

## Substitute B 146

### Chapter 146: I'm Just a Patient

In the luxurious Rolls-Royce Phantom, Hayden Crawford was driving, and he hadn't spoken the entire way.

Serena Sterling already knew he was angry. She turned her small face towards him, her eyes curving with a smile, "Mr. Crawford, are you angry?"

Hayden Crawford kept his large hands on the steering wheel, staring straight ahead, "And you're still asking, knowing the answer?"

"... Mr. Crawford, I can explain this matter. I didn't know that the principal of The St. Lyra Academy is your aunt, nor did I know that Zane Crawford is your brother. Today was just an accident."

Hayden Crawford gave her a glance, "Zane is your colleague?"

He hadn't known that Zane Crawford was in Bayside, or that he had joined the Privy Council and become colleagues with Serena Sterling. After all, Zane was an esteemed academician in Aethelgard, a master surgeon, why would he come to Bayside?

Serena Sterling nodded honestly, "Yeah, he was already there when I joined the Privy Council."

"Are you two close?"

"Not really. I just found out his name..."

"Nothing else?"

"What do you want to hear? Zane Crawford... he helped me a few times..."

Before Serena could finish her sentence, Hayden pushed his tongue against his right cheek, a low, hoarse laugh rolling out from his throat. The Zane Crawford in his memory wasn't the meddling type, in fact, he was rather cool and distant. Moreover, they barely knew each other's names, so why would he help her?

Hayden Crawford turned the steering wheel sharply, and the Rolls-Royce Phantom shot forward like an arrow.

Ah!

At such speed, it felt like they were racing. Serena felt as if she were going to be flung out, and she paled in fear, "Mr. Crawford, slow down. This is really dangerous."

A shadow fell over Hayden's handsome brows, and he didn't slow down at all, pressing the accelerator to the floor.

Serena felt dizzy, almost nauseous, "Mr. Crawford, if you keep this up without calming down, I'll get angry too. Let me ask you, Iris Crawford is your aunt. Is it through her that you got Yasmine Sterling into The St. Lyra Academy? You still have plenty of romantic debts, yet you're here questioning me. I don't understand what you're angry about. I'll say it again: Zane and I have nothing going on!"

Serena sat up straight, angrily turning her small face towards the window, ignoring him.

The luxurious car cabin fell into an oppressive silence. This was technically their first real little quarrel.

Hayden Crawford untied two buttons on his shirt, as if only then could he breathe. How could he not be angry? This dinner was actually a matchmaking event. His aunt had her eyes on his Mrs. Crawford and wanted to introduce her to his brother Zane.

He didn't like the feeling of her being desired by others.

Not one bit.

Hayden glanced at her, the girl's face was as white as a sheet. The high speed made her tense and uncomfortable. Her small hands clutched her dress tightly, enduring it silently.

Hayden's anger was like being doused with a bucket of cold water. As a mature and rational man, he obviously knew how dangerous it was to speed on the road. But he couldn't control himself; he hadn't even considered her feelings, dragging her into something so extreme.

Hayden's hand was covered in cold sweat. Never before had he been so clearly aware of how terrifying he could be when out of control.

He immediately slowed down and pulled over.

Serena quickly opened the passenger door and found a trash can by the roadside, bending over to vomit.

She hadn't eaten anything tonight, just a small sip of red wine. After a few dry heaves, she only brought up a little bile, leaving her eyes red with discomfort.

Hayden got out of the car, coming to her side. He wanted to raise his hand to pat her back, but it froze mid-air, and after a few seconds, he retracted it.

He handed her a white handkerchief.

Serena stopped vomiting, took the handkerchief to wipe her mouth, then looked up at him, "You're angry, but don't speed like that again. I don't like you driving so fast, it makes me very uncomfortable."

Hayden looked at her reddened eyes, with a few crystalline tears clinging to her long lashes, as if they would fall with a gentle flutter, making her look pitiful.

Hayden felt as if a knife were twisting in his heart, it hurt, and it shaped his thin lips into a shallow curve. He laughed hoarsely, "I didn't mean to drive so fast, it's like I couldn't control myself, you might as well think of it as... another episode."

Serena noticed the self-deprecation in his brows and quickly took out a pill, offering it to his lips, "Are you alright now? Take your medicine for tonight first."

Hayden turned his head, avoiding it.

He would usually take his pills obediently, cooperating with her acupuncture, but this was the first time he refused the medication.

"Why won't you take it?" Serena asked.

Hayden took the pill, tossing it straight into the trash can, "It doesn't work anyway, I'm just a sick man."

"Hey, what are you doing? How can you throw your medicine away?"

Serena's eyebrows knitted in worry, and she quickly opened the trash can lid, reaching inside with both hands to search for the pill.

Hayden quickly clasped her slender waist, pulling her into his arms, "Shouldn't I be asking what you're doing? Your hands are going into the trash?"

"Hayden Crawford, that's medicine, don't throw it away and don't give up on yourself, alright? You should cooperate with my treatment!"

Hayden held her soft waist, forcing her back into the car, his voice indifferent, "I don't want to take the medicine tonight; I'll take it tomorrow."

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Orchid Court.

Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling entered the living room, and the old lady hurriedly came to greet them. "You're back? Hayden, did you see that genius girl your aunt mentioned, is she very..."

The old lady didn't get to finish the word "matched," as Hayden interrupted, "Yes, I saw her, and I even brought her back."

"What do you mean?" The old lady was taken aback.

Feeling embarrassed, Serena Sterling stepped forward, holding the old lady's hand, "Grandma, it's a bit of a misunderstanding. The principal... I mean, aunt, and I knew each other from before."

The old lady looked Serena up and down, "Serena, the genius girl Iris mentioned, it can't be... you?"

Serena blinked her lashes, "Seems like... yes."

"But, everyone says you only graduated from high school..."

"Grandma, I don't know how this story spread, but I was admitted to Aethelgard's top medical university's junior class at 13, became a postdoc at 15. Having nothing more to learn, I returned. Along the way, I met aunt, who invited me to study at The St. Lyra Academy, but I felt it was too far from home, so I declined. This time, aunt invited me to the gathering again, and it's really that simple."