

Substitute B 151

Chapter 151: You Really Put On Quite a Show for Me

Serena Sterling collapsed into Zane Crawford's embrace, her pale face resting against his firm chest, making Zane's entire body stiffen for a moment.

The girl in his arms seemed boneless, a creation crafted by the heavens; a girl's touch was entirely different from that of a boy. Serena Sterling felt like she was made of water, just as the books describe. Zane could smell the light, sweet scent of a young girl on her, exactly the same as the scent he had noticed two years ago on the streets of the City of Aethelgard when her slender white fingers interlaced with his long ones.

Zane Crawford lowered his handsome eyelids, then slowly raised his hand to embrace her delicate shoulders.

At this moment, someone outside widened her eyes - it was Yasmine Sterling.

Yasmine Sterling had come to look for Serena Sterling, wanting to share her good news with Serena. But when she arrived, she witnessed this scene: Serena was being held in a man's arms.

Yasmine quickly covered her own mouth and quietly stepped aside. She knew Zane Crawford; he was the heartthrob of The Concordiat Research Institute. Ever since she joined, the senior girls couldn't stop talking about Zane Crawford.

However, she didn't know much about Zane's background. He was not from the elite of Bayside and was just passing time in the pharmacy. Handsome, yes, but Yasmine prided herself on not being shallow. She was set on marrying Hayden Crawford and naturally looked down on Zane.

Yasmine never expected Serena Sterling to have something going on with Zane Crawford.

Serena Sterling was a married woman! This was effectively putting a green hat on Hayden Crawford!

Yasmine's heart raced wildly. She felt her luck couldn't be better - she caught Serena Sterling cheating.

She quickly took out her phone and snapped a picture of Zane holding Serena, then scrolled to Hayden Crawford's contact and sent the photo.

Having done all this, Yasmine waited to watch the drama unfold.

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At this moment, a Rolls-Royce Phantom had merged into the night, silently stopping outside the gates of The Concordiat Research Institute. Hayden Crawford had come to pick up Serena Sterling.

Hayden Crawford hadn't slept at all last night. A circle of stubble surrounded his resolute jaw. He wore a black turtleneck beneath a black coat. Dressed entirely in black, he exuded a natural coldness and aloofness, warning strangers to keep away.

He took out his phone and found Serena Sterling's contact on WeChat.

His WeChat featured only her.

All day at the office, he was distracted, constantly checking his phone, waiting for her to message him. But all day, she hadn't reached out.

What was she doing?

He called Orchid Court to inquire, and his grandmother said she hadn't returned.

It was already so late, why wasn't she home yet?

Hayden had the urge to smoke again. Earlier, his grandmother jokingly reprimanded him, "Aren't you so tough? You're upset, so you don't come home at night. Well, keep your composure and stop calling home, Serena Sterling hasn't returned yet. Be careful, or else your wife might just be whisked away by someone else!"

Hayden's thin lips curled in self-mockery. Yes, he was the angry one, and now he was the one afraid. He was very afraid she'd run off with someone else.

Hayden planned to call Serena Sterling, but just then, a "ding" sounded as a message arrived.

He opened the message and saw the photo Yasmine had sent.

Hayden's profound eyes suddenly narrowed, and his tall, firm figure froze.

He examined the photo several times. It was undoubtedly his Mrs. Crawford held in Zane Crawford's embrace!

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The pharmacy was quiet and still. Zane gently held Serena Sterling as her senses began to return after a temporary dizziness.

The poison of the mandrake was too potent. Even though she had built immunity from childhood by soaking in medicinal herbs, it still barely countered the poison. If it had been someone else, they'd be dead by now.

This round of poison testing wasn't successful. She had to undertake another round.

Her long lashes fluttered, and Serena attempted to open her eyes, but her vision remained dark.

At that moment, she felt a large hand pressing on her fragrant shoulder, and Zane's voice came from above, "Are you okay?"

As her senses returned, Serena realized she was leaning against Zane. Startled, she wondered how she ended up in his arms. She quickly reached out to push him away.

But she couldn't muster any strength, her small hands pressing against his chest with a hint of reluctance.

Then a deep and cold voice sounded at her ear, "You really put on quite a show for me!"

Serena quickly looked up as her vision gradually returned. Standing at the door was the tall and formidable figure of Hayden Crawford!

Hayden was enveloped in a cold frost, those deep, narrow eyes tinged with a terrifying crimson shooting straight over, the gaze like poison-coated ice. For the first time, Serena saw such a frightening look in his eyes, a murderous intent clear.

"Mr. Crawford..."

Serena called out, but Hayden had already started striding over, his sharply tailored trousers exuding a powerful and menacing aura. Approaching, he grabbed Zane's collar and threw a solid punch.

Zane took the punch, stumbling to the ground, blood immediately seeping from the corner of his mouth.

Hayden sent another punch his way, forcing out a harsh voice, "Zane Crawford, do you know who she is? She's my wife, your sister-in-law!"

Zane's handsome face quickly bruised, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand, his cool black eyes meeting Hayden's, sparks flying, "Does she know you're a lunatic who escaped from the asylum?"

Hayden's tongue ran across his dry lips with a "heh," and he punched Zane several more times.

Serena was terrified. It was her first time seeing Hayden hit someone like this. She struggled twice, her soft, powerless body arduously rising from the ground, then rushed forward, hugging Hayden's robust waist from behind, "Mr. Crawford, enough, stop fighting!"

Someone holding him from behind greatly restricted Hayden's movements. He straightened his tall back, his voice icy, "Let go, do you hear me?"

"I won't let go, Mr. Crawford. You're mistaken, we didn't do anything. Don't hit him, don't get excited!"

Serena dared not let go because she knew his emotional outburst signaled another imminent breakdown.

Hayden's strong chest heaved like a beast, his handsome eyelids closing heavily, his fist, clenched till his knuckles were white, slowly unclenching.

He turned and clasped Serena's delicate wrist, pulling her along to leave.

But at that moment, Zane swiftly rose, grabbing Serena's other wrist.

She was held by both men simultaneously.