

## Substitute B 233

### Chapter 233: The Beautiful Blind Girl

"Leah, how's the relationship between Jude Crawford and Zelda Willow?" Serena asked.

"Good, indeed. They've been the talk of Aethelgard for years, a legendary couple. Jude Crawford, a king in the business world, lives an impeccably clean private life without a hint of scandal. And Zelda Willow, as the matriarch of the Crawford family, has enjoyed the prime of her status for over thirty years. Her fortunate life is something many envy but cannot attain."

Leah winked suggestively, "However, Zelda Willow, the founder of Fly, is indeed an exceptionally stunning woman. Legend has it that when she was young, she captivated the entire Aethelgard circle. In her white dress, carrying several books, with her long flowing hair, she looked like an ethereal fairy from another world. Countless aristocratic heirs were drawn to her, all speculating on whose house she would end up in and who would hide her as a cherished princess."

"But," Leah glanced at the magazine with Zelda Willow on it and shook her head, "I think the public's rumors are exaggerated. This Zelda Willow is beautiful, yes, but whether she married into wealth or what, I can't see even a hint of that aloof, fairy-like demeanor from her, that feeling where you think you're desecrating her just by looking."

Leah has a keen eye for fashion and women, always pinpointing key details at a glance.

Serena chuckled, the aloof fairy-like one is Isabelle Willow, not Zelda Willow, so naturally Leah couldn't see it.

"Serena, why are your hands so cold? It's the first time I've seen you so interested in a jewelry brand." Leah touched Serena's small hand.

Serena looked at Leah, "Leah, there's something I need to tell you."

"What is it? Go ahead."

"Actually, Hayden Crawford comes from Aethelgard, and he might be related to the Crawford surname you mentioned. Jude Crawford is Mr. Crawford's father."

Leah gasped, looking at Serena incredulously, "Serena, are you saying... Hayden Crawford is Aethelgard's... Crown Prince?"

Serena nodded slightly, that's likely the case.

Oh my god!

Leah jumped up from her chair, "Serena, do you know about the Crawford family in Aethelgard? They're the true center of wealth and power. Hayden Crawford is going back to Aethelgard to inherit The Crawford Group's vast business empire. He is the Crown Prince, and you used to be the Crown Princess Consort!"

Serena hadn't deliberately sought out information about the Crawford family in Aethelgard. She only realized their significance and power from Leah's words earlier. But no matter how large a business empire is, to Hayden Crawford, it's just a cold and empty palace. He likely wouldn't return to the Crawford family in Aethelgard.

These years, he lived with his grandmother in Bayside, never mentioning his father, as if he had severed all ties with the Crawford family in Aethelgard.

"Leah, we're already divorced. Even if he goes back to inherit his father's business, it has nothing to do with me anymore."

"So you say, but we shouldn't forsake his money. The Crawford family is a gold mine, least lacking in money. We've missed out on billions... in dollars." Leah lamented, as if money were slipping through her fingers.

Serena was amused and hugged Leah, "Leah, that's his business now. Let's not talk about him; let's talk about you. You're going to Aethelgard, any opinions from Young Master Xavier?"

Mentioning Justin Xavier, the smile vanished from Leah's delicate face, "He probably won't let me go, but I'll find a way to get away from him."

"Let me know if you need help."

"Serena, you should take care of yourself and not make me worry."

"Got it."

Serena cuddled beside Leah, acting coy.

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Leah left, and Serena lay on the soft big bed but couldn't sleep, her mind lingering on Hayden Crawford's handsome face.

During busy times, there wasn't time to think of him. Now that she had free time, her thoughts and heart were still filled with him.

Serena wondered how long it would take to forget him; certainly not now, not when thinking of him still brought pain, pain that made her want to curl up and lick her wounds alone.

It was her first time meeting his father and stepmother. Would he go back to inherit the grand empire of The Crawford Group? Would he return to Aethelgard?

She knew the memories Aethelgard left him were painful, equally unkind. As a child, Hayden was seen as a freak, a lunatic in the eyes of aristocratic heirs there. They didn't want to accept him; none were his friends.

Serena thought of Hayden Crawford's biological mother, Isabelle Willow. She hadn't had the chance to see Isabelle's true self closely, to witness the beauty of Aethelgard's top beauty.

Serena felt a bit worried, wondering about his health now, whether his insomnia and psychological issues had improved or worsened.

Serena tossed and turned, unable to sleep, so she sat up and flipped through the medical journal left by her mommy, searching for information related to Hayden Crawford's condition.

But she was disappointed; there was none.

At the last page, Serena's slender fingers suddenly twitched upon seeing the ancient forbidden technique there: fighting poison with poison, using blood to refine medicine.

Serena paused on this page, rereading the line several times.

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Serena went to bed too late last night, so the next day she woke up late too. After getting ready, she took a small bag and went out to explore Bayside.

Unfortunately, midway she felt her vision black out, unable to see anything.

But compared to the previous two times' panic and helplessness, this time Serena was composed and calm. She stepped forward, walking on the land where she grew up, with Bayside's gentle breeze brushing her cheeks, reminiscent of her memories.

Meanwhile, several boys walked by on the roadside, their eyes drawn to Serena.

Look at her, she's the little blind girl.

It's the first time I've seen such a pretty little blind girl.

The boys whistled at Serena.

But soon they froze, seeing the man following Serena—Hayden Crawford had arrived.

Today, Hayden Crawford wore a tailor-made black shirt and black trousers, a classic male god's outfit. His deep eyes glanced at the boys, sweeping over them with a chill in his gaze that made their scalps tingle.

The boys, who intended to flirt with Serena, shrunk back in fear. The mature, elite aura emanating from Hayden was not something they could withstand.

The boys quickly retreated, running away. They hadn't realized this beautiful little blind girl had been followed by such a man.

Hayden lazily withdrew his gaze, focusing on Serena's slender figure. Today, the girl wore a white dress, her pure black hair blowing in the wind, with tendrils teasingly wrapped around her delicate pink neck. As the wind blew, her skirt revealed slender ankles like soft jade, a purity that seemed to invite trouble, clearly attracting those young ruffians.