

Substitute B 485

Chapter 485: She Killed Her Own Child with Her Own Hands

Hayden Crawford closed his eyes briefly; he knew she had deceived him.

She always claimed she was feeling unwell, but in reality, she wasn't unwell at all; she was pregnant, yet she didn't tell him.

Why?

Why did she deceive him?

Why?

Why had their first child together been lost?

Hayden Crawford stood tall and long-legged in the corridor, his handsome face obscured in the dim light, but his deep, narrow eyes were filled with a dark, fierce bloodlust. The light stretched his shadow long and long.

At this moment, Corvus brought Anabelle Rathborne over. Anabelle, in a panic, ran up, grabbing Hayden Crawford's sleeve. "Brother Hayden, listen to me. I didn't push Serena Sterling; she fell down the stairs herself. She's really terrifying; she actually killed her own child..."

Before she could finish speaking, Hayden Crawford flung out his hand, and Anabelle's petite body flew like a kite with a broken string, slamming forcefully against the wall.

With a "bang," Anabelle fell to the cold floor, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"Brother Hayden, you... listen to me..."

Anabelle laboriously crawled on the ground, making her way to Hayden Crawford's feet, reaching to grab his trousers.

It wasn't her.

It was Serena Sterling herself.

She had fallen down the stairs by herself.

Anabelle wanted to expose Serena Sterling's true nature in front of Hayden Crawford. She had to tell him the truth.

If Hayden Crawford knew Serena Sterling had killed his child with her own hands, he would no longer want her.

Anabelle reached for the man's trousers and was about to grab them when the door to the operating room suddenly opened, and a doctor came out.

Hayden Crawford quickly stepped forward, "Doctor, how is she?"

Anabelle lay awkwardly on the ground, her hand frozen mid-air, never having touched the hem of Hayden's trousers.

The doctor removed the white mask from his face, looking regretfully at Hayden Crawford. "Mr. Crawford, I'm very sorry, Miss Sterling had a miscarriage. The child in her womb is gone."

Hayden Crawford stood noble and tall, enveloped in a chilling silence. He lowered his handsome eyelids, "How is she?"

"Mr. Crawford, we performed a dilation and curettage on Miss Sterling. So far, everything looks fine, but she lost a lot of blood, affecting her core vitality. She needs to rest and recuperate, stay in bed, and nurse her body back to health. Miss Sterling is still young; she can still have children in the future," the doctor advised.

At this moment, a nurse wheeled Serena Sterling out. Hayden Crawford watched Serena Sterling lying on the hospital bed; she was asleep, her small face almost translucent in its paleness.

Hayden Crawford pressed his lips together, then lifted his hand to stroke Serena Sterling's cold little face.

Then he bowed his head, his thin lips touching Serena Sterling's forehead gently, "It's all right now, Serena."

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In the VIP ward.

Serena Sterling's long eyelashes fluttered, and then she slowly opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw was a handsome and refined face entering her view.

As she was lying on her side, she easily spotted the man sleeping at her bedside, Hayden Crawford, who had stayed with her. Perhaps too exhausted, he had fallen asleep.

Their faces were close, so close she could hear his shallow breaths. Dark circles loomed under his handsome eyes, and even a shadow of stubble appeared on his firm jawline. It was her first time seeing the most distinguished man in Aethelgard so unkempt.

Serena Sterling shifted slightly, realizing then that her small hand was tightly held by a large palm. Hayden Crawford held her hand, his warm and comfortable body heat permeated her cool, tender skin.

Serena paused for a couple of seconds, then slowly withdrew her small hand.

Hayden Crawford awoke immediately, and having closed his eyes for only a brief moment, there was still a faint redness in the corner of his long eyes.

He quickly stood up, his gaze locked onto her, his just-woken voice low and magnetic, tense, "Serena, you're awake. Are you in pain anywhere? I'll call the doctor."

Serena Sterling furrowed her delicate brows, saying nothing.

Seeing her like this, Hayden Crawford's tall, upright body bent down beside the bed. He reached out a large palm to wipe the cold sweat on her forehead, his voice taut and stressed, his tone heavier, "Where does it hurt? Tell me! Speak up!"

Only then did Serena Sterling shake her head, "I'm thirsty, I want some water."

"Alright, I'll pour some for you right now." Hayden Crawford went to pour some water.

When Hayden Crawford returned, Serena Sterling was already out of bed, standing by the window.

She wore a blue and white striped hospital gown, her slender body displaying a frail weakness. Her long, silky black hair rested gently on her shoulders. She stood with her back to him, looking out the window, utterly quiet.

Hayden Crawford quickly walked over, wrapping his strong arms around her from behind. Her body was cold, and he kissed her little face tenderly, "Why are you out of bed? The doctor said you need bed rest."

Serena Sterling extended a small hand, stroking her flat belly, "The child is gone, right?"

Hayden Crawford's handsome brows knitted, "Focus on getting healthy again; we can have more children."

Hayden Crawford picked her up horizontally and tucked her back into the warm quilt, then fed her water one sip at a time.

Serena Sterling sat on the bed, leaning against a soft pillow when Annette's voice sounded from outside the door, "Where's Brother Hayden? I need to see Brother Hayden; I have something important to tell him!"

"Miss Rathborne, the master is inside with Miss Sterling. Unrelated persons are not allowed in. Please leave immediately," Corvus refused.

Serena Sterling lifted her eyes, looking towards the door, "Is that Anabelle?"

Hayden Crawford nodded, "Yes, she's been looking for me, do you know what she wants to say to me?"

"What?"

"She said she didn't push you down the stairs, that it was you who fell, that you killed our child with your own hands."

Serena Sterling's clear eyes fell on Hayden Crawford's handsome face. Now he was looking at her, that gaze falcon-sharp, as if to pierce through her.

Serena Sterling did not avoid it, looking at him candidly, "Who do you believe?"

Hayden Crawford held her small hand, "I believe you, Serena. You wouldn't kill our child."

Serena Sterling lowered her long, silky eyelashes, "Let her in."

Anabelle rushed in swiftly.

Anabelle's face was pale as well. The forceful toss from Hayden Crawford had left her with internal injuries. She refused to accept being set up and had to clear things up with Hayden Crawford.

"Brother Hayden," Anabelle rushed over, her emotions agitated, "Brother Hayden, you have to believe me, it wasn't me, I really didn't push Serena Sterling, it was her, she fell down the stairs herself!"

"She provoked me first, making me hit her, then she fell by herself. She also said from this moment on, this game was over, she had ended this game with her own hands!"