

Substitute B 507

Chapter 507: Hayden Crawford's Son

Melody Ashworth grew up in the palace, so she is definitely not an ordinary girl. She has high standards, and truth be told, she has never paid attention to the women around Hayden Crawford. This man requires a gradual approach; she needs to slowly enter his heart before she can share his glory.

Today is her birthday party, and Hayden Crawford didn't come, but he sent his personal secretary, Ivan Yarrow, which is already giving her much face. Melody Ashworth is very happy. Men do not like greedy women, so she acts like a girl who is easily satisfied.

Now Ivan Yarrow says that Hayden Crawford has prepared a gift for her. Melody Ashworth's heart is moved, and her eyes light up. She reveals a 20-year-old girl's charming and sweet smile, "Really? What gift did Mr. Crawford prepare for me?"

Ivan Yarrow looks at the Melody Ashworth in front of him. At the same age of 20, Ivan sees the shadow of that person on Melody.

Over the past three years, Melody Ashworth has become more and more like that person, her speech, demeanor, every smile or frown. Just like her charming and sweet smile now, truly resembles that person, even Ivan feels somewhat bewildered.

The three years have flowed like tides, washing away everything that happened back then into time. That person seemed to have faded from everyone's sight overnight.

It seems everyone has already forgotten her.

But it also seems that she has always been alive in everyone's deepest memories.

Her name has already become a taboo.

Wow.

Hayden Crawford prepared a birthday gift for Melody Ashworth, and everyone quickly expressed sounds of anticipation and excitement. What exactly is this birthday gift?

At this moment, Ivan Yarrow steps back, and two men dressed in black come forward. They snap their fingers, and the lights at the birthday party quickly go out.

In the field of vision, there is darkness, filled with a mysterious tension.

Then, on hearing another snap, the party hall swiftly blooms with colorful fireworks, which explode and then fall like a meteor shower.

Finally, all the fireworks spelled out a large M, with a princess crown added to it, signifying Happy Birthday to Princess Melody.

Hayden Crawford has given Melody Ashworth a magical fireworks show, as romantic as an idol drama, striking directly to a young girl's heart.

The fireworks show ends, and the party hall lights up again.

Wow.

Those wealthy ladies and refined socialites couldn't help it; they covered their mouths with their hands, surrounding Melody Ashworth with envy and jealousy.

Princess Melody, Mr. Crawford is really good at this; even my housewife's heart is pounding.

The only person who could have Hayden celebrate their birthday this way must be our Princess Melody.

Princess Melody, are you and Mr. Crawford getting close to something good happening?

Surrounded, Melody Ashworth's face turns red; she truly didn't expect Hayden Crawford to give her a magical fireworks show. Usually, wealthy CEOs send jewelry and diamonds, but Melody Ashworth, as the most favored princess of The State of Westria, doesn't lack these things, and in her view, sending jewelry and diamonds reflects a lack of sincerity and taste.

Now Hayden Crawford actually sent her a fireworks show in the palace. Melody Ashworth's heart is pounding; she admits that she is hopelessly in love with Hayden Crawford.

Her judgment was right—three years ago, from the first moment she saw Hayden Crawford, she knew this man exuded elegance and noblesse from his bones, with an extraordinary taste, a refined and charming man.

Melody Ashworth did not show any complacency; she has built her image as a simple and charming girl. She used both small hands to cover her flushed face, then looked teasingly at the people around her, "Oh, you're all laughing at me. I'm not playing with you anymore."

Melody Ashworth turned and ran away.

The crowd laughed behind her, "Princess Melody, where are you running to? I bet Princess Melody left her birthday party to call Mr. Crawford, haha."

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Melody Ashworth left the party hall, stood in the corridor, took out her phone, and dialed that familiar number.

On the other end, the melodious ringtone rang once, then was answered. A low, magnetic voice slowly transmitted to her ear, "Hello."

On the other end was Hayden Crawford!

Melody Ashworth holds the phone, and with a sweet and charming voice, calls him, "Mr. Crawford~"

At this time, in the airport, a low-key yet luxurious private jet slowly landed, with gold letters L inscribed on the fuselage.

This is Hayden Crawford's private jet, a symbol of his noble status as the current top tycoon.

Many people are waiting, wearing blue badges around their necks, standing respectfully and strictly on both ends, all waiting for Hayden Crawford to get off the plane.

Soon, Hayden Crawford's tall, robust figure comes into view. They haven't seen him in three years, and his flawless face has become more pronounced and profound, each line on his face seemingly crafted by a master. His sword-like eyebrows and lightly pressed lips make him exceptionally handsome now.

They say time is a man's most precious asset. Hayden Crawford's edgy sharpness has been completely polished; he is now steeped in time's depth and restraint. The three years of commercial battles have endowed him with profound life experience.

Now, at 32, Hayden Crawford has become a presence no woman can resist. In countless nights, he is the dream in the spring chamber of socialite women.

Today, Hayden Crawford is wearing a handcrafted black suit with a black thin coat over it. He walks out of the cabin with every gesture exuding noble elegance.

After getting off the plane, he holds his phone with one hand, Corvus follows behind him as he strides forward. His steps are strong and authoritative, with his black, blade-cut trousers wrapping his long legs, each step creating fierce and radiant arcs.

At this moment, a voice from the other end calls "Mr. Crawford~"

Hayden Crawford's footsteps suddenly paused.

This voice, Mr. Crawford, seems familiar.

This sweet, soft, and charming "Mr. Crawford" had once been his favorite.

Hayden Crawford suddenly stopped, and everyone present became alert. What is happening?

At this moment, Corvus steps forward cautiously, probing, "Crown Prince, what's wrong?"

Hayden Crawford's handsome face remains unchanged; he calmly lowers his elegant eyes, "Nothing."

He holds his phone and leaves the airport into the lobby, walking while speaking to Melody Ashworth, "Received the birthday gift?"

"Yes, Mr. Crawford, thank you for the fireworks show. I really like it. In return, I have also prepared a gift for little Crown Prince; he will definitely like it."