

Substitute B 153

Chapter 153: He Hates Himself This Way

What is he saying?

How can he so easily spit out the words "divorce"?

Serena, who had just tasted poison, felt unwell all over. Now she was deeply hurt by him, her fair eyes quickly turning red with grievance. She looked at him, "Hayden Crawford, all I've ever cared about is your health. You have no heart. If you keep being unreasonable, I won't like you anymore!"

Hayden Crawford clasped her slender wrists with a few long fingers, pressing them dominantly above her head, trapping her in his arms, unable to move. "If you don't like me, so be it. Do you think I don't have other women besides you? There are plenty of women prettier and better than you, all of whom would come rushing to me with just one look!"

Serena's delicate nose suddenly turned red, and a layer of crystalline mist quickly covered her bright eyes.

Hayden held her with one hand, using the other to remove her pants, his voice fierce, "But this isn't done between us. You're still my Mrs. Crawford. If you dare to sleep with another man behind my back, I'll see how I deal with you!"

Serena couldn't help but struggle, "Hayden Crawford, don't touch me!"

"Serena Sterling, I'm not in a good mood now. You better be obedient, or else I don't know what I'll do. Or are you struggling because you're not a virgin?" Hayden's narrow eyes were already bloodshot, gloomy, irritable, and bloodthirsty.

He was really having an episode.

Serena knew that struggling now would only add fuel to the fire, further angering him. She turned her face away, refusing to look at him, but tears instantly streamed down her eyes.

Hayden closed his handsome eyes and pulled at her pants...

Soon, Hayden buried his face in her long hair, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing up and down, realizing the answer—she was still pure.

He began to kiss her hair, his thin lips trailing to her snow-white earlobe, his voice hoarse. "Serena Sterling, always remember your identity. You are my Mrs. Crawford. If you really end up with another man, I won't want you anymore, do you hear me? I, Hayden Crawford, don't lack women, so don't challenge my bottom line!"

The girl in his arms said nothing.

Hayden opened his eyes to look at her. Serena had her eyes closed, her pale little face already covered in tears.

Hayden's tall, strong body suddenly stiffened. He looked dazedly at the girl, whose face was covered in tears. He had already cornered her against the wall, and now she was hanging her head sobbing, her pearly teeth biting her red lips until they were bloodless. This appearance, curled up and bullied by him, was truly pitiful.

It felt like a bucket of cold water had been poured over his head, extinguishing all the brutality in his chest. His reason was slowly returning. He didn't know what he had just said or done!

She must really hate him now!

Because he hated his own uncontrollable, episodic behavior!

Hayden's gaze fell on her slender wrists. At the research institute, he had pulled her so hard that her delicate skin now had red marks.

Not just that, but there were marks on her waist and legs caused by him.

His grip was strong, almost leaving marks wherever he touched, looking shockingly vivid.

Hayden quickly released her, his heart feeling empty, painful—each breath hurt.

His thin lips moved, but in the end, he couldn't say a word. Hayden raised his hand, directly punching the mirror beside him.

The mirror shattered all over the floor, and several long cuts appeared on the back of his hand, blood flowing out.

He turned and left directly.

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Hayden didn't leave but stayed in the CEO's office, sitting in the black leather chair, starting to smoke. The smoke obscured his handsome face, only vaguely showing his tightly furrowed brows forming the character " ". The crimson cigarette ash fell from his fingertips, exuding a layer of hostility.

After an unknown amount of time, a soft cry suddenly came from the resting room inside, "Ah!"

Hayden was startled, quickly flicking the cigarette butt from his fingertips into the ashtray. He strode over, pushing open the door to the resting room, "What's wrong?"

Serena had cried enough. Now her eyes and nose were red, and tears hung from her long eyelashes. Having put on clothes, she stepped down from the washstand, but because her limbs had been inactive for so long, they had gone numb, and upon landing, she almost stumbled.

Serena looked up at the man standing by the door, her voice muffled, "Why didn't you leave?"

Hayden didn't expect her to still want to talk to him. Didn't she no longer like him, hate him?

Hayden's voice was hoarse, "You're here, I don't want to leave, nor dare to. I just feel more secure guarding you. I'm afraid if I leave, you'll leave too, and in the future... I'll never find you again."

Serena hummed. At this moment, she felt dizzy, and her slender body fell directly towards the carpet.

Hayden's pupils shrank, filled with rage and concern. He extended his long arms, pulling her into his arms, "Serena Sterling! What's happened to you?"

Serena opened her eyes, and Hayden's handsome features enlarged in her vision. Now his face was overflowing with tension and worry, along with deep self-blame and guilt.

"I already told you, I'm feeling unwell today, but you didn't believe me," Serena presented her finger's wound in front of him, "At the research institute, I accidentally cut my finger, lost a lot of blood, so I feel a bit dizzy. Zane Crawford just supported me coincidentally when you saw it. Mr. Crawford, can't you trust me just this once?"

Hayden looked at her little face pale as paper. He should have noticed her abnormal complexion at the research institute, but jealousy clouded his mind, and he didn't even realize she got hurt.

Now, he brought her back and tormented her harshly again.

"I trust you, I do," Hayden held her small hand, bringing it to his lips for a scattered and firm kiss. "Mrs. Crawford, I'm sorry. I don't even know why I'm always like this. I hate being like this."

Serena looked at his reddened eyes, reaching out to embrace his neck, "I'm still a bit dizzy. Carry me to bed, and I'll be fine after resting for a while."

Hayden quickly picked her up horizontally, carrying her to the soft big bed.

He took out the medical kit, kneeling on one knee by the bedside, and began treating the wound on her finger.

His demeanor was very focused, actions gentle for fear of hurting her. After treating her finger, he applied medicine to her wrists, carefully and tenderly attending to the places he had reddened.

Having done all this, returning the medical kit, he stood up and started to clean up the mess all over the floor with a broom.

Serena watched him. The wound on his hand wasn't treated, but the blood had already crusted. Quickly, he squatted down, picking up that pill he had thrown away, silently placing it in his mouth before swallowing it.

Serena suddenly felt a large hand gripping her heart tightly, causing her pain.