

Substitute B 199

Chapter 199: Her Beloved

Serena ran out and dismissed the doctor doing rounds. The doctor noticed her flushed face and was puzzled, thinking she might be ill. Serena lied that she was just too tired, and managed to pass it off.

She stood by the window, blowing in the cold wind for a good while, cursing Hayden Crawford that pervert several more times in her heart. Once the heat on her face dissipated, she prepared to return to the ward.

At this time, a familiar figure approached from the front— it was Iris Crawford.

Iris Crawford had arrived.

Two days ago, they had parted on bad terms at The Citadel Hotel. Although she didn't know exactly what Hayden and Iris had discussed, it certainly wasn't pleasant.

Serena stopped in her tracks, "Aunt, why are you here? Are you here to see Mr. Crawford?"

Iris looked at Serena, "I heard Hayden was in a car accident, so I came to check, Serena, I actually wanted to talk to you about something."

Serena glanced at the tightly closed ward door ahead, "Aunt, I am not interested in Mr. Crawford's past, so there's no need to bring it up again."

"No, I want to talk to you about the car accident."

"Car accident?"

Iris walked over, handing her a set of documents, "Serena, take a look yourself. The accident wasn't a coincidence. That night, Hayden wasn't in the office; he was driving and followed you all the way."

Serena took the documents, which contained images captured by road surveillance: Hayden's already scrapped Rolls Royce Phantom appeared at the gate of The Concordiat Research Institute and then followed her all the way.

Serena's heart trembled, he said he was at the office.

Why didn't he tell her?

"Serena, you're probably aware of Hayden's illness. Now it's clear, seeing you with Zane triggered him, he floored the gas pedal, completely losing control of his emotions, and crashed into an oncoming truck during a turn, causing the accident."

Serena looked up, her bright eyes fell on Iris's face, "Aunt, even if it's like this, what do you want to tell me?"

Iris paused, "Serena, aren't you afraid of him? He could have an episode at any time!"

Serena shook her head, "I'm not afraid of him. On the contrary, seeing this only makes me feel guilty, and heartache. Mr. Crawford lied about being in the office, yet he secretly followed me and got into an accident because of me. I will be more cautious in the future, keep my distance from Zane and other men, come home on time at night, and stay by his side."

"Aunt, though you apparently have ill-will against Mr. Crawford, and I'm not sure what you're up to, let me give you a piece of advice: stay away from my Mr. Crawford. The one you toss away like old shoes is my beloved, don't try to hurt him!"

After finishing, Serena threw the documents into the garbage bin and left directly.

Iris froze in place, completely unprepared for Serena's reaction. She wasn't afraid of Hayden at all. She said Hayden was her beloved and advised her to stay away from him, not to try to hurt him!

Iris clenched her fist, watching Serena's retreating figure, she said, "Serena, it's useless, your love can't save him!"

Serena up ahead slowly stopped.

Iris continued, "Serena, deep inside, you know better than anyone. Hayden has a terrifying possessiveness and need for control over you, even when he tries to restrain himself, he can't handle your excessive interaction with the outside world. Your love only fuels his greed, making him more insatiable. As soon as there's any small stir, he becomes suspicious of you and might escalate."

"Hayden is more ruthless than anyone; he has a deeply violent streak. If you think about it differently, don't you feel that his fast driving approached suicide? Today, he could commit suicide without blinking an eye; tomorrow, he could kill you. Serena, do you know you are living with a demon!"

Serena didn't turn back, after a long time, she softly said, "Finished?"

"Serena, don't you really wonder how this demon was raised? Do you not want to truly understand him? Isn't loving someone about knowing everything about them? Tomorrow, at The Westwood Cafe, I'll be waiting for you." After speaking, Iris turned around and left.

Iris left, and Serena stood in place for a long time, not moving.

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Hayden worked on some documents in the ward, and Ivan Yarrow came in to report some urgent company matters. Once Ivan left, Serena returned as well.

"Mrs. Crawford, where did you go? Why did it take so long?"

Serena looked up. Hayden was leaning against the headboard, holding a wholly English financial newspaper in his hands, his gaze not on her, as if it was just a casual question.

"Oh, I just had a phone call with Shania."

Hayden's fingers holding the newspaper paused slightly, his handsome eyelid moved, but soon returned to normal. He reached out and with force pulled her petite arm, causing Serena to fall directly onto his solid thigh.

"Mr. Crawford, what are you doing, you're injured, you'll reopen your wounds again later." Serena quickly pressed against his strong chest, trying to get up and check his injuries.

Hayden domineeringly held her slender waist, preventing her from moving around. His dark, narrow eyes fell on hers, "Mrs. Crawford, when did you learn to lie?"

Serena's heart skipped, did he know something?

Watching the girl's flustered eyes, Hayden hooked his thin lips and smiled, "Are you unwilling to sit on my lap because you're afraid my wounds will reopen or because you're... scared I'll continue what wasn't finished earlier?"

Serena breathed a sigh of relief, giving him a sidelong glance, "...Be serious, Mr. Crawford, you're holding a financial newspaper!"

"If you call me Mr. Crawford again, I'll have the illusion of having inappropriate relations with my female employees."

Serena quickly placed her small hand on her neckline, looking at him with a racing heart, "Mr. Crawford, don't mess around, I have a husband."

Hayden's breath deepened, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down. He turned over and pinned her beneath him, "Are you looking for trouble again?"

Serena giggled as she tried to dodge him; he wanted to play role-play, so she cooperated a little. Why was he being so fierce, can't handle it, huh?

But soon, the ward was filled with her pleas for mercy, "Mr. Crawford, I'm sorry, I was wrong, please forgive me this time."

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The Westwood Cafe.

Iris arrived first, sitting by the window, and soon another graceful figure appeared in her view, Serena had arrived.

Serena came to the appointment.

Iris wasn't surprised at all because she was sure Serena would come.