

Substitute B 308

Chapter 308: Marry Me and Become the Young Mistress of the Crawford Family

At that time, he stood at the carved railing on the second floor watching, watching her kneeling in the snow.

She didn't know him.

But he had known her for a long time.

All the memories rewound to many years ago, when Jude Crawford was twenty, and Isabelle Willow was twelve.

The first time he saw her was in the hospital.

She must not know that when she was twelve, he had seen her.

That day, her mother was in the hospital needing surgery and a large sum of money.

Zelda Willow's mother came, forcefully throwing a wad of money at her fragile body, cursing her as the vile offspring of a cheap woman.

The money scattered all over the ground, and she bent down to pick it up.

The corridor was filled with onlookers, pointing at her, but her face was expressionless, coldly and indifferently picking up one banknote after another from the ground.

She was distinctive among the crowd.

He glanced twice, that day she wore a white dress, her long black hair cascading down as she bent to pick up the money, he saw her half-revealed profile, still young yet already exquisite.

At that time, Jude Crawford was already 20 years old, a grown boy, all his friends had begun dating, secretly sharing films with him, but he had no interest.

Until he met her, this girl named Isabelle Willow.

His gaze lingered on her partial profile, she was still young, but her delicate facial features were already stunning, even though he was accustomed to beauties, a gleam of astonishment flashed in his eyes.

At that moment, a banknote dropped by his feet, and he stepped on it, she came over half-squatting to pick it up, lifted her small face, her cool limpid autumn eyes staring at him, "Sir, you stepped on my money."

This was the first words she spoke to him.

He moved his foot aside, she picked up the money, then left, as she brushed past him then, her gaze didn't linger on him for a second.

The Crawford family's sovereign Jude Crawford, wherever he stood was the focal point, those girls looked at him with dreamy eyes, but she clutched her money, head down, walking away.

The first meeting, she didn't even glance at him twice, her eyes were all on that pitifully small pile of money in her hands.

But, it seemed she had taken root in his heart, he went back and had the butler inquire, the butler said her name was Isabelle Willow.

Isabelle Willow.

Not Zelda Willow.

Jude Crawford knew at that time the Willow family had two daughters, living a life of switched identities.

Isabelle Willow's birth mother was a singer who entertained but didn't sleep with men, and was taken advantage of by a drunken Willow father, resulting in pregnancy, giving birth to Isabelle Willow.

Isabelle Willow's birth mother had a heart condition, hospitalized for years, for her mother's sake, she entered the Willow family, becoming Zelda Willow's shadow and blood sacrifice, the Willow family gave her money for her mother's treatment.

Isabelle Willow.

Such a beautiful name.

Like her.

Later, when he was 26, he had already single-handedly created the Crawford Group's imperial legend, staying in Port Kael for years, one day, a buddy who shared films with him came playing, the two in a luxurious private room of a bar

"Jude, you haven't returned home for years, let me tell you, these years City of Aethelgard is bustling, Aethelgard has emerged a stunning first beauty, this first beauty is also a genius maiden, just founded Fly Jewelry."

"This genius maiden is the daughter of the Willow family... Zelda Willow."

Zelda Willow?

After six years, he heard her name again.

He knew Zelda Willow was Isabelle Willow.

He knew of her existence earlier than anyone else.

"Let me show you a photo of this Willow daughter, she's now the toast of the town, has become every man's dream little lover."

The buddy handed him the photo, he glanced at it, the girl in the picture holding a book, wearing a white dress, her face outstandingly beautiful.

"Jude, now this Zelda Willow is really popular, many women have undergone plastic surgery to look like her, becoming favored pets for those tycoons bidding to keep them, I have a film here too, modeled to be like Zelda Willow, let me show you."

The buddy opened the film, he glanced faintly, then reached with a fair and clean big hand to take his phone, threw it into the water cup.

For the next three days, all cosmetic clinics removed all cosmetic models related to her, those films were also banned and disappeared without a trace.

Later, he received a call, the old lady demanded he returns home.

That day, he was in Vessaria's most luxurious presidential suite, leaning lazily against the floor-to-ceiling window looking outside at the blue sky and white clouds thousands of feet up, his mind was filled with that clear and exquisite face.

He felt like he was bewitched.

Wanted to see her.

Once this thought emerged, it grew wildly in his heart, wanted to see her grown-up appearance, thus he returned to City of Aethelgard.

Sometimes fate always meets unexpectedly, that day in the pouring rain, his luxury car sped by, through the shiny glass window he saw at the roadside bus stop eighteen-year-old Isabelle Willow at a glance.

She stood there, anxiously hailing a taxi.

After six years, her clear, exquisite appearance leaped once more into his sight, she had grown up, matured, so beautiful, so beautiful.

He impulsively had the driver drive over and give her a ride.

At that time, he sat in the back, she sat in the passenger seat, she couldn't see him, but he could see her from the back, she kept thanking the driver, going to the hospital, it was raining that day, her school uniform soaked by rainwater clinging to her young girl figure, below two slender legs, white and long, he watched for a long time, how did he think... to have those two legs wrapped around his waist.

He was startled by his own thought, for so many years, this was the first time he felt desire.

The desire a man should feel.

Arriving at the school, she got off, the driver suddenly said, "Young master, that young lady just now dirtied the seat."

He raised the partition to look, a small patch of red on the seat.

She had her cycle.

Back at the Crawford home, he entered the shower to bathe, this was the first time he used his hand to relieve his physiological desire, his mind filled with the plum blossom stain she left, and her two slender legs.

He didn't know what was wrong with himself, she was like a magnet strongly attracting him.

She was very intelligent, deserving of her name as a talented girl, in men's gatherings always discussing girls, returning to City of Aethelgard he heard the men around him focusing all attention on her, all saying it's better to raise daughters than sons, the Willow family because of this daughter Zelda Willow, was already famous throughout Aethelgard.

Everyone would be moved by such a girl with beauty and talent in equal measure.

So when he saw her kneeling at the Crawford home's gates, he didn't know how long it had been, he stepped down with heavy black boots, each step in the snow made a "creak" sound, he walked step by step toward her, looking down at her, telling her, "I can give the Willow family a chance, but you must marry me, become the young madam of the Crawford family."