

Substitute B 276

Chapter 276: Serena Enters Hayden Crawford's Room

Serena Sterling truly saw the old lady as her own grandmother, unlike Annette who sought to please the old lady for Hayden Crawford.

Annette, seeing the old lady unable to eat, coughing and vomiting, felt only disappointment, without any pity.

Beryl knew that if the young mistress were still here, she would definitely be heartbroken seeing the old lady like this.

The young mistress has been gone for three months, yet she lives in everyone's hearts.

Tears flowed from the old lady's aged eyes, "It's so unfair to Serena, she's still so young, her life has just begun... But most importantly, she died saving Hayden, yet Hayden has completely forgotten her; Annette is by his side, and perhaps there will be other girls in the future..."

Crying, the old lady clenched her fists and thumped her chest, "Even so, I still can't mention Serena in front of Hayden... Beryl, you know how much my heart aches... I'm truly heartbroken..."

Beryl reached out to embrace the frail and sickly old lady, "I know, I know everything, old lady, don't get agitated, your body can't take it anymore..."

Tears covered the ravines of the old lady's face; she felt it was she who killed Serena, and every time she thought of Serena, she couldn't breathe.

Beryl hugged the old lady tightly, her eyes red, filling the room with unspeakable sadness.

Suddenly, a soft and sweet voice came from the ear, "Is anyone there?"

The old lady was still sobbing and stiffened at hearing the voice.

Beryl also froze. This voice was too familiar to them... Was it... an auditory hallucination?

At that moment, footsteps came from outside, and that sweet, soft voice grew clearer as it neared, "Excuse me, is anyone here?"

A delicate little hand reached over, gently pushing open the already ajar door.

Someone walked in.

The old lady and Beryl simultaneously looked toward the door, and Serena Sterling's ethereal and stunning figure fiercely entered their view.

Serena Sterling was here!

The villa's door downstairs wasn't locked, so she came in on her own; hearing crying from upstairs, she came to check.

Beryl leapt from beside the bed, shocked at the girl by the door, "Young...Young mistress!"

The old lady's moist pupils contracted suddenly, "Se...Serena, is it really...you?"

Serena's eyes reddened upon seeing the old lady and Beryl. She quickly approached the old lady's side, looking at her spiritless and skeletal appearance; her bright eyes quickly filled with a shimmering mist, "Grandmother, why have you...become so thin?"

Serena grasped the old lady's hands tightly, "Grandmother, you've been very naughty, haven't you? You've definitely not been eating and sleeping well during this time."

The old lady swiftly held Serena's small hand in return; the girl's hand wasn't cold, but soft and warm, "Se...Serena, am I dreaming? Did you indeed... come back?"

"It's not a dream; I'm not a ghost; I'm living flesh and blood." Serena placed the old lady's hand on her face, "See, Beryl, see, my body is warm; I'm back!"

Heavens!

Beryl screamed and rushed over to hug Serena tightly, tears streaming down her face, "Young mistress, it's really you, let Beryl have a good look, oh gosh, my young mistress has grown even more beautiful, just now standing there, I almost didn't recognize you."

"Beryl, your mouth is still so sweet." Serena wiped Beryl's tears, then looked at the old lady, her lips curving up with a trembling sob in her gentle voice, "Grandmother, it's truly me."

The old lady, her emotions overwhelming, patted her leg, still finding it hard to believe, laughing and crying like a silly child, "Serena, it's really my Serena, quickly tell granny, how did you survive, surviving must've been really hard, right? Are you alright now, are there any injuries?"

The old lady held Serena and looked her over carefully.

"Grandmother," Serena extended her small hand and gently hugged the old lady, patting her back, speaking softly to comfort, "Grandmother, you don't need to feel guilty or blame yourself; everything was my own choice. I love Mr. Crawford, and I'm willing to die for love, live for love."

"The important thing is that I'm back now, having recovered gradually for three months, all the toxins in my body are gone; look at me now, I'm better than before, like having been through a catastrophe, reborn from the ashes."

"Grandmother, I wish to be well, Mr. Crawford to be well, you to be well, all of us to be well."

The old lady's vision blurred with tears as she hugged Serena tightly and nodded, "Yes, Serena, all of us will be well."

Beryl wiped her tears with relief, knowing that as long as the young mistress returned, the old lady would improve; the young mistress always had many ways, only the young mistress could save the old lady.

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The three of them tidied up their emotions, and Serena checked the old lady's pulse; indeed, the old lady's illness was mental, worry turned to sickness, "Grandmother, let me give you a shot tonight, stop the nutrient infusion, tomorrow I'll make a nutritious meal for you to try eating a little; this illness has no problem, just needs slow treatment, I'll stay here to care for you during this time."

Beryl was very happy and followed Serena enthusiastically, asking unsurely, "Young mistress, will the old lady truly get better?"

"Uh-huh, within half a month, I'll return you a lively old lady!" Serena said, smiling with lips curved.

Wonderful!

Beryl went crazy with joy, finally seeing the light break through the clouds.

"Serena, come here, let me ask you, now between you and Hayden... what do you think?" the old lady took Serena's small hand.

Serena thought for a moment, "Grandmother, how is Mr. Crawford doing now?"

The old lady nodded, "He's doing very well, no longer loses control, no longer suffers insomnia, perfectly normal."

Serena's bright eyes overflowed with shimmering and gentle light, "That's good, then. Mr. Crawford and I are divorced, and he has forgotten me; in the future, I hope things go naturally. Now, what I most want is to retrieve the second treasure box left by my mommy."

"Grandmother, Mr. Crawford and I aren't without ties; as he gets better, I also want to strive to become excellent; we'll all be well."

The old lady nodded, "Alright, Serena, I respect you. It's late now, don't go back tonight, let Beryl take you to rest in the guest room."

Saying this, the old lady looked at Beryl, "Beryl, take Serena to the room next door."

The room next door?

Beryl's eye twitched—that's... the young master's room!

Beryl looked at the serious old lady claiming to respect the young mistress, then deceiving her into the young master's room... The old lady from before is truly back!