

## Substitute B 486

Chapter 486: Serena, I Trust You!

Hayden Crawford didn't glance at Anabelle Rathborne, not even a hint of expression. His deep narrow eyes were only fixed on Serena Sterling's exquisite face, looking at her quietly, his eyes inscrutable.

"Hayden, brother, everything I said is true. All of this was done by Serena Sterling. She even snatched my phone in the restroom and made a call!" Anabelle Rathborne said emotionally.

Hayden Crawford showed no emotional stir. Still looking at Serena Sterling, he moved his thin lips, "Who did you call?"

Serena Sterling calmly shook her head, "I didn't make a call."

"Liar! Hayden, brother, don't trust Serena Sterling; she's deceiving you!"

Hayden Crawford held her cold little hand, "Serena, I still trust you."

I trust you.

These three words exploded in Anabelle Rathborne's ears. She looked at Hayden Crawford in disbelief, "Hayden, brother, what kind of infatuating drug has Serena Sterling given you? You can't even make the most basic judgments anymore. It was her, she really fell down herself. She personally killed your child!"

The moment the words fell, Hayden Crawford lifted his leg and kicked a wooden chair.

With a "crack," the wooden chair broke.

No one saw how Hayden Crawford moved; in the blink of an eye, he had stood up, ghostly drawing the weapon from Corvus's waist, forcibly pressing the black muzzle against Anabelle Rathborne's forehead.

Anabelle Rathborne collapsed on the ground, as the daughter of the richest person, this was the first time she had been restrained like this.

The muzzle was cold.

If he slightly moved, bang, her life would be gone.

"Hay...Hayden, brother... don't be impulsive..."

Anabelle Rathborne tremblingly looked at the man in front of her. Hayden Crawford stood tall and jade-like before her, his forehead veins popping, inky black eyes full of ominous red streaks, glaring at her like a terrifying figure from hell.

Anabelle Rathborne couldn't understand what she said was wrong. The child was lost. Even for a man like Hayden Crawford, deeply entrenched in power, no matter how heartbroken, he wouldn't show too much emotion; he controlled it well.

But now, he seemed possessed.

Which of her words triggered him?

Was it that sentence, the one where she said Serena Sterling personally killed their child?

Anabelle Rathborne realized he cared, he cared very, very much in his heart.

Hayden Crawford's long lashes were blood-red, he fiercely glared at Anabelle Rathborne's charming little face, "From now on, you'd better shut your mouth. If you can't control yourself, then I can help you, ensuring you never speak again."

"Hayden, brother, you..." Anabelle Rathborne truly never imagined there would be a day when Hayden would lay hands on her. She didn't believe it, truly didn't believe it.

At this moment, a clear voice sounded by her ear, "I'm tired, let her go out."

Serena Sterling spoke.

Anabelle Rathborne felt the cold muzzle slowly retreating as Hayden Crawford let her go, "Take her down first."

"Yes." Corvus escorted Anabelle Rathborne away.

As Anabelle Rathborne left, she glanced at Serena Sterling, who returned a cold stare. She saw Serena Sterling curl her red lips faintly.

Anabelle Rathborne's hands and feet were ice-cold. She still didn't know what Serena Sterling was plotting. It seemed like this was just the beginning.

Anabelle Rathborne left, leaving only two people in the room. Serena Sterling lay down, curling her slender body into a small group under the blanket.

Hayden Crawford walked over, lowered his gaze, and kissed her forehead over and over again, "Serena, sleep, I will always be by your side."

Serena Sterling didn't respond; she lightly closed her eyes.

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Late at night, Serena Sterling slept in a daze. At that moment, her little hand felt cold as something was placed into it.

Her long lashes trembled, and she slowly opened her eyes.

In her palm was a tiny porcelain figure, and three porcelain figures held hands, with a small child between him and her.

The porcelain figures weren't intricately made. He had carved it slice by slice, making it for the first time, lacking experience. It was a little boy, resembling Serena Sterling a lot.

This was his imagined son.

He believed the child in her belly was a son.

A son who looks like her.

"For you, keep it with you always."

A large hand touched her hair, gently stroking it. Hayden Crawford bent down to tuck her in, "Goodnight."

He turned and walked to the sofa, lying down.

Serena Sterling looked at the porcelain figure in her hand. Her hand under the covers slowly moved down to her flat belly, her clear eyes brimming with maternal softness and a hint of joy. Her baby...

Serena Sterling had a restless sleep that night, because the man on the sofa opposite kept his eyes open, watching her deeply...

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In the early hours, while Serena Sterling slept soundly, Hayden Crawford arose, leaving the hospital and returning to the resort.

Corvus spoke softly, "Young Master, I have already retrieved the surveillance footage at that time. It's all here."

Hayden Crawford sat on the dark red sofa, crossing his long legs elegantly, holding a cigarette between his slender fingers, smoking it softly.

He hadn't been able to resist; he returned to investigate the truth at that time.

Corvus played the surveillance footage. In it, Serena Sterling and Anabelle Rathborne were talking at the staircase when Anabelle Rathborne swung her hand, causing Serena Sterling to fall.

"Master, seeing this footage, it seems that Anabelle Rathborne pushed Miss Sterling down. I don't think Miss Sterling is so cruel. After all, this was your first child; how could Miss Sterling bear to harm this child by her own hand?" Corvus did not believe it.

Hayden Crawford furrowed his brows tightly, the smoke blurring his handsome face, unclear what he was thinking.

He slowly finished a cigarette and extinguished the butt in the ashtray, then pressed the keyboard to replay the footage.

Soon he pressed the pause button, freezing the scene of Serena Sterling's fall, replaying it several times.

Corvus saw his young master repeatedly watching this scene and quickly spoke, "It's not right! If Miss Sterling was pushed by Anabelle Rathborne, her hand should have been flicked first, then her foot slipped, causing her to roll down. But in the footage, Miss Sterling's foot steps off first, only then does she roll down due to Anabelle's swing. Does this mean... Miss Sterling fell down the stairs on her own?"

Corvus looked at Hayden Crawford in disbelief.

The study struck in dim light, Hayden Crawford's handsome face partially hidden and partially exposed. He took another cigarette and tried to light it, but the lighter repeatedly failed. His furrowed brow, elongated fingers trembled lightly.