

## **Substitute B 467**

Chapter 467: Sorry, I Shouldn't Have Been Harsh With You

Her home was never here; it was only because of her ties here that she stayed.

Now, neither he nor the Rathborne family can stop her departure; she is leaving here to find her way home.

Serena Sterling remained silent and did not answer his question.

Her silence was already a form of tacit agreement, and a surge of unease and panic suddenly welled up in the depths of Hayden Crawford's heart. "Serena, you promised me you would always stay by my side, so I won't let you leave here. Just give up on that idea."

As he spoke, Hayden reached out and placed the only-love and the Ring of Solitude back on her neck, "Serena, don't lose this again."

Serena lowered her long lashes and reached out to grasp the Ring of Solitude, then hoarsely said, "Pour me a glass of water."

"Alright." Hayden quickly stood up and went to the dining room to pour a glass of water.

When he returned, Serena had already risen. She was wearing a white dress, standing slenderly on the balcony.

The window was open, and the cold, harsh wind from outside rushed in, blowing her wide skirt. She stood in the wind, like a kite, swaying precariously.

Hayden's dark pupils constricted, and he quickly stepped forward, "Serena, close the window quickly. The wind is strong outside, and you'll catch a cold if it blows on you like this."

Serena seemed not to hear his words. She glanced at the only-love and the Ring of Solitude in her hand, then raised her hand and simply threw them out.

With a "thump," the only-love and the Ring of Solitude were thrown into the pond below, splashing a flash of water, and swiftly disappeared.

She actually threw away the only-love and the Ring of Solitude!

Hayden walked over briskly. As he looked at the pond, the muscles of his chiseled chest began to heave up and down, and a shadow lurked in his handsome brow. He reached out his large hand to clasp her delicate shoulders, "Serena, you!"

Just now, Serena had been burying her small face in her knees, and he hadn't seen her face. Now his voice came to an abrupt halt because he saw Serena's face now.

There were many fine lines on Serena's once flawless skin, like a perfect piece of craftsmanship suddenly having several cracks, becoming flawed, imperfect.

This was the first time Hayden had seen her aged appearance, and he was stunned.

Serena's pale eye rims were swollen and red from crying, but her bright and clear eyes were even more brilliant and dazzling after the tears. She kept looking at Hayden, unwilling to miss any expression on his face.

In fact, she most feared facing his shock at the rapid aging of her beauty.

Seeing his stunned and dazed look now, Serena slowly curved her red lips into a lonely and mocking arc, "What, did I scare you?"

"Hayden, I will slowly grow old, so don't be tied down by Anabelle Rathborne because of me. I don't want to owe you anything, and also, let me go. From now on, our paths separate, a complete severance of ties, we...  
hmm."

Hayden suddenly cupped her small face with his large hands and lowered his gaze to fiercely kiss her red lips.

Serena's pupils suddenly contracted; she didn't expect him to still kiss her now.

Could it be, he wasn't afraid of her appearance now?

Could it be, he really didn't mind?

Although he said he didn't mind and wasn't afraid, Serena knew that Hayden, this man, was very fond of beauty. He liked women, the more beautiful, the better, and he adored beauty the most.

Serena's slender, white fingers slowly curled up. If he was afraid or minded, she wouldn't feel so hurt inside.

But he wasn't afraid, he didn't mind, yet they had come to this point.

Serena swiftly reached out her hand to press against his strong chest, wanting to push him away vigorously.

But his tall, strong body didn't budge an inch, and his kisses were like a storm, causing Serena to feel as though he had taken away all her breath.

Serena's meticulously long lashes trembled, and she swung her small fists, hitting him hard, "Go away, let me go!"

Hayden refused to let go, instead deepening the kiss.

Serena's fists didn't work, so she kicked him, but none of these could move him even a bit.

The gap in strength between men and women was so astonishing that now she was held dominantly in his embrace, helplessly allowing him to have his way.

Serena opened her mouth and bit his lip, the faint taste of blood immediately spreading in both of their mouths. She bit down and didn't let go.

Hayden frowned those dashing brows of his, feeling the pain, and for a moment, he didn't doubt that if he didn't stop, she would bite off the flesh at the corner of his mouth.

Women can be more ruthless than men when they are heartless.

Hayden released her, but his nose was still pressed against hers, rubbing gently. His thin lips fell on the fine lines of her face, kissing them bit by bit, "Serena, don't be afraid. As long as I'm here, everything will be alright. I'm sorry to make you see yourself like this. I promise this is the last time. From now on, every day for you will be beautiful."

As he spoke, Hayden took out a pill, "Serena, take this. It will get better once you take it."

Serena's bright, clear eyes fell on the pill, "Where did this antidote come from, Hayden? What method did you use to get the blood from Anabelle?"

Hayden pressed his thin lips, speaking in a low voice, "Don't concern yourself with that, just take the pill first."

Serena reached out, directly slapping the pill from his palm onto the ground with a "snap," "I won't take it! I won't take it! I would rather die than take it!"

Don't think she didn't know; she knew everything. This was something he traded his nights for!

After taking this pill, then?

Then would he sleep with Anabelle once, come back with a pill?

The pill dropped onto the carpet, and the cold, fierce aura of Hayden instantly radiated out, barely concealing the cold, hard contours of his face. He knelt down to pick up the pill, "Serena, you can mess around with me, but first, take the pill, be good and listen!"

Hayden handed the pill back over.

Serena looked at the nervousness and concern in his brows and eyes, her swollen red eye rims quickly covered with a layer of crystal-clear mist, and soon burning hot tears spilled out again.

She cried.

Hayden's throat tightened. He swiftly stepped forward and pulled her into his embrace, "I'm sorry Serena, I shouldn't have been so fierce, I'm sorry, it's all my fault. Please, don't cry."

Serena initially let her tears fall quietly, but hearing his low, comforting, and tender voice, she could no longer hold it in, her delicate shoulders began to tremble, and she sobbed aloud.

Her heart was really, really sad.

Before he came, her eyes were dry.

But once he came, she couldn't control her tears.

She had never been this vulnerable.