

Substitute B 460

Chapter 460: The One and Only Ring

Anabelle Rathborne was gracefully chatting with the wealthy ladies of high society, basking in the envy and blessings of the crowd.

At this moment, one of the rich ladies said, "Miss Annette, tonight you're having your grand wedding with young Mr. Crawford, why aren't you wearing the Only Ring on your hand?"

The Only Ring?

Anabelle Rathborne froze.

"That's right, Miss Annette, you should quickly show us the Only Ring. Years ago, Mrs. Crawford founded Fly, designing many classic pieces of jewelry, but for some reason, Mrs. Crawford never designed a diamond ring. The only diamond ring she designed is this Only Ring, meant to be given once in a lifetime to one's true love, a unique piece in the entire world!"

"Miss Annette, young Mr. Crawford must have given you this Only Ring, right?" the other wealthy ladies chimed in excitedly.

Back then, Hayden Crawford's mother, Isabelle Willow, founded Fly, which quickly took the entire jewelry industry by storm. Every new season's collection was fervently sought after by these wealthy ladies, causing a craze because many pieces were limited edition. Whoever snagged a new Fly piece had enough to boast about at card games or parties for an entire year.

So the Only Ring designed by Isabelle Willow had always been a legend, and everyone was eager to witness it at this wedding.

Anabelle Rathborne's face grew increasingly stiff because her fingers were bare; Hayden Crawford had not given her a diamond ring at all.

But soon, she curled her lips into a smile and said graciously, "Of course Hayden gave me the Only Ring, but I thought it was too precious, so I didn't wear it. When I do wear it, I'll let you have a good look."

Anabelle Rathborne was scheming in her heart. She would get this Only Ring from Hayden Crawford; after all, Serena Sterling's life was in her hands. Hayden Crawford would certainly give her the Only Ring, and she would boast about it before these people.

These words effectively subdued the wealthy ladies. After all, in the battle for the title of "Mrs. Crawford," Anabelle Rathborne emerged victorious.

Initially, when Serena Sterling's status as prof. Xia became known, and Hayden Crawford openly declared his love for her at an academic forum, everyone thought Serena Sterling was not far from becoming Mrs. Crawford.

But who could have expected that three days ago, they received wedding invitations from the Crawford and Rathborne families, and the bride was surprisingly the recycled Anabelle Rathborne.

Now that Anabelle Rathborne had become Mrs. Crawford, everyone was naturally flattering and currying favor with her because the union of the Crawford and Rathborne families was enough to shake the entire business world.

Everyone laughed heartily on the spot.

Miss Annette, you and young Mr. Crawford are so sweet together. Oh no, I should slap myself; I should change how I address you. It's no longer Miss Annette; it should be Mrs. Crawford!

Young Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford are truly a match made in heaven. Those other women out there are just fleeting clouds; in the end, the real winner is still Mrs. Crawford.

Mrs. Crawford, you must look after us in the future.

Mrs. Crawford, Anabelle was already smiling like a flower, and she secretly lifted her eyes to look ahead at Hayden Crawford's tall and handsome figure.

Hayden Crawford stood under a dazzling chandelier in a tailor-made black suit, one hand in his trouser pocket, the other holding a glass of red wine. Several CEOs surrounded him, speaking to him attentively as he listened lowly, appearing noble yet indifferent. Wherever he was, he was the focus of the whole scene.

Though tonight was his and her wedding party, many noble ladies still cast their gazes on him with hearts racing in admiration.

Anabelle Rathborne curled her lips contentedly; she had admired this man for many years. Over the years, she strove to improve herself to keep up with him, and tonight, she was finally marrying him.

She succeeded.

All these people were correct; she was indeed the final winner, while Serena Sterling was just a fleeting cloud.

Anabelle Rathborne, feeling smug, glanced around, but she did not see her dad, Titus Ashworth. Her dad said he would attend this wedding banquet, but he had not shown up.

As the king of The State of Westria, Titus Ashworth came this time low-key and mysteriously, without making an appearance, and he had not publicly revealed she was his daughter.

With no movement from Titus Ashworth, there was also no movement from Julian Rathborne, as he had not publicly revealed that she was not his daughter either.

Both parties were quiet and made no moves. Anabelle Rathborne's biggest aspiration now was to marry Hayden Crawford and become his woman; there was a long future ahead, and as the Grand Princess of The State of Westria with a strong backing, she was fearless.

Anabelle Rathborne was in an extremely good mood.

Julian Rathborne and Jude Crawford had both arrived, and they now stood in a dimly lit area. Jude Crawford said, "Titus Ashworth has already arrived. He's using Anabelle Rathborne as a frontrunner, hiding behind the scenes to watch. He is waiting for someone... Serena Sterling."

Julian Rathborne elegantly swirled the red wine in his hand, then looked at Jude Crawford, "Jude, who are you waiting for?"

Jude Crawford took a sip of red wine and uttered a name, "Seventh Master, he is Seraphina Linden's last disciple. Whenever Serena Sterling finds herself at the brink, he emerges. Over the years, he has always been the guiding light on Serena Sterling's path to growth. He has hidden for too long, and I need to draw him out."

Julian Rathborne lifted an eyebrow, "Once Seventh Master shows up, finding Seraphina Linden and Isabelle Willow won't be far off."

Julian Rathborne and Jude Crawford shared the same goal: they both wanted to find their women through Serena Sterling, which was why Julian Rathborne had been holding back; they were all observing.

However, after this calmness, a bloody storm would ensue.

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Meanwhile, Hayden Crawford was still surrounded by a group of CEOs. At this moment, one of them raised his glass, "To young Mr. Crawford, congratulations on your wedding, and may you soon have children."

Hayden Crawford showed no expression. He cast that CEO a cold glance.

That CEO froze.

Then, someone beside him patted his shoulder and quietly reminded him, "Be smart; young Mr. Crawford is in a bad mood today. Don't run into his gunfire."

"..."

The CEO then noticed that Hayden Crawford's entire handsome brow was shadowed, and even his aura was as cold as a thin blade.

The CEO quickly shut his mouth, feeling puzzled at the same time. Isn't it one of life's three joyous occasions, the wedding night, so why was tonight's groom, Hayden Crawford, in such a bad mood?

Hayden Crawford had one hand in his trouser pocket, his long fingers brushing against his phone and then gently releasing it. His mind was filled with Serena Sterling's delicate, stunning face.

Her coquettish and playful voice still echoed in his ears from the phone call just now. She said she really missed him and wanted him to come home immediately.

Hmm, he really missed her too.

He missed every smile and frown she had.

At the same time, Hayden Crawford felt a bad premonition in his heart, as if Serena Sterling had noticed something.

At this time, with a "boom," the party's doors were flung open.