

Substitute B 140

Chapter 140: The Willow Family's Daughter Isabelle Willow, Peerless Beauty and Grace

Hayden Crawford tossed the cigarette butt into the trash can and wrapped his arms around her, resting his handsome face against her long hair, inhaling the pleasant youthful scent on her.

Her scent gave him a sense of security, a sense of belonging, a feeling he couldn't quite explain, as if he'd been searching for it, knowing it for a long time, something he had longed for.

At this moment, a luxury car slowly stopped on the opposite street, and the driver's window rolled down to reveal Zane Crawford's handsome and cool face.

Zane looked at the couple quietly embracing under the streetlamp, and after a few seconds, he stepped on the gas and sped away.

Hayden hugged her for a while, "Are you getting hungry? I'll take you for a seafood feast."

"But, suddenly I don't feel like eating..."

"Then what do you want to eat?"

Serena pulled his big hand, "Mr. Crawford, come with me!"

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Serena took Hayden to the pharmacy, then took out a meal box with a cherished expression, "This afternoon Shania gave me this meal, didn't expect it to come in handy. I'll microwave it, Mr. Crawford, tonight please indulge me and join me for a boxed meal."

Hayden's heart softened as he looked at her sweet demeanor. She obviously noticed his weariness and was accommodating him.

"Okay."

Serena went to heat the meal in the microwave, Shania had given her plenty of rice as if worried she might not have enough, along with a huge chicken drumstick and three well-balanced side dishes that looked and smelled delicious.

"Mr. Crawford, the food at our institute is famously good. Many come just for it, definitely rivals the chefs at your place. Try it if you don't believe me." Serena spoon-fed him.

Hayden wasn't very hungry, his sturdy back lazily leaned against the chair, but as she offered him the spoon, he compliantly took a bite. It seemed to be fish-flavored shredded pork, and indeed, it tasted quite good.

"Delicious, right?" Serena asked with a sweet smile.

Hayden nodded, "Mm, delicious."

Serena took a few bites herself, then held the large chicken drumstick to his mouth, "Here, you eat the drumstick first. Men need to replenish their strength."

Hayden raised an eyebrow, amused, and asked her in a low voice, "Oh? Will I need to exert myself tonight?"

"...Just eat. You're cuter when you're not talking!" Serena pushed the drumstick into his mouth to shut him up.

Watching the blush spread on her white earlobes, Hayden took a bite of the drumstick and then fed it to her.

The two of them shared a drumstick and finished the entire boxed meal, feeling especially content with this dinner.

"Mrs. Crawford, shall we go home?"

"I might be quite busy at the institute these days, need to start early. Mr. Crawford, why not skip the commute and stay with me tonight?"

"Where will we sleep?"

"I'm now a full-time employee at the institute and have my own dorm. Just there." Serena indicated with her eyes.

Hayden reached out and picked her up in his arms, "Then let's go to bed now."

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In the dormitory, the two of them quickly freshened up, then laid on the bed. Hayden leaned against the headboard, while Serena obediently lay in his arms.

"Mr. Crawford, can you tell me why you're unhappy now?" Serena asked.

Hayden gently touched her head, "My aunt visited today and went to Orchid Court to see Grandma, right?"

Serena looked up at him quickly, "Your aunt? Wow, Mr. Crawford, your aunt came to see Grandma and you deliberately didn't take me back, even lied about some documents. What do you mean by that, do you think I'm not presentable?"

Serena angrily punched him twice with her little fists.

Hayden grasped her small fists with one hand, "My aunt actually mocked you, said you only graduated high school and introduced my brother to a prodigy girl. It seems my aunt likes that prodigy very much."

About the high school graduation thing...

Serena bit her red lip, pulling her small fists back forcefully, turning her back on him grumpily, "I'm not talking to you anymore, you are all bad people, looking down on me!"

Watching her slender figure, Hayden turned to her, his thin lips touching her white earlobe as he chuckled softly, "Angry? How about I earn this bad reputation and show you how bad I really am."

Hayden's large hand rested on her flat belly, attempting to slip inside from the hem.

Serena quickly held his large hand firmly, "Mr. Crawford, don't be naughty!"

Hayden kissed her bright and clean little face, "It's not that my aunt doesn't like you, it's that she doesn't like me. Besides Grandma, no one likes me."

Serena wanted to turn over, but Hayden stopped her. Hugging her from behind, his deep, somber voice lingered in her ear, "My mother and my stepmother were actually sisters. No, to be accurate, my stepmother Zelda Willow was the heiress of the Willow family, while my mother was just an illegitimate daughter. The reason my mother was brought into the Willow family was because Zelda had been sick since childhood, and my mother was just brought in for her blood."

"Not only that, my mother also exchanged lives with Zelda. Due to her illness, Zelda had been confined indoors, away from sunlight, while my mother became Zelda and lived under the public eye. My mother was extraordinarily talented, particularly in jewelry design, creating the classic Fly piece at eighteen, earning the title of a jewelry empress."

"Sometimes fate seems preordained. My mother and Zelda looked exactly alike, almost like twin sisters. The whole City of Aethelgard knew the Willow family had a beautiful and magnificent daughter, Zelda."

This was the first time Hayden talked about his mother in this way. Serena found it intriguing and was eager for more; Hayden's mother, Isabelle Willow, was indeed a legendary figure.

It should be that the Willow family had Isabelle Willow, a dazzling beauty known across the city!

"Mr. Crawford, was your mother a strong-willed woman?"

Serena still remembered Hayden telling her before that his mother once cut open her belly with a knife to take out a baby.

Hayden's handsome features gradually softened, and he spoke lowly, "No, my mother was very gentle, with a soft temperament typical of the Riverlands, and very serene. She had few friends, living her life for Zelda, always in her shadow, but she did have one close friend, that person from the past."

"Oh," Serena elevated her voice deliberately, slightly jealous, "I remember, that would be your little bride back then!"

As soon as she finished, her smooth shoulder was pressed down by his long, powerful fingers, and her bright eyes collided with his deep, intense gaze.