

Substitute B 139

Chapter 139: It's You, Always You

Watching this grandfather and grandson, Iris Crawford's expression had turned serious, "Hayden, you are the eldest son of the Crawford family. Now you've married a wife who only graduated high school and returned from the countryside. Someone totally unpresentable. If your father finds out, he'll definitely be angry. Besides, your father has already arranged a marriage for you, the other party is the daughter of the wealthiest family..."

Before Iris Crawford could finish, Hayden Crawford had already stood up, interrupting her calmly, "My father has never cared about me, and he doesn't need to manage my marriage either. It's my decision."

Iris Crawford, "..."

"Auntie, Zane, I'm leaving." Hayden Crawford grabbed the car keys and left the villa.

Iris Crawford quickly turned to the old lady, "Mom, are you not going to do anything about this? The Crawford family is a prestigious business family in Aethelgard, how could Hayden marry a crude and shallow wife?"

The old lady chuckled, "This marriage was approved by me. If my son has any objections, he can come to me directly."

Iris Crawford again, "..."

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After Hayden Crawford left, Zane Crawford didn't stay for dinner either. Iris Crawford walked him out, speaking softly, "Zane, your brother and grandmother don't know what they're up to, marrying a girl from

the countryside. I find it funny how they both act all mysterious, as if hiding some treasure they don't want others to know about."

Iris Crawford is the Academy Head of The St. Lyra Academy and is the Crawford family's daughter. She deals with prestigious individuals or medical prodigies, so even for this girl from the countryside to meet her, she needs to make an appointment.

Zane Crawford lowered his handsome eyelids without saying a word.

Iris Crawford did not want to focus all her attention on Hayden Crawford, his life is like a ticking time bomb, whoever he marries is up to him.

Iris Crawford held Zane Crawford's hand, "Zane, the matchmaking that comes with wealth won't be forced onto you. You can marry a girl you are fond of. As long as her background is clean and she's talented, she's enough to match you."

As she spoke, Iris Crawford remembered something and sighed, "Zane, no one knows where your fiancée is now; she is Seraphina Linden's daughter. Seraphina Linden is a legendary woman, and hardly anyone knows she's actually the founder of The St. Lyra Academy. After founding it, she left it to me and disappeared with her daughter. Nobody knows what Seraphina Linden's daughter looks like now, is she a genius medical girl? This marriage is actually perfect; you and Seraphina Linden's daughter are a match made in heaven."

Zane Crawford is not very interested in these topics, pulling his arm away gently, "Auntie, I'm leaving first."

Watching Zane Crawford's cold handsome figure, Iris Crawford quickly reminded him, "Zane, don't forget the dinner two days from now; don't forget to meet the genius girl I like!"

Zane Crawford had disappeared from view.

Iris Crawford's mood improved a little; she genuinely liked Serena Sterling and had already regarded her as her second niece-in-law from the bottom of her heart. She was certain that cold Zane would fall in love with Serena Sterling at the dinner.

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Hayden Crawford was driving, his Rolls-Royce Phantom speeding down the road when his phone rang. It was a call from the old lady.

Hayden Crawford pressed the button to answer, "Hello, Grandma."

"Hayden, don't take what your aunt said today to heart," the old lady's loving voice came through.

Hayden Crawford glanced at the traffic behind him through the rearview mirror, then smoothly changed lanes, "Grandma, I'm fine; it's you who shouldn't take it to heart."

The old lady sighed, "We are mere spectators of the love and hate of the previous generation, without the right to judge. But Grandma knows that you are the most innocent, that your primitive family has given you too much psychological shadow, and that you will spend a lifetime healing your childhood."

Hayden Crawford's handsome face showed no signs of emotional fluctuations, he merely said softly, "Grandma, I grew up a long time ago, no longer needing a father and mother."

The old lady hung up the call, and soon the Rolls-Royce Phantom was parked at The Concordiat Research Institute's entrance.

Hayden Crawford got out of the car, not going directly inside but leaning lazily against the luxury car's body. He took out his cell phone and sent a WeChat message out to Mrs. Crawford, Is it you coming out or me going in?

Having tucked his phone back in his pocket, Hayden Crawford bit a cigarette between his thin lips, lighting and starting to smoke leisurely.

In the pharmacy of the research institute, Serena Sterling received the WeChat message—Mr. Crawford has already arrived.

She quickly ran out, exiting the research institute's door, and she immediately saw Hayden Crawford leaning against the car smoking.

He was still wearing a black suit, but the suit's buttons were undone, revealing the white shirt inside. The shirt was bound to his trousers by an expensive cold black belt, with two long, proud legs naturally stretching forward. He stood with one hand in his trouser pocket and the other holding half a cigarette, smoking under the streetlamp, making the aloof and noble man hard to look away from.

Serena Sterling quietly walked over, tiptoeing to cover his eyes with her two small hands, "Guess who I am?"

Hayden Crawford paused his smoking, her soft, tender voice in his ear. He curved his lips, "My Mrs. Crawford."

Serena Sterling released his eyes, Hayden Crawford turned, and the girl's palm-sized face leaned against his straight shoulder. Her bright eyes looked at him, seeming to have stars in them, sparkling and warm.

Hayden Crawford's heart suddenly softened to an incredible degree.

Serena Sterling watched him, playfully pouting her red lips, "Mr. Crawford, I'm here, and you didn't notice me. Tell me, which vixen were you thinking of?"

Hayden Crawford reached out, wrapped her soft waist, pulling her directly into his embrace, planting a firm kiss on her long hair. "It's you—all you."

Serena Sterling reached out her small hand to hug his strong waist, looking up at him, "Mr. Crawford, what's wrong? Why are you unhappy? Didn't you just return from Orchid Court? Did... Grandma scold you for being naughty?"

Hayden Crawford lowered his charming eyes, "Who said I'm unhappy?"

"Then don't keep a cold face; give me a smile." Serena Sterling boldly pinched his handsome cheeks, demanding he smile for her.

Hayden Crawford lowered his eyes to look at her, obligingly gave her a smile.

"Mr. Crawford is so well-behaved~"

Serena Sterling rubbed her little face against his strong chest in encouragement.