

Substitute B 461

Chapter 461: Serena Proposes to Hayden Crawford

Hayden Crawford quickly looked up, and at the door of the party hall, he saw a graceful and dust-free figure—Serena Sterling had arrived.

Serena Sterling actually came.

Her appearance caused a stir in the whole room.

Someone exclaimed excitedly, "Look, Serena Sterling is here!"

Hayden Crawford's deep pupils suddenly contracted, and the bad premonition in his heart was finally confirmed. She knew, she knew everything.

Actually, he shouldn't have been surprised. With her clever nature, it was easy for her to notice any abnormalities and find a way to escape from Westerley Estate.

At this time, a figure appeared in Hayden's peripheral vision. Not far away, Titus Ashworth showed up.

Titus Ashworth's evil blue eyes fell on Serena, and those pupils erupted with a twisted and excited light.

Hayden instantly pressed his thin lips together. He had kept Serena confined to Westerley Estate partly for her safety; he didn't want her to encounter Titus Ashworth.

Today, Serena was wearing a black long dress, which outlined her graceful and exquisite figure. Her long black hair cascaded down, a few strands gently resting beside her delicate cheeks, adding a touch of feminine charm.

She approached and stopped beside Hayden Crawford.

The entire hall fell silent, with all eyes suddenly focused on Serena. At this moment, someone exclaimed,

"Oh my god, look at what Serena Sterling is wearing around her neck! Is that the Only Ring?"

"No way, although Mr. Crawford is married to Anabelle Rathborne, he gave the Only Ring to Serena Sterling?"

"Why is Serena Sterling here? Is she planning to crash the wedding or steal the groom?"

The gossiping wealthy ladies began to whisper, and Anabelle dug her nails into her palm as she looked at the dazzling Only Ring hanging around Serena's neck, accentuating her delicate skin, making her appear even more radiant despite her lack of makeup.

Serena's appearance quickly overshadowed Anabelle as the leading lady.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford furrowed his sword-like eyebrows, "Why are you here?"

His low voice carried detachment and displeasure.

Serena tilted her small head and looked at him with her clean, clear eyes, "I gave sleeping injections to Grandma and Beryl, then I disguised myself to get out. How about it, Mr. Crawford, am I clever?"

Hayden looked at her bright smile—she was indeed smiling, but the smile did not reach her eyes, and her face was pale, devoid of color.

Hayden pressed his thin lips together, his sharp eyes scanning the room. Everyone's gaze was focused on them, and many wealthy ladies had taken out their phones to record the scene. Serena was now a public figure, very popular, and if the video were uploaded online, it would quickly reach billions of views.

But those ladies who met Hayden's icy, warning gaze immediately trembled and dared not continue filming.

Only then did Hayden's gaze rest back on Serena's pale face, "Go back, this is not a place you should be."

"Mr. Crawford, suddenly I remembered something. You once said you wanted to remarry, so Mr. Crawford, would you propose to me now?"

Gasp.

The whole room gasped. They were incredulous as they looked at Serena. She actually asked Hayden Crawford to propose to her here?

So... so bold!

Hayden Crawford's brow furrowed into a deep 'JII' shape, and his handsome features were tense and cold, but he remained silent.

Serena's eyelashes trembled, and then she smiled wryly, "Forget it, Mr. Crawford, I'll allow you to be a bit proud. If you won't propose to me, then I'll propose to you."

With that, Serena's clear voice sounded, "Mr. Crawford, I'm just twenty, healthy, and have long admired you. Marry me, and I promise to be beautiful, work hard, support the family, not let anyone bully you, and not let you suffer any grievances. So, will you let me marry you?"

Oh my god.

The whole room stared at Serena in astonishment. They had known from the start that her arrival meant a big scene was about to unfold because, from past experiences, any place Serena appeared was bound to be exciting.

Now Serena indeed did not disappoint them. But, just look, is that something a person would do? Hayden Crawford didn't propose to her, so she proposed to him herself?!

So thrilling!

So assertive!

Hayden's handsome brow furrowed into a "||" shape, and his large hand at his side was clenched tightly into a fist, unable to loosen. He felt that he could not resist her offensive anymore, that he was about to compromise.

He never imagined that she would propose to him.

Now she looked at him with clear and sincere eyes—if he nodded, he could have her, and she would become his Mrs. Crawford.

But...

Hayden narrowed his sharp eyes, gritting his teeth, his handsome cheeks clenching terrifyingly. He refused such temptation, pleading with her not to seduce him anymore.

In front of her, he was already in complete disarray.

Hayden Crawford seemed to have lost all patience, a detached voice with a hint of reproach, "Miss Sterling, is persistence your upbringing? Get out now or else I'll have someone..."

Hayden didn't finish because Serena suddenly rushed forward, wrapping her slender arms tightly around his firm waist, plunging into his embrace.

Hayden's tall body instantly stiffened.

In his arms was her fragrant and smooth body, pressing tightly against his strong and cold form. The fists he had clenched just moments ago suddenly relaxed.

The muscles beneath his shirt became taut, his eyes stained with a hint of red.

He had never felt anything like this in his life before—so painful yet sweet, she was torturing him fiercely, driving him to the brink of madness.

"Mr. Crawford, I don't want to stay here. Let's go home, take me home," Serena pleaded softly, her small face pressed against his chest.

Hayden closed his eyes. He knew he couldn't let her cling to him like this anymore. Slowly, he raised his hand, pressed it against her soft shoulder, and forcefully pushed her away.

Serena stumbled back a few steps, barely maintaining her balance, looking a bit disheveled. Her nose turned red, and her radiant eyes were covered with a layer of mist.

She couldn't rise, covering her face with both hands, letting out a muffled "It hurts."

Hurt.

This soft cry pierced Hayden's eardrum, making his pupils contract, his thin lips forming a cold arc as he strode forward, grabbing her slender arm and urgently asked, "What's wrong, where does it hurt? Tell me, Serena!"

Serena quickly looked up, her misty eyes filled with a bright smile, "Mr. Crawford, see, I've caught you—you care about me!"