

Substitute B 125

Chapter 125: Mrs. Crawford, Where Are You Looking?

Yasmine Sterling kept driving, following Hayden Crawford. She didn't know exactly what she wanted to do, only that she wasn't going to let go—Hayden Crawford was hers!

But soon, the Rolls-Royce Phantom in front of her changed lanes. It switched so quickly, catching her off guard. She wanted to follow quickly, but then a sharp car horn blared from behind, and someone cursed loudly, "Hey, are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Yasmine broke into a cold sweat. Her driving skills weren't as good as Hayden's. She almost changed lanes without even signaling, nearly crashing into the car behind her.

By the time Yasmine looked up again, the Rolls-Royce Phantom had already disappeared.

Frustrated, Yasmine pulled over under a streetlamp. Hayden Crawford was too cautious and easily shook her off.

She was unwilling to accept this!

How could she just give up?

Yasmine took out her phone and called Hayden Crawford...

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Inside the luxury Rolls-Royce Phantom, Hayden suddenly changed direction, causing Serena Sterling to fall into his arms due to inertia.

Hayden raised his hand to hold her smooth and fragrant shoulder steady, his deep and magnetic voice teasing, "Mrs. Crawford, are you throwing yourself at me?"

Serena steadied herself and quickly sat back in her seat. "Mr. Crawford, why did you suddenly turn the steering wheel? And you're driving so fast—is there some kind of demon chasing you?"

Hayden raised his sharp eyebrows. "I didn't see any demons behind us, but there's one sitting right next to me."

"..." Serena huffed. Then she suddenly realized this road wasn't leading to Orchid Court. "Mr. Crawford, did you take the wrong turn?"

"No, I didn't. Just call Grandma and tell her we won't be coming back tonight."

Serena's long lashes trembled, and her dark eyes fell on him. "Mr. Crawford, you're not planning on taking me to a hotel, are you?"

"Are you looking forward to that?"

"...I'm not!"

"We're not going to a hotel, but to one of my villas. I stay there sometimes."

For a man like him, owning multiple properties was common. Although he spent most of his time at Orchid Court with Grandma, he occasionally stayed at one of his villas. Tonight, he planned to take her to one of them.

"Can we not go?"

"If you keep acting all coy like something's bound to happen tonight, I won't hold back."

Serena quickly took out her phone and called Grandma.

The melodious ringtone rang once before being picked up. Grandma's kind and gentle voice came through, "Hello, Serena, happy birthday! My dear Serena, you've grown another year older. Did you have fun today?"

Serena nodded, "Mm, thank you, Grandma. I had a great time today, just... it's quite late tonight. I'm worried about disturbing your rest, so... so Mr. Crawford and I won't be coming back..."

Hayden watched the girl's shy expression, her snow-white earlobes turning red, her eyes darting nervously. She looked just like a good student lying for the first time.

At this moment, his phone vibrated. He glanced at it—it was a call from Yasmine Sterling.

Hayden's handsome face showed no sign of emotion. The vibrant neon lights of the night refracted off the polished car window, highlighting his exquisite features with an overwhelming maturity and handsomeness.

His thin lips pressed together, exuding a hint of coldness. He reached out and directly turned off his phone.

Grandma responded, "Alright, Serena, don't worry about Grandma. Enjoy some time alone with Hayden. And remember to plan for my great-grandchild."

As expected, Grandma remained the same, always perfectly wrapping up a conversation with the topic of a 'great-grandchild.'

Serena mumbled and hung up the phone, her face flushed red.

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Soon, the Rolls-Royce Phantom parked on a lawn, and Hayden led Serena into a villa.

The villa had a European style, with a low-profile yet luxurious interior, in line with his usual preferences and tastes.

They went upstairs into the master bedroom, where Hayden gestured with his eyes, "The birthday gift your friend sent—I had it brought over. Go ahead and open it."

Serena dashed over and first opened a box, which contained a bonsai plant.

Serena's pupils shrank; this was the Mandragora she had mentioned to Shania some time ago... the legendary Mandragora.

The Mandragora, rumored to grow between the realms of life and death, had black roots, and its flowers were red—so red they looked almost demonic.

Serena had seen Mandragora in medical books, but seeing it in person was far more stunning. What was more shocking was that Shania had indeed procured the Mandragora.

This Mandragora was so rare worldwide that perhaps there weren't even two specimens. Previously, Shania had promised confidently she would get it for her. At the time, Serena had been skeptical, but Shania hadn't been joking.

In the box was a note from Shania: "Serena, happy birthday! PS: I've finally cultivated the Mandragora by your birthday. Be careful, Mandragora is extremely toxic. I accidentally got a bit poisoned, but don't worry, I ate a snow lotus from the Tianshan to detoxify. Use it wisely."

Serena read the word "cultivated" again and noted how Shania used the Tianshan snow lotus for detoxification. Her mind was blown—what on earth was Shania's deal? The Mandragora was cultivated by her, and she could casually grow a Tianshan snow lotus?

Serena suddenly recalled how Shania loved gardening and had many pots and jars. Could the soil in those be filled with rare medicinal herbs?

Serena was now eager to find Shania and ask her. Carefully, she put the Mandragora away. Mr. Crawford's condition couldn't wait. Now that she had the Mandragora, she planned to try the antidote tomorrow.

Serena then opened another box, which was from Leah Thorne.

What kind of birthday gift would Leah have sent?

She opened the box to find... a case of condoms.

Leah had also left a note: "Serena, happy birthday! PS: I didn't know what size Mr. Crawford uses, but judging by appearance, he seems quite 'well-endowed.' The largest size should be safe."

"..."

Serena quickly closed the box, a suspicious blush spreading across her flawless face. She turned away, looking towards Hayden Crawford.

Hayden had just taken off his black suit and was wearing a white shirt with black trousers. He stood tall and upright by the floor-to-ceiling window, diligently unfastening the silver cufflinks on his sleeves with elegant movements, a black belt cinching his tapering waist, elongating his legs to perfection. Truly... he was an exceptionally stunning man.

Serena couldn't tell if she was feeling guilty or if Leah had led her thoughts astray. Her dark eyes surreptitiously landed on his belt buckle below.

Just then, she heard his low and magnetic voice near her ear, "Mrs. Crawford, where are your eyes wandering?"

Startled, Serena quickly looked up, meeting Hayden's deep and narrow eyes. He had already glanced over at some point.