

Substitute B 332

Chapter 332: Encounter

Anabelle Rathborne quickly boasted about her engagement party with Hayden Crawford in front of Serena Sterling, trying to sting Serena's heart fiercely.

Before Serena could respond, Iris Blue gave a cold snort, "My Serena doesn't have the leisure to attend your engagement party. Tomorrow marks her father's fiftieth birthday celebration, and there will be many distinguished gentlemen attending. My Serena's eyes will be dazzled by them."

Anabelle had, of course, heard about the fiftieth birthday celebration of Sterling Sohn. The Sterling family had already sent out invitations, and everyone knew it was essentially a matchmaking event meant for Serena to choose a husband from.

However, Serena's reputation is currently quite poor. Rumors are circulating outside that she had been involved with several men in black. For a young woman, reputation is most crucial. With her reputation now in tatters, there shouldn't be any distinguished gentlemen daring to show up tomorrow.

Anabelle and Tiana Ford exchanged a look, even if they didn't say it out loud, each of them was waiting to see the Sterling family's embarrassment tomorrow. They had created such a spectacle, but if no men were willing to take part, it would be a joke that would amuse all of Aethelgard for a whole year.

Serena was unaware of this matchmaking business. Just then, two soft meows reached her ears.

It's... Ronda!

Serena quickly recognized Ronda's voice. She turned around, and there, standing tall by the door, was a figure that entered her line of sight.

Hayden Crawford had arrived!

Hayden had arrived at some unknown time. He stood by the door, tall and with long legs, holding Ronda in his arms.

Serena glanced at Hayden. She saw his deep and narrow eyes fall on her face. Their eyes met, but Serena looked away first and turned her gaze to Ronda.

Ronda had lost weight. When she left Westerley Estate, Ronda was as plump as a ball, but now Ronda was sleek and slender, and seemed unwell.

What's happened to Ronda?

"Hayden, you're here?" Anabelle ran over joyfully. "Have you taken Ronda to the vet? What did the vet say? She hasn't been eating recently, and I have no idea why."

Hayden looked at Serena. He hadn't seen her for a few days. Today she was wearing a white coat that extended below her knees, with a pair of black ankle boots, giving her a pure and innocent appearance.

Her jet-black hair cascaded down, revealing her exquisite small face, her skin milky white, her red lips vibrant—white on white, black on black, red on red—the striking colors on her face deeply intrigued the onlooker.

Hayden had never denied his attraction to her, he was always captivated by her beauty. For instance, watching her now stirred his heart once more.

"Ronda, let me hold you," Anabelle reached out to hug Ronda.

The listless Ronda suddenly stood up. It extended a small paw and scratched Anabelle.

Ouch!

Anabelle recoiled in fear, afraid of being scratched by the animal.

Hayden glanced at Anabelle, "Did it scratch you?"

Anabelle shook her head, "No, fortunately I dodged just in time."

Anabelle felt quite deflated because, no matter how she tried to please Ronda, buying expensive cat food, Ronda seemed ungrateful, always rejecting her and never allowing her to get close.

Anabelle felt that Ronda was a bit ungrateful. If it weren't for Ronda being Hayden's pet, a pet he cherished greatly, she wouldn't bother trying to win over a cat.

At this moment, Ronda seemed to have a telepathic sense. It looked up and instantly spotted Serena in front.

Meow~

Meow meow!

Ronda leapt from Hayden's arms, suddenly lively, and ran straight to Serena's feet, snuggling and mewing adorably.

This scene left Anabelle completely stunned. She couldn't handle Ronda and had almost been scratched, yet Ronda dashed to Serena's feet to cuddle—what was going on?

How was this possible?

Seeing Ronda had slimmed down, Serena felt a pang of heartache. She crouched down, extending her fair, delicate hand to stroke Ronda's fur.

Ronda thoroughly enjoyed this, pressing its little face against Serena's palm, nuzzling and mewing.

Ronda was saying, "Master, I'm hungry."

Serena stood and her bright eyes fell on Hayden's handsome face, "How long has Ronda not eaten?"

Hayden looked at her, "Several days."

"May I feed her something?" Serena sought his opinion.

Hayden nodded, "You may."

Serena walked out, stepped into a snack import shop, and Ronda wagged its tail, completely forgetting Hayden's presence, happily trotting along with Serena.

Soon, Serena returned with a bag of small fish biscuits, tore it open, and fed a piece to Ronda.

Ronda opened its mouth and ate it, full of bliss—this was a divine taste, wagging its tail while munching.

Anabelle was frozen on the spot, her expression turning exceedingly sour. Ronda was Hayden's pet—his high-cold pet, just like its master, indifferent to women.

Anabelle had not managed to handle Ronda, but she comforted herself by thinking that no other woman could manage it either.

Yet now Serena had appeared, and she had managed to handle Ronda.

Anabelle looked at the small fish biscuits in Serena's hand. The biscuits weren't high-class at all, nowhere near the carefully selected cat snacks she'd chosen, yet Ronda just loved them.

Anabelle's hands at her sides clenched into fists rapidly; how could she feel like she had just received a resounding slap in the face!

Hayden lowered his handsome eyelids, watching Serena squatting in front of him, feeding the cat. Her stunning face rippled with a soft smile, and he suddenly thought she was much like Ronda, a harmless little kitten.

At this moment, Iris Blue coughed and stepped over to block Hayden's view, preventing him from looking any longer. What intentions did a man, already engaged, have by staring at her Serena?

Iris had a long dress in hand, "Serena, stop teasing the cat, we have business to attend to. I picked a dress for you. Go try it on!"

Serena glanced at the long dress, a champagne-colored, silk number with a halter neckline—beautiful in design, but the back was exposed...

Serena was conservative in her attire, never having worn a backless dress. "Mom, isn't this dress a bit inappropriate?"

"What's inappropriate about it? Serena, you're the main character tomorrow, you have to outshine everyone else. I think it's appropriate. Go change and let me see!" Iris insisted, stuffing the dress into Serena's arms and pushing her into the changing room.