

## Substitute B 328

### Chapter 328: Serena Still Went to Find Hayden Crawford

Iris Blue's hand trembled while holding the remote control. She originally turned on the TV to distract Serena Sterling, to keep her from thinking about Hayden Crawford and Anabelle Rathborne's engagement tonight, but who would've thought that the financial news would directly push out this piece of news.

"Ha, Serena, let's change the channel. Now even financial news is reporting a wedding." Iris quickly switched to another channel.

This time, it was the entertainment channel, and the host was reporting today's entertainment headline—the much-anticipated union between the Crawfords and the Rathbornes. Hayden Crawford, the most prominent businessman today, returned to the City of Aethelgard four months ago and officially took over the Crawford Group. This business mogul, who had been a master in the business world since his teens, is already at the top of the latest Forbes rankings, captivating the hearts of countless heiresses. Today, he is getting engaged to the richest man's daughter, the most beautiful woman in Aethelgard, Anabelle Rathborne. It's truly a perfect match.

As they spoke, the TV screen quickly switched to The Grand Court Hotel, where all the magazine and tabloid reporters in Aethelgard had already surrounded the place. At this moment, a stretch Rolls-Royce limousine sped towards them, the rear window slowly sliding down to reveal a handsome, refined face.

It was Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford had already appeared at the engagement banquet.

Today, Hayden was wearing a custom-made white shirt, covered by a black business vest, and over the vest was a matching black suit. A small portion of the white shirt peeked out from the sleeves of the suit, along with an exquisite men's watch. Every gesture exuded the nobility and sophistication of the upper class.

At this moment, the golden sunset bathed his perfectly sculpted handsome face, making him impossibly attractive.

His appearance caused a stir in the entire place.

Reporters swarmed towards him, "Mr. Crawford, may we have a word with you?"

At this moment, a group of staff appeared and stopped the reporters, "Sorry, our CEO does not accept any interviews."

The stretch Rolls-Royce disappeared from everyone's sight.

Serena Sterling watched the TV, where the screen was frozen on the last frame of Hayden Crawford. Serena watched the man's half profile, his features sharply defined with thin, pressed lips, exuding an overwhelming aura of aloofness and indifference.

Iris Blue's lips twitched; she had switched from financial news to entertainment news, yet it was still reporting on the Crawford-Rathborne union.

"Ha, Serena, let's change the channel again, this time... Animal World!"

Iris Blue quickly changed the channel, refusing to believe that Animal World was also reporting this engagement!

Just then, Serena spoke up, "Mom, let it go. Turn off the TV. I fear every channel is reporting this engagement today. I don't want to watch it."

Since Serena had spoken, Iris did not persist. She turned off the TV, "Serena, don't let these things affect you. The world lacks many things, but it's not short of three-legged men."

Serena's small, palm-sized face looked very pale. She lowered her long eyelashes and nodded, "I know, Mom. I want to sleep a little more."

"Alright, lie down quickly."

Serena lay down and closed her eyes.

Iris Blue stayed by her bedside for a while. Her phone rang, a call came in.

Seeing Serena already asleep, Iris tucked her in and went outside to take the call.

As soon as Iris left, Serena on the bed opened her eyes.

Her bright, clear eyes stared at the white ceiling, lost in thought. After a few minutes, she lifted the quilt, got out of bed, and walked out.

Serena left the hospital and stood on the street, hailing a taxi. The driver asked, "Miss, where to?"

"To The Grand Court Hotel."

When Iris returned from her phone call, she found the bed empty, Serena was gone.

Oh no!

Serena had gone to find Hayden Crawford after all!

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Serena arrived at The Grand Court Hotel. The engagement banquet was being held on the hotel's private lawn, exclusively for the most distinguished figures in Aethelgard. There were multiple layers of security both inside and outside the party, diligently checking invitation cards.

Serena looked at the grand engagement banquet, and only then did she truly realize that Hayden was genuinely going to get engaged to Anabelle Rathborne.

She didn't have an invitation card, couldn't go in; in fact, she didn't quite know why she came. She had warned herself a thousand times, ten thousand times that he wasn't her Mr. Crawford, he was only Hayden Crawford, yet, she still came.

Just then, a commotion arose around her, "Look, Mr. Crawford is here!"

A group of black-suited bodyguards appeared, setting up a cordon, forcing Serena back behind it as the stretch Rolls-Royce stopped.

The black Rolls-Royce glistened with a cold, hard gleam, like an emperor slowly coming to a halt, accepting the people's homage.

The front passenger door opened, and Hayden's personal secretary, Ivan Yarrow, stepped out. He walked over to the back door and opened it.

Serena looked up, and suddenly a pair of polished leather shoes appeared in her vision.

Looking up further was the knife-cut tailored black dress pants, then the handmade, impeccably ironed black suit. Hayden Crawford stepped down leisurely, his soft bangs pushed all the way back, his handsome face fully visible—elegant and noble.

Her Mr. Crawford.

Serena's eyes suddenly reddened, a layer of glistening mist covering her wide, dark eyes.

"This way, sir." Ivan respectfully gestured.

Hayden stretched his long legs forward, walking with a steady and poised gait, his sharply tailored pants slicing through the air with a breezy momentum.

Surrounded by many onlooking girls, Serena heard them sighing with dreamy pink bubbles in their eyes, excitedly exclaiming,

Wow, Mr. Crawford is so handsome, I'm about to faint!

I'd love to become Anabelle Rathborne and marry him!

Wake up, stop dreaming. This kind of worldly ideal, we'll never achieve even in our next lives!

These girls acted like infatuated fans, screaming incessantly as they watched him.

Hayden didn't even glance sideways at them, seemingly accustomed to such fanatical behavior. He proceeded with elegance and composure.

Serena couldn't control her steps; she quickly walked forward.

But just then, she accidentally bumped into another girl, and Serena quickly apologized, "Sorry."

The girl harshly responded, "Oh sure, as if 'sorry' makes it right, can't you watch where you're going?"

Several girls noticed Serena, whispering among themselves,

What is she doing here in hospital clothes, is she here to see Mr. Crawford too?

Give up already, Mr. Crawford won't give her a second glance.

Only Anabelle Rathborne, the richest man's daughter, could possibly win.