

## Substitute B 206

Chapter 206: Are You Tired of Living?

After speaking, Hayden Crawford lifted his foot and left.

Did he leave?

He left.

Serena Sterling heard his gradually receding footsteps. He left, leaving Orchid Court so late at night, not coming back.

Serena closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, she still couldn't see anything. She was beginning to go blind. The second poison test left residual mandrake poison in her blood.

Serena reached out her small hand to fumble around and found a silver needle. She pushed it into her acupoints, trying to expel the mandrake poison from her body.

But it was no use. The poison's toxicity was too severe, and with her current acupuncture skill, she simply couldn't heal herself.

The silver needle fell onto the carpet. Serena curled herself at the edge of the bed, then stretched out her two small hands to hug her knees, staring blankly with unfocused eyes in the direction ahead.

She still couldn't believe that Mr. Crawford would divorce her. She won't divorce him.

But this poisoning attempt was a failure. She didn't unlock the final equation and couldn't save Mr. Crawford. Now the poison has entered her bloodstream, causing her to go blind indirectly.

Serena had a pair of extremely beautiful, dark eyes, so clean and pure, but now everything was dark. Her eyes lost all color.

Being blind, how could she hold a needle in the future?

How could she cure illnesses and save people?

Serena felt very cold, wearing only a thin nightgown. Now she stretched out her slender arms to hug herself tightly, trying to give herself a bit of warmth.

She really missed Mr. Crawford's warm and broad embrace. In this moment of loneliness and helplessness, she really missed Mr. Crawford, wishing he could be by her side.

Serena lowered her small head, burying her pale little face deep into her knees. Her long eyelashes trembled, and large tears fell down.

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In the luxury private room of Club 1949, Hayden Crawford was sitting on the sofa, drinking from a bottle of alcohol. There were many empty bottles scattered on the coffee table in front of him.

Seth Hawthorne walked in, "Damn, brother, what got you so upset that you're drinking this much?"

Hayden glanced at Seth, a few decadent and hoarse smiles escaped his handsome brow, "I'm getting a divorce, preparing to be single again."

"Really? Brother, all of Bayside knows you've been spoiling that substitute wife to the heavens. How did you suddenly change your mind and want to become a single noble again?"

Seth sat down, "But brother, this marriage of yours surely doesn't count with your father. Your dad personally chose the future daughter-in-law as the eldest lady of the Rathborne family, Victoria Rathborne. She's been waiting for you. Once you've had your fun in Bayside, you'll head back to Aethelgard to inherit the huge business empire of the Crawford family and marry the richest man's daughter. Serena Sterling, the substitute wife, is just entertainment, don't take it seriously."

Hayden didn't show much emotion, just let out a scoffing laugh, he wanted nobody.

"Brother, drinking alone is so boring. Our Club 1949 recently got some very pretty top girls, let me call them to drink with you."

Hayden glanced at Seth, "Get lost!"

"..."

Seth thought his brother was really peculiar. Other people would have pretty girls accompanying them when they came to the club to drink, but with his brother, it seemed like these beauties would taint him somehow. No amount of beauty could earn his money.

But Seth dared not provoke Hayden, so he quickly rolled out.

Hayden drank a few more bottles. The alcohol was kicking in hard, as his deep, narrow eyes were tinged with a slight intoxication, a bit drunk.

At this moment, the door of the luxury room opened, and a figure walked in. It was Yasmine Sterling.

Recently, Yasmine had been greatly hurt, so she was very quiet these days. But under her calm exterior, she was surely brewing some big plan.

Yasmine walked in, approached Hayden, and softly called, "Mr. Crawford... Mr. Crawford..."

Hayden was drunk and did not respond.

"Mr. Crawford, let me help you back to your room." Yasmine helped Hayden up, leading him out of the luxury room and into a presidential suite.

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In the presidential suite, Yasmine placed Hayden on the soft bed. She looked at his handsome, mature features with admiration and infatuation, then reached out to unbutton Hayden's black shirt.

One button, two buttons undone, revealing the man's exquisite chest. Yasmine's pretty face quickly flushed red, her whole heart racing.

Just as she was about to unbutton the third, a large hand suddenly reached over, grabbing her arm.

Yasmine's breath hitched, as she looked up, Hayden on the bed was slowly opening his eyes, his slightly drunk and deep eyes landing darkly on her face.

Every time she met this man's gaze, Yasmine felt intimidated and nervous. The aura of wealth, power, and status surrounding him was so potent that when he looked at you silently, it felt like he could see through your soul.

"Mr... Mr. Crawford..." Yasmine stammered, scared out of her wits.

At this moment, Hayden stretched out his hand and pulled her over.

Yasmine quickly fell into his arms, the man's clean and fresh scent mixed with a faint smell of smoke and alcohol washed over her nose, intoxicatingly pleasant.

Yasmine's entire body went soft, almost melting in his embrace like water.

It was all like a dream. Yasmine had dreamed countless times of lying in Hayden's arms, experiencing passion with him in her dreams.

Didn't expect that this day would finally come true.

"Mr. Crawford..." Yasmine called out cooly.

Hayden held her in his arms, his handsome eyelids drooped, his voice hoarse as he murmured softly, "Serena... Serena..."

He was repeatedly murmuring Serena Sterling's name.

The smile on Yasmine's face froze, as if a basin of cold water had been poured over her, realizing that he regarded her as Serena's stand-in.

However, the opportunity was rare, not to be missed.

Yasmine's hand slid down his firm waist, "Mr. Crawford, you're drunk, let me help you take off your clothes, let's sleep together."

Hayden didn't refuse, burying his handsome face in Yasmine's long hair.

Almost the next second, Hayden suddenly opened his eyes, with all traces of intoxication gone from his pupils. He swung his hand, directly sending Yasmine off the bed.

With a thud, Yasmine fell on the carpet in a terribly awkward position, crying out in pain.

Hayden quickly got off the bed, looking down at her with a cold, piercing gaze almost enough to dismember her, "Yasmine Sterling, who let you in, are you tired of living?"

Yasmine felt like all her bones had been broken by that swing. She looked at Hayden with a pale face, "Mr. Crawford, I saw you were drunk, so I kindly brought you to the room. Just now you mistook me for Serena..."