

Substitute B 509

Chapter 509: I Don't Want Your New Lover to Be My Mommy

The ashtray, with an extremely fierce force, smashed onto the floor-to-ceiling window. With a bang, the glass shattered instantly and splattered all around.

The elder Mrs. Crawford turned pale with fright. She stared at Hayden Crawford in a daze, "Hayden..."

"Madam, what happened?" The noise inside quickly drew attention from outside. The study door was pushed open, and Corvus and Beryl stood nervously at the door, asking.

Hayden Crawford's expression was ugly, dark and cold. Especially when he heard the name Serena, his deep, narrow eyes instantly turned a blood-red color, filled with ferocity and rage.

Corvus and Beryl had already noticed something unusual. The two stood at the door, even breathing cautiously.

Mrs. Crawford looked at Hayden, heartbreakingly. Three years, three years had passed, yet the name Serena Sterling had become a taboo in Hayden's life, an untouchable reverse scale.

Every time Serena Sterling was mentioned, he would instantly lose control, as if transforming into another person, unable to control himself, sinister and obsessive, a pathological state.

Hayden placed his large hands on the desk. His solid chest rose and fell a few times, then he forced himself to close his eyes and regulate his breathing.

A few seconds later, when he reopened his eyes, the blood-red color had faded, but what remained was a deep-seated callousness and indifference. "Grandma, have someone clean this up. I'll take Caden back first."

Hayden stretched his long legs and left.

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Hayden left, his tall figure disappearing from the study. Mrs. Crawford's eyes turned red, and she could only keep sighing.

At this moment, Beryl walked in to tidy up the mess on the floor. "Madam, did you mention Serena again in front of the young master?"

Mrs. Crawford sat wearily on the sofa. "Yes, every time I mention Serena, he always gets very angry, as if unable to control his rage, wanting to smash things to vent. Hayden's state makes me so worried. The more peaceful he's been over these three years, the more I feel he's repressing it. I fear... when Serena returns, he will explode. I'm afraid he will harm Serena, even more afraid he won't let himself go."

Beryl also sighed. "I can see that the young master has come to hate Serena. The love from before has turned into hate now. But fortunately, the young master has little Caden now, someone to accompany him, so he's not completely alone."

Mentioning little Caden, a few gratified smiles quickly appeared on Mrs. Crawford's aged face. Little Caden and Hayden Crawford are like they were carved from the same mold, a mini version of father and son.

Three years ago, Serena Sterling dealt Hayden a blow. After Hayden narrowly escaped death, his father, Jude Crawford, used his genes to find a surrogate, thus little Caden was born.

Actually, it is evident that Hayden didn't want this son, but the Crawford family needed an heir, so he tacitly approved of little Caden's existence.

The outside world speculates on who little Caden's biological mother is, but little Caden is from a surrogate.

Mrs. Crawford lovingly smiled, "At first, Hayden didn't like little Caden either, but little Caden has a pair of very beautiful eyes. Those eyes are pure and clear, just like... Serena's."

"Indeed," Beryl nodded, "Perhaps it's destiny, little Caden somehow ended up with eyes remarkably similar to Serena's. I still remember that day when the young master came to the nursery, little Caden opened his eyes and looked at his daddy. The young master's stunned expression, perhaps, little Caden reminded him of the child he and Serena lost. From that day on, the young master took little Caden home and raised him himself."

Mrs. Crawford smiled, "Yes, little Caden is three years old this year. For three years, Hayden has been raising him. Hayden, a big man, we were initially worried he wouldn't be able to raise little Caden well, until once when little Caden had a fever that wouldn't go down. Hayden stayed with him for seven days without closing his eyes, bloodshot eyes everywhere. Only then did we truly feel relieved because Hayden is a good father."

"But," Mrs. Crawford's tone shifted once more, filled with worry, "Caden remains trapped in his own world, never playing with others, never speaking, which makes me very worried. Sometimes I think, with Serena gone, we've all made a mess of ourselves."

Beryl looked at Mrs. Crawford and reassured, "Madam, let's look forward. Everything will get better."

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Hayden Crawford arrived at the bedroom door, having regained his calm and composure, showing no trace of his earlier outburst.

He lifted his distinctly jointed fingers and began to knock on the door. The "knock knock knock" sound was strong and firm, "Caden Crawford, I'll give you three seconds, open the door for me quick. You know this broken door can't stop me, one, two..."

Hayden immediately started counting.

Just as he was about to count to "three," with a "click," the room door opened, and a small figure appeared. It was Caden Crawford.

Caden Crawford is Hayden's son, who perfectly inherited all of Hayden's excellent genes, with a delicate little face that's a miniature of Hayden's.

Caden was both handsome and sweet-looking, with soft, short wavy hair, finely chiseled features, his small face adorned with extremely clear and pure big eyes, like striking black grapes. Anyone who saw him would want to hold him.

However, Caden was very cold, just like his daddy Hayden, neither of whom liked to smile, icy and distant.

No one could control this little genius with an astounding intellect, except for Hayden Crawford.

Hayden had personally raised him from a young age, being both father and mother. Although Caden couldn't speak, he loved his daddy dearly.

Caden's height now only reached Hayden's knee. Hayden looked down at him, displeased while pursing his lips, "Why scared people off again?"

Caden took out paper and pen, and wrote: I'm not sick.

Hayden glanced at the words "I'm not sick" for a moment, then his gaze fell again on Caden's delicate little face. Now Caden was looking up at him with big, pure eyes like black grapes, silently insistent and stubborn, adding a bit of... a fawn-like innocence.

Those eyes... slowly overlapped with a pair of pure eyes deep in his memory.

Hayden's heart softened slowly, he bent down and stretched out a strong arm, holding Caden in his powerful embrace. "Come on, let's go home with Daddy."

Steadily held by his daddy, Caden took out another note, with a line already written on it.

Hayden glanced at it. Caden wrote: I don't like your new love, don't let her be my mommy!