

## Substitute B 489

### Chapter 489: So This Is Your Love—Nothing More

Titus Ashworth looked on in shock at Corvus and Silas, then his gaze fell upon Hayden Crawford's handsome face. "Hayden Crawford, what is your relationship with Solomon? Are they the Right and Left Protectors of Solomon?"

Solomon is one of the world's three major organizations. It has been growing rapidly in recent years, its influence spreading throughout all of Astoria. It's said that Solomon's leader is quite mysterious, and no one has ever seen his true appearance. Could it be... that Hayden Crawford is the big boss of Solomon?

Solomon's Right and Left Protectors, one skilled in strategy and the other in martial arts, are none other than Corvus and Silas.

Serena Sterling was brought to Hayden Crawford's side. Because of Silas's speed, she lost her balance and fell directly into Hayden Crawford's arms.

At that moment, Hayden extended his strong arm to encircle her delicate waist, steadying her securely in his embrace.

Serena looked up at Hayden Crawford. She had, of course, heard of Solomon. Among the three major organizations, Solomon is the wealthiest, with immense riches, acting with complete disregard for financial constraints. Could it be that Solomon was actually founded by Hayden Crawford?

Back in Bayside, Serena hadn't seen Corvus and Silas; these two have been following Hayden without fail ever since he returned to Aethelgard.

So Hayden's identity isn't just as the foremost noble of City of Aethelgard's commercial world; he is also the big boss of Solomon.

And why couldn't the mind control skills of Illusory Elegance bind him? What other secrets does he carry?

Hayden did not answer this question. His sharp eyes merely swept over Titus Ashworth with a faint glance, then said, "Lord Ashworth, I must have told you long ago: don't you dare harbor any thoughts about my woman, Hayden Crawford's woman."

With that, Hayden glanced at Julian Rathborne and Jude Crawford. "I leave Lord Ashworth to you, I'm taking Serena back."

Holding Serena's slender waist, Hayden turned and left.

But Serena stood still, unwilling to go with Hayden.

Hayden stopped in his tracks, frowning slightly in that handsome way, "Serena, don't be stubborn. You've just had a miscarriage, you're still in confinement and need to recuperate. It's too windy here, come back with me quickly."

Serena looked at him, "Hayden, you already know, don't you? I fell down those stairs myself. I didn't want this child!"

Speaking of this topic, Hayden quickly restrained the look in his eyes, his face showed no change, but his furrowed brows were already covered with a layer of cold severity. "Serena, I don't want to discuss this. Anabelle Rathborne pushed you down the stairs; you never didn't want this child. Don't say such things in the future."

Serena knows it weighs heavily on his heart. He's deceiving himself and hasn't even dared to ask her why.

"Enough, Hayden, accept it. I knew I was pregnant early on, but I kept it from you because I wanted to use this child to leave you!"

Hayden's long fingers tightened suddenly on her slender wrist, his angular eyes gradually covered with a layer of crimson. He curled his thin lips slightly, "Serena, even if you told me you were pregnant, your current condition wasn't suited for carrying the child. I would have chosen to terminate the pregnancy too, but both of us loved the child dearly, didn't we? The child is gone now, can you not keep saying you didn't want him? I can pretend nothing happened. Serena, we can go back to the way we were, but don't push your luck, don't keep stabbing at my wound. I've given in repeatedly, that was my first child; losing him hurt me so terribly!"

In his heart, he always loved her a little more than the child. She was always more important than the child to him.

Now the child is gone, his heart is bleeding, and her coldness feels more like a knife to him than losing the child. The child was just a means to an end for her, a tool as she sought to escape him.

Serena's long lashes trembled. "Hayden, we can't go back. From the moment you and Anabelle slept together, it destroyed any chance we had."

What?

Hayden's pupils contracted slightly, his bloodshot eyes fixed on her, "Did Anabelle send you something? Do you think I slept with Anabelle?"

"Isn't it? The racy video Anabelle sent is still on my phone. I watched it several times over, Hayden; I don't need you to save me. You and Anabelle together just makes me feel dirty, disgusted, I don't want you anymore!"

Hayden suddenly felt like laughing, and in fact, his thin lips curled into a faint and mocking arc, indeed, he laughed. "Serena Sterling, you'd rather watch that racy video yourself several times than come ask me. Have you ever trusted me? We've been together so long, and in the end, you just think I'm filthy, disgusting, and you don't want me anymore?"

Serena's heart shriveled in pain at that moment. She knew her words had pushed them to the brink; they would never look back again.

Serena struggled to break free from his hand, trying to withdraw her little hand. "Hayden Crawford, we can break up with some dignity, not like this, not so disgracefully hurt."

Hayden suddenly tightened his big hand, firmly locking her slender wrist in his grip, his voice low and husky, "Let's talk when we get home, I've said before, as long as you stay by my side, I can forgive you anything, do anything for you."

"But Hayden, I don't want to stay with you anymore. If you still don't understand, I can say it two times, two hundred times, two thousand times for you to hear. I don't want you!"

Hayden's Adam's apple bobbed, his deep-set eyes dyed a layer of bloody red rage once more. "Serena Sterling, you really have a heart of stone. No matter how much it hurts, I can't bear to let go of your hand, but you want to discard me just like that. Is that the love you give me?"

Hayden looked at her fixedly as if he was using all the strength he had, "Serena Sterling, so this is what your love amounts to."

Serena felt she could barely breathe. Her small hand, hanging by her side, clenched into a tight fist, willing to let her nails dig into her palm. She knew he always felt insecure, that his greatest fear was being abandoned, being left behind.

By hitting where it hurt, she had dealt him a irreparable blow.

So just end it this way.

Let it end here.

Julian Rathborne and Jude Crawford watched them, and at this moment, Julian Rathborne spoke first, "Serena, let's go back, you can't leave City of Aethelgard."

Serena carefully hid her emotions, then looked up and called out in a loud, clear voice, "Seth Sullivan, you've watched enough of the show, haven't you? It's time to reveal yourself!"

Seth Sullivan?

Upon hearing this name, everyone present showed a flash of intrigue.