

Substitute B 279

Chapter 279: Serena Is a Beautiful Chef

The next morning.

Hayden Crawford got up later than usual. He had been restless for a long time last night, taking several showers to calm down his agitated body. Today, he didn't look too well, appearing rather gloomy.

First, he went to the room next door to check on his grandmother. But when he opened the door, the bed was empty, and his grandmother was missing.

Hayden's pupils contracted, and his thin lips pressed into a pale arc. Where had Grandmother gone?

For the past three months, Grandmother had stayed in her room and refused to go out.

"Beryl, where's Grandmother?"

Hayden quickly took long strides downstairs, but soon he stopped abruptly in the living room because he saw his grandmother.

The Old Madam was now in the kitchen. Due to her long illness, she sat in a wheelchair, with a soft blanket covering her legs. Warm and radiant morning sunlight streamed in through the kitchen window, where she was comfortably basking in the sun.

The heavy stone on Hayden's heart instantly lifted; he had just feared something had happened to Grandmother.

He was also surprised. Why was Grandmother willing to come out and bask in the sun? This was the first time she had left her room.

At this moment, he heard the Old Madam laugh warmly from inside, "Serena, are you still angry with me?"

Soon a clear and soft voice came to his ears, "Hmph, Grandma, I'm not talking to you anymore!"

Hayden's throat tightened. He recognized it; this was... Serena Sterling's voice.

Last night, she climbed into his bed, disturbing his dream of springtime reverie. He thought she had left, but she was still here.

Hayden stepped forward and quickly saw the ethereal and exquisite figure in the kitchen. The girl wore a tender grass-green sweater today, with a baby collar. It was loose, falling just above her knees. Below were black pencil pants, stopping above her ankles, exposing her delicate and slender ankles. Her outfit exuded youthful charm and a vibrant girlish aura.

Now she wore an apron, standing in front of the counter preparing breakfast. In her fair, slender hand, she held a spoon, stirring the already thickened millet porridge in the pot.

Her pure black hair was let down over her shoulders, tucked behind one snow-white ear, and from Hayden's angle, he could see her half profile. Her delicate brows furrowed, and her rosy cheeks were puffed with anger, adorably fierce, "And Beryl, this time Grandma dragged you in to trick me too!"

Beryl, washing fruit on the side, quickly laughed appeasingly, "Serena, last night I... I was mistaken and took you to the wrong room. The Old Madam really didn't instruct me."

This statement was probably true. The Old Madam hadn't openly instructed anything, just subtly hinted; after decades of service, Beryl instantly understood.

Meow~

Meow meow~

Two meows sounded in his ears. Hayden saw that Ronda was here too. Ronda nestled at Serena's feet, meowing several times at the Old Madam and Beryl, indicating that they bullied her mistress, and she was angry too.

The whole kitchen was filled with laughter, everyone wearing smiles, with the scent of millet porridge wafting throughout, filling the room with a fragrant aroma.

Hayden's tall and imposing figure froze on the spot. He hadn't expected to witness this scene. Over the past three months, with Grandmother ill, everyone was tense, the household cold and quiet. Even with a star-rated chef, there was no hint of domestic warmth.

Actually, he had gotten used to it. His life had always been like this.

But now, his life had undergone a dramatic change, something he never dared to imagine, as if overnight Grandmother had recovered. In the sunlit kitchen, all he heard was joyous laughter and the girl's playful hums.

Hayden's heart slowly softened, becoming incredibly tender. He locked his gaze on Serena's delicate and exquisite silhouette. Was this all because of her presence?

Why did everyone around him like her so much?

Grandma, Ronda, even Beryl, were all lukewarm to Anabelle Rathborne, but they all seemed to like her.

At this time, the Old Madam turned her head and saw Hayden standing at the door. She quickly beckoned, "Hayden, you're up. You woke late today; did you sleep late last night?"

Hayden came down.

Serena tilted her head, her bright, watery eyes casting a glance at him.

Hayden was looking at her too.

Meeting each other's gaze, both thought of last night's events. Serena was the first to look away, avoiding his gaze.

Hayden also withdrew his gaze. He walked over to the Old Madam, crouching by her side, "Grandma, how come you're out here basking in the sun today? Usually, you wouldn't come down when invited."

The Old Madam patted Hayden's large hand, "That's because Serena said more sun is good for me, so I came down. Oh, right, I haven't introduced her yet. This is the beautiful chef I hired, Serena Sterling. You can just call her Serena."

The Old Madam introduced formally.

Beryl quickly smiled, "I think Serena is almost like a little chef, but 'beautiful chef' is more accurate. What chef in town is as beautiful as ours, right, sir?"

Listening to this duo singing in harmony, Hayden's deep, narrow eyes fell on Serena again. He knew she had come to climb into his bed, but he hadn't expected she would actually cook.

Someone like Annette wouldn't lift a finger in the kitchen. Last night she brought a nutritious meal prepared by Beryl to please him, he did not expose her.

Serena looked about 20 years old, and it's rare for girls her age to cook these days.

As for beauty...

She is indeed very beautiful.

That delicate, exquisite face stirred his heart.

She just relied on her good looks and charm to try to attract him, didn't she?

Hayden pressed his thin lips, "Since Grandma likes her, let her stay."

The Old Madam was very pleased, "Hayden, don't forget to pay Serena her salary. Serena is also skilled in medicine. She gave me an acupuncture treatment last night, and I feel extraordinarily refreshed this morning. She's working both as a doctor and a chef, so pay her according to the highest market rates."

Hayden nodded, "Understood."

"Beryl, take me out for some fresh air. The weather is wonderful today." The Old Madam promptly called Beryl away, and the two of them retreated, leaving the space for them.

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Seeing that Grandma and Beryl had left, Hayden, with one hand in his pants pocket, approached Serena from behind. In a deep, magnetic voice, he spoke, "I don't know what you did to win my Grandma and Beryl's favor, but it would be best if you don't pull any tricks under my nose. If I find you using them, I'll make you disappear immediately. Understand?"

"What tricks?" Serena raised her bright eyes to look at him, "I already said last night that I don't want to seduce you anymore, so don't overthink it and be self-absorbed."