

Substitute B 162

Chapter 162: I Just Said a Few Bad Things About You

Serena Sterling certainly knows that Yasmine Sterling has always been coveting her Mr. Crawford. Just after securing a victory, Yasmine couldn't wait to latch onto Mr. Crawford.

Serena Sterling sent a WeChat message, huffing—Mr. Crawford, why don't you chat a bit with that prodigious young lady?

Hayden Crawford—I'm afraid you'll hit me.

Serena Sterling—Yet you found the time to message me but not the time to handle her???

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Seeing the three question marks, Hayden Crawford curled his thin lips a bit. He could almost imagine the indignant expression of his little kitten at home.

Yasmine Sterling beside him, blushing, gazed at Hayden with admiration. Leaving The Concordiat Research Institute, she was like a proud little sparrow eager to rush to him. The genius girl had already become the talk of the entire Bayside, surely Hayden must have noticed. She wanted to show him the dazzling brilliance she wore upon her head.

Yasmine greatly anticipated seeing Hayden regret for being enchanted by that country bumpkin Serena Sterling. By now, everyone was baffled by how he had fallen for Serena. But he should be coming to his senses now, as divorcing Serena was part of his plan.

"Mr. Crawford, today at the institute, Serena lied, saying she was the one who saved the elderly lady. But Serena only has a high school education and probably can't even handle a silver needle. As I used the Golden

Needle to save the elderly lady again, Serena thoroughly angered Director Pace, who expelled her. But Serena is my sister, after all, and I sympathize with her—thinking she lost her mind out of jealousy toward me. I'll certainly find a chance to plea to Director Pace for her..."

Before Yasmine could finish, she saw Hayden smiling while fiddling with his phone. She froze immediately. Had he listened at all to what she'd said?

It seemed when she appeared, he didn't even look her straight in the eyes and instead took out his phone from his pocket, like he was messaging someone.

"Mr. Crawford, is there some work you need to attend to?" Yasmine tentatively asked.

Hayden put away his phone, his deep, narrow gaze finally falling lightly upon Yasmine's pretty face. "Oh, it's nothing. I was just chatting with my Mrs. Crawford."

Yasmine's face turned pale; had he been messaging Serena all this time?

Serena has scandalized herself a great deal, becoming the joke around town, yet he hasn't gotten tired of her?

"Mr. Crawford, Serena's mood must be bad, right? Everyone says she doesn't dare to show up anymore; feels ashamed and afraid of disgrace. She's been silent all afternoon..."

Serena had left the institute just at midday, and during this time, having done nothing yet, rumors spread that she secretly hid away and dared not meet anyone, "silent" now being a word attached to her.

Hayden looked at Yasmine, then suddenly moved a step forward, advancing towards her.

Yasmine's heart skipped a beat. The tall, robust shadow of the man quickly cast over her, a powerful and intimidating aura forcing her into retreat until her back hit the wall. Her pretty face was flushed red.

She looked at the man in front of her, close enough, appreciating his flawlessly handsome features. Yasmine had never had a chance to get this close because Hayden never gave her the opportunity.

What's he doing now?

Yasmine was thrilled, unable to help thinking he might confess to her.

"Mr. Crawford, what's...what's going on?"

Hayden halted at a short distance, gazing down at Yasmine with his handsome eyelids, "Last time you sent me the photo, I hadn't thanked you yet."

"About that...actually, I saw it unintentionally. But Serena and Zane Crawford were indeed very close..."
Yasmine prepared to report the affair.

A trace of light amusement glimmered in Hayden's narrow gaze. He gently interrupted Yasmine, "Staying hidden in corners and spying on others like that must be tiring, right?"

What?

Yasmine froze completely.

Hayden's eyes narrowed slightly, the playful gaze revealing a cold indifference, "Just now when I chatted with Mrs. Crawford—I suppose you really wanted to know what we talked about—it was nothing much, just...saying some bad things about you. I said you were trying to seduce me."

"..."

Yasmine gasped, her flushed face drained of color. Only now did she realize that this man didn't intervene between her and Serena's petty skirmishes; but when he does, even in humiliation, he does it with utter ruthlessness, leaving no room for reprieve.

"From now on, don't bother trying to scheme against me. Or even if Mrs. Crawford pleads mercy for you, I might not be able to resist expelling you from Bayside."

With that, Hayden turned and left.

He was gone.

Yasmine dug her fingers into the wall tightly, her eyes turning red. Why was Hayden so cold and ruthless towards her?

Although she had become so outstanding and dazzling, his gaze still hadn't rested upon her.

Yasmine felt he had squashed all her pride and dignity, her expectations, and vanity, dealing her a crushing blow!

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In the presidential suite, Leah asked Serena Sterling, "Serena, are you really not going to do anything about your Mr. Crawford?"

Serena Sterling lifted her eyebrows, "If he's truly yours, no need to manage him; if not, managing him won't work. I trust he'll take care of Yasmine on his own."

Leah brushed a curl away from her cheek, "A woman's sense of security is given by her man. Seems Mr. Crawford gives you peace of mind."

Serena Sterling didn't deny it. Since they'd met, Hayden had always made her feel secure, at ease.

Just then, an assistant approached, "Beauty Thorne, the live stream is about to start. Erica Hawthorne next door is also streaming, in the same time slot. Competition is intense. Our viewers were handily leaving hers behind on the streets, but now Yasmine, the immensely popular prodigious young lady, suddenly tweeted and parachuted herself into Erica's stream, so Erica's viewers instantly surpassed ours."

Leah's debut live-streaming show had long been set for trending, although Erica was a new male-dominated goddess, she didn't rank at Leah's level.

But having been provoked by Hayden earlier, Yasmine seemed intent on opposing Leah, directly channeling her traffic into Erica's stream.

Things are getting explosive.

Serena put her arm around Leah's shoulder, "Leah, seems we'll be teaming up for this stream. What do you say? Now everyone online awaits the abandoned, divorce-marred Serena Sterling to unexpectedly parachute into your stream. Could my villainous traffic counteract the prodigious young lady Yasmine Sterling's?"

Leah raised her alluring water-like eyes, "Serena, don't overdo it. It's Yasmine's triumphant moment now. If you outshine the heroine as a villain, Yasmine will lose all face."