

Substitute B 462

Chapter 462: Hayden Crawford, Then I Wish You a Happy Marriage

Hayden Crawford's tense nerves instantly relaxed; he knew she had been fooled by him!

His handsome face grew even more distant and cold. "Miss Sterling, do you think this prank is fun? You're not welcome at my wedding. Leave immediately!"

After speaking, he turned and walked away.

But a few soft, white fingers gently tugged at his sleeve, and a tender, clear voice resounded by his ear, "Is it because of my condition? Will marrying Annette Rathborne get you the formula to save me?"

Hayden immediately turned to look at her, knowing he couldn't hide anything; she had already guessed the truth.

Serena Sterling had already found the answer in his gaze. She curved her red lips slightly, "Hayden Crawford, I don't need you to do this for me. I hate it when people decide what's best for me. There are many ways to solve problems, and we can choose to face the storms together. I don't want you to marry Anabelle Rathborne. Don't think I'll be grateful to you; I'll only see it as your betrayal. You were the one who let go of my hand first."

"Hayden Crawford, I've said before, I can't tolerate any sand in my eyes. Today, with Anabelle Rathborne's grand wedding in front of all of Aethelgard, the beginning of your marriage is the end of ours. I have no interest in married men."

"Hayden Crawford, I'm giving you one more chance to choose between me and Annabelle Rathborne. If you don't want me, I'll leave now and never look back."

In her bright and clear eyes, Hayden saw the resolute determination of severing all ties. The thing everyone feared most had happened: this wedding was the end for him and her.

"Brother Hayden," at this moment, Annabelle Rathborne elegantly approached, "Our party is about to start. Let's go."

Annabelle offered her small hand to Hayden Crawford.

Hayden gave Annabelle a somber glance, lowered his eyes, and slowly peeled off the fingers clutching his sleeve one by one.

Serena felt the fabric slip through her fingers. He chose Annabelle, and she lost him after all.

She bit her red lips, and the tears she had been holding back fell one by one, like a string of broken pearls.

After releasing Serena's hand, Hayden strided towards Annabelle. However, he didn't take her hand.

Annabelle's hand awkwardly lingered in mid-air, but she was already used to such embarrassing situations, so she retreated her hand and, with her chin held high in a victorious pose, looked at Serena Sterling. "Miss Sterling, Brother Hayden is now my husband, and I am Mrs. Crawford. So in the future, I hope you know your place and don't try to mess with someone else's husband, acting as a despised homewrecker."

Serena wiped her tears dry with her small hand. Her eyes were still red, looking both pathetic and pitiful, but she lifted her head, curving her lips into a cold, seductive smile. "Annabelle Rathborne, do you think that just because you climbed your way up, you're no longer a homewrecker? When I was with Hayden Crawford, you were nowhere to be found. If you aren't too stupid to save, you should know that instead of wasting your breath with me, you should be thinking of ways to keep your man in line."

"You—" Annabelle originally thought she could suppress Serena with her arrogance, but little did she know Serena would instantly shoot back with her sharp tongue.

Whenever it came to verbal spats with Serena, she never won.

At that moment, Serena turned her gaze to Hayden's handsome face, "Mr. Crawford, I came here today just to take a gamble. I hoped to take you home, but you let me lose. No matter; I accept defeat gracefully. Congratulations on your wedding. Oh, I was in such a rush that I didn't prepare a wedding gift. How about I give you what I brought?"

Hayden's deep, narrow eyes suddenly squinted. He already knew what she was planning to do.

Sure enough, Serena raised her hand, grasping the only-love necklace around her delicate neck. As her fair fingers touched the solitary ring, they curled slightly, then she forcefully pulled the only-love necklace from her neck.

The dazzling diamond necklace quickly left a red mark around her tender neck.

The only ring!

The crowd's eyes lit up instantly.

Annabelle's did too. She quickly reached out, "Serena Sterling, that only ring originally belonged to me. Give it back!"

Serena clutched the only-ring, looking at Annabelle, "If you want it, come and get it."

Annabelle walked over, reaching to take it.

At that moment, Serena raised her hand high, then slowly released it, dropping the only-love necklace and the only ring onto the carpet.

Annabelle froze, realizing Serena was intentionally humiliating her—so blatant and flamboyant was Serena's contempt.

"Annabelle Rathborne, I don't want these things. They're yours." With that, Serena turned and left.

Annabelle trembled with anger, watching as Serena's slender and exquisite figure disappeared from view. Setting aside her pride and dignity, she squatted down to pick up the only-love necklace and the only ring.

Now they were hers!

Just as Annabelle was about to pick them up, a well-defined large hand suddenly reached out, snatching the only-love necklace and the only ring before her. It was... Hayden Crawford!

Annabelle, having failed even to touch them, stiffened and looked at Hayden, "Brother Hayden, today is our wedding. Give me the necklace and the ring."

Hayden clenched the necklace and ring in his palm, feeling the warmth that still lingered. Without glancing at Annabelle, he said, pressing his lips, "Even something she discarded, you're not worthy of."

"..." Annabelle's face turned pale. After Serena's humiliation, she had been hit with a heavy blow by Hayden. She had been defeated by them as a team, leaving her utterly devastated.

It was obvious that Hayden's words were heard by everyone present. Moments ago, people were still envious and flattering her, but now they looked at her with a gaze of amusement, sympathy, and contempt,

Haha, why do I suddenly feel a little sorry for Annabelle?

Annabelle had just claimed that Mr. Crawford gave her the only-ring. What a liar.

I think Mr. Crawford's heart is still with Serena Sterling. Professor Sterling is really cool, always bringing us surprises.

Looks like Mr. Crawford dislikes Annabelle. Even if they're married, so what? I bet Annabelle will spend the wedding night alone.

Annabelle quickly dug her nails into her palm, but she felt no pain. Since when was she no longer everyone's favorite in Aethelgard, but now Serena Sterling is the one everyone adores?