

## Substitute B 508

Chapter 508: Genes Too Powerful

The young Crown Prince of the Crawford family, who is Hayden Crawford's son, his biological son.

Three years ago, Hayden Crawford suddenly had a son. This bombshell of news practically exploded, sparking much speculation from the outside world, with the biggest question being who the boy's mother was.

Of course, they still haven't gotten an answer because Hayden Crawford has remained unmarried. Although he's been surrounded by many women these past three years, he changes them as often as he changes clothes. This is probably a common fault among men; he's only after novelty.

Regardless, the young Crown Prince of the Crawford family made a grand entrance into the world, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and became the first legitimate grandson of the Crawfords.

Moreover, everyone knows that the three-year-old young Crown Prince is a high-IQ genius, almost to the point of being freakishly genius-like.

Mentioning his son, a touch of softness seeped into the handsome brow of Hayden Crawford. "You don't need to send anything, he won't like the gifts."

Melody let out an "Ah" of disappointment, but then she was full of fighting spirit, playfully and cutely saying, "I know he won't like the gift I give, but I'm undeterred. I already prepared a gift, and I'll have Secretary Yarrow take it back later. Mr. Crawford, you can't refuse this. Please say a few nice words to the young Crown Prince for me and tell him Melody prepped it especially for him~"

Melody chattered on, her youthful and sweet voice incredibly pleasant to hear.

Behind them, Corvus, with his keen hearing, naturally overheard Melody's voice and sneered inwardly—the methods of this Princess Melody were exceptionally high. That the young master could organize a fireworks show for her already meant he doted on her like a girl.

For the past three years, only Melody had managed to reach this level.

Actually, they all knew that Melody was imitating... Serena Sterling.

But, in a way, that was good too.

Corvus harbored a strong resentment toward Serena Sterling. Three years ago, she was too harsh with the young master. She had already returned to her homeland, and there hadn't been a word from her for three years. She likely wouldn't return in this lifetime. With Melody by the young master's side, it was quite fitting.

Hayden Crawford listened to Melody's words, "Got it."

After speaking, he hung up the phone.

At that moment, Corvus stepped forward, "Young master, here's the latest work itinerary. Could you check if there's anything wrong?"

Hayden had barely glanced at it when his phone rang again, another call.

This time it was Madam Crawford.

Hayden pressed the button to answer, "Hello, Grandma."

Madam Crawford's reproachful voice came through quickly, "Hayden, where are you now? Come back quickly. Caden has scared off another psychologist, this is the Nth one he's frightened off already! You have to come back and see!"

Madam Crawford huffily hung up the phone.

"Young master, the little master scared off another psychologist, didn't he? Those psychologists were too not up to par, indeed. The last expert had a pen and paper to give the little master questions, trying to probe his mind, but who'd have thought the little master would stump him instead. Another one was playing some Rubik's Cube game with the little master. My little master mastered the entire cube at two years old; he was asking for trouble. There was also the psychologist last time, who tried hypnotizing the little fellow with a sandbox game. But while the little master didn't sleep, the psychologist himself nodded off first. These people are simply no match for the little master," Corvus complained.

Hayden put away his phone, frowning slightly with his sharp eyebrows. His son was unlike other children from a young age, with an IQ of over 200, his intelligence was intimidatingly high. He wasn't a genius; he was an uncanny brilliance.

However, as he aged, Caden exposed some fatal issues: he didn't enjoy playing with other kids and always stayed by himself.

The critical issue was that, at three, Caden was mute. He had never spoken a word, and doctors suspected he might have a psychological deficiency that would render him mute for life.

So the Crawford family arranged a series of psychologists in hopes of coaxing him to speak and play with children his age. But unfortunately, while Caden stood firm, the psychologists came and went.

Those psychologists left with faces covered, doubting their own abilities as they declared they couldn't teach the young Crown Prince anything.

Hayden pressed his thin lips together, "Those psychologists aren't lacking; they're all selected from the world's top tier."

"..." Corvus found himself speechless, "Young master, if there's anyone to blame, it's your strong genes for producing such an uncanny little master."

Hayden lifted his thin lips slightly, "Back to Westerley Estate."

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Westerley Estate.

Madam Crawford and Beryl had been living here for the past three years. Now Caden had locked himself in his room, while Madam Crawford and Beryl knocked at the door eagerly, "Caden, open the door. You are your grandmother's precious sweetheart. If you have anything troubling you, tell your grandmother."

Beryl held a very attractively decorated small cake in her hand, "Little master, don't you love cakes the most? Now that your dad's not here, come out and sneak a bite. It's delicious."

There was no movement in the room, and the door didn't open.

Just then, the villa's front door opened, and Hayden returned.

Hayden went upstairs, his deep, narrow eyes scanning the tightly shut room door before looking at Madam Crawford, "Grandma, let me try."

Madam Crawford glanced at Hayden and huffed, "Hayden, follow me to the study!"

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In the study.

Hayden walked in, "Grandma, you wanted to see me?"

"Of course, I did. You've got a new flame now, the daughter of an oil tycoon?" Madam Crawford slammed a tabloid onto the desk with force.

Hayden didn't look at the tabloid; he simply raised his long fingers and undid the buttons on his black wool coat, "I'll have someone deal with the news."

"You!" Madam Crawford was furious, "Hayden, if you truly want to fall in love or get married, Grandma won't stand in your way, but you're changing women as if they were clothes, just playing around. Grandma has to intervene. It's been three years, and I just ask, have these years of wine and dine brought you true happiness?"

"Grandma, don't concern yourself with these matters," Hayden said indifferently.

"You're my grandson. How can I not worry about you? Hayden, I know three years ago you were badly hurt; that stab from Serena nearly claimed your life, but..."

Before Madam Crawford could finish, Hayden casually picked up an ashtray from the desk and hurled it at the floor-to-ceiling window.

With a deafening crash, it shattered.