Chapter 4 Half Of Her Blood

Bianca shook her head and forced herself to not think about the mother whose name and face she did not know. That woman was a stranger to her.

After a while, her phone rang.

The caller was Bianca's best friend, Nina Langdon.

Bianca picked up.

"Hi! It's been a long time since we video-called. Why are you trying to avoid me?" Nina complained into the phone. She rested her cheek on her hand dejectedly, saying, "Are you sure you wanna go to the UK, Bea? What if someone bullies you there? My fists don't reach that far.

"Also! I hear that guys mature early overseas, and loads of school dorms are co-ed! You gotta be really careful about that when you go there! Hey, do you understand what I'm getting at? Forget it, I'll just be open with you. If you really can't hold back when you see those foreign hotties! Remember to use protection!"

On her screen, Bianca could see that Nina was sitting in a small restaurant. It seemed like she had just ordered her food and was waiting for it to arrive.

On the wall of the restaurant behind Nina, there was a fairly large television screen.

The TV was reporting some entertainment news with a very clear caption. It stated that a 56year-old tycoon recently had a daughter!

However, nobody knew who the girl's mother was.

"Bea?

"Bianca! Are you even listening to me?"

Nina saw that Bianca had gone completely motionless on her screen, and her emotions were clearly out of whack too. Nina hastily shook her screen, saying, "Bianca, can you hear me? What's the matter? Don't scare me!"

Bianca was quite sensitive right now. When she left the hospital, she swore an oath to never think about the child she had carried inside her. Still, how could that actually be possible?

That baby had half of her blood.

Bianca was going mad.

She was really going to lose her mind.

What good would harping on it do, though?

She had to stop thinking about it.

She hung up and washed her face with cold water.

That did nothing to calm her down.

Perhaps it was because she had been abandoned by her mother since she was a child, so Bianca projected her childhood experiences onto her baby.

She could not forget her ice-cold childhood. She did not have a mother, only her grandfather and father. Her father had been earning a living away from home, and her grandfather gradually grew older. Their neighbors never stopped gossiping about her parents, their negative voices echoing through her childhood days.

She grew up being bullied, in a shroud of self-deprecation.

She did not know why her lack of a mother made her the target of bullying, but their verbal assaults and curses filled her ears.

Sometimes, she hated her mother.

When she closed her eyes, all she could think of now was that middle-aged tycoon on the entertainment news report on TV. He recently had a daughter, but no one knew who the girl's mother was...

Now, she had become the type of woman she hated the most, a mother who gave birth to a baby but did not take responsibility for the child.

She stumbled back to her room and picked up her phone again, searching up news about that tycoon and his child.

The reports showed that the man was fifty-six years old and balding, but he kept in decent shape and he was not short.

For a while there, Bianca could not tell if this old man was really her baby's father.

Oh yeah, there was his voice too!

Bianca started searching up videos of that tycoon too, trying to hear that old man's voice. She wanted to know if it was the same voice as the one she heard those nights.

Unfortunately, she searched for a long time, until her phone ran out of electricity, but she still could not find a video with his voice in it.

She was filled with despair.

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In the east side of A City.

At the house of the Crawfords, one of the top dogs even among the wealthy elites.

It was just about time to eat, and the dinner table in the mansion was covered with a magnificent spread of food.

Almost every member of the family was here, men and women alike. Two wet nurses pushed in a pair of baby cots, bringing them to Old Master Crawford's side.

Old Master Crawford was sitting in his wheelchair as he looked at his fair rosy greatgrandson in his cot. "This child looks just like Luke. I'm sure he'll be a formidable figure when he grows up as well!"

The old master was quite pleased.

As for every other Crawford sitting around the table, they smiled slightly.

Even if they were angry, they did not dare to show it.

Old Master Crawford played with his great-grandson for a long time before raising his head and addressing the entire family firmly. "If it weren't for Luke and his ceaseless hard work over the past two years, the Crawfords would have long since fallen out of glory! Any objection when I say that?"

No one had any objections, but no one explicitly agreed either.

Despite his advanced age, Old Master Crawford still had a keen eye. He looked around him and took in everyone's expression. "I'm old now, and it's time I handed over the family business to the young people." With that, he turned to Louis Crawford and said, "Louis, you should tail your older brother from now on, and learn from him!"

"Sure," Louis said flippantly before falling silent again.

"Dad, what do you mean by that?!" Susan Armstrong leaped to her feet, her expression filled

with resentment. "Luke is your grandson, yes, but so is our Louis! You're breaking your daughter-in-law's heart here! How is my son Louis any worse than Luke?!"

It was only because Luke Crawford was not here today that Susan dared to stand up and say all that.

Old Master Crawford only ever had one son, and his son had two sons, Luke and Louis Crawford.

Luke was mature and down to earth, but he could be ruthless when he needed to. No one dared to say a word against him when it came to doing business.

Louis, however, was known for being a playboy. He was not stupid, but he used all of his wits on getting girls.

Other than himself, no one knew if he had any ambition or desire for a career.

Old Master Crawford ignored Susan's protests. Choosing an heir was a matter of utmost importance, and if he let his emotions get in the way of his decision-making, if he made a single mistake, he might end up destroying everything the Crawfords built up over the years.

"Start a video call. There's something I want to discuss with Luke," instructed Old Master Crawford to his servants.

Someone immediately started a video call and placed the device instead of the old master.

"What's the matter, Grandfather?" Luke asked from the other end. He was on an outstation trip, and it seemed he was sitting in a solemn-looking office right now.

"It's about time we gave my great-grandson a name. I have an idea, what do you think of Clarence? Clarence Crawford. I want him to grow up with a clear eye, to have a mind that is pure and white!" said the old master.

Susan was furious at being ignored, but she did not dare to say anything, so she sat down crossly without a word.

On the other end of the call, Luke did not respond to Old Master Crawford immediately. Instead, he frowned on the screen and stayed silent for a moment before saying with determination, "Grandfather, I get what you mean about a pure mind and a clear eye. In that case, how about Blanche instead? It also means pure white."

Blanche Crawford.

"Sounds good!" The old man immediately looked at his great-grandchild's face in his cot. "You have a name now, Baby Bea."

Old Master Crawford was not going to interfere with his great-granddaughter's name because her father felt that daughters should be pampered like princesses. She would be allowed to choose her own official name once she could decide for herself.

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Time passed in the blink of an eye.

Soon it was time for them to go overseas.

Bianca did not leave the country with Marie, because Jennifer had arranged for Marie to go to the UK one month in advance, so she could get used to life there.

"Where you get over there, I'll be relying on you to take care of Bianca and Marie," Kevin said solemnly to Jean Langdon at the airport.

Jean was over 180 centimeters tall and quite the perfect looker. He was Nina's older brother, and he had long since intended to go overseas for his studies. He just could not decide which country he wanted to go to.

When he heard his younger sister say that Bianca was going to the UK, he immediately made up his mind to go with her.

Every man might have a girl in his mind, a girl as wonderful as his first love. For Jean, that

girl was Bianca.

"Take care of Bea." Nina hugged her older brother and whispered into his ear, "You can forget about that Marie Lee, though. Her stink might rub off on you."

Jean, "…"

When the two of them lined up at the immigration checkpoint, Bianca kept turning around, hot tears in her eyes as she waved her aging father goodbye.

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