

## Substitute B 25

Chapter 25: She Is My Woman

Seth Sullivan arrived, bringing along a group of black-clad bodyguards. He looked at Serena Sterling, "Serena, where do you intend to take Aunt Jacqueline?"

Serena Sterling stopped walking, "Seth, how did you know I would come?"

"Serena, I truly didn't know how you found out Aunt Jacqueline was here, but having grown up together, I do know you well. You're too smart for your own good; one has to be on guard with you. So I brought people here to wait for you tonight. You didn't disappoint me."

Serena looked at Seth, "Aunt Jacqueline just vomited blood. Although I used the needle, she still needs to be sent to the hospital. Can we talk later, okay?"

Seth looked at Serena's bright, clear eyes, shimmering with a clever gleam, beautiful and dazzling. He shook his head, "Serena, I don't know what you're plotting this time. Night-time dreams bring trouble. I can have someone take Aunt Jacqueline to the hospital, but you need to stay here and complete the deal we haven't yet finished."

Serena frowned; it was obvious she had no choice but to comply.

Two bodyguards stepped forward and took Aunt Jacqueline to the car, while Seth grasped Serena's slender arm, dragging her inside the house.

Once the door was closed, Seth directly pushed Serena onto the bed.

Serena wanted to get up, but Seth pinned her restless wrists above her head and reached to unbutton her clothes.

Serena closed her eyes, holding back her voice and resistance, "Seth, I can't escape. Let me go first; you're hurting me."

The girl's deliberate vulnerability made her clear voice sound soft, which made Seth release her as he began to take off his own coat, "Serena, don't play tricks on me. I don't want to really hurt you."

Serena lifted her small hand, helping him to take off his coat actively.

There was a hint of redness at the corners of Seth's eyes. To him, this girl was meant to be his bride, meant to belong to him.

Over these years, he'd dated many girlfriends, including Vanessa, but at moments of passion, he thought only of her.

Seth reached out to remove the veil from her face.

Just as his hand was about to touch the veil, Serena's gaze turned cold, and she stabbed a silver needle towards the back of Seth's neck.

However, Seth caught her hand, "Serena, I know you too well. Do you think you can hide your little tricks from me?"

Serena sneered, "Oh, really?"

The next second, she bent her knee sharply, striking hard at Seth's trousers.

"Agh!"

Seth groaned in pain, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

Serena pushed him away forcefully and bolted out of the room.

Seth's handsome face twisted in a dark, sinister expression. He detested her deceit and betrayal, striding quickly to catch the fleeing Serena and pulling her into his arms, lowering his head to kiss her face, "Serena, you shouldn't have provoked me! I told you, you're mine. Your heart, your body, they're all mine!"

Serena struggled fiercely, avoiding his kiss. This man was no longer her brother Seth; having just left Vanessa's bed and trying to climb into hers made her nauseous.

"Seth, get off, don't touch me!"

Just then, an unusual noise erupted outside, followed by a loud "bang" as the door was kicked open.

A massive sound accompanied by a heart-stopping chill of hostility; the icy wind from outside rushed in instantly, and a deep, magnetic voice sounded by her ear, "Take your filthy hands off her, let her go."

Serena lifted her gaze quickly and saw a tall, handsome figure at the door; Hayden Crawford had arrived.

Hayden had just returned, dressed in formal wear, a white shirt with a tie, a refined and well-fitted black suit, covered by a black overcoat, exuding an elegant, noble air with an overwhelming powerful presence.

Seth also saw Hayden, unfamiliar with him and naturally not recognizing him.

But when Hayden's narrow eyes glanced at the hand Seth still held on Serena's waist, Seth felt a chill down his spine and subconsciously let go.

At this moment, Seth Hawthorne clapped his hands and ran over, "Brother, I took care of everyone."

This time a familiar face appeared. Seth was startled when he saw Seth Hawthorne; everyone in Bayside knew the local tyrant.

Justin Xavier stepped forward with a gentle stride; it was apparent he hadn't acted until Seth Hawthorne had handled the situation. His icy dark eyes glanced at Seth with a hint of intrigue, "Mr. Sullivan, this late at night we came to take her back; you should let her go."

Seth was shocked upon seeing Seth Hawthorne and when he saw Justin Xavier, the young master of the prestigious Xavier family, his mind was in turmoil.

The Xavier and Hawthorne families of Bayside; he'd encountered both tonight, and then who was this man? Seth looked towards Hayden Crawford.

Hayden didn't glance at Seth again; he strode over to stand before Serena.

Serena didn't know how he had returned so early; just now, she had been held by Seth, and now her clothes were disheveled, leaving her feeling rather embarrassed.

Serena reached up to cover her neckline.

Hayden gazed at the girl with downcast lashes, his voice low and deep, "Did you not tell him whose woman you are?"

Serena's fingers curled, resembling a child being scolded by a teacher.

Hayden wrapped his arm under her legs, lifting her horizontally, and walked towards the door.

Seth had never seen such a prominent figure in Bayside. This man was accompanied by the young master of the Xavier family and the Crown Prince of the Hawthorne family. His status was undoubtedly prestigious, and he carried the chilling authority of someone in power, markedly dangerous.

Seth couldn't help but ask at Hayden's retreating, handsome figure, "Who are you?"

Hayden didn't stop walking, only allowing a cold, wry smile at the corner of his lips, "She is my woman. If this happens again, by then, you'll naturally know who I am."

With those words, Hayden and Serena disappeared from sight.

Seth clenched his fists tightly, what an arrogant tone, but...

Seth quickly considered a possibility, could this man be... the legendary business tycoon who started in his teenage years... Hayden Crawford?

How could it be?

How could Serena be involved with such a notable figure as Hayden Crawford?

But how to explain the presence of Justin Xavier and Seth Hawthorne, the Rolls-Royce sent from The Sovereign Hotel, how to explain these several distinguished men of Bayside descending here tonight to take her back?

Could there really be such coincidences?

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Serena was carried by Hayden into an extended luxury business car, sitting on his lap in the back seat.

Suddenly she thought of Aunt Jacqueline and spoke quickly, "Aunt Jacqueline, she..."

"Sent to the hospital already."

Serena lifted her eyes to look at the man, and Hayden also gazed back at her.