

Substitute B 365

Chapter 365: Give Him Another Son

A while ago, the story of Old Mrs. Rathborne wanting to adopt Serena as her granddaughter spread like wildfire. Now Anabelle specifically emphasized that she is the only granddaughter of the Rathborne family, essentially mocking Serena.

All these socialite ladies got Annette's hint and chimed in,

That Serena, I don't even know what methods she used to enchant the old lady. How could she think she can become a Rathborne granddaughter without taking a good look in the mirror? Can a wild hen really turn into a phoenix?

The old lady was merely captivated by her at that time, but now she has already cast her aside. The old lady still cherishes our Annette the most.

These flattering words made Anabelle quite satisfied. This was just a warm-up; when Serena arrives later, she'll naturally humiliate her more.

Anabelle glanced at the time, wondering if Hayden should have arrived by now?

Annette, are you looking for Mr. Crawford?

Why hasn't Mr. Crawford come yet?

Today is Old Mrs. Rathborne's 80th birthday; surely Mr. Crawford, as the prospective grandson-in-law, will attend. He's probably stuck in traffic.

Just as their words fell, the hall doors swung open, and a tall, handsome figure forcefully entered their view.

Hayden has arrived!

Today, Hayden wore a custom-made black suit, impeccably pressed without a wrinkle. His towering stature and long legs embodied elegance and strength, a natural clothes hanger. At 28 years old, power and status added an indescribable masculine charm to him, making him the focal point of attention as soon as he appeared. In the crowd of men in suits, he was the most striking, undeniably.

Hayden strode in with long legs, the crowd naturally parting to make way. The dazzling lights bathed his perfect, handsome face, as if coated with a layer of radiant gold.

Look, Mr. Crawford is here!

The eyes of the socialites lit up, instantly turning toward Hayden, their gazes a mixture of admiration and awe.

Anabelle naturally felt the commotion among the socialites. Throughout Aethelgard, Hayden is considered both mysterious and distinguished. As the youngest mogul in the business world, it was unknown how many dreams he had been a part of in countless women's secret fantasies.

Hayden stopped at the radiant center, surrounded by a multitude of elite CEOs, who greeted him with respectful conversations. He lowered his handsome lashes, receiving their attention with depth and indifference.

Anabelle's vanity was greatly satisfied. Such a sought-after man was conquered by her, becoming her possession.

To marry Hayden Crawford and become Mrs. Crawford would be something Anabelle could be proud of for a lifetime.

Anabelle quickly straightened her posture, lifting her skirt hem to walk toward Hayden with the most perfect manner, reaching out to hook her arm around his sturdy one, "Big brother Hayden, you're here?"

The surrounding moguls swiftly offered compliments,

Tonight, Miss Annette looks as beautiful as a Celestial Beauty!

Miss Annette and Mr. Crawford truly make a heaven-matched pair.

After Old Mrs. Rathborne's 80th birthday, we'll probably be able to attend Mr. Crawford and Miss Annette's wedding banquet soon, or even celebrate the little crown prince's full moon party.

Anabelle's beautiful face quickly flushed with a shy blush. She looked up, seemingly bashful yet timid, at Hayden.

But Hayden did not look at her. Since he came in, he hadn't given her a single glance. Now, with one hand in his pocket, his deep and narrow eyes scanned the room swiftly, as if looking for someone.

Anabelle stiffened. She sensitively noticed his distraction. Who was he looking for? Could it be... he was searching for Serena?

Anabelle suddenly recalled calling him, where he initially said he didn't have time, but later changed his mind. At that time, she thought her charming persuasion had worked. Now, she was suddenly enlightened, realizing all her long speeches were probably wasted words. What truly caught his attention was the news that Zane would bring Serena to the birthday celebration!

So, was he here for Serena?

Anabelle was startled by her own thought, clenching her small hands tightly beside her.

At this moment, Old Mrs. Rathborne made her entrance, with Yvonne, her daughter-in-law, supporting her. Everyone quickly swarmed forward to congratulate her on her birthday.

"Big brother Hayden, let's also go congratulate grandma." Annabelle pulled Hayden forward.

Hayden's handsome face was expressionless, his lightly pressed thin lips revealing a hint of cold and indifferent inhospitality. He had no interest in this social occasion; he wouldn't have come at all if he hadn't known that Zane would bring Serena along.

However, he had already scanned the room, and that fragile, stunning figure was still nowhere to be seen, meaning Serena hadn't arrived yet.

Grandma, I wish you happiness as vast as the East Sea and longevity greater than the southern mountains. Here is a blood-red agate cherished by my grandfather, hoping you will like it.

Grandma, I recently purchased a painting of the Qing Dynasty's Upper River Map at an auction and hope you will like it.

Everyone scrambled to present their incredibly expensive gifts to Old Mrs. Rathborne as birthday tributes, quickly piling gifts into a mountain.

Old Mrs. Rathborne was in a great mood today and waved her hand, "Thank you everyone, I appreciate your kind gestures."

Today, Yvonne wore a black long gown with exquisite light makeup, looking alluring yet capable. Standing beside Old Mrs. Rathborne, she directed the servants to collect the gifts, exuding the air of a family matron, naturally garnering much appreciation and flattery,

Mrs. Rathborne, long time no see, you're truly looking younger and younger. You don't even look like Miss Annette's mother, rather... her sister!

Grandma, having such a capable daughter-in-law, you can rest assured to let her take charge of the household.

Yvonne's face was rosy, and she relished these flattering words, secretly glancing at Old Mrs. Rathborne beside her. Seeing her smiling and showing nothing unusual, Yvonne felt relieved. Over the years, she had lowered herself, serving and flattering her mother-in-law as a dutiful daughter-in-law, and now she deserved recognition.

At this moment, someone asked, "Mrs. Rathborne, will Mr. Rathborne be returning today? We haven't seen Mr. Rathborne for a long time."

Mentioning Julian Rathborne made Yvonne's heart race uncontrollably, like a young girl's fluttering heart despite being over forty, "Marcus Kingsley has been very busy recently, and he won't be returning for today's birthday feast."

"Mrs. Rathborne, you only have Miss Annette as your daughter. I see you still look so young; you should hurry and give Mr. Rathborne a son now, haha." Everyone joked.

This really spoke to the core of Yvonne's desires.