

Substitute B 197

Chapter 197: Serena, Please Come Back Now, Okay?

Hayden Crawford didn't know how fast he was driving. When the glaring double flashlights of the truck came towards him, he immediately felt his eyes hurt and broke into a cold sweat.

In his youth, he had walked into desperate situations several times and felt no fear in the face of death, sometimes even feeling a sense of relief. But now, his pupils suddenly contracted, and his large hands quickly turned the steering wheel, saving himself.

He didn't want to die.

Now, he didn't want to die at all.

He had become very protective of his life.

Because he had Mrs. Crawford.

Since having Mrs. Crawford, he was filled with attachment to this world. In the spark of a moment, his mind was full of happy and sweet moments with her.

Before meeting her, he didn't think his condition was that bad. Days were neither good nor bad. Later, after meeting her, he started to crave the warmth held in his hands. He wanted to make himself better. He even told her that in the future, he would give half his kidney to her, and the other half to support her and the kids.

But now, none of it had come true.

Hayden Crawford fiercely turned the steering wheel, and the Rolls-Royce Phantom luxury car almost brushed against the truck. Soon, the luxury car crashed into the guardrail and wall, with a bang raising a trail of sparks before finally coming to a stop.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom is a world-class luxury car, and its defensive capabilities in the event of an accident are among the best. The entire car was scrapped now, but Hayden Crawford also narrowly escaped disaster.

He lay over the steering wheel, his body feeling like it was falling apart after the violent collision, and his vision was all black, unable to see anything.

Many people rushed over and opened the driver's door, "Sir... sir... can you hear me?"

Hayden Crawford's ears were buzzing, and he didn't respond to these people. He extended his blood-stained hand to fumble around the passenger seat.

"Sir, we've already called 911. You're injured badly right now. It's best not to move. What are you trying to find?"

Everyone looked at Hayden Crawford. The man was in a neat black suit, and even after a car accident, he remained impeccably dignified. Coupled with the multi-million dollar luxury car, it was clear he was a man of high status.

Now his body was covered in blood, and it was hard to tell where he was injured. He ignored those trying to help him and continued searching diligently for something.

"Sir, are you looking for your phone?"

At this moment, a woman handed the phone that had fallen into the door crack to Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford took the phone and easily dialed Serena Sterling's number. Her phone number was so familiar to him that he didn't even need to look.

The call went out, and the melodious ringtone on the other end rang once before quickly being picked up. The crowd heard a clear, sweet voice respond, "Hello, Mr. Crawford."

There was laughter from others on the other end, "Serena, another call from Mr. Crawford, huh? Seems like Mr. Crawford is quite clingy, calling every few minutes. Isn't he afraid to leave you alone?"

Everyone looked at the man whose face was covered in blood, and saw Hayden Crawford pull at his thin pale lips, hoarsely calling out, "Serena."

On the other side, Serena Sterling quickly sensed something was wrong with his voice. The noise in her ear vanished, as she must have run to a quiet, secluded place, and asked anxiously, "Mr. Crawford, what's wrong? Why does your voice sound strange?"

"Serena, please come back now, okay?" Hayden Crawford mumbled, clutching the phone.

"Mr. Crawford, what's exactly wrong? Where are you now?"

"I had a little... car accident. I'm in a lot of pain, Serena, I'm in so much pain..."

He repeatedly told her, Serena, I'm in pain. He wanted so much for her to come back. Earlier he had no excuse, but now the car accident provided the perfect one.

That little perseverance he was holding onto finally couldn't last. As the phone slipped from his hand, Hayden Crawford heard the urgent call from the girl, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crawford!

...

Serena Sterling hurried to the hospital, where Hayden Crawford had already been taken to a ward, now unconscious.

"Doctor, how is he? How did he have a car accident out of the blue?"

"The patient suffered a severe impact and has various degrees of abrasions on his body. They have been treated, and for now, there's no significant danger. He should wake up shortly, but after waking, he should stay for observation for two more days. This car accident was very serious, but it's fortunate the patient was driving a Rolls-Royce and reacted quickly. Next time, be sure to slow down, because the next time luck might not be so favorable." After saying this, the doctor left.

Serena Sterling stood by the hospital bed, looking at the now unconscious Hayden Crawford, her fair eye rims suddenly turning red, covered with a layer of glistening mist.

They were having a gathering earlier, and Hayden Crawford had a car accident. Zane Crawford, Director Vincent Terry, and Shania were all worried and came along. Shania hugged Serena Sterling's shoulders, "Serena, I just found out that they said Mr. Crawford was driving so recklessly, speeding like a rocket..."

Serena Sterling held Shania's hand, "Shania, I want to stay here and accompany Mr. Crawford, thank you all, you can go back."

"Alright, Serena, call us if anything happens, okay?" Everyone then walked out.

Zane Crawford looked back at Serena Sterling when he reached the door. Serena Sterling had sat beside the bed, holding Hayden Crawford's hand. Perhaps feeling heartbroken, she leaned down to kiss his hand, and as she kissed, tears fell like broken beads from her eyes.

Zane Crawford withdrew his gaze, but he didn't leave. Instead, he put both hands into his trouser pockets, gently leaning against the wall, silently keeping watch outside the door all night.

The next morning, Hayden Crawford opened his eyes, with his awareness slowly returning. Everything in sight was white, and there was the pungent smell of disinfectant. He was in the hospital.

Hayden Crawford moved a bit, only to find his hand was being tightly held. He turned his head and saw Serena Sterling lying by the bed.

Serena Sterling had fallen asleep, but even in her dreams, she held his hand tightly, not daring to let go.

She came back, she was back by his side again.

Hayden Crawford turned slightly, pressing his pale handsome face close to her cheek. The bedsheet under her face was wet with tears, evidently from crying for a long time.

Now, fine droplets of tears still hung on her long lashes. The girl sleeping obediently, looking beautiful yet pitiful with tears like pear blossoms in the rain.

The confusion and struggle within Hayden Crawford's heart were finally soothed by her presence. He lowered his gaze and gently kissed her eyes.

At this moment, Serena Sterling stirred and woke up.

"Mr. Crawford, you're awake, you're finally awake. Is there anywhere that hurts? Please tell me." Serena Sterling looked at Hayden Crawford nervously and with concern.

Hayden Crawford touched her small face, "It's okay. Seeing you makes it not hurt."

Serena Sterling clenched her fist and tapped his shoulder, "You scared me... Mr. Crawford, you really scared me..."

The girl murmured "You scared me," her voice suddenly choking, and tears fell again.