

## Substitute B 322

Chapter 322: Don't Be Afraid, I'm Here

A man in black was driving, and three other men in black surrounded Serena Sterling. They were very pleased with this catch; indeed, it was of exceptional quality.

The driver couldn't wait any longer and urged, "Hurry up and finish with her quickly, so you can switch places with me."

"No rush. With such a gem, how can we be quick? You guys start; I'll film. The employer instructed us to take plenty of photos and videos."

One man in black took out his phone and pinched Serena Sterling's face for a close-up shot, "Look at this face, it's so beautiful! Hurry up and strip her, let's see her body."

"Here I come." Another man in black reached for Serena's T-shirt collar and ripped it open with a loud tearing sound, exposing her smooth shoulders to the air.

Their eyes widened at the sight. "Wow, her skin is as white as milk, and feels as smooth as silk. Damn, I'm as excited as if I've taken stimulants. I can't hold back; I'll go first!"

Serena's long lashes fluttered slightly, but she couldn't open her eyes. Her cool skin and the vile sounds of excitement from the men around her made her nauseous.

The men were quick, likely hired with a high salary. They didn't want her dead but planned to have their way with her and shoot videos on the van.

For a girl, this was the greatest shame, worse than death. Clearly, the mastermind aimed to torture her and ruin her reputation.

Serena stirred, wanting to struggle, but found she was powerless.

At that moment, one of the men in black eagerly pounced, pinned her down, and reached for her pants. "I've never had such a delicate beauty before. You guys wait; let me enjoy first, hahaha."

Serena kept her eyes shut, her sensations intensely vivid. She felt their violation but was powerless to resist.

This feeling of helplessness was as if she were sinking slowly into stagnant water, about to drown.

She hadn't felt such helplessness since she was nine—when her mommy and grandpa died, leaving her all alone.

People said Aethelgard was full of hidden dangers, and it turned out danger had always been lurking near her, a consequence of her misplaced trust in Tiana Ford.

Her eyes felt hot, with something warm and moist trying to spill out. In this moment of despair, an exquisite, handsome face appeared in her mind—Hayden Crawford.

Her Mr. Crawford.

At this moment, she missed him terribly.

As the man behind pulled at Serena's pants, the driver suddenly yelled, "Watch out, a car's charging towards us from behind!"

What?

The men were vigilant and immediately leaned against the rear windshield to look. Behind them, a Rolls-Royce Phantom sped towards them like an arrow.

Their pupils dilated in horror as they turned to face the driver. Hayden Crawford's large hands rested on the steering wheel, gazing steadily ahead. His deep-set eyes pierced through the windshield like X-rays, fixing upon the men in black, his expression cold and indifferent, yet exceptionally fierce and bloodthirsty.

"Damn, get out of the way!" One man screamed in panic.

But it was too late—a second later, the Rolls-Royce Phantom collided with them, unleashing a destructive force.

"Boom!" The deafening crash shook everyone.

Passersby watched in shock as the Phantom recklessly raced up and collided.

The black van crashed into a wall amidst a cascade of sparks, coming to a stop—totalled.

Following the immense noise, silence ensued. After a few seconds, onlookers saw the driver-side door of the Phantom open, and a tall, imposing figure emerged.

Hayden Crawford stepped out.

Today, Hayden wore a custom-made black shirt and pants, the autumn wind billowing his shirt, his narrow eyes red with terrifying bloodshot streaks. His sharply-cut black trousers sliced through the air with each stride, casting a sinister, ruthless shadow. He appeared as a demon from hell, fierce and terrifying.

Hayden approached the smoke-billowing van, opened the rear door directly. The men inside were covered in blood, collapsing with only faint breaths.

They stared in horror at Hayden, as if looking at a dreadful monster, retreating within.

He floored the gas pedal, ramming into them recklessly; clearly, he was fearless.

This kind of man instilled fear.

Hayden swiftly spotted the slender figure—Serena had fainted, the brutal collision had tossed her aside, a stream of blood running from her fair forehead.

Hayden reached out, pulled a man in black from the van, kicking him several meters away, then crouched low and carried Serena out.

Her torn clothes exposed her tender shoulders, a swathe of ivory skin dazzlingly visible. Yet her pants remained intact—he had arrived before she suffered further violation.

Hayden wrapped her in his black coat, holding her, step by step, towards the Phantom. Suddenly, he dropped to one knee.

With a choked sound, he couldn't suppress the bitter taste rising in his chest, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

Hayden lowered his handsome eyes to look at the girl in his arms, slowly curving his thin lips in a smile, "I told you not to be so ostentatious. If I came a moment later, what would you do?"

His right hand was gradually staining with blood, feeling dull and numb from the collision, as if crippled.

Hayden panted, his handsome face pale, noticing two crystal tears slipping from the corner of Serena's eyes. She was crying.

Hayden bowed his head, his lips brushed against her eyes, kissing back and forth, then took her tears into his mouth, murmuring hoarsely, "Scared? Don't be afraid, I'm here."

Hayden's tall, imposing frame collapsed, losing consciousness, yet he held Serena tightly in his arms.