

## Substitute B 224

Chapter 224: At Least I Remain Pure, Belonging Only to Her

Serena Sterling slowly stood up, then reached out to remove the only-love necklace from around her neck. The only-love was still adorned with the one and only ring he had given her.

The dazzling diamond ring shone with a brilliant light under the dim lamp. She opened her small hand and handed both the necklace and the ring to him, returning them.

Hayden Crawford's bloodshot eyes contracted sharply, the pain making him feel like his eyes were about to tear apart, even the veins on his forehead began to throb violently. After a long while, he hoarsely spoke, "The things I give, I don't take back. If you don't like them, just throw them in the trash can."

"Oh."

Serena responded, then raised her hand and threw the necklace and ring into the trash can beside her.

Hayden felt a metallic taste in his throat, his gaze moved towards the discarded only-love and the one and only ring in the trash can.

"Everything here was bought by you. I don't want any of it. Tomorrow morning at nine, let's meet outside the Civil Affairs Bureau to sign the divorce papers. Also, I won't let Yasmine Sterling and Lillian Sterling off. If you want to protect them, we'll see how that goes."

After speaking, Serena Sterling lifted her foot and left.

Hayden Crawford stood frozen in place, listening to the girl's footsteps gradually fade away, then disappeared completely from his ears, unable to hear her voice anymore.

She left.

Tonight, he hurt her to the core, and finally, she gave up on him and walked away.

Hayden's fingers trembled. He had won, he had finally pushed away the girl he loved dearly. At this moment, he lost her.

He slowly bent down, reached into the trash can, and picked up the only-love and the one and only ring. They still had her body heat and fragrance, as they were things she always carried close to her.

Hayden's eyes were red as he tightly clutched the one and only ring in his palm. He might have never told her, this one and only ring was left to him by his mommy.

His mommy created the classic Fly jewelry, but only designed one diamond ring in her lifetime, which was this one and only ring in his palm.

Mommy said, "Hayden, the one and only ring is for the girl you love."

But he lost her.

Hayden's eyes were so red they almost bled, his entire body tense with muscles, exuding a desperate ferocity that was frightening and unsettling.

Soon, he clutched the one and only ring, pushed open the door, and hurried out.

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Hayden ran out onto the street, his bloodshot eyes searching the vast sea of people for the slender figure that was etched into his soul.

Soon, he found her. Serena Sterling was standing by the roadside, already hailing a taxi.

Orchid Court's belongings, she truly didn't take anything, she left empty-handed.

She didn't even want him as a person anymore, let alone the things he bought.

The back door opened, she got in the car, and the taxi sped off with her.

"Serena!"

Hayden called her name, chasing the taxi.

He wanted the taxi to stop; he didn't want her to leave. He had so many things he wanted to tell her, to tell her he never stopped wanting her, to tell her that with the Sterling family and Yasmine, nothing ever happened...

He didn't know when it started, but she had become embedded in his bone and blood, his life. He thought he could endure her departure, after all, he had endured pain for so many years, was accustomed to pain, darkness, and loneliness like they were part of his life, always there.

But she was an exception in his life, bringing warmth, sweetness, care, and watchfulness... like a ray of sunshine suddenly shining down on him. He once thought that maybe he wasn't abandoned by God, that he could also have happiness and joy.

But everything was like the most beautiful bubble in the sunlight, easily burst with a gentle poke.

His dream was shattered.

Hayden felt a metallic taste in his throat again. The blood he'd forced down in the bath earlier now surged up from his chest. Quickly with a 'poof,' he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

His steps slowly stopped, his tall and upright figure swayed twice, then with a 'boom,' he collapsed directly to the ground.

A lot of passersby gathered around,

"Sir, what happened to you, quickly call an ambulance!"

"Oh my God, so much blood!"

Their horrified gazes all fell onto Hayden Crawford's black trousers, where large patches of blood were flowing out, quickly forming a small river of blood, shocking to look at.

"It seems like he's injured there..."

Hayden fell to the ground, his bloodshot and obsessive eyes locked in that direction, but the taxi slowly disappeared from his sight, leaving him nothing to see.

She truly left.

"Serena..."

He hoarsely murmured her name, and when he closed his eyes, he only realized his eye sockets were burning hot, soon a tear rolled down from inside, then disappeared into his hair.

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When Hayden Crawford reopened his eyes, he was already in the hospital. The ward was filled with the scent of disinfectant, cold white meeting his eyes everywhere.

"Hayden, you're awake?" came the voice of the elderly Mrs. Crawford.

Hayden turned his head and saw the elderly woman standing by the bedside, along with Butler Felix, his secretary Ivan Yarrow, and everyone else wearing a grave expression. Mrs. Crawford had been crying, her eyes puffy and red.

"Grandma..." Hayden moved slightly, but the wound beneath him instantly tugged painfully, a layer of cold sweat appearing on his forehead.

The elderly Mrs. Crawford quickly stopped him, "Hayden, don't move now. The doctor said your injury down there is too deep. Even though surgery was performed, it could affect your... sex life. You might... become impotent in the future..."

The elderly woman began to cry again as she spoke. This was her precious grandson; she hadn't even held her great-grandchildren yet, and his body suffered such severe injuries.

This was a life-long issue.

Hayden wasn't surprised; the drug Yasmine Sterling gave him was too strong, with hallucinogenic components. He couldn't help seeing Yasmine as her, so he had no choice but to enter the bathroom and cut himself with a knife.

He had been enduring the excruciating pain on the way, but when chasing her car on the street, he couldn't hold on any longer and collapsed.

As for the bloodstain on the bedsheet, Yasmine had injured herself, not hesitating to destroy her own membrane to achieve her goal.

"Hayden, what happened? How could you do this to yourself, this concerns your lifetime happiness and future heirs, how are you going to explain this to Serena?"

Hayden clasped the elderly Mrs. Crawford's hand, "Grandma, I'm sorry, Serena and I... got divorced."

This couldn't be hidden, so Hayden chose to confess at this moment.

The elderly Mrs. Crawford was taken aback, "What?"

"Grandma, she had a really tough time staying by my side. I don't regret cutting myself, at least I'm still clean and belonged only to her, never having betrayed her. So I beg you not to find her, just let her go."