

Substitute B 202

Chapter 202: Second Poison Trial

Serena Sterling returned to Orchid Court. To avoid worrying her grandmother, she didn't say anything. She accompanied her grandmother for dinner and played for a while before returning to her bedroom.

It's already late, and Hayden Crawford hasn't come back.

Is he really not coming back tonight?

What is he doing now?

Serena didn't believe he went to find beautiful women to drink with; he must have said that out of anger.

Serena took out her phone and dialed Hayden Crawford's number, but couldn't get through. The cold, mechanical female voice said, "Sorry, the number you dialed is temporarily unavailable. Please try again later."

Serena called several times in a row, but he still didn't pick up.

Serena tossed and turned in bed, thinking about how Mr. Crawford was once locked in such a cold, damp place for three whole years during his youth, suffering from bullying. She made up her mind that she would heal him no matter the cost!

Her blood test results would be available tomorrow; the second poison test was imperative.

With a jumble of thoughts in her head, Serena fell into slumber.

...

After who knows how long, a luxury car slowly stopped on the lawn of Orchid Court. It was Hayden Crawford's new car, a Rolls-Royce Phantom, with even more advanced configurations and a slightly higher price. This luxury car has always been the choice of successful businessmen. Hayden has his unique taste, and his preferences are consistent, whether it's the car he drives or the girl he likes.

The villa's door was opened, and Beryl came out quietly, "Young Master, why did you come back so late? Do you want some hot dishes?"

Hayden was dressed in black, his whole demeanor carrying the night's chill, appearing deep and indifferent, "No need. Has Grandmother and Young Madam already gone to bed?"

"Yes, after dinner, Young Madam accompanied Old Mrs. Rathborne to decorate a cake with cream. Old Mrs. Rathborne was very amused." Beryl smiled.

Hayden glanced up at the bedroom door tightly closed upstairs. His girl has always been so obedient, never revealing anything to her grandmother even if they argued, a dutiful child.

Beryl continued, "Young Madam is charming and sweet-mouthed, always having little ideas to make Old Mrs. Rathborne happy. Since Young Madam married into the family, Old Mrs. Rathborne has been smiling more often than in recent years. By the way, Young Master, Young Madam made a dessert for you too."

Beryl walked into the kitchen to bring out the dessert Serena made, a soufflé with strawberries and blueberries garnishing the side, topped with a buttercream red rose.

Hayden doesn't like desserts, a fact Beryl knows, but she handed the spoon to Hayden, covering her mouth to stifle a laugh, "Young Master, your first red rose in life was given by Young Madam. You probably never expected a girl to give you roses, right? Go ahead and try it."

She likes desserts, and this is the first time she made one herself. The soufflé was made by Beryl, but the red rose was piped by Serena with her own hands. She gave him a red rose.

His first red rose in life.

Little fool, giving roses should be a man's gesture. As a girl, isn't it embarrassing for her to take the initiative?

Hayden picked up the spoon and took a bite.

Beryl asked, "Young Master, is it sweet?"

Hayden nodded and finished it all, "Yes, very sweet."

...

Hayden pushed open the bedroom door and walked in. There was only a dim lamp left on inside, and a delicate figure curled up on the soft big bed; Serena was already asleep.

Hayden walked over, his tall figure bending down, kneeling on one knee by the bedside, then extending his long fingers to stroke her little face.

The girl's little face was clean and warm, her skin smooth like silk.

He leaned down, his thin lips gently kissing and rubbing her forehead repetitively.

He saw the calls she made but didn't answer because he knew if he answered, he would rush home impatiently to be by her side.

He had no self-control in her presence.

"Serena, I was truly angry today because I don't want you to know about my dark, miserable past. As a husband, I wish to always let you rely on and look up to me."

His low, hoarse voice murmured against her delicate skin, with a tone only they could hear, "Serena, I know I'm sick; if I can't be cured, will you...will you leave me?"

"You always say that the foundation of marriage is trust, but unfortunately, throughout my life, no one taught me what trust means. Everything I wanted always slipped away like fine grains of sand through my fingers, leaving nothing behind. Hearts can be the most fickle. You're young now, just 20, and later in your life, you'll meet many outstanding people who may do things better than me. Then, with me being sick, will you still want me?"

Serena was already asleep, destined not to provide him any response.

...

The next morning, when Serena opened her eyes, she didn't see Hayden. She quickly freshened up and went to The Concordiat Research Institute. Old Mrs. Rathborne was still stable but hadn't woken up yet. After checking on her, Serena went to get her blood test report.

The report was out, and her guess was correct. The mandrake flower poison was extremely potent, and the last poison test diluted her precious blood by one-third.

Seraphina Linden left ten years ago; before that, she spent nine years cultivating Serena's precious blood, the best love she left for her daughter.

Seraphina Linden's medical skills were indeed unparalleled. Ordinarily, a drop of flower poison would cause instant death, yet Serena endured, and still has two-thirds of her precious blood left.

Serena knew the second poison test was incredibly dangerous, since her blood was already incomplete—a corner had been breached by the flower poison, and Zane Crawford's warning was still fresh in her mind.

However, she calmly stored the report and found a hotel to open a room for the poison test.

The last poison test was unexpectedly intruded upon by Zane, sparking a conflict with Hayden. This time, she wanted no interruptions from anyone.

...

After Serena left, a copy of the blood test report was sent to Zane Crawford's hand.

His subordinate Wade handed him the copy, "Young Master, here's what you asked for."

Zane glanced at the report; his eyes paused for a moment. Last time, he already suspected there was something peculiar about Serena's blood; otherwise, a drop of flower poison would have taken her life for sure. Turns out her blood is truly precious.

"Where did she go?"

Wade sent the location from his phone to Zane, "Miss Sterling just went to this hotel and booked a room."

She must be going for another poison test!

Zane grabbed his car keys and stood up, driving the car out directly.