

Substitute B 275

Chapter 275: She Really Is a Wonderful Person

Serena Sterling's face turned pale; she hadn't expected that in just three months since leaving Bayside, Grandma's health had deteriorated to this extent.

She didn't say goodbye to Grandma at the time, partly because she didn't want Grandma to be sad and partly because she thought that as long as Hayden Crawford got better, Grandma would naturally recover too and live a long life. Who could have thought things would turn out like this?

Grandma's health has become quite poor, and once she starts refusing food, her remaining days will be few.

"Serena, I think Mrs. Crawford's illness is due to a broken heart. Although Hayden Crawford is her grandson, Mrs. Crawford has always loved you like her own. You disappeared to save Hayden Crawford, and she must have been so heartbroken and worried that it made her sick," Leah Thorne said.

Serena Sterling's pale eyes reddened, "Leah, I need to see Grandma right now. I have to find a way to make Grandma better! But now Grandma is in Hayden Crawford's Westerley Estate, and what excuse do I have to go in and see her?"

"I heard Hayden Crawford has been hiring chefs specializing in nutritional care. Serena, you could apply to be the gourmet chef, then you'd have a legitimate reason to care for Mrs. Crawford openly."

Serena's eyes lit up, "Okay."

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Westerley Estate.

Beryl has served Mrs. Crawford for decades. Now that Mrs. Crawford's health is poor, Beryl certainly stayed by her side without leaving.

At this moment, a "ding dong" sounded, and the villa's doorbell rang.

Who could it be?

Beryl quickly ran out from the kitchen and swiftly opened the villa door. Outside stood... Anabelle Rathborne.

"Miss Rathborne, what brings you here?" Beryl asked surprised.

Anabelle smiled sweetly and raised the bag she was holding, "Beryl, I know Mrs. Crawford hasn't been eating well lately. I'm a nutritionist, after all. I recently developed a dietary plan for Mrs. Crawford and just bought the ingredients I needed. I came to see her."

Beryl stepped aside, "Miss Rathborne, you're thoughtful, please come in."

Anabelle went inside, "Where is Mrs. Crawford?"

"She's in the room upstairs, just had an infusion and fell asleep."

"Then let's prepare a nutritious meal, so Mrs. Crawford can taste it when she wakes up."

"Alright."

The two walked into the kitchen. Anabelle handed the recipe and ingredients to Beryl. Being a privileged young lady, she never dirtied her hands with cooking, so she explained to Beryl what to do.

Beryl began preparing the nutritional dinner as instructed; she is willing to do anything that benefits Mrs. Crawford.

An hour later, the sound of the door opening could be heard, and Beryl quickly said, "It should be Master Hayden back now."

"I'll go check." Anabelle joyfully ran out and soon saw the tall and elegant figure by the door. It truly was Hayden Crawford who had returned.

Today, Hayden Crawford was dressed in a tailored black suit, the expensive fabric pressed with no trace of wrinkles. His broad shoulders carried the chill from outside, exuding elegance and noble detachment that kept strangers away.

"Hayden, you're back?" Anabelle called happily.

Hayden Crawford strode in, his deep and narrow eyes landing on Anabelle's lovely face, "Annette, why are you here?"

Anabelle quickly ran back into the kitchen, carried out the nutritional meal Beryl had just prepared, and showed it to Hayden as if presenting a treasure, "Hayden, this is the meal I prepared for Mrs. Crawford, customized just for her. Isn't it impressive?"

This nutritious meal was actually made by Beryl, yet Anabelle acted as if she'd made it herself to earn praise from Hayden.

Beryl didn't say anything; she could see the young girl's little schemes, and indeed Anabelle was thoughtful, though she couldn't quite compare to Mrs. Serena.

Beryl thought of Serena Sterling again; if only Mrs. Serena were still around...

Hayden Crawford's expression softened slightly; Anabelle was a very clever young woman. She never flaunted her Crawford family status outside and would willingly put aside her noble airs in front of him to please him; men tend to feel tenderly toward such women.

"Let's go upstairs to see Grandma together."

"Sure." Anabelle was overjoyed.

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In the room, Mrs. Crawford had already awoken. These days, aside from drinking a little water, she relied on infusions. Now she was so thin she was practically skin and bones, and her spirits were low.

"Grandma, you're awake?" Hayden Crawford quickly lifted her up and placed a cushion behind her back, "Annette has come to see you."

"Mrs. Crawford," Anabelle carefully approached, "I've been thinking of visiting you for a long time. It's been ages, and I've missed you. I heard you have a poor appetite, so I customized a nutritious meal for you. You must try some."

Mrs. Crawford looked at Anabelle, "Ah, it's Annette, you've been thoughtful."

"Mrs. Crawford, don't be polite with me. Come, let me feed you some soup." Anabelle sat by the bed, scooped a small spoonful of soup, blew on it, and then brought it to Mrs. Crawford's mouth.

Mrs. Crawford opened her mouth and cooperated by swallowing the soup.

Just as Anabelle was happily preparing to feed another mouthful, Mrs. Crawford suddenly bent forward and vomited out the soup.

"Mrs. Crawford!" Beryl quickly moved up to pat Mrs. Crawford's back.

Anabelle hadn't expected Mrs. Crawford to react so strongly to food now. She had been full of ambition to heal Mrs. Crawford with her nutritionist skills, hoping to impress Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford used a warm towel to wipe Mrs. Crawford's mouth; she stopped vomiting and coughing, appearing overly exhausted. She waved a hand, "Hayden, escort Annette away. I don't want to eat anything; I just want to rest."

Hayden Crawford didn't dare defy her, speaking softly, "Grandma, I'll first take Annette away then."

The two left the room, Anabelle looked at Hayden Crawford disappointedly, "Hayden, I'm sorry."

Hayden Crawford pressed his thin lips together slightly, speaking in a flat tone, "It's not your fault. Every nutritionist who has made food these past days— Grandma takes a bite and then vomits. Let me take you home first."

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In the room, Beryl was wiping Mrs. Crawford's hands, "Mrs. Crawford, you must persevere. Look at Master Hayden; he's by your side every day, deeply anxious and worried about your health, constantly looking for ways to encourage you to eat. How could you bear to leave him?"

Mrs. Crawford sighed, "Beryl, these past nights I keep dreaming, dreaming of... Serena..."

Beryl stiffened.

"I've lived most of my life without any regrets, but now I regret it, day after day. I shouldn't have let Serena marry Hayden... If Serena hadn't risked her life to save Hayden, she'd still be alive before me... It was too selfish of me..."

Beryl knew this was heartache for Mrs. Crawford; her eyes reddened too. She could only grasp Mrs. Crawford's hand, "Mrs. Crawford, there is no 'if' in this world. If Serena were alive, seeing you like this, she'd be the first to feel pained... Serena was a good child, truly very, very good..."