

Substitute B 387

Chapter 387: She Really Is the Ultimate Player

Serena Sterling walked out, and then she saw someone in the corridor—it was Zane Crawford.

Serena stopped in her tracks, her clear eyes falling on Zane's cool, handsome face. Honestly, she felt really guilty.

At this moment, many people gathered around, whispering to each other.

Our Academician Crawford is here, why, why does our Academician Crawford have to be hurt by this vile woman Serena Sterling!

As Academician Crawford's fiancée, yet ambiguously entangled with Academician Crawford's elder brother. Serena Sterling, does your stone-like heart not hurt?

Serena Sterling, we're begging you, let Academician Crawford go! We can, we all can!

Serena had already sensed the public anger. Everyone was eager, wanting to be Zane Crawford's "protector of the flower", just short of throwing rotten eggs and vegetable leaves at her.

At this moment, Zane Crawford spoke, "Serena, let's talk."

"Okay."

Serena and Zane entered the radio station D, shutting the door to block out the prying world outside. Serena said, "Zane, I'm sorry."

Zane slightly curled his thin lips and then shook his head, "Serena, don't say sorry to me. You have no obligation towards me. Our engagement was just a chance you gave me."

"No, Zane, I still want to say sorry to you, I'm really very sorry." Serena looked at him with clear eyes.

Zane stiffened because he already knew why Serena was so determined to apologize to him.

"Serena, you've made your choice, haven't you? You chose... Hayden Crawford?"

Serena didn't want to hurt Zane standing before her, but she had to make things clear to him. Dragging this on would be the greatest harm to Zane; he deserved better.

Prolonged pain is worse than short-term pain.

"Zane, there are still a lot of issues between Hayden and me. Whether we can continue is still a question. But, apart from him, I really can't fall for anyone else. Now holding the title of your fiancée yet tangled with Hayden like this, I feel deeply guilty."

"Zane, I've tried, but I still see you as a friend, a confidant. I can't bring you happiness; I'm not worthy of you, Zane. Forget me, in the future you'll meet a girl whom you love, and who loves you back. Being in love is one of the most wondrous things in the world; I don't want you to miss it."

Looking into the girl's honest and sincere eyes, Zane Crawford's heart slowly tore apart, very painfully. She was the first girl he ever loved, he'd never forget her.

Zane couldn't bear to force Serena Sterling, never did in the past, nor does he now.

"Alright, Serena, I respect your decision. I will find a suitable time to announce our disengagement. We'll still be friends afterward," Zane said with a smile.

Serena felt touched inside, she nodded forcefully, "Yes, Zane, we will always be friends."

...

The Crawford Group.

Due to Hayden Crawford making it to the entertainment headlines, a large group of media reporters gathered outside The Crawford Group, eager for the first chance to interview Hayden.

At this moment, a stretched Rolls-Royce business luxury car slowly approached. A private secretary, Ivan Yarrow, respectfully opened the rear car door. The first sight was a pair of polished black leather shoes, then came into view a pair of impressive long legs wrapped in black trousers tailored like a blade. Finally, Hayden Crawford's perfectly exquisite handsome face entered everyone's view.

Hayden Crawford had arrived.

Today, Hayden Crawford wore a well-fitted black suit, with a white silk handkerchief folded inside the suit pocket. He got out of the car and walked onto the red carpet, his steps steady, possessing the aura of a dominant CEO, high and cold, noble and aloof.

This man, however, now carries various labels—sexual harasser, pervert, impotent...

The intense contrast made all the reporters at the scene go wild with frenzy, a sea of heads, everyone thrust microphones forward, vying for attention.

Mr. Crawford, what exactly is your relationship with Serena Sterling?

Mr. Crawford, is Serena Sterling caught in a love triangle with you and your brother? Will the two of you turn against each other in order to fight for her?

Mr. Crawford, is your health still okay? You personally confirmed being incapacitated by Serena Sterling. How do you view this kind of self-destructive behavior akin to putting yourself in hot water?

At this point, bodyguards swung into action, opened up layers of barricades inside and out. Ivan Yarrow stepped forward and gestured, "Sorry, our president is not accepting any interviews."

All media reporters were stopped. Looking up, Hayden Crawford had already entered The Crawford Group hall, a group of employees with blue badges on their necks following behind him. He walked expressionlessly away, the brilliant morning sun shining through the polished floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a bit of splendid brilliance on him.

Soon, he vanished from everyone's sight.

...

In the president's office.

Ivan Yarrow walked in, Hayden was sitting in the office chair handling documents, his handsome gaze lowered, holding a pen signing his name on the documents with flourish.

Ivan Yarrow couldn't quite figure out what the president had in mind. Outside, it was stormy, he and Serena Sterling were standing at the center of a whirlwind, public opinion kept fermenting, but he remained indifferent, carelessly unconcerned.

"President, should we have PR remove all those comments online?" Ivan hesitantly asked.

Hayden didn't look up, no one knew what he was thinking, he simply parted his thin lips slightly, "No need."

He didn't ask his PR to take action but allowed public opinion to ferment on its own; what was he thinking?

Ivan dared not ask, "President, then I'll leave now."

"Go ahead."

Ivan Yarrow went out.

The president's office fell completely silent; Hayden finished dealing with the difficult documents, tossed the pen on the desk, leaned heavily back into the sofa chair, and raised a hand to tug at the tie around his neck.

He took out his phone, the phone was empty. Serena Sterling hadn't called him, not even sent a message.

What did she mean by this?

Ate and ran after she wiped her mouth clean?

Hayden let out a cold chuckle from his throat. Her behavior was really just like a cunning heartbreaker!

Laying down his phone, he lowered his handsome eyelids and gently closed his eyes. At that moment, a scene flashed in his mind—a night cool as water, she pushed him into a bush, her black pure long hair fluttering, her snake-like slender waist was in his palm...