

Substitute B 524

Chapter 524: He Is a Child with a Psychological Disorder

One hour later.

"Click"—the closet door was pushed open from the outside, letting a sliver of light inside. Hayden Crawford, tall and lean, stood at the doorway, gazing at the small figure curled up in the corner.

Serena Sterling moved slightly, her delicate, white hands supporting herself against the wall as she stood up. Her face was dry—there were no tears.

She raised her head to look at him, her voice calm as she asked, "Are you done?"

Hayden curled his thin lips into a cold smile, though the smile didn't reach his eyes, "This time, it's done. We'll have another round later. If Ms. Sterling is interested, she can stay here."

Serena's white hands supported her as she slowly walked out, "No, thank you. I'm taking my friend and leaving."

Serena walked out. As soon as she entered the room, she saw clothes strewn across the soft wool carpet—both men's and women's. The bed was chaotic, the evidence of a passionate encounter.

Eva was there too, dressing up, her fingers hooked on her nightgown's strap. She was covered in sweat; she must've been quite enthusiastic earlier.

Hearing footsteps, Eva turned and glanced at Serena.

Eva's expression was peculiar, lacking her previous arrogance, and she seemed rather exhausted.

Serena had no interest in observing the aftermath of passion; she opened the room door and left.

She left.

Eva looked toward Hayden Crawford, genuinely worn out—who wouldn't be after pretending for a whole hour, her throat raw from faking it.

"Mr. Crawford, tonight..." Eva finally understood that everything was fake—the new lover was fake, the shame was fake—and the whole act was just a show for Serena Sterling.

Thanks to Serena, Eva had successfully become one of Hayden Crawford's exes.

Hayden kept his eyes on Serena's slender figure until she disappeared from view. He pressed his thin lips together, then cast a somber glance at Eva, "I don't want a third person to know about tonight's event. Understand?"

"Understood! Understood!" Eva nodded urgently.

"Get out!" Hayden forced out a merciless word.

Eva didn't dare linger. She grabbed her clothes quickly and fled without looking back.

Eva finally realized that Hayden had locked Serena in the closet, making her pretend to scream—such behavior seemed pathological.

But whatever his issues might be, it was a world that only he and Serena Sterling inhabited, filled with passions and grudges that she couldn't penetrate.

To them, everyone else was an outsider.

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Following the advice of a psychologist, Hayden Crawford sent Caden Crawford to a private elite kindergarten.

The psychologist said that Caden, with his remarkable IQ, held hostility toward every psychologist trying to treat him. He would've never opened his heart to genuinely accept therapy. The best approach now was to get Caden to integrate into his little community and play with other kids, learning to communicate.

Hayden personally drove Caden to the elite kindergarten, patting his little head, "Caden Crawford, you're starting school now. Be good and listen to the teachers here, behave well, and Daddy will pick you up in the afternoon."

Caden, with his backpack on, nodded.

At this moment, Mr. Collins ran out of the kindergarten, taking Caden's small hand, "Mr. Crawford, rest assured that Caden is in good hands with us; we'll take good care of him."

"Alright, Mr. Collins, let's keep in touch anytime regarding Caden's situation."

"Okay. Caden, say bye to Daddy." Mr. Collins led Caden back to the classroom.

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In the classroom, all the kids gathered around Caden,

Wow, what's your name? You're so pretty, prettier than a girl.

Dumb, he's a boy. You should say handsome, really really handsome!

Let's be best friends! I'm called Pip.

With the genetic gifts from Hayden and Serena, Caden was born exquisitely beautiful. Today, he was wearing a white shirt, plaid suspenders, and a bow tie, emanating a noble gentlemanly aura. All the kids were eager to be his friend.

But Caden sat in his little chair, uninterested in any of the kids around him, his demeanor cold.

Outside the classroom, Mr. Collins led a graceful figure over, "Ms. Sterling, this will be your class from now on. These children are all lovely little angels, requiring our abundant love, patience, and understanding. Among them is a unique boy who recently joined. His situation is special and needs your extra attention—his name is Caden Crawford."

Mr. Collins pointed at Caden inside.

Serena had arrived. She got firsthand information that Hayden had sent Caden to this private elite kindergarten, so she came to apply for a teaching position.

Since parting ways with Hayden at The Emperor's Club, she no longer had any expectations for him. Now, she only wanted to see her son, Caden Crawford.

Serena followed Mr. Collins' gesture and instantly spotted Caden inside.

Her heart melted immediately. Her little Caden looked different from Pip and Stella; Pip and Stella were identical twins who resembled her, while Caden was practically Hayden's little replica.

Three years ago, after giving birth to Caden, she had used her last ounce of strength to take a glance at him. He was still in swaddling clothes then, and she ruthlessly sent him to Hayden to let this firstborn accompany his Daddy.

Since waking up, she had constantly missed her little Caden—wondering how big he had grown, how he looked, if he was doing well, if he ever...thought of her as his mommy.

Now, Serena finally saw her little Caden, gazing at his delicate, rose-carved face and Hayden's identical cold and noble demeanor. Her heart felt waves of ripples; she desperately wanted to run in and hold Caden in her arms.

At that moment, Mr. Collins said, "Ms. Sterling, I must inform you about Caden's situation. Caden is three years old this year, but he still hasn't started speaking. He's indifferent to the outside world and never plays with other kids. Psychologists say he has a syndrome of isolation."

What?

Serena's long lashes trembled sharply, looking at Mr. Collins with immense surprise, "Mr. Collins, what did you just say? Caden hasn't started speaking yet, and has...isolation syndrome?"

"Yes," Mr. Collins nodded with a serious expression, "Although Caden's IQ is close to breaking humanity's limits, born as a genius with high intelligence, unfortunately, he's a child with psychological defects."