

Substitute B 205

Chapter 205: Serena Sterling, Let's Get a Divorce

Serena didn't know why he suddenly brought up this topic, but she wasn't stupid. Today, Zane revealed the veil on her face, surely it means he likes her.

Her slender white fingers curled up, Serena shook her head, "I don't know..."

Hayden interrupted her, "Then let me tell you now, Zane likes you. Two years ago, in the City of Aethelgard, he fell in love with you at first sight. He chased you all the way to Bayside for a whole year trying to find you, so now you know."

Serena turned to look at him, "Why are you telling me this? I don't like him!"

Hayden looked ahead, driving the Rolls-Royce Phantom steadily in his grasp. He didn't say anything more; he was uncharacteristically silent tonight.

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The two returned to Orchid Court and entered the bedroom. Hayden spoke in a low voice, "Go take a shower first."

"Mr. Crawford, I..."

Hayden glanced at her, "Talk to me after you shower."

His attitude was as strong and domineering as always.

Serena took her pajamas and went into the bathroom, quickly showering before coming out.

Tall and long-legged, Hayden stood by the floor-to-ceiling window in a handmade black shirt and trousers. Handsome and mature, he clenched a cigarette between two slender fingers, smoke veiling his face, showing only the sharp line of his jaw and his furrowed brow.

Serena walked over and hugged him tightly from behind, "Mr. Crawford, nothing happened between Zane and me. I can explain..."

"Are you tired?" Hayden suddenly interrupted her.

"What?"

Without turning, Hayden took a deep drag on his cigarette and exhaled the smoke. "I ask you, is it tiring to be with me? Every day thinking of ways to appease me, not knowing if you'll hit a nerve the next second, if I'll get angry again, trying to fix me, make me better. Aren't you tired of explaining all the time?"

Serena shook her head, "I'm not tired at all..."

"Oh, you're not tired of explaining, but I'm tired of hearing it. Serena, let's get a divorce."

Serena, let's get a divorce!

The words exploded in Serena's ears. She loosened her grip, her entire body went rigid.

Hayden turned around, his deep narrow eyes fell on her pale face, "This time I'm not joking. Let's get a divorce. I'll have a lawyer draft the divorce papers; you won't be shortchanged regarding assets. Sign them quickly, and let's end this marriage."

Serena stared at his handsome face, taking a few seconds to realize he was serious, he really wanted to divorce her.

But...

"Why? Why do we have to divorce?"

She was utterly confused about why he wanted to divorce her.

Hayden curled his thin lips into a mocking arc, "Why are we divorcing is unclear to you? Since marrying you, catching adultery in different places has become my daily routine. Don't tell me nothing happened between you and Zane, when I saw you two together, he even lifted your veil off. Do I have to catch you in the act on the bed to admit it? Today it's Zane, who's it going to be tomorrow..."

"Enough! Stop talking!" Serena's small hands by her side clenched into fists, her red eyes glared at him, "I didn't do it! Don't slander me. If you really don't believe me, I'll let you check my body and see if my hymen is still intact!"

Hayden looked at her red eyes, knowing he hurt her, but he had to push her away with his own hands.

In the past, he always hoped and greedily thought that having her in his grip would bring happiness, but that's not how it works. Happiness wasn't meant for him.

"Mrs. Crawford, now you're talking to me about your hymen? There are many ways to please a man. How do I know if you haven't pleased Zane like you pleased me? Besides, modern medicine is advanced. How do I

know if you haven't restored your hymen? For someone like you who studies medicine, fixing a hymen should be easy, right..."

Before he finished speaking, Serena raised her hand and slapped him hard.

With a loud smack, Hayden's handsome face was slapped to one side.

All his heartless words were interrupted, and the room plunged into a deathly silence.

The cigarette between his fingers had been left too long without drawing, now the glowing flame scorched his fingertips, but he didn't react, not feeling any pain.

At this moment, Serena raised her small hand and touched the handsome face she slapped, "Did it hurt you? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hit you..."

Hayden turned his face to look at her, and a layer of glistening mist already covered her bright eyes, but stubbornly she didn't let her tears fall.

Serena wrapped her small hand around his strong waist, pressed her pale face and cold body against his chest, "Mr. Crawford, I'm so cold, hold me, please?"

The cigarette fell from his fingertips, his large hands hung by his side. He could already feel her ice-cold body temperature like a block of ice, and her complexion wasn't good. She'd only recently been poisoned again; her body was surely in pain, her soft voice begged him to hold her.

Hayden raised his hand but froze mid-air, not daring to give her any response or tenderness.

"Mr. Crawford, you've said enough today. Don't say anything more. I'll pretend you were joking about the divorce. I won't take it seriously. How can I argue with someone who's angry? My head is dizzy. Hold me, please." Serena hugged him tightly.

But she didn't receive a response; the man remained stiff while she embraced him, silent.

Serena looked up, gazed with her clear watery eyes at him, "I can swear, if I have been with any other man besides you, let me be hit by a car when I leave tomorrow..."

Before "death" left her lips, Hayden abruptly pushed her away, directly out of his embrace.

Serena couldn't stand properly, and fell onto the soft carpet.

The moment she hit the ground, everything went black, her vision faded, the world descended into darkness.

Was she blind?

The fear of blindness made her pupils contract sharply, making her freeze on the carpet, forgetting to react.

Hayden looked at her, the corners of his long eyes were densely veined with blood, his heart aching unbearably, claws tightening his heart. His hand clenched, released, heaving his chest repeatedly, summoning all his strength to restrain himself from picking her up.

His thin lips moved, hearing his own cruel, heartless, hoarse voice, "I've said long ago, I don't lack Mrs. Crawford. Save some face and dignity for yourself, stop bothering me, sign the divorce papers as soon as possible."