

## Substitute B 458

### Chapter 458: Hayden Crawford and Anabelle Rathborne's Grand Wedding

The old lady sighed, then looked at the already sleeping Serena Sterling on the bed. Her voice was filled with heartache and affection, "Hayden, Serena's character is very pure and strong. Such a girl can't tolerate any speck of dust in her eyes. No matter under what pretext you betray her, she won't accept it. This matter can only be kept from Serena for now. Once she knows you married Anabelle Rathborne, she will definitely try to escape from you. By then, it will be the end of the road for both of you."

The old lady left. Hayden Crawford stepped forward and sat down by the bed. He looked at this small bundle sleeping soundly and lowered his head to kiss her forehead.

In truth, he felt very insecure inside. Everyone knew she couldn't tolerate the slightest deceit. Just before their moment of pleasure, she was playfully clinging to his neck, saying that if she ever found out he was being ambiguous with another woman, she would say bye-bye to him.

Hayden Crawford kissed her forehead, murmuring softly, "Serena, don't leave me. I won't let you leave me."

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Early the next morning.

When Serena Sterling got up, Hayden Crawford had already left. She went into the bathroom to wash up, though she was still losing hair. Actually, she really wanted to cut her long hair short.

However, she hesitated a bit, because Mr. Crawford loved her long hair the most.

Just then, Serena felt a pain in her cheek, and the cup in her hand slipped into the sink. She looked up at herself in the mirror, her face now pale as a sheet, a layer of cold sweat forming on her forehead from the pain. Her delicate face seemed to be slashed with countless knives, about to crack open.

It hurt a lot.

She raised her small hand, wanting to touch her face. At that moment, her pupils suddenly contracted because countless fine lines appeared at the corner of her eyes.

She's only 20, at an age where her skin should be flawless, and it's impossible for fine lines to appear. She knew that youth and beauty had already invaded her bloodline.

The next time this cutting pain comes, her face will probably be covered with fine lines.

Serena quickly calmed down. She had been indulging here with Mr. Crawford these days and it was time for her to go out. She had to find a way to treat herself.

Serena used a comb to let her long hair fall on both sides, covering the fine lines at the corners of her eyes. Then she went downstairs, ready to go out. As soon as she reached the living room, the old lady quickly came over, "Serena, where are you going?"

Serena stopped in her tracks, "Grandma, I want to go out for a while."

"Serena, you can't go out during this time."

"Why?"

Serena was puzzled. Why couldn't she go out?

"Oh, it's like this, Serena, you don't know yet, but Anabelle Rathborne is not Marcus Kingsley's daughter at all. She is the daughter of Titus Ashworth, the king of The State of Westria, which means she is the Crown Princess of Westria. Now, Titus has come to the City of Aethelgard. This person is extremely dangerous and insidious, and he will definitely come after you. For your safety, you must stay home and not wander off."

Serena's long, fluttering eyelashes trembled. She couldn't believe Anabelle Rathborne was not the Rathborne family's eldest daughter but the Crown Princess of Westria.

She really hadn't expected Anabelle to have a different identity.

Westria?

Titus Ashworth?

a sharp light flashed in Serena's clear eyes. She felt like she had been staying at Westerley Estate while the world outside had dramatically changed.

She had a premonition that another storm was about to come.

And this storm's vortex was heading straight for her.

She seemed to have missed something.

Serena smiled slightly, "Grandma, it's fine. I'm just going out for a bit, and I'll be careful. If Titus Ashworth comes for me to avenge his daughter, I'll make sure to meet him head-on."

After saying that, Serena turned to leave.

"Serena!" The old lady quickly blocked Serena's way.

The old lady's abrupt motion gave Serena pause. She quickly raised her eyes and looked outside through the polished floor-to-ceiling window. She saw many men in black standing guard outside.

The men in black had secured the entire Westerley Estate.

Serena's heart loudly clamored; were these men in black protecting her or forbidding her from leaving? Had she been confined?

Something was wrong.

Everything seemed very unusual today. Something must have happened that she didn't know about.

Inside, Serena's heart was already a raging storm, but she maintained a calm facade. She looked at the old lady, pretending to be clueless, "Grandma, what's wrong with you?"

The old lady looked at the girl's bright, observant eyes, which now held a bit of a smile as they gazed at her. Those clear eyes seemed to see right through to one's heart.

The old lady knew that this girl in front of her was no ordinary person. She was so smart and bright that these things could not be hidden from her for long.

However, she would keep it from her as long as she could.

The old lady quickly placed her hand over her heart, "Oh dear, Serena, my heart hurts. Quick, help me back to my room to rest."

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Serena helped the old lady back to her room without saying or doing anything. Outwardly, everything seemed serene.

In the evening, Serena returned to her room unhurriedly. She opened her laptop to browse the latest news but found that the network signal here had been completely blocked. She was essentially cut off from the outside world, trapped here.

Serena took out her phone and dialed Leah Thorne's number.

But the melodious ringtone played on and on, never answered.

Serena slowly furrowed her delicate brows, as the ominous feeling in her heart became stronger and stronger.

It was as if... Hayden Crawford was hiding something from her.

Just then, her phone rang. It was a call from Hayden Crawford.

Serena pressed the button to answer the call, "Hello, Mr. Crawford."

"Serena, what are you doing right now?" Hayden Crawford's deep, magnetic voice came through.

"Grandma wasn't feeling well today, so I've been with her. I just got back to my room. By the way, Mr. Crawford, why is there no network signal here?"

"The network signal has a little issue, it's under repair. Serena, Grandma told you about Titus Ashworth, right? Don't go out during this period."

Serena lowered her lashes, "Alright, whatever you say. Mr. Crawford, when are you coming back?"

"I'm busy with work these days and won't be coming back tonight. Be good and go to sleep."

Serena didn't show any emotion. She said "Alright," and then hung up the phone.

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Three days passed. Serena stayed here, keeping Grandma company with peace of mind.

Her calmness made everyone lower their guard.

On the fourth day, when Grandma and Beryl were asleep, Serena took back her silver needles and then used the landline in the living room to dial Leah Thorne's number.

It was quickly connected, and Leah Thorne's soft, charming voice came through, "Hello, who is this?"

"Leah, it's me."

"Oh my God, Serena!" Leah quickly exploded, "What are you doing right now? You disappeared, and I couldn't reach you. I tried calling, but it didn't go through. And tonight, Hayden Crawford is getting married to Anabelle Rathborne!"