

Substitute B 454

Chapter 454: Marry Me—I Want to Be Your Mrs. Crawford

Yvonne gasped sharply; was that man from that night also the King of the State of Westria?

Those years, she kept an empty room by herself, feeling very lonely, deeply missing Julian Rathborne. She didn't want to be unfaithful; there was no one else in her heart apart from Julian.

But that night, she got drunk at the bar, and in her daze, she felt someone lift her up and take her to a room. What followed was a night of chaos.

The man left early the next morning, but she was caught in bed by Old Mrs. Rathborne. All these years, Old Mrs. Rathborne had not been able to forgive her.

Yvonne hated the man from that night, but she could only bear the blame.

Now Old Man Knight told her, "That man from that night was also the King of the State of Westria," Yvonne quickly realized that it was no accident; she had been set up.

"Dad, did you collude with that man to set me up? What exactly do you want to do?" Yvonne asked emotionally.

Old Man Knight's murky eyes shone with an eerie glow, "Yvonne, isn't it exciting and fun to put a green hat on Julian Rathborne?"

"..."

Anabelle Rathborne was uninterested in these matters. Now, countless voices were telling her, "Annette, your biological dad is the King of Westria. You are the Grand Princess of Westria!"

Anabelle felt like she had become immortal; she had ascended again.

"Grandfather, where is my dad? Does he know I'm in trouble now? Why hasn't he come to get me?" Anabelle eagerly asked.

She didn't want Julian as her dad anymore; she wanted to be the Grand Princess.

Old Man Knight smiled, "Don't worry, your dad is already on the way."

Great!

Anabelle felt relieved. She sat on the chair, straightened her back, and already adopted an arrogant princess demeanor.

Someone like Serena Sterling is not even worthy of talking to her. Serena should kneel when she sees her!

However, Yvonne wasn't as happy and naive as Anabelle. This King of Westria was definitely not a good person. Why did he choose her? He should have known Annette was his biological daughter, but he hadn't cared all these years, clearly not loving Anabelle at all.

So now, why was he coming?

What was his purpose?

While Yvonne's head was a jumble, the main door suddenly was pushed open with a loud "boom", and Hayden Crawford's tall, stalwart figure barged into view.

Hayden Crawford had arrived.

"Brother Hayden, you're here?" Anabelle quickly got up, looking at Hayden joyfully.

Hayden strode in, his long legs wrapped in sharply tailored black suit pants. Each step exuded an imposing and cold aura, his deep, narrow eyes piercing Old Man Knight like X-rays. Hayden parted his thin lips, "Old Man Knight, tell me, what is the crucial ingredient of the 'Fade into the Sunset' elixir?"

Old Man Knight looked at Hayden, "Young Master Crawford, haven't you found out? The key ingredient is Annette's blood; it must be made with Anabelle's blood."

Hayden's gaze immediately fell on Anabelle's face, with hints of crimson anger and murderous intent lurking in his deep eyes.

Staring back at such a gaze, Anabelle found it terrifying, but then she thought she had no reason to back down. Recklessly, she was the Grand Princess!

Anabelle immediately puffed up her chest, "Brother Hayden, only I can save Serena Sterling now, you..."

Before Anabelle could finish her sentence, Hayden suddenly extended his big hand and grabbed Anabelle's throat.

Anabelle immediately found it difficult to breathe, her pupils contracting and dilating, filled with panic and fear. She extended her hands, slapping Hayden hard.

But it was useless. As Hayden lifted his hand, her back pressed against the cold wall, and her feet left the ground.

The hand around her neck kept tightening. Anabelle's face quickly turned red; she couldn't breathe and was about to die.

Looking at the man in front of her, Anabelle realized that brother Hayden really harbored murderous intent toward her, his eyes filled with coldness and disgust.

Seeing this, Yvonne rushed over, scared, to stop him, "Young Master Crawford, what are you doing! Let Annette go!"

There was a hint of crimson at the corners of Hayden's eyes as he coldly eyed Old Man Knight, "I hate being threatened the most. Taking blood from her, a dead person can also provide blood!"

Yvonne trembled all over, "Young Master Crawford, you!"

At this moment, Old Man Knight chuckled twice, "Young Master Crawford, do you think it's that simple? There is no real cure for 'Fade into the Sunset'. Using Anabelle's blood to make medicine can only maintain Serena Sterling's youthful appearance. Once separated from Anabelle's blood, Serena will age rapidly, her beautiful years slipping away in the blink of an eye."

Hayden's narrow eyes half-closed, "You mean that from now on, Serena's life will depend on Anabelle's generosity?"

Old Man Knight clapped, "When talking to smart people, there's no need for nonsense. Exactly, we must rely on Annette to maintain Serena Sterling. Blood must be drawn and processed once every week. So,

Young Master Crawford, you'd better pray for Annette to live a long life, because Serena's life is in Annette's hands. You must treat Annette like a goddess!"

Hayden pressed his thin lips into a grim pale arc, unaware of when Old Man Knight began plotting to bind Serena Sterling's and Anabelle's fates together.

Hayden suddenly let go, releasing Anabelle.

Anabelle leaned against the wall, breathing in gulps of fresh air. Because she was too eager, she started coughing violently.

It was too uncomfortable.

She felt like she had just made a trip to hell's gate.

"Annette, are you okay?" Yvonne quickly patted Anabelle's back.

Anabelle pushed Yvonne aside and stood up. Her reddened eyes filled with resentment and lingering hatred as she glared at Hayden, "Brother Hayden, you know I love you so much, but you've hurt me deeply. If you want me to save Serena Sterling, marry me and make me your Mrs. Crawford!"

Anabelle proposed her condition. She would save Serena Sterling if Hayden married her.

Hayden looked coldly at Anabelle, then carelessly curved his thin lips. His smile was filled with disdain and scorn for her.

He didn't say a word, but Anabelle's face turned deathly pale. She felt thoroughly humiliated by just a look from Hayden.

At this point, Hayden walked out with long strides, leaving directly.

He left.

Just like that, he left.

Without giving her any reply.

Old Man Knight got up, "Annette, don't worry. Hayden Crawford will call you very soon. Just wait to become his Mrs. Crawford."

Anabelle wasn't afraid, because if Hayden didn't marry her, Serena Sterling could just wait to die.

Old Man Knight was already heading out, "Let's go, Annette. We can leave now; your dad is here to pick you up!"