in the past life.

Now, Jill's house has arrived.

Isabelle Willow lifted her little head, almost devoutly gazing upwards, those are the memories of her past life, all the sweetness.

She gently reached out her hand, feeling the colorful sunlight fall into her small hand, so soft and warm.

He said, this is our home.

Jude Crawford stretched out his strong arms and tightly embraced her from behind, turning his face to kiss her little cheek, his voice deep and magnetic, "Do you like it? It took two years here, every grass, every object, fashioned just the way you love it."

Isabelle Willow's eyes reddened, she liked it, how could she not?

She turned around, her small hands hugging his neck, "Mmm, I like it."

Jude Crawford's flexible thin lips touched her flushed eyes and kissed them softly, "Yara, do you love me?"

He softly asked Yara, do you love me?

Isabelle Willow lifted her small head, surprised as she looked at him, "Jude, why do you ask that? I love you~"

But why did he feel her love was so unreal?

Two years, he's never forgotten the man on that drawing paper.

That drawing.

That aged and profound man, looking exactly like him.

Who is he?

For two years, that drawing paper has pierced his heart like a curse, constantly reminding him.

Sometimes he wanted to outright ask her, but when the words reached his mouth, he swallowed them back.

He's afraid asking would mean there couldn't be a future.

Loving her, he dared not take even a tiny risk.

Even if she truly had another man hidden in her heart, he was willing to live like this.

Love makes one humble.

He is truly happy now, truly happy.

"Who do you love? Call my name."

"I love you, Jude Crawford!"

Jude Crawford lifted Isabelle Willow horizontally.

"Jude, where are you taking me?"

"I bought a big bed, not sure if you'll like it, but we're going now... to roll on it."

"..." Isabelle Willow's face turned bright red, the young Jude Crawford was bursting with energy, like a little wolfdog.

At this moment, Isabelle Willow suddenly felt a wave of nausea, her small hand pressed against her chest, feeling an urge to vomit.

"What's wrong?" Jude Crawford halted instantly, asking anxiously.

Isabelle Willow remembered something, "Jude, I think... I haven't had my little days for two months..."

Isabelle Willow was pregnant!

Jude Crawford called many doctors to diagnose Isabelle Willow, she was truly pregnant!

Their first child was coming.

She was going to be a mommy.

He was going to be a daddy.

...

In the blink of an eye, Isabelle Willow was ten months pregnant, yet the due date arrived and there was no movement from the child in her womb.

Isabelle Willow was anxious at heart, dreaming at night.

Dreaming back to the previous life.

Yara.

Yara.

Yara.

He searched the world barefoot for her, walking a path lined with blood.

She walked towards him, he hugged her tightly, his eyes warm with tears, he cried.

Pain.

His entire body was in pain.

Someone was shaking her, a low and magnetic voice rang beside her ear, "Yara! Yara, wake up!"

Isabelle Willow suddenly opened her eyes.

Jude Crawford's handsome face magnified within her vision, looking at her with concern and worry.

Isabelle Willow stared in a daze, because her vision was blurred.

She slowly lifted her head, feeling her hand wet with tears.

She was crying.

"Yara, what's wrong?" Jude Crawford reached out and enveloped her in his arms, perhaps out of fear, his strong arms tightened, the force nearly wishing he could meld her into his blood and bones.

Isabelle Willow gently reached out her small hand to embrace him, "Jude, I had a nightmare."

"What kind of nightmare?"

"I dreamt of... our previous life."

Jude Crawford stiffened.

"Jude, in our previous life we married too, everything was fine, that night you stood alone under the palace lantern, wearing a gray thin sweater, I fell asleep in your arms, but when I opened my eyes the next day, you were gone."

Gray thin sweater...

Jude Crawford was fiercely shaken, as he recalled the drawing paper, the man in the drawing was wearing a gray thin sweater.

The pain in Isabelle Willow's heart grew larger, she held her head in her small hands, sobbing uncontrollably, "Jude, do you believe in past lives and this life? We actually have past lives, in our past lives we encountered the most beautiful meeting, but later on, all that beauty turned into regret and lost chances."

"In this life, my heart still aches faintly, time slipping away like sand through fingers, I don't know where it's gone, our time is always consumed by separation, we never grew up with our children, we never kept watch over the beautiful years together, until you were leaving, I was the last one to know."

Chapter 912: From Now On, With You! (Lu-Liu Complete)

"Love has already changed beyond recognition. The night you left, you told me that if there's a next life, you wouldn't want to start over with me."

"But still, I want to stand there waiting. If you leave, I'll use all my strength to chase after you. Jude, in this life, I came for you."

Isabelle Willow suddenly burst into tears.

The sound of her heartbroken sobs rang in his ears. Jude Crawford was stunned; this was the first time he had heard the story of their past and present lives.

It turned out that the man in the painting was him.

The man who had been like a thorn in his throat for the past two years, making him feel restless and uneasy—was him.

It was him before.

It's him now.

It's all him entirely.

Jude Crawford reached out and cupped her tear-streaked face in his hands, then closed his handsome eyes, kissing her tears with gentle tenderness.

"Yara, I believe you, but I'm sorry. I can't remember anything. I have no memories of the past life. I don't know what kind of love story you and... he had."

Isabelle Willow ceased her tears, looking at him through misty eyes, "It's okay, Jude, I have a lifetime to tell you the stories between us."

...

That night, Isabelle Willow felt a pain in her stomach. Jude Crawford rushed her to the hospital, where she successfully gave birth.

It was a son.

It was at the break of dawn. Exhausted, Isabelle Willow lay on the bed as the night outside was suddenly bathed in the first light of gold, brightening the whole world.

A doctor in a white coat brought the child over, "Congratulations to Mrs. Crawford, it's a little boy, five pounds six ounces, mother and child are safe."

Jude Crawford took his son and placed him beside Isabelle Willow, "Yara, we have a son."

Isabelle Willow pulled away the yellow blanket, revealing the small face of her son.

This son looked a lot like her, his small features hinting at the elegant and striking appearance he would grow into.

Zane Crawford.

Isabelle Willow knew that her Zane had returned.

This son was her greatest pain in a past life; in this life, he had returned to her side once again.

Isabelle Willow kissed little Zane Crawford's forehead, tears welling up in her eyes.

...

Isabelle Willow reduced her time working outside, taking care of little Zane Crawford herself.

Little Zane Crawford had a very quiet temperament, but he loved his mommy. Every time his mommy came over, he would eagerly raise his little hands and babble nonstop.

Little Zane Crawford learned to walk, wobbling and stumbling at first, occasionally falling, and his little palms turned red.

At this time, the tall Jude Crawford came over and picked up little Zane Crawford, blowing softly on his little palm with great care, "Zane, does it hurt?"

Little Zane Crawford looked at his daddy and spoke his first word, "Dad... dy~"

Little Zane Crawford's first word was daddy~

Jude Crawford was very happy, "Zane, do you want to play horsey ride?"

Little Zane Crawford giggled~

Jude Crawford bent his tall body, patting his own back, "Zane, come, climb up."

Little Zane Crawford used his tiny arms and legs to climb up onto his daddy's sturdy and strong back. From now on, this father's back would protect him and give him all his fatherly love.

"Sit tight." Jude Crawford began crawling on the ground, letting little Zane Crawford ride like a horse.

Little Zane Crawford laughed joyfully.

At this moment, Isabelle Willow entered, "What are you two playing?"

Jude Crawford stopped and looked at Isabelle Willow, patting his own back as well, "Yara, come over."

"..." Isabelle Willow's little face blushed. Wasn't he going to make her ride horsey too?

The son can ride; for her, it's so embarrassing.

Jude Crawford had already noticed her shyness, so he extended a large hand, gently pulling her wrist. Isabelle Willow fell onto his back.

"Sit tight." Jude Crawford instructed, starting to give this mother and son a ride.

In her heart, Isabelle Willow felt sweet as honey. She knew that no matter how many years passed, she and Jude Crawford would remain this sweet.

At this time, a maid entered. Seeing such a high and mighty business emperor letting his wife and son play horsey ride, they blushed and quickly retreated.

...

All happiness continued, and the calm after the storm made the years particularly gentle and peaceful, everything precious beyond measure.

When little Zane Crawford was three, Jude Crawford and Isabelle Willow celebrated their tenth year together.

Tonight was a night of reunion, and tomorrow was New Year's Eve. Jude Crawford went to a meeting at the company and then drove home.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom parked on the lawn. Jude Crawford got out of the car, and from afar, he heard laughter and joy.

He stood in place, looked up, and saw the Crawford family mansion brightly lit, with two red lanterns hanging in the corridor.

Madam Crawford, despite Iris Crawford's protests, insisted on climbing a ladder to decorate the windows with paper cuts. The lawn was filled with fireworks and firecrackers, and Isabelle Willow played with sparklers with their son.

Jude Crawford's gaze fell on Isabelle Willow. Tonight, her hair was styled up, and she wore a vintage red sweater. Her exquisitely beautiful features, loved by him, exuded a soft and charming warmth, homely and extra cozy.

As Jude Crawford watched her, all he saw was her, deeply engraved in his heart.

Bang.

A firework exploded at that moment. Jude Crawford looked up, watching the dazzling fireworks explode in the sky, illuminating the entire sky.

In that moment, his life seemed to flash before his eyes, fleeting through his past and present lives.

He remembered.

He remembered everything!

Jude Crawford's gaze fell back on Isabelle Willow, who was now lighting a small sparkler with their son, amidst the crowd searching, a sudden lift of his head, she was there in the dim light.

As if their hearts were connected, Isabelle Willow turned back at that moment and saw him.

So, she held her son's little hand and ran towards him, throwing herself into his arms, "Husband~"

She was calling, husband~

Jude Crawford remembered his past life self, clad in a gray striped sweater, standing alone in the wind and frost of the night, watching the children leave, hugging her but regretfully passing away in love unattained.

At the moment of closing his eyes in his past life, he still wanted to hear her voice.

Hear her say what?

She knew.

So, this life, she stayed by his side every day, smiling and saying, husband, I love you~

The moon under the sea is the moon in the sky.

The one before my eyes is the one in my heart.

A short play, a phrase 'I love you.'

In this life, I'll sing my love to you.

In the future, rice, oil, salt, with you.

In the future, wind, flower, snow, moon, with you.

In the future, holding your hand and growing old together, with you.

With you.

Always with you.

He never knew that love had always been by his side.

The regrets of the past life; the fulfillment of this life. Jude Crawford reached out his hand, opening his arms to her.

Chapter 913: Make Her Wear a Sexy Uniform

The skin he blew on seemed to be scorched, and Seraphina Linden quickly pulled back her finger, "I'm fine now, it doesn't hurt anymore."

Suddenly feeling emptiness in his palm, Julian Rathborne looked at her evasive manner, his lips curling up in amusement, "What are you avoiding?"

Avoiding?

Was she avoiding?

Seraphina's heart skipped a beat, she sensitively noticed her own abnormality, feeling like she was no longer the same as before.

Why was this happening?

She didn't know yet.

However, she wanted to refuse Julian's kindness. She was excellent and strong enough on her own, not needing a man.

All her life, she had never tried to rely on anyone, afraid to easily entrust her heart.

"I'm not avoiding," Seraphina denied, "How could I, a slave, trouble my master to bandage me?"

Seraphina emphasized the last few words, reminding him of that contract of servitude.

Julian raised his heroic eyebrows slightly, "What do you want to say?"

Seraphina opened her palm, "Hand over my contract of servitude."

"I did buy you with real money, if you want to get back the contract, sure, bring out the redemption money, here it is, the redemption money will be double what I paid Sean Dawson."

"How much did you give Sean Dawson?"

Julian gestured 'five' with his hand.

"Fifty million?"

Julian shook his head, "No."

Seraphina opened her mouth wide, "Five hundred million?"

Julian still shook his head, "Five billion."

Five billion?

He actually spent five billion buying her contract from Sean Dawson?

Seraphina's eyes widened, almost forgetting to breathe in an instant, five billion, five billion!

"Julian, are you crazy? How could you give Sean Dawson five billion?" Seraphina looked at Julian in disbelief, the implication being that he was a wasteful fool, and then she turned to leave.

"Where are you going?" Julian grabbed her.

Seraphina was frustrated, "I'm going to find Sean Dawson. I want him to spit out all the money he's been spending on my contract."

Just thinking about Sean Dawson, that bastard, living freely with the money for her contract made Seraphina's heart ache with anger.

Five billion, all crisp RMB.

Looking at her pained expression, Julian felt even happier, "Seraphina, it's my money. What does it have to do with you whether I spend five billion or fifty billion, why are you so distressed?"

Seraphina quickly froze in place, yeah, it's his money, if he wants to be a fool by spending five billion, why is she in such a hurry?

"I... your money isn't entirely unrelated to me, Serena is your daughter, and she's also my daughter, you only have one daughter, right? In the future, the money will definitely go to Serena. Now seeing Serena's money down by five billion, I, as her mommy, am of course anxious!" Seraphina justified herself.

"..." She really is a little money-grubber, just now he thought she was worried about his money, and he thought that morning when she nestled in his arms and touched his face was because... she started liking him too.

Julian felt his heart shatter, and he immediately let out a cold snort, "That might not be the case!"

"What do you mean?"

Julian looked at her bright and charming face, "I'm still young now, who says I won't marry again in the future? Maybe I'll have a son then, and my money won't all go to Serena!"

Seraphina's mind buzzed, she couldn't think at all, he... he's only in his forties, men in their forties do love young and beautiful girls, and some men, for proof of their strength, really might have another son.

Seraphina already had a vivid imagination of an older Julian holding a son in one arm and hugging his young wife with another, long forgetting about their daughter Serena.

Cherry, who was standing by the side all along, felt greatly hinted by this conversation, she thought Julian's words were intentionally meant for her.

"Sir, please go upstairs and take a bath, I'll prepare your bath water for you," Cherry said coquettishly and intentionally swayed her hips, her large backside was always regarded as a sign of good fertility, said to easily bear ten or eight sons.

Julian cast a cold glance at Seraphina and then turned and went upstairs.

Cherry followed upstairs as well.

...

Julian returned to the master bedroom, standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and tugging at the tie around his neck, Cherry followed him in.

Julian looked at Cherry, noting her maid's uniform, and earlier, he saw Seraphina wearing one as well.

This Cherry had a good figure, but she was too deliberate, flaunting allure and showing a bit of worldliness.

Seraphina was different, her figure was lithe and toned, a bit more would be too much, a bit less would be too little, in Julian's eyes, everything was just right, all the things he liked. The maid's uniform on her exuded a bit of what Sean described as... a uniform sensation.

Julian felt a tightness in his throat, now with some images suddenly popping up in his mind, that night, she furrowed her brows, her little face flushed, and her beautiful eyes were filled with glistening, bright water...

Cherry already felt Julian's gaze on her, her heart immediately pounding wildly, the moment she longed for finally coming, she successfully caught her master's attention.

"Sir, shall I prepare your bath water?" Cherry shyly made the pure act of preparing bath water sound like, "Let's bathe together."

Julian collected his thoughts, speaking indifferently, "I need you to do something."

"Sir, what is it?"

"Go get a costume uniform ready."

A costume uniform?

Cherry's eyes lit up, as if she'd won a huge jackpot, "Sir, this... this is not good..."

Things were developing way too fast. Was Sir really asking... asking her to wear a costume uniform for him? This... so embarrassing.

Julian was a serious man, in the past, he never imagined himself associating with the word 'costume.'

However, Sean stated she often wore sexy costume clothes for him. Sean was her owner before, now that he was her owner, he wanted to see it too, see her wear the costume uniform to please him.

"Just do what I say, deliver the costume uniform to Seraphina's room, ask her to change and come see me in my room," Julian instructed.

Cherry froze, wha... what, wasn't the costume uniform for her?

Cherry realized that she had been self-indulgent the entire time, Julian wanted to see Seraphina wear the costume uniform!

Chapter 914: Why Are You So Passionate Today?

Cherry instantly fell from heaven into hell, remaining frozen in place.

At this moment, Julian Rathborne glanced at Cherry with a chilling gaze. Cherry's scalp tingled, and she quickly said, "Yes, sir."

She turned and left.

...

Seraphina Linden also returned to her room, her heart unable to calm down, her mind filled with thoughts of what Julian Rathborne might be doing now.

Cherry followed him into the room. He's a normal man. In the face of youthful beauty, with Cherry's D-cup and sweet voice, would he be unable to resist, doing something reckless?

Seraphina was a bit restless. She couldn't control her feet, and she set off right away to find Julian Rathborne!

As soon as she opened the door, someone appeared—Cherry had arrived.

"Seraphina, this is something the sir asked me to give you." Cherry handed an item to Seraphina.

Seraphina lowered her eyes to look. It was two thin pieces of fabric in a sexy lace design, clearly intimate apparel.

Seraphina was stunned. She looked at Cherry in shock, "Did Julian Rathborne ask you to deliver this?"

Was it really Julian Rathborne?

Was it really the Julian Rathborne she knew?

Cherry was in a bad mood. "Yes, the sir told me to bring it. He wants you to wear it and go to his room to see him."

Seraphina wasn't foolish. It was nighttime. If she wore this kind of clothing to his room, something was bound to happen between adults.

"Seraphina, the sir just craves something new, that's why he wants you to see him. Don't flatter yourself or overthink it. Just because you have the looks of a seductress doesn't mean you can climb onto the sir's dragon bed and become the mistress here," Cherry said sarcastically.

Seraphina hadn't planned on arguing with Cherry. She saw herself as someone with a broad vision, and Cherry didn't even register on her radar.

But upon hearing these words, Seraphina curled her lips, "Why do I smell a strong stench of sourness?"

A stench of sourness?

Cherry sniffed but didn't detect any sour smell.

"Ah, this stench seems to be coming from you." Seraphina pointed a finger at Cherry.

Cherry's face changed as she realized that Seraphina was insulting her!

"You!"

Seraphina held the two pieces of clothing. "Julian Rathborne asked me to wear this and see him, not you. You must be really envious. That 'seductress' earlier I'll take as a compliment. Knowing Julian Rathborne likes seductresses, it's a shame you'll never be the type he likes."

With that, Seraphina closed the door.

Outside the closed door, Cherry was trembling with rage.

Seraphina's words had brutally slapped her in the face, giving her an unprecedented sense of crisis. Before Seraphina, she had the best chance of moving up, but now that Seraphina arrived, her chance seemed slim.

A woman's youth and beauty are fleeting. No, she couldn't stand by idly and watch Seraphina climb into the dragon bed.

That dragon bed was supposed to be hers.

Suddenly, Cherry's eyes lit up, and she thought of a good idea.

...

In the master bedroom.

Julian Rathborne entered the shower. His throat was dry. Just thinking about Seraphina coming to see him later made him restless.

The feeling was indescribable, like a tingling excitement in his firm waist, his breathing becoming labored.

For Julian Rathborne, this feeling was unfamiliar. Desire was an uncommon thing, only arising after meeting Seraphina.

This feeling could make him a wild horse out of control.

At this moment, there was movement outside; someone entered his room.

Had Seraphina arrived?

She actually came so quickly.

Julian Rathborne curled his lips slightly, turned off the water, and quickly put on a black silk nightgown before stepping out.

The room was pitch-black, with the lights turned off. But there was someone inside. In the moonlight from outside, Julian Rathborne vaguely saw a shapely female figure.

"Why are the lights off?" Julian Rathborne's deep voice had a trace of hoarseness, his throat bobbing as he spoke slightly more gently. "Too embarrassed to let me see?"

Julian Rathborne was a man of gentlemanly elegance, rooted in his very being. When he was gentle, he was exceptionally charming, with a comforting demeanor that made one's very bones feel soft,

"Don't be afraid. I'll turn on the light." Julian Rathborne reached out to switch on the wall lamp.

But in the next second, the shapely woman threw herself at him, passionately hugging him.

Julian Rathborne felt it; she was barely dressed.

Actually, just thinking about what Sean Dawson had said, how she used to please Sean Dawson, a surge of anger welled in Julian Rathborne's chest. He was quite bothered.

But he really liked her.

He couldn't say how much, probably enough to forget her past, wanting to own her present and future.

Julian Rathborne's eyes immediately tinted with a few traces of desire, he reached to embrace the woman's shoulders. "Why so passionate today?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Julian Rathborne's hand suddenly stiffened because he knew something was off.

This woman wasn't right!

He had only touched Seraphina, and he was very familiar with her touch. This wasn't Seraphina!

Just as Julian Rathborne was about to push this woman away, the next second, "click"—his room door opened.

Bright light from outside spilled in, illuminating everyone's sight. Julian Rathborne looked up and saw Seraphina by the door.

Seraphina was standing by the door now, "Julian..."

Seraphina couldn't finish her sentence because she saw what was happening in the room. Cherry, in lace lingerie, was cuddled in Julian Rathborne's arms, with Julian still embracing her. His eyes, just moments ago, were filled with intense desire.

Seraphina stood frozen at the door, her pupils contracting, not expecting to see this scene.

"Swipe"—Julian Rathborne's handsome face completely changed. He immediately looked down at the woman in his arms, and it was Cherry.

Cherry was still clinging tightly to him, not letting go, and she cooed, "Mister~"

"Julian Rathborne, you really gave me a good show!" Seraphina turned and left.

Julian Rathborne wanted to chase after her, but Cherry clung to him, writhing and pouting, "Mister, don't go~"

Julian Rathborne's face had turned unsightly. He now smelled the perfume on Cherry, the artificial scent making him want to vomit. His personal cleanliness compelled him to want a shower.

Every place she had touched, he wanted to scrub repeatedly, to feel clean.

"Get off!" Julian Rathborne flung Cherry aside.

Chapter 915: No Sense of Duty as Someone Else's Maid?

Cherry was pushed away by the force, her whole body tumbling backward and crashing onto the sofa.

At that moment, with a "snap," Julian Rathborne had already turned on the wall lamp in the room, the dazzling light immediately stinging Cherry's eyes. She was still wearing that sexy outfit, and as she fell, it tore, leaving her in a mess, nowhere to hide.

Ah!

Cherry let out a pale-faced scream.

Julian Rathborne was furious, his handsome brow shrouded in an unprecedented frost and gloom. He looked down at Cherry, "Speak, who let you in?"

Cherry had hit the sharp corner of the sofa and was trembling in pain all over, but she couldn't care about the pain because Julian Rathborne's eyes at this moment were like a poisoned knife, as if he wished to stab it right into her heart.

"M-Mr. Rathborne, spare me, it's all my fault, I shouldn't have come in, it was...it was Seraphina Linden who let me in!"

Julian Rathborne's thin lips pressed into a pale arc, "What did you say?"

Seraphina Linden let her in?

Cherry was really full of jealousy and hatred, so she came up with a good idea, which was to wear this seductive outfit and seduce Julian Rathborne first.

Cherry had a mysterious confidence in her figure, she believed Julian Rathborne wouldn't reject her. Then she'd ascend to being the mistress of this place.

Who knew Julian Rathborne would be so ruthless to her, Cherry now only wanted to keep her life.

"Yes...yes, it was Seraphina Linden who let me in. I followed your orders and delivered the outfit to her, but she was furious on the spot, scolding you as lewd and shameless. She threw the outfit back at me, asking me to wear it for you to see," Cherry lied.

Julian Rathborne's heart was already ablaze with fury, how dare she!

It's one thing if she doesn't want to, but she dares to push other women into his room, it's outrageous!

Seraphina Linden!

Julian Rathborne stormed out.

...

Seraphina Linden left the villa, she wanted to leave this place, she would never come here again.

Julian Rathborne is a bastard!

Right now, her mind was filled with the scene she just witnessed, him holding that delicate Cherry in his arms. If she hadn't disturbed them, they would probably be entangled together by now.

Cherry was also wearing that outfit. Since he let Cherry wear it, why did he want her to wear it too?

Was he intentionally humiliating her, or did he want to enjoy having both women?

Seraphina Linden wanted to quickly leave, but behind her, a steady series of footsteps rapidly approached, Julian Rathborne was catching up.

Julian Rathborne grabbed her delicate wrist, "Seraphina Linden, stop right there!"

Seraphina Linden immediately tried to shake off his big hand, "Julian Rathborne, let go of me, don't touch me with your filthy hands!"

Filthy?

Julian Rathborne tugged strongly, pulling her lithe, tight body into his arms, "Seraphina Linden, what right do you have to call me filthy?"

Being pulled into his arms, Seraphina Linden felt like her bones were about to shatter. Her sense of smell was very keen, she immediately picked up the artificial perfume scent of another woman from him, left by Cherry.

Seraphina Linden felt a needle prick in her heart, it was stuffy and she was finding it hard to breathe. She struggled hard, "Let me go, Julian Rathborne, I hate you, I don't want to see you anymore!"

She said she hated him!

Actually, she didn't need to say anything, he already knew she hated him. She didn't like him at all, not even a bit, her heart had no place for him.

So, that's why she could so readily push other women towards him.

Julian Rathborne laughed in anger, his strong arm forcefully confining her in his embrace, "I really am sorry, but I am your master now, I bought you. Even if you hate me, you must stay by my side! Without my permission, you are not allowed to step even half a step out of here!"

Finishing his words, Julian Rathborne hoisted her up, carrying her over his firm shoulder, and strode back into the villa, heading straight for the master bedroom upstairs.

Seraphina Linden pounded on him with her fists. Actually, she could have used needles, but for some reason, her intelligence always seemed offline recently and she forgot it entirely, her fists instead were like tickling him.

Julian Rathborne kicked open the door to the master bedroom, carrying her in.

The maids downstairs watched the scene, trembling, and one quickly took out a phone to call The Rathborne Dowager at the Rathborne mansion.

At this moment, the Rathborne mansion was filled with laughter and joy, because Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling were visiting with little Willow Crawford to see The Rathborne Dowager.

In the living room, The Rathborne Dowager and Serena Sterling were sitting on the sofa chatting, when the phone rang, Butler Felix whispered, "The Dowager, there's a call from Master Julian's place."

Actually, The Rathborne Dowager saw everything clearly, the last time Julian Rathborne brought Seraphina Linden back, the two of them acted like a loving couple in front of her. She had already seen through it but didn't expose it.

Now that Julian Rathborne brought Seraphina Linden to his private villa, she knew all about it.

The Rathborne Dowager glanced at Butler Felix, "It's just a phone call, why panic?"

Butler Felix, "...The Dowager, I heard Master Julian and Miss Linden had a fight..."

"A fight?" The Rathborne Dowager chewed on these words, then she laughed, "A good fight, a wonderful fight, let them fight, fighting is healthy."

Butler Felix was bewildered.

Then Serena Sterling spoke with a smile, "Butler Felix, no need to worry. My parents may be older, but it's their first time in love. Lovers in love sometimes act like children, arguing and bickering, it's nothing. I came back to Aethelgard this time just for my parents, everything is under control, so don't worry."

Butler Felix's gaze fell on Serena Sterling, and he saw the intelligent and composed light flickering in her bright eyes, as bright as ever, and carrying a mature, composed demeanor honed over time that commanded trust and confidence.

Butler Felix suddenly felt no urgency. Why fret, with The Dowager and Serena Sterling, two generations of head mistresses here managing everything remotely, it seemed something good was indeed on the horizon for the Rathbornes.

...

In the master bedroom of the villa, Julian Rathborne went in, tossing Seraphina Linden onto his soft, large bed.

Seraphina Linden got up intending to run, but it was too late; Julian Rathborne's handsome, noble figure was pressing down on her, trapping her beneath him.

"Julian Rathborne, what do you mean to do? Let me go!"

Julian Rathborne stared at her bright, attractive little face, "What do you think I mean to do? A maid can't be self-aware, warming the bed at night—do I need to teach you?"

Chapter 916: Marry Me and Be My Mrs. Rathborne

"What did he say?"

"Warming the bed... sharing a bed?"

Seraphina Linden looked at him, shocked. How had he become this wicked recently? Who on earth had led him astray?

"I don't want to!" Seraphina quickly refused, "Julian Rathborne, you have plenty of maids. Just pick one to warm your bed!"

There were so many maids in his private villa to serve him, plenty of choices, she wasn't necessary at all!

Julian Rathborne knew she didn't care about him; earlier, she had pushed women into his room, and now she couldn't wait to shove one into his bed!

"I don't want them, I want you, after all... you're the most expensive one among them. Fifty billion can get any woman, Seraphina, you must be utilized to your fullest value here!"

"..." Seraphina was speechless, "I don't want it! I just don't! Julian Rathborne, I hate you!"

Julian didn't want to hear her talk at the moment. He cupped her small face with his big hands and lowered his head to kiss her.

Seraphina's pupils contracted, and she struggled fiercely.

But the position of the two was extremely suggestive now; her struggle seemed like an indirect invitation, which only provoked Julian to kiss her more urgently.

Fuming, Seraphina opened her mouth and bit the corner of his lips.

She bit so hard that she broke his skin, and the sweet iron taste of blood quickly spread in both their mouths.

Julian winced in pain and released her, his hands propped up beside her as he looked down at her from above, "Why did you bite me?"

Seraphina frowned, "There's a woman's scent on you, it's disgusting, don't touch me, go take a shower."

Julian was a severe germaphobe, it was impossible for him to have any scent on him unless it was left by that Cherry from earlier.

Julian snorted coldly, "And what? The scent on me isn't your fault?"

"What do you mean?" Seraphina fluttered her lashes, "Julian Rathborne, are you saying that I was the one who pushed Cherry into your arms?"

"Looks like you have a bit of self-awareness, Seraphina. You refused to wear the lingerie; fine, but why let Cherry wear it? Do you know how disgusted I was when she rushed over to hug me?" Julian furrowed his handsome eyebrows into a sharp "V."

Seraphina froze, what did this mean? She'd picked up on something fishy, "Did that Cherry tell you it was me who let her in wearing lingerie?"

"Isn't it true?"

"Of course not, I didn't, I never let her in!" Seraphina quickly denied it. She hated being wrongfully accused the most in her life. Ever since entering this villa, she really had become a pushover, allowing everyone to step on her.

Julian paused, realizing that Cherry might have lied. He looked at Seraphina suspiciously, "Are you telling the truth?"

"Of course it's true! Julian Rathborne, think about it, what good would it do me to let Cherry into your room? Do I want to find a stepmother for Serena, or do I think Serena's inheritance is too much and I want you to have a son to fight over it?"

Julian believed her; the Seraphina he knew wouldn't dare refuse to admit things she had done.

She hadn't pushed Cherry into his room.

Julian immediately felt the oppressive grievance in his chest dissipate. He raised an eyebrow, "Seems like you have your eye on my money."

"..." Seraphina was perplexed, did she make it that obvious?

Julian curled his thin lips into a smile, having caught her fatal weakness, "But even without Cherry, there will be other women, and Serena will still have a stepmother. If I really have a son, there will still be someone to fight Serena for the inheritance. Seraphina, what do you say to that?"

Seraphina paused. Yes, that was indeed a problem.

But how was she to know what to do?

At this moment, Julian leaned down, burying his handsome face in her long hair and took a deep breath; she smelled wonderful, with a natural orchid body fragrance that could not be compared to Cherry's artificial perfume.

"Seraphina, why don't... you marry me, and if you can, give me a son," Julian's deep voice coaxed.

Seraphina's mind exploded with a "boom," as if she couldn't think; she stared at him in a daze. What did he say?

"Wouldn't that be good? Look, I'm so rich, the world's wealthiest man, and there are too many women after me. I'm a normal man, strong and healthy, I have needs too. If one day I can't control myself, can't reject temptation, and really end up with another woman, what will you do, what will Serena do?"

Seraphina's fluttering lashes blinked continuously. That's the logic, "But... but, I never thought about getting married..."

Julian's thin lips landed lightly on her cheek, tenderly kissed, now the room's light was soft and hazy, making him especially gentle and charming. His magnetic, alluring voice resonated in every corner of the room like whispers shared between a husband and wife.

"Then why don't you think about it now, marry me, become my Mrs. Rathborne, that way you gain another profession, which is being a wife, another challenge for you."

Seraphina didn't know if it was the enticing lights or the spellbinding charm of the man above her, she just felt dizzy, unable to utter her refusals.

It was like he was leading her along.

At this point, she felt his hands on her, undoing her clothes, the exposed skin chilly, causing her to press against his large hands in a panic, "Julian Rathborne, don't..."

Julian kissed her neck, "Right, besides being my Mrs. Rathborne, you also have a new job – my personal finance expert. I'll place all my assets, all my money, in your hands."

Wha...what?

Seraphina suddenly felt like her weak spot had been hit, her hands powerless, money, oh no, a gold mine.

He wanted to hand all his money to her.

My God, he was the wealthiest man in the world!

Just then, Seraphina felt a pain on her person, "bang," her head bumped into the headboard.

Before she could utter her pain, a large hand was already soothing her head, "Sorry, did I hurt you? I'll be more gentle..."

Seraphina felt her entire body turning to water, hurriedly closing her eyes.

Julian brushed back her bangs softly, perspiring lightly, he continued, "Didn't you love money the most? There's no joy in making money, counting money is where the fun is. As long as you marry me, you can stay home and count money every day, you'll count until your hand goes weak."

This time, Seraphina opened her eyes, her gaze was enchanting as silk, her voice already tinged with a few tones of allure, insisting, "Nonsense, I won't count until my hands go weak!"

Chapter 917: Stealing Countless Little Joys

Compared to counting money, Seraphina said she would never admit defeat. How could she possibly admit defeat?

"Alright, alright," Julian Rathborne's kiss landed on her earlobe, filled with affectionate tenderness, "You're even better than a money-counting machine, okay?"

...

The next morning.

Julian Rathborne was awakened by a string of melodious phone rings. His phone was ringing; a call had come in.

Julian Rathborne opened his drowsy eyes. It was already eight in the morning, and the brilliant morning light outside the window bathed the room in warmth.

He rarely woke up this late. Over the years, busy with work and charity, he would usually wake up very early.

Today, waking up so late, the sensible servants didn't come to disturb him either.

Julian Rathborne shifted a little and found a soft, fragrant little thing in his arms. He lowered his gaze and saw Seraphina burrowed in his embrace, her hands tightly holding his waist, clinging to him like a docile and affectionate kitten.

Memories of last night came flooding back in an instant.

Julian Rathborne's eyes reddened slightly. Only when a man reaches his forties does he truly understand the taste of love and affection, and it's... a penetratingly unforgettable taste.

In the past, he didn't know the allure of love, but now that he's had a taste, it's like a beast that broke free from its leash, even he can't control himself.

Julian Rathborne gazed deeply at the small woman in his arms. He didn't know how the world could produce such a person who could captivate him so thoroughly. She's such a perfect match for him, bringing him immense joy even in their most intimate moments.

In such a morning, waking up with her entwined in his arms, Julian Rathborne felt his heart full, stealing half a day's leisure and joy.

She was still sleeping, probably exhausted from last night, unaffected by the noise.

Through her collar, Julian Rathborne glimpsed a trail of hickeys, all left by him the previous night.

He had restrained his strength, afraid of hurting her, yet he still left his marks.

Julian Rathborne reached out and affectionately tapped her nose.

Mm.

In her sleep, Seraphina mumbled and moved her soft body, clinging to him even tighter. Her silky hair slipped through his arm, and she sleepily lifted her head, her red lips landing on his chest and moving to his handsome face, "Julian Rathborne, stop teasing me, I'm so sleepy."

Julian Rathborne's lips curled from her kisses. Her playful and lively nature extended even to their intimate moments... as passionate as fire.

Julian Rathborne lowered his head and kissed her red lips.

Mm!

The woman in his arms frowned, showing signs of waking up.

Julian Rathborne quickly let go of her, then lay flat, pretending to sleep.

She remained still, so Julian Rathborne sat up and stole another kiss from her.

After a few such playful exchanges, Julian Rathborne restrained himself and let go because the phone on the bedside table kept ringing, and he needed to take the call.

He picked up the phone, it was his daughter Serena Sterling calling.

"Hello, Serena."

...

When Seraphina woke up, the side next to her was empty; Julian Rathborne was no longer there.

She got out of bed to wash up and walked out. The maids in the villa had been replaced, all older and more competent.

The maid was very respectful to Seraphina, "Miss Linden, you're awake. I'll go heat up your breakfast."

Seraphina felt as if she were dreaming. Last night, she had still been a maid here, but now having slept with the master of the house, it seemed as though she had become the mistress herself?

Seraphina felt a sense of elevation.

"Where is your Mr. Rathborne?" Seraphina looked around, but didn't see Julian Rathborne.

To be honest, when she didn't see him upon waking up, she felt a little disappointed.

What was it, eat and run?

"Miss Linden, Mr. Rathborne just went out. He said he's a bit busy lately and has to go on a business trip."

He went on a business trip?

And he didn't even inform her?

Seraphina, "Oh."

"Miss Linden, let's have breakfast."

Seraphina stayed in the villa for several days, waiting for Julian Rathborne to return, but he never did, and didn't contact her even once.

He seemed to have suddenly vanished from her life.

During these days, Seraphina ate and slept. A once-busy life abruptly paused because of one person, and she felt like a soulless creature.

She looked at her phone, which was empty—he hadn't called or messaged her once.

Seraphina, bored, lay on the windowsill, a bit angry, wondering what he meant by this.

Could it be that she didn't satisfy him that night, making him lose interest?

No, that can't be right.

Her mind wandered back to that night, seeing the usually dignified and restrained man drenched in sweat, his eyes filled with burning desire.

In the end, he collapsed on her, still breathing lightly by her ear, his voice hoarse as he called her name, "Seraphina..."

Seraphina quickly shut her eyes, shaking off those vivid images. She regretted giving him the kidney tonic; it indeed worked like magic!

At this moment, a string of melodious phone rings sounded; a call had come in.

Seraphina's eyes lit up with joy. Could it be Julian Rathborne?

But her excitement was short-lived. It wasn't Julian Rathborne; it was Charmaine from the Phoenix Plume Pavilion.

Seraphina languidly lay on the windowsill, looking at the vast lawn outside, hoping that any moment now, a Rolls-Royce would drive into view. She answered the call, "Hello."

"Hello, big boss," Charmaine's anxious voice quickly came through, "Big boss, how many days have you been gone, and why haven't you returned? The wedding must be over by now, right? The Phoenix Plume Pavilion is jam-packed every day, and the safe is full of red RMB notes. Aren't they your favorites, big boss? Are you planning to abandon your favorite things by not returning?"

Seraphina Linden could write a book about herself titled "The Female Simon Shelton."

She had a sharp business acumen, succeeding in every field over the years. The Phoenix Plume Pavilion was now thriving.

Seraphina always believed that passion was the most important part of doing business; one must have a... love of money!

She had done pretty well in that regard, which is why she had never failed.

If it were in the past, Seraphina might have jumped up by now, immediately preparing a private jet to leave!

But at this moment, Seraphina remained lazily sprawled, seemingly uninterested in the RMB, "Charmaine, I'm not going back for now. Keep an eye on things for me."

Charmaine on the other end was dumbfounded, "B-big boss, are you really planning to abandon your favorite things? Could it be that you... are in love?"

What?

The words "in love" struck Seraphina's nerves, causing her to sit up straight instantly, "Don't talk nonsense!"

"Big boss, pardon my honesty, but it really seems like you're in love. Love makes people lazy and unmotivated. You've changed; you've shifted your affections; you no longer love money. You've fallen in love with that man!"

Chapter 918: Seraphina, I Miss You

Seraphina Linden froze, as if struck by a bolt from the blue. She... she couldn't believe it, she actually didn't love money anymore? She... she actually fell in love with Julian Rathborne, that man?

"How is that possible?" Seraphina immediately retorted.

"Big boss, you're panicking, you're really panicking! It's over, the boss is actually starting to play with feelings."

"I'm not!"

"Then prove it to me now, boss. Come back, hurry back, leave that man-stuff behind, isn't making money appealing to you anymore?"

"..." Seraphina slammed the table, standing up. "Charmaine, just wait, I'll prove it to you right now, I'm heading back now!"

"Alright then, the little servant will immediately prepare a private jet for the big boss, welcoming Your Highness's return with joy." Charmaine happily hung up the phone.

Seraphina put down the phone, she was really planning to go back, she needed to prove herself.

Let's start packing.

However, it seemed she didn't bring any clothes.

Then I'll just take my phone and leave.

Seraphina picked up her phone and swaggered out. A few maids saw her, and she immediately shouted, "Tell your sir I'm not waiting for him anymore, I'm leaving!"

Julian Rathborne had bought her, and Julian Rathborne had said that without his permission, she couldn't take a step outside here.

So, these maids definitely wouldn't let her leave.

Seraphina stood there, waiting for the maids to hold her back.

But the maids respectfully said, "Alright, Miss Linden, we will inform sir, you may leave."

"..." Seraphina froze, they... actually let her leave?

Seraphina was silent for a few seconds, then rushed to the door, she was about to leave, but then she stopped and turned to look at the maids, "You all..."

"Miss Linden, do you have any other instructions, would you like us to prepare a car to take you?"

"..." Seraphina froze at the door, her face full of embarrassment, silently screaming for someone to hold her back, yet no one did.

The atmosphere was at a standstill, Seraphina really wanted to leave, but it seemed there was a force holding her back here, she couldn't take a step.

"Forget it, I'm not leaving." Seraphina ran back upstairs.

...

In the room upstairs, Seraphina locked herself inside, refusing to see anyone. She was like an ant on a hot pot, pacing back and forth anxiously. Could it be... she didn't really love money and had fallen for Julian Rathborne?

The phone kept ringing, it was Charmaine calling.

Seraphina didn't answer, didn't dare to answer.

At this moment, she actually felt a bit scared.

Seraphina sat annoyed on the carpet by the bed, curling herself up. She scratched her long hair, realizing she wasn't her usual self these days.

Perhaps she should admit, she really liked Julian Rathborne.

"Ding" a message from Charmaine arrived, big boss, heard you didn't board the plane, may I ask what's going on?

Seraphina didn't reply, definitely not replying, she wouldn't tell Charmaine that she wanted to stay and wait for Julian Rathborne to come back.

Seraphina took out her phone, scrolling to Julian Rathborne's number, wondering what he was busy with now.

Should I give him a call?

He hasn't called her once, why should she take the initiative to call him?

No call.

But...

Seraphina felt she was starting to think about him a little bit.

Forget it, better make a call.

Being proactive isn't a big deal.

Seraphina's fingers moved, dialing Julian Rathborne's number.

The melodious ringtone sounded on the other end, then was slowly picked up, that familiar rich voice came through, "Hello, Seraphina."

When his warm voice reached her ear, Seraphina felt her restless heart finally calm down. Yet, she also felt a bit wronged; he just left after spending the night, leaving her here worried. She didn't know he could be so bad.

Seraphina rested her chin on her drawn-up knees, her watery eyes turning red, was she going to cry?

Probably yes.

Love is the fragile luxury in this world. She was born with her own mission; along the way, she played with many things, saw many beautiful sceneries, but never encountered love.

She dared not give her heart sincerely, dared not let herself learn to be weak and dependent.

But then she met Julian Rathborne.

Though not encountered in the most beautiful years, he appeared neither early nor late.

The aura on him, the inadvertent warmth he showed, all made her fond and infatuated.

Seraphina tightly held the phone, softly replying, "Mm."

The man on the other end lifted the corners of his lips in a smile, his rich voice already spilling with joyful laughter, "I'll be back tomorrow."

Seraphina bit her red lips, said nothing.

The two stayed silent for a moment, listening to each other's shallow breathing. Finally, Seraphina heard him softly say, "Seraphina, I miss you."

Seraphina's fingers curled as she buried her little face in her knees, she laughed.

Love is indeed not a good thing; her crying and laughing appearance resembling a fool.

...

The next morning, Seraphina had been awake for a while, because Julian Rathborne was coming back today, she was going to the airport to pick him up.

She set off right away, taking a car all the way to the airport. Just then, she saw some commotion ahead.

A sudden sharp braking sound rang out, someone screamed, "Ah, there's been an accident, someone had an accident here!"

There was an accident outside the airport!

Seraphina's heart skipped a beat, suddenly having a very bad premonition, she quickly ran forward.

A crowd had already gathered here, pointing and discussing.

"This man just came out of the airport lobby, very handsome, who would have thought he'd be hit just like that."

Seraphina's steps froze, she couldn't move a step further.

She saw blood, vivid red blood flowing over, through the crowd she vaguely saw a person lying on the ground, wearing a black wool coat...

When he went out, he seemed to be wearing a black wool coat.

Long, fan-like eyelashes trembled slightly, her watery eyes suddenly turned red, and her body felt cold.

It felt like someone had pushed her into a cold pool, she was submerged in icy water, bone-chillingly cold.

She couldn't breathe.

Couldn't catch her breath.

Is it him?

How could he... have an accident?

Seraphina moved slightly, wanting to step forward and take a look, but her feet felt like a thousand pounds, rooted to the spot.

She dared not advance.

If... it was Julian Rathborne, what would she do?

Her eyes became hot, large tears began to fall.

Glittering tears hung on her cheeks, her trembling shoulders shimmered, slowly raising her hands to cover her wet face.

The inner pain and sadness surged like a landslide and tsunami.

Julian Rathborne.

Just then, a familiar rich voice suddenly sounded beside her ear, "Seraphina, why are you crying?"

Seraphina...

Why are you crying...

This voice...

Chapter 919: We're Married!

Seraphina was startled and quickly turned around, Julian Rathborne's handsome and noble face enlarged in her view.

Today, he was wearing a black wool coat, with his Rolls-Royce business luxury car parked behind. Now, his bright phoenix eyes were looking at her with a shining and gentle smile.

It was him.

He wasn't in a car accident.

He was standing right in front of her.

The joy of regaining something lost overwhelmed Seraphina's mind, and she immediately burst into tears, sprinting into his embrace.

Julian Rathborne immediately reached out to catch her, holding her tightly in his arms, pressing his thin lips onto her fragrant long hair for a firm kiss, he laughed, "Why are you crying? Did you think I was in a car accident?"

Seraphina nodded vigorously in his arms, "Yes, I thought it was you just now, I was scared to death..."

Julian Rathborne felt full inside, she was shedding tears for him, she was shedding tears for him.

"Seraphina," he murmured softly, his thin lips landing on her cheek, "I really like you, and you like me too, don't you?"

What did he say?

He said he liked her.

Was he confessing to her?

Stunned by the sudden confession, Seraphina raised her tear-stained eyes, clenched her fist, and hit his firm chest, one blow after another, "You're lying, I won't believe you like me... you disappeared for so many days without contacting me..."

These days, she was anxious and kept reflecting on whether she had done something wrong, when did Seraphina Linden become so insecure?

Julian Rathborne found it hard to explain, he couldn't possibly say it was... his daughter Serena's idea, could he?

That morning, Serena called. She didn't say much, just asked him to go on a business trip.

He looked at the woman in his arms, the two were in the midst of deep love, how could he leave?

He didn't want to go.

But Serena smiled and said, "Daddy, listen to me, you won't regret it."

He asked Serena, "When should I come back?"

Serena replied, "Wait until Mommy calls you, then come back."

He wondered, would your mommy call me? Sometimes I feel like she likes me, sometimes I feel like I'm just her plaything, her heart is always unpredictable, I'm not sure.

Serena said, "Daddy, if Mommy calls you, that means she's telling you... she likes you."

During the business trip, he was counting the days, calling the maid every day to ask about everything she did, no detail was too small, he just wanted to know her whereabouts.

But he listened to Serena, after all, Serena was the only precious daughter of him and Seraphina Linden, whatever the size of the task, it must have its reason, he just needed to follow through.

Although the daughter didn't grow up by his side, it didn't prevent Julian Rathborne from being a doting father.

He was always waiting for Seraphina's call.

Last night, her call finally came.

He knew; he could finally come home.

Julian Rathborne reached out and cradled Seraphina's face, "Seraphina, you like me too, right?"

Although Seraphina was angry, she didn't want to deceive herself, his absence left her heart empty.

Just now, she thought he was in a car accident, her entire world felt like it was collapsing.

Seraphina Linden loved wholeheartedly, she would never cower, love must be voiced loudly.

"Julian Rathborne," she looked up at him with her bright, charming face, "listen carefully, I like you, I like you, if you ever dare leave me again, I'll... mmph!"

Julian Rathborne kissed her directly.

Seraphina felt her brain lacking oxygen; she reached out to push him away, when she felt something small slip onto her right ring finger.

It was a... diamond ring.

He had put a wedding ring on her, "Seraphina, marry me, let's get married."

Looking at the shining wedding ring, Seraphina's lips curved up amidst her teary gaze, "With the wedding ring on, do I have a choice to refuse?"

She agreed!

She was going to become Mrs. Rathborne!

Julian Rathborne reached out and pulled Seraphina back into his arms.

Seraphina felt him hugging her especially tightly; she could hardly breathe and struggled to poke her small head out of his embrace, "I agreed to marry you, and you have to keep your initial promise, don't you dare go back on your word. You said you would give all your money to me, so I could live a life counting money."

Julian Rathborne pressed a kiss into her long hair, "Don't worry, I won't go back on my word. I'll give you all the money, just leave me a bit for pocket money."

Seraphina hummed, "Don't think you've gotten a good deal, with me being beautiful inside and out, able to earn and keep a home, I have been a queen, I can choose to be a queen consort, being your Mrs. Rathborne is really a bargain for you!"

"Besides, I have a business mind too. If I were to take financial planning exams, at the very least I'd have a professor's title by now... mmm!"

Julian Rathborne once again sealed her chattering lips.

...

Julian Rathborne and Seraphina went to get their marriage certificate first, what followed was the wedding ceremony.

The son of Aethelgard, Julian Rathborne and the illustrious Seraphina Linden coming together meant this wedding was destined to be spectacular and the focus of everyone's attention.

The day of the wedding arrived, and the entire Rathborne family residence was decorated beautifully with flowers and white veils, every single high-society elite was present.

Groom Julian Rathborne was standing with his daughter Serena Sterling, who was wearing a light gauzy gown that enhanced her pure beauty.

Julian Rathborne smiled, "Serena, they say father and son fight battles together, with you by my side, it's like having an entire army, I really need to thank you this time."

Serena looked at her dad, her face glowing with a playful smile, "Daddy, I know Mommy too well, if she doesn't like you, she wouldn't let you near."

Julian Rathborne nodded.

"Daddy, do you know what the most perfect love in this world is?" Serena asked.

Seeing the sparkles in his daughter's clear, bright eyes, Julian Rathborne curiously asked, "What is it?"

Serena looked up and gazed into the distance, "Love isn't about clinging to each other tightly, nor is it about taking a step forward and retreating one. Like Uncle Marcus and Aunt Yara, it's destined to be a lifelong regret."

"The most perfect love should be when you take one step forward, and I take ninety-nine steps. Love is about both sides moving forward together."

As Serena spoke, she glanced forward, where amidst the dazzling lights, Hayden Crawford stood in a handcrafted black suit in the crowd, being amiably served by other executives, like a young emperor.

At this moment, little Willow Crawford ran over, and he bent down to pick up his daughter, asking, "Where's your mommy?"

Little Willow Crawford pointed, "Mommy's over there."

Hayden Crawford looked over, and as their eyes met, sweetness already spread in their hearts.

In this life, everyone meets that one person who personally teaches you what love is.

Chapter 920: Grand Wedding of the Era

Jude Crawford and Isabelle Willow had left a long, long time ago, but they were still everyone's pain.

However, because of them, the living cherished love even more.

Julian Rathborne also looked into the distance, nodding, "Although I wasn't your mommy's only one in the past, in the future, we will be each other's only one."

Julian no longer thought about the past between Seraphina Linden and Sean Dawson. He had come too late before, but from now on, he would no longer be absent.

Hearing this, Serena Sterling was startled. She looked at her daddy with trembling eyelashes, "Daddy, are you talking about... mommy selling herself to the Dawson family?"

Julian nodded, "Yes, but that doesn't matter anymore."

"..." Serena knew that her daddy had misunderstood something, and it was a huge misunderstanding.

Serena clasped her small hands behind her back, looking up at the starry sky filled with stars, slowly curling her red lips.

...

During the wedding, Sean Dawson and his new lover were "invited" to the ceremony.

Sean didn't want to come because he was afraid of running into Seraphina Linden, fearing she would ask him for money.

But he and his new lover happened to be traveling nearby, and then several sleek business cars suddenly stopped by. A group of robust bodyguards in black rushed over, saying, "President Dawson, Mr. Crawford invited you to attend his in-laws' wedding!"

Hayden Crawford had sent people to "invite" him to the wedding.

What wedding?

Julian Rathborne and Seraphina Linden's wedding?

Ever since Julian had bought Seraphina's contract from him, Sean sensed something was fishy, but he didn't expect them to get married in such a short time. Seraphina had transformed overnight into the wife of the world's richest man.

Before Sean had time to think, two bodyguards hoisted him by the arms, "enthusiastically" placing him and his new lover into a car and then dumping them at the wedding.

Upon arriving at the wedding, Sean was quite scared but found that nothing happened.

No one asked him for money.

No one beat him up.

He seemed to really be "invited" to attend the wedding.

This grand wedding was incredibly sensational, attended by the upper-class nobles. Sean slowly straightened his back, sipping red wine for enjoyment.

At this moment, Sean saw a handsome and tall figure. He quickly approached, ingratiatingly smiling, "Mr. Crawford, hello."

It was Hayden Crawford.

Tonight Hayden was dressed in a custom-tailored black suit, one hand in his trouser pocket, his deep eyes landing on Sean, slightly curling his thin lips, "President Dawson, I hope I didn't scare you by inviting you to a joyous occasion?"

Sean shook his head quickly, "Mr. Crawford, not at all. It's my honor. But... why did Mr. Crawford think to invite me for a drink?"

"President Dawson, it was my wife's idea. I listen to her very much."

By that time, Hayden's wife, Serena Sterling, had already gone far on her path in medicine. Her ethereal and stunning figure appeared in major celebrity magazines, and the Crawford couple had practically become a legend of their time.

Hayden said he listened to his wife very much.

Sean looked at Hayden, who was serious as he spoke, even with a gentle warmth in his handsome eyes. That related to... happiness.

Just then, a captivating voice came from beside him, "President Dawson, hello."

Sean quickly looked up and saw Serena Sterling's ethereal and stunning figure in front. Serena emerged from the dazzling lights, her flowing gauze gown trailing on the floor, almost stepping as if on lotus blossoms.

This was Sean's first time seeing Serena in his life, and in the years that followed, he never encountered a woman more enchanting than Serena. Her gentle smiles held a calm, determined, and wise power.

Sean quickly regained his senses, "Mrs... Mrs. Crawford, hello."

Serena smiled, "President Dawson, today you're just invited to celebrate. There's no other meaning, no need to be nervous. Feel free."

"Al... alright, thank you, Mrs. Crawford." Sean turned and ran off.

Watching Sean's retreating figure, Hayden walked over, reaching out his large hand to clasp Serena's soft little hand in his palm, "Serena, see, you scared President Dawson away."

Serena looked up at Hayden with her palm-sized exquisite face, sticking out her tongue, "Did I? I genuinely invited him for a toast."

Hayden affectionately pinched her small nose, "Serena, this is self-deception. Who would believe it? Come on, what are you plotting?"

Serena sighed, then smiled, "On such a beautiful day, I want everyone to have no regrets."

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Sean's new lover had gotten separated from him. In recent times, she had been living a life of indulgence with Sean, and now at this grand wedding, surrounded by luxury, it was breathtaking; she couldn't help feeling a bit overwhelmed.

At this time, Seraphina Linden, the star of the night, came out. She immediately spotted the new lover.

"Wait a moment," Seraphina quickly blocked the new lover's way.

The new lover paused, looking Seraphina up and down, "Who are you?"

Seraphina looked at the new lover, "It doesn't matter who I am. Where's Sean Dawson? I'm looking for Sean!"

Seraphina couldn't believe that the man who took her payment of five billion and lived it up was bold enough to bring his new lover to her wedding. His shamelessness was beyond words.

But since they were here, it was perfect. She would demand her money from Sean!

Upon hearing that Seraphina was looking for Sean, the new lover grew hostile, "Oh, I remember now, you're that maid Sean bought for the Dawson family!"

Maid Seraphina, "..."

Sean, come out here, see if I don't kill you!

The new lover's attitude grew snide; she thought Seraphina was trying to seduce Sean to climb the social ladder, so she pointed at Seraphina and scolded, "What do you want with Sean? I'll tell you, I am Sean's official girlfriend now, and Sean said I'm the one he loves the most. You better stop trying to seduce Sean, or I'll call the police!"

The repeated use of "Sean" truly irritated Seraphina, and seeing this new lover treat Sean as a treasure, Seraphina, "..."

What. are. you. doing here?

Today this was a grand wedding, and the attendees were esteemed nobility, discussing softly and politely. So the new lover's screeching quickly attracted attention.

Everyone started gathering around.

The new lover grew more excited, thinking the people coming were there to support her, so she loudly exclaimed, "Everyone come and see; this woman is a seductress trying to steal someone else's man!"

Julian Rathborne arrived upon hearing the commotion.