

## Substitute B 200

Chapter 200: Hayden Crawford Is Here!

Serena sat across from Iris Crawford, as the waiter served two cups of coffee. Iris looked at Serena, "Serena, you're here?"

Serena nodded, "Yes, Aunt, I'm here. You've always wanted to tell me about Mr. Crawford's past, so you can speak now."

After a night of consideration, Serena had decided to come over. Mr. Crawford's condition exceeded her imagination; his car crash was already a wake-up call. The man standing in front of her now was handsome, mature, noble, and wealthy, perfect in every way, yet he secretly hid his once unbearable, painful, and fragile self. While she enjoyed the present him, she also needed to understand his past.

No matter his past, present, or future, she wanted to be involved.

Iris took a sip of coffee. Although she disliked her nephew Hayden Crawford, her expression turned somber when mentioning those past events, "Has Hayden ever mentioned his biological mother, Isabelle Willow, to you?"

Serena nodded, "He mentioned it."

Iris was taken aback, clearly not expecting Hayden to bring up his mother to anyone, "I'm quite surprised because his mother is the deepest taboo in his heart, untouchable by others. I didn't expect him to talk about her to you."

"Mr. Crawford didn't mention much, but I can imagine Mr. Crawford's mother was a woman of stunning beauty and grace."

Stunning beauty and grace...

Indeed.

Iris smirked self-mockingly, just Isabelle Willow's captivating face was enough to live up to those words, or else why would her brother fall for her?

"Isabelle Willow died, and that day was her funeral. But due to some unexpected incident, Isabelle's memorial tablet was burned, and with a gust of wind, nothing was left. Hayden went mad at the sight, injuring several people."

"I know this. Mr. Crawford told me about it too. The incident got quite big at the time. Then you gave him a hospital certificate declaring he had mental issues."

Iris was honestly shocked that Hayden had told Serena about all that, "Did he ever tell you that the incident didn't just become big, it was huge, shaking the entire City of Aethelgard because the people he injured were all noble scions of Aethelgard? Hayden was ruthless; he almost crippled those people. Blood flowed like rivers in front of his mother's grave!"

Serena's fingers clenched tightly; she was already forming an image in her mind, that cemetery filled with despair and blood, and the panting of a beast.

"Serena, are you scared?" Iris asked.

Serena looked at Iris, "Why did Mr. Crawford hurt those particular few, among so many present? Unless it was their problem, wasn't it?"

Iris paused, surprised that even at this point, Serena stood by Hayden, even if the whole world was against him.

"That's right, those people were the spoiled scions of Aethelgard. At the funeral, they burned the tablet of Isabelle and mocked Hayden, calling him a patient, a monster."

"Hayden's actions almost crippled them. How could those nobility families let it slide? That's against the law. Hayden was immediately caught. Later, my brother came back and sent Hayden to the hospital for a psychiatric evaluation. The hospital report confirmed, determining Hayden was mentally disabled."

Serena's pupils shrank. Hayden's father had personally sent him to the hospital, "And then? There must have been more events that followed, right? A psychiatric report alone wouldn't quell those people."

"Quell?" Iris laughed, "Serena, you still think Hayden is a normal person, don't you? You don't believe the psychiatric report is real? But it is!"

Serena furrowed her dainty brows, disliking anyone calling Mr. Crawford sick, mentally ill, very much disliking it.

Just as Serena was about to speak, Iris took out her phone and pushed it towards Serena, "Serena, take a look for yourself."

"What is this?"

"I forgot Hayden didn't tell you what happened afterward. After that... Hayden was sent to a mental hospital and stayed there for three whole years!"

What?

Serena gasped, utterly shocked as she looked at Iris. Mr. Crawford had once been... in a mental hospital for three whole years?

She didn't know.

She really didn't know this.

"Serena, click to see, take a good look and see if your Mr. Crawford is a lunatic or a monster!"

Serena reached out her finger and clicked on the video on the phone.

It showed a small, dark, damp room in the mental hospital, sealed tight, suffocating as you watched. At the time, Hayden was just a teenage boy, tall and thin, wearing a patient gown.

The Hayden in the video was fighting a few security guards ruthlessly and quickly brought them down. As he was about to rush out, a stun baton struck his head with a "bang." He fell to the ground.

Several security guards gathered around; one stepped on his handsome face and kept hitting him with the baton, their dark, derisive laughter mixed with curses filled the air, "You little monster, if we don't beat you one day, would you feel uncomfortable?"

The teenage Hayden was trampled underfoot, his narrow eyes bloodshot, filled with red veins, whimpering like a trapped beast. He clawed at the ground, trying repeatedly to stand up, picking up his shattered pride and dignity. His fingers soon bled, leaving bloody marks on the floor.

Serena's hands and feet were icy, as if plunged into an abyss. She seemed to stand there watching, watching the teenage Hayden being trampled and bullied at will. She looked into his eyes, a fire burned within them, representing resilience in desperate situations and a cold, extreme desire to destroy the world.

Serena felt as if a giant hand clenched her heart, it hurt, every breath was painful.

Suddenly, fingers with distinct knuckles reached over, snatching the phone from her hand. Serena suddenly raised her head, Hayden Crawford's sinister, handsome face crashed into her view.

Hayden Crawford had arrived!

Serena shivered, blankly staring at the tall, upright man before her. Today, he wore a thin black turtleneck sweater with a black coat over it. His stern shoulders were still dusted with the cold frost from outside, making him appear particularly cold and sharp.