

Substitute B 432

Chapter 432: All the People He Loves Most Are There

Hayden Crawford abruptly opened his eyes, forcibly waking up from the hypnosis.

"Mr. Crawford, are you all right?" Dr. Kane hurriedly asked with concern.

Hayden's forehead was covered in cold sweat, his exquisite handsome face turned pale as if devoid of blood, and his strong chest rose and fell as he gasped for breath.

Dr. Kane frowned and said, "Mr. Crawford, half of your memory has been restored. This half records all your sweet and happy moments, but the other half opens up to painful past events. You are very resistant to the restoration of this half, forcefully interrupting the hypnosis treatment. This process is very dangerous; do you want to continue?"

Hayden's willpower was quite strong; he woke up forcibly, something even Dr. Kane couldn't stop. If the hypnosis treatment continued, Hayden would experience extreme pain.

Hayden lay on the rattan chair, swiftly lowering his handsome eyes to calm his breathing. He had already recalled half of it. Serena Sterling of the Sterling family married into Orchid Court on behalf of another, marrying him and becoming his Mrs. Crawford.

So, her ex-husband was indeed him.

The city of Bayside had recorded all his sweet memories with her.

No wonder when he returned to City of Aethelgard, he always felt like something was missing. He didn't know what he had lost, living days that were endlessly bland, neither good nor bad, until the day she came to City of Aethelgard, he found himself inexplicably drawn to her, obsessed and fascinated.

She was his Mrs. Crawford!

"Mr. Crawford... Mr. Crawford!" At this moment, Dr. Kane called beside his ear.

Hayden focused his gaze on Dr. Kane's face and finally heard Dr. Kane's question, "Mr. Crawford, about the second half of the memory, do you want to continue?"

About the second half of the memory...

Hayden quickly got out of bed, pressing his thin lips together, his voice low and hoarse, "I haven't decided yet. Let's stop for now today."

Saying that, Hayden strode out.

...

Hayden left the company directly, driving his Rolls-Royce Phantom luxury car home. At that moment, the melodious ring of a cell phone sounded, it was a call from his personal secretary, Ivan Yarrow.

Hayden pressed to answer, and the respectful voice of Ivan quickly came through, "President, where are you right now? The annual high-level meeting starts in ten minutes, and all the executives are already waiting in the VIP conference room."

Hayden looked straight ahead, outside the dazzling neon lights reflecting onto his handsome face through the polished glass window, creating a breathtaking glow, he opened his mouth and said, "Cancel the meeting."

On the other end, Ivan was stunned. The annual high-level meeting was on the schedule; he clearly didn't know why his president suddenly canceled the meeting, but he quickly nodded, "Yes, President."

Hayden hung up the phone, placing his large hands on the steering wheel. Now, he didn't want to do anything, didn't want to think about anything, he just wanted to go home, go home to see his Mrs. Crawford!

The street was particularly bustling tonight because it was Christmas.

All around the street were couples holding hands, with many selling flowers, and many boyfriends stopping to buy flowers for their girlfriends.

Hayden turned the steering wheel, parked by the roadside, then opened the driver's door and stepped out.

Soon, he became the most dazzling sight on the roadside. The man tonight wore a black thin wool coat over his black suit, stepping out of a world-class luxury car, looking entirely handsome and noble. Any random standing posture resembled those international male models posing on the streets of England, instantly attracting everyone's attention.

The girls on the street quickly had their eyes shining, pink bubbles popping up,

Oh my God, that man is so handsome.

Hayden was already accustomed to these gazes. He walked with firm and decisive footsteps to a little girl selling flowers, squatted down, and said warmly, "Little one, I'll take all these flowers."

The little girl looked at Hayden with big, shiny black eyes and said in a childish voice, "Uncle, you want all these roses, are they for your girlfriend?"

Hayden reached out and patted the little girl's small head, "No, uncle is giving them to his wife."

Wuwu~

The girls with the bubbling eyes quickly let out cries of lamentation, such a handsome man was already married, indeed all good men belong to someone else!

...

Westerley Estate.

Hayden parked the Rolls-Royce Phantom luxury car on the lawn, seeing from a distance that the villa was now brightly lit, with the door wide open, the bright light streaming out, everything in sight was warm.

There were two large Christmas trees on the lawn, adorned with glittering little lights, and a delicate figure broke into his view, it was Serena Sterling.

Tonight Serena wore a white long dress, over which was a retro lantern-sleeved dark red cropped cardigan, her pure black hair spread like silk over her radiant shoulders, from afar she looked more tender than a rose, the elegant and pure look he adored.

There was a pile of fireworks on the lawn, Serena holding one in each hand, directly pulling the old lady and Beryl out of the villa. She started distributing the fireworks, "Grandma, Beryl, don't just stay inside, come out to get some fresh air, tonight is Christmas Eve, let's set off fireworks together."

With that, Serena lit a lighter and ignited the fireworks in the hands of the old lady and Beryl.

The old lady came from a reputable family, and Beryl was a head maid, neither of them had played with fireworks before. When the fireworks were lit, the old lady and Beryl jumped in surprise, almost throwing the fireworks like a hot potato, looking quite amusing and adorable.

Serena covered her mouth, giggling on the side.

Hayden didn't move, just stood there watching the scene ahead. The people he loved most in his life were all there.

There was a feeling that instantly filled his entire chest, his heart began to soften, at this moment, extraordinarily and unbelievably soft.

He watched Serena's delicate and striking figure, the fireworks sizzling as they bloomed, her beautiful face lit up, becoming vibrant and lively, she was laughing, a joyful and carefree laugh, like a silver bell echoing in his ears.

Making his heart tremble, and making his heart itch.

Hayden suddenly thought, fate had been kind to him in the end, because after all the twists and turns, fate still brought Serena to his side.

This little girl who lay in swaddling cloths, whom his mother once betrothed to him as his little bride, came to his side twenty years later, under the guise of a replacement bride, becoming his Mrs. Crawford.

She belonged to him.

Completely, wholly belonged to him.

She was his.

After a moment of awkwardness, the old lady and Beryl also found enjoyment in playing with fireworks, lighting two for Serena as well, and the young and old played joyously together.

Serena felt really happy today. She raised her hands, waving the fireworks in her hands. At this moment in the splendid fireworks, her curved eyebrows and clear eyes suddenly collided with a pair of deep, narrow eyes. She saw Hayden, who was now standing at the front, staring at her with a dark and intense gaze.