

Substitute B 204

Chapter 204: Push Her Away Forcefully

In the hotel room, Zane Crawford quietly held Serena Sterling. He didn't know how long it had been when the sound of a key card swiping echoed outside, and the door opened.

Zane looked up and met Hayden Crawford's deep and narrow eyes. Hayden had arrived.

Hayden stood tall and heroic by the door, his eagle-like gaze scanning inside. Serena's small hands were holding onto Zane, while Zane had his arm around her shoulder in an intimate embrace. Hayden's handsome brow immediately covered with a layer of fierce, shadowy frost, and his thin lips pressed into a white arc.

He strode in, and with a "boom," closed the door, swiftly stepping forward. His big hand reached out and forcefully pulled Serena by her slender arm.

Serena's delicate body was directly pulled into the man's strong chest. The pain made her knit her brows, and she didn't know if it was because the poisonous blood was drained or because the man's aura beside her was overwhelmingly dark and powerful. When she looked up, Hayden's handsome face zoomed in and out in her pupils, and her consciousness instantly became clear.

"Mr... Mr. Crawford..."

Hayden lowered his eyes to glance at her, a mocking line forming on his thin lips, "What's wrong, are you surprised to see me? Did I interrupt something?"

Serena looked at Hayden, then at Zane, finally realizing that she was holding the wrong person, "Mr. Crawford, I..."

"Where's the veil on your face?" Hayden interrupted her directly.

Serena reached up and touched her face; the light veil was already gone, having been lifted by Zane just now.

The words Serena wanted to say were all stuck in her throat. She and Zane had been hugging, and the veil had been removed — it was impossible to explain.

"Why aren't you speaking? I'm waiting for your explanation. Is it that you can't explain, or have you decided to skip the explanation altogether? Mrs. Crawford, do I not even deserve an explanation from you now?"

Serena looked at him; Hayden's gaze was heavy and cold, piercingly sharp on her face as if to leave two bloody holes. However, there was no extra expression on his face, deep and unfathomable. Serena knew that this was the most terrifying.

At this time, Zane spoke, "Don't make it difficult for her. Whatever explanation you want to hear, I can explain it to you."

"Oh, fine, I'm just in the mood to hear your explanation." Hayden dragged Serena into the shower room and locked her in.

Serena quickly knocked on the door, "Why are you locking me in here? Mr. Crawford, let me out, I can explain it to you..."

Hayden didn't pay attention to the person inside. He stepped forward and grabbed Zane by the collar with clear, distinct fingers. The corners of his narrow eyes were already tinged with a frightening red, "Speak, I'm listening, while I still give you the chance to talk."

Zane looked at Hayden, "If I told you, things are just as you saw..."

"Ha," Hayden let out a low laugh from his throat, "Mrs. Crawford, who sent me roses last night, you think I'll believe she'd arrange to meet you for a fling today? Trying to take a woman from me, is that really your level?"

She sent him roses?

Zane paused for a moment, then said, "Serena's blood is very special, immune to poisons. You know about this, right?"

"Yes, her mother brewed various herbs for her when she was young, making her blood very precious."

So that's the case.

Zane nodded in understanding, "Then do you know about the mandrake flower? It's said to be the flower on the other side between life and death, extremely toxic and almost impossible to find a single one."

Hayden's deep and narrow eyes were like expanding ink, deeply thick and impenetrable, "Tell me something useful."

"Serena wants to use the mandrake flower to heal you, so she's been testing poison and brewing medicine."

Hayden's pupils shrank sharply as he pressed Zane against the wall by his collar, "What did you say?"

"I said Serena is testing poison and brewing medicine. Her first trial was the night you beat me up in the pharmacy; she fainted in my arms. Today was her second trial; the flower's poison muddled her mind, and she mistook me for you, begging you not to be angry and to hold her."

Hayden's heart was fiercely squeezed, and breathing suddenly became painful.

Zane picked up the piece of paper with the formula Serena had written, "Unfortunately, the second trial was one step short, still a failure. I estimate Serena will soon attempt a third trial. Hayden Crawford, Serena Sterling is risking her life for you, she doesn't even care if she lives to save you!"

Hayden released Zane, stepping back a few steps. Initially, it was a voice telling him Serena was testing poison and brewing medicine, then countless voices telling him Serena didn't care for her life just to save him.

He didn't know... she actually went to test the mandrake flower's poison!

Has she gone... mad?

"Hayden, Serena's precious blood was left to her by her mother. She's only 20, having just returned to Bayside. Her life is just beginning, and before she could even realize the value of her blood, she wasted it for you. I don't know what she might miss out on because of this, I only know her blood has already become ordinary. So, she absolutely cannot endure a third poison trial. Hayden, push her away with force before she attempts a third trial for you, let her live well!"

...

Serena had been locked in the shower room all along, knocking continuously, but no one opened the door for her. She didn't know what those two men were talking about outside, whether they fought, or if Zane said anything carelessly. The matter of testing poison and brewing medicine must not be told to Mr. Crawford.

After just testing poison, even though her consciousness was clear, her complexion was as pale as paper. Serena's delicate body swayed a couple of times, almost falling.

She quickly grabbed onto the washstand, barely managing to stay stable. Then her vision suddenly went black, unable to see anything.

Her long eyelashes fluttered a couple of times, and she forcefully closed and then reopened her eyes, her vision restoring as if it was just an illusion before.

At this moment, the door to the shower room suddenly opened, and Hayden walked in.

Serena turned back; the tall and heroic man stood there against the light, an unfathomable expression on his handsome face, indecipherable, "Mr. Crawford..."

Hayden walked in, taking off his black coat and draping it over her shoulders, wrapping her delicate and smooth form within his coat, then lifting her horizontally.

He carried her all the way out of the hotel, placing her in the passenger seat of the Rolls-Royce Phantom.

The luxury car sped steadily on the road; he didn't speak, not saying a word to her. The atmosphere inside the car was silent and oppressive. Serena felt something unusual about him, "Mr. Crawford, what did you and Zane talk about?"

Hayden's hand, wearing an expensive watch, rested on the steering wheel, his eyes unwavering as he looked ahead, his voice cold, "Nothing much, Zane likes you, did you know?"