

Substitute B 470

Chapter 470: She's Leaving

He hadn't treated his wound yet, and due to his vigorous movements, the wound tore open again.

Soon, his entire white shirt was dyed red.

His damp bangs hung down, and the icy raindrops hit his cold, hard eyelashes. He pressed his thin lips together, searching inch by inch, not leaving a single corner of the pond unchecked.

He would find it!

A half-hour passed, an hour passed, and he still hadn't found it.

The mud below was too deep. It's possible the unique ring was thrown into the deep mud. Hayden Crawford returned to the starting point to search again.

This search continued until dawn.

He searched in the pouring rain for a full five hours.

Pressing his thin lips into a cold, straight line, his resolute and handsome face turned pale. His stamina was depleting, the wound on his left chest burned intensely, and the pond water was not clean, making infection a strong possibility.

Could it be he wouldn't find it?

Hayden Crawford was about to straighten up, and when he pulled back his hand, his fingertip suddenly touched something hard, and he quickly grasped it in his palm.

He found it!

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Serena Sterling had already fallen asleep. She lay on her side, the dim yellow light in the room casting a glow on her palm-sized small face. Because of her slumber, her pale little face flushed with two light pinks, appearing very tender.

Even the room was filled with a girlish fragrance from her body. Hayden Crawford stepped in with a steady, light footstep, his whole cold, hard heart instantly melting into softness—this girl filled every corner of his heart.

He went into the shower, removed the blood-stained white shirt, and then stood under the shower to wash.

His handsome face steamed by the heat revealed a hint of pallor. The wound on his left chest had been soaked in the pond's dirty water for too long, feeling somewhat numb.

After bathing, he emerged wearing a black silk robe, lifted the quilt, and slipped in. Using his long fingers, he brushed away a few strands of her blue silk entwined around her pink neck, then placed the unique ring back on her graceful pink neck.

In her sleep, Serena Sterling suddenly felt a chill and slowly opened her eyes. There was a wide, warm embrace behind her, and she didn't need to guess who it was.

That man with the clean, chilly scent mixed with a faint hint of bath soap—who else could it be but Hayden Crawford?

She bowed her head to look at the cold object on her neck, her lashes shivering suddenly like a tightly packed comb—The unique ring!

The unique ring she'd thrown into the pond!

He actually found it and brought it back!

Earlier, when he stormed out, it wasn't in a fit of anger, but to go find the unique ring?

Serena Sterling felt a pang in her heart, and mist welled up in her red-rimmed eyes.

Just then, a kiss landed on her face, and the man whispered hoarsely, "Keep the unique ring on. If you dare throw it away again, watch how I punish you."

She moved slightly, wanting to break free from his embrace.

But the man clasped her tightly in his strong arms, holding her firmly, "Still got energy to move? Then shall we go for another round?"

Hearing this threat, Serena Sterling's delicate body stiffened instantly.

Hayden Crawford pressed her down, kissing her little face, then provocatively pried her skirt open with his rough fingers, "Is it all sewn up?"

He even dared to ask.

Remembering his beastly behavior, Serena Sterling opened her mouth and bit down on the large hand crossed over her chest.

Hayden Crawford felt the pain, but hooked up his thin lips and chuckled lowly, "Still mad at me, huh?"

With that, he buried his head in the hair at the back of her head, his raspy voice tinged with fatigue, "Serena, I'm a bit tired, let me sleep for a while."

Holding this soft, delicate body in his arms, inhaling the faint fragrance from her hair, Hayden Crawford closed his eyes.

Soon, he fell asleep.

Serena Sterling heard his shallow breathing—he actually fell asleep just like that!

Was he planning to spend the night here?

Today was his wedding night with Anabelle Rathborne, wasn't he going back?

Serena Sterling shifted a little.

The man in his sleep let out a muffled groan, his raspy voice inexplicably sexy and enticing, mumbling drowsily, "Serena, be good, let me hold you like this and sleep for a while."

He was too tired, too exhausted. It was already the early morning, and soon would be dawn. He wanted to sleep a bit, but he was afraid she would escape. Only holding her like this gave him a sense of security.

He was so afraid that if he opened his eyes, she would be gone.

Serena Sterling's heart was entwined with shame, anger, a faint sense of grievance, and helplessness.

Her soft body was pressed into his arms, enveloped in the enticing masculine aura, like a dense net that tightly trapped her, making her feel unable to break free no matter what.

Perhaps there was no escape. He still insisted on holding her dominantly even in his sleep.

Her lashes trembled wetly like a comb, and Serena Sterling's eyes reddened again in the man's embrace. This way of confinement was a silent yet obsessive attempt to hold onto her, wasn't it?

At some point, she had become the obsession he couldn't let go of.

But she still had to leave eventually.

If she stayed, he would be bound by Anabelle Rathborne for a lifetime.

If she stayed, she would have to share the same man with Anabelle Rathborne.

Her life shouldn't stop here.

She had to leave.

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The following morning.

Hayden Crawford slowly opened his eyes, reaching out to embrace the soft and fragrant body beside him, but the place next to him was empty—Serena Sterling was already gone.

Suddenly, he was wide awake, his deep, narrow eyes opened abruptly as he sat up.

Where had she gone?

There were guards outside, she couldn't have gotten out.

Hayden Crawford pressed his thin lips into a cold, hard line, got out of bed, and placed his distinctly jointed hand over the scar on his left chest, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead, his handsome face gradually turning pale.

It hurt a lot.

His body temperature was incredibly hot. Not dealing with the wound in time last night had led to infection and a high fever.

But the physical pain could be completely ignored. With Serena Sterling missing, he felt a void in his heart.

Where on earth could she be?

The spacious room lacked Serena Sterling's delicate figure. Hayden Crawford quickly scanned around, then locked his gaze on the balcony.

He walked over with steady steps, and with a "whoosh," he drew back the curtain.

Serena Sterling was still on the balcony, with her slender arms wrapped around herself quietly sitting in a corner, her small face resting on her knees, lashes hanging down like tight comb-like strands, her eyes closed in sleep.

The window was slightly open, the cold wind outside ruffling the hair by her cheeks while the hem of her dress fluttered with a cool, radiant arc in the breeze. She seemed so out of reach, like no one could catch her.

Hayden Crawford's heart ached suddenly, as if a giant hand clutched his heart tightly, making each of his breaths painful.

He slowly extended his distinctly jointed hand to lift the girl up.