

Substitute B 456

Chapter 456: Serena Said, Hand Me Your Phone for Inspection

Julian Rathborne and Hayden Crawford stood in a row, wondering how Seraphina Linden could have a fiancé, especially when it's Titus Ashworth, the king of The State of Westria.

Jude Crawford, like an old cunning fox, set his sights on Julian Rathborne's handsome face, "Marcus, Titus Ashworth dearly loves Seraphina Linden, treats her like a treasure. Unfortunately, Seraphina doesn't like him and dissolved their engagement early on. Later, Titus transferred all his hatred onto you, believing it was you, an undeserving interloper, who seduced Seraphina away."

Julian Rathborne, "..."

Listening to his in-laws' stories, Hayden Crawford was utterly bewildered. Is it appropriate for him to hear this?

"Dad, is it too much to call my father-in-law, the world's richest man, a pretty boy, having stolen someone's partner like a gigolo?" Hayden Crawford decided it was best to side with Julian Rathborne.

Jude Crawford shrugged, "Your mother-in-law is the queen of a mysterious kingdom, and people like Titus Ashworth are just her courtiers. Do you think your father-in-law could have such status if he weren't favored by your mother-in-law?"

"..."

Hayden Crawford was a bit shocked; his mother-in-law is... a queen?

Doesn't that mean Serena Sterling's background is, with a queen as her mother and the world's richest man as her father, and any ex-rival being a ruler of Westria?

Serena Sterling's background is truly impressive.

Hayden Crawford looked at Jude Crawford, "Dad, how do you know all this?"

Jude Crawford didn't answer that question, "You don't need to worry about this. You just need to know that Titus Ashworth is a formidable opponent. He's here this time specifically targeting Serena Sterling. This person appeared earlier than you expect. He chose Yvonne Knight, had Anabelle Rathborne, and then tied Serena Sterling's fate to that of Anabelle's with just a snap of a finger. This person is terrifyingly strategic, and every step he takes is revenge against you. His love for Seraphina has turned into deep-seated hatred. You need to be careful."

Hayden Crawford's handsome face revealed a trace of cold intensity, and he pressed his thin lips together.

Just then, a melodic ringtone went off; a call was coming.

Hayden Crawford took out his phone and saw it was from Serena Sterling.

"Serena is calling me. Dad, father-in-law, I'll head back first." Holding his phone, Hayden Crawford got into the car and drove off swiftly.

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Watching Hayden Crawford's car disappear from sight, Jude Crawford walked forward and stood beside Julian Rathborne.

Julian Rathborne hadn't spoken much and looked at Jude Crawford with his phoenix eyes, "When did you learn all this?"

"After I found out that Serena Sterling is Seraphina Linden's daughter, I pieced these things together in my mind. I guessed as I observed."

"Where is she now?" Julian Rathborne asked.

Jude Crawford shook his head, "I don't know either. All these years, I've been investigating Seraphina Linden's whereabouts. I only know she vanished to the world's end, returned home. She probably has inherited the queen's position. Now, the only one who can find Seraphina Linden is Serena Sterling."

Julian Rathborne looked up at the streetlamp ahead, "Are you looking for Seraphina Linden because of Isabelle Willow? Isabelle didn't die in the sea back then, but was taken away by Seraphina Linden, right?"

Jude Crawford nodded, "Yes."

"Do you want to find Isabelle Willow?"

"Don't you want to find Seraphina Linden?"

Julian Rathborne curled his thin lips, curious about what that woman intended, but nodded lightly, "Yes, I do."

He still wanted to find her and ask her in person what she thought of him.

Did she ever think of him, even for a second, all these years?

The two men said no more, and the streetlights stretched their legendary figures into long silhouettes, as the wind blew, and the night grew still.

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At night, Westerley Estate.

As night fell, two white lights lit up on the lawn outside, and a Rolls-Royce Phantom pulled up. The driver's door opened, and Hayden Crawford's tall and handsome figure appeared amidst the cold mist, carrying the chill of the night.

Beryl opened the villa door and respectfully squatted down to place the slippers at his feet. Hayden Crawford changed his shoes and walked into the living room. His deep and narrow eyes scanned the room and asked in a low voice, "Beryl, where are Serena and grandma?"

"Young master, the old lady is already asleep, but Miss Serena hasn't slept yet; she's waiting for you," Beryl said with her hand covering her mouth, smiling.

"Got it." Hayden Crawford climbed the stairs.

Opening the bedroom door, warmth filled the room, and Moira Thatcher lay on the bed, dressed in a man's shirt, reading a book.

Her slender white legs kicked up in a girlish manner and swung in the air.

Hayden Crawford walked in, closed the door, lifted his distinct fingers, and took off his suit, draping it over the sofa. He unbuttoned two buttons of his shirt, revealing a sexy collarbone. Sitting on the bed, he wrapped an arm around her delicate body, enclosing her in his embrace. He glanced at the book; she was seriously focused on an entertainment magazine.

"Ahem." Hayden Crawford coughed twice.

Serena quickly looked up, her clear eyes twinkling with a curved smile, "Mr. Crawford, you're back."

Serena turned over and wrapped her small hands around his neck.

Hayden Crawford bent down and kissed her little cheek, "Are you just reading entertainment magazines?"

"I searched your study and found only business books, which I wasn't interested in, so I grabbed an entertainment magazine."

Hayden Crawford kissed her fragrant hair; her scent was intoxicating.

"Why did you come back so late today?" Serena asked, biting her lip and extending her white hand, "Hand me your phone."

Without a furrow in his brow, Hayden Crawford handed her his slim black phone from his pocket and smiled, asking, "What for?"

"You came back so late, of course, I have to check on you to make sure you weren't chatting with some other beauty!"

Hayden Crawford's large hand gave her a firm squeeze on her slender waist, "The most beautiful woman in Aethelgard is in my bed now, who else could I be talking to? If you don't believe me, I'll hand in my allowances to you later."

Serena's cheeks flushed. She found Mr. Crawford's words charming and sweet. "Mr. Crawford, I don't tolerate sand in my eyes. If I ever catch you being ambiguous with another woman, we'll have to say bye-bye."

Hearing these words, Hayden Crawford lowered his handsome eyes slightly and pulled her soft body onto his strong thigh, "With a fierce wife at home, how would I dare?"