

Substitute B 207

Chapter 207: Growing Up and Growing Old by His Side

Hayden Crawford was now completely sober. He looked at the currently disheveled Yasmine Sterling with a frosty gaze. Just now, he was truly drunk and mistook her for Serena Sterling.

But when he buried his face in Yasmine's long hair, he didn't smell that youthful fragrance that used to make his heart race, but rather a synthetic perfume scent, and he instantly sobered up.

She wasn't his Serena!

Just thinking about how he pulled Yasmine into his arms and even hugged her made Hayden feel extremely uncomfortable, wishing he could scrub himself inside out several times.

"Get out, and don't let me see you again!" With that, Hayden quickly entered the bathroom.

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In the bathroom, Hayden took off the black shirt he was wearing. His shirt was already stained with that unpleasant synthetic perfume scent from Yasmine's body, and there was even a long hair clinging to his shirt.

Hayden tossed the black shirt directly into the trash can, then turned on the shower, letting the icy water cascade down from his head.

He scrubbed himself vigorously several times with body wash, but no matter how hard he scrubbed, he felt he couldn't get himself clean.

The soft and clear voice of Serena Sterling seemed to echo in his ears, "Mr. Crawford, I can't tolerate even a speck of dust. If I catch a whiff of another woman's scent on you, I won't want you anymore!"

Hayden closed his charming eyes and washed himself several more times. His movements were no longer as composed as usual, appearing somewhat frantic and jittery. He was afraid Serena Sterling would actually smell something and then not want him anymore.

Suddenly, Hayden's movements halted.

What was he doing?

Wasn't he resolute about getting a divorce? Wasn't he determined to push her away? Yet here he was, desperately washing himself clean like a guilty child who had done something wrong?

He was truly ridiculous!

Hayden closed his eyes, letting the cold droplets pour down from his head. Now, all he could think about was Serena Sterling's pale yet exquisite little face and the way she fell to the ground. How was she now? Was she uncomfortable anywhere? Did she obediently get up and go to sleep?

She must hate him to death, right? She must not like him anymore, right? She would soon leave him, right?

She would sign the divorce agreement, wouldn't she?

Hayden tugged at his thin lips, feeling as if a knife had deeply pierced his heart and was churning relentlessly until it turned his heart into a mangled mess.

The girl he loved so dearly, whom he carefully and tenderly held in his palm, loved him so much that she was even willing to give up her life to save him. Yet now, he had to push her away with his own hands.

He wanted to cure his illness but not at the cost of her life.

Having her by his side would only bring her increasing hardship and exhaustion. Without him, her dazzling life was just beginning. In the future, she would meet someone better than him, and she would be happy.

As for him, he would never meet another girl like her. He was fully aware of how terrible his condition and health would become without her. She was already his only remedy.

But it doesn't matter; let him fall into hell alone. He originally came from hell; it was a mistake from the start to greedily bask in the sunshine she brought.

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In the morning, when Serena Sterling opened her eyes, her vision had returned. After a simple wash, she went to The Concordiat Research Institute; Old Mrs. Rathborne had woken up.

The VIP ward was filled with joy. Director Vincent Terry personally examined Old Mrs. Rathborne and then smiled, "Old madam, congratulations. The surgery was very successful, and your body is recovering well. Everything is moving in a positive direction; you're sure to live to a ripe old age."

Old Mrs. Rathborne leaned against the headboard. Although still receiving IV fluids and physically weak, she was in good spirits. She held Serena's small hand, "I really have to thank my little fairy; little fairy, you saved me this time, and I must repay you well."

Serena smiled gently, "Old madam, it's a healer's duty to cure illnesses and save lives. I don't need any repayment; as long as you're healthy, that's enough."

"How can that be?" Old Mrs. Rathborne insisted, "I must repay you. They say the grace of saving a life should be repaid with one's own body. Little fairy, what do you think about repaying with my body?"

With what body?

Serena widened her eyes, staring at the Old Mrs. Rathborne in front of her.

At this point, there was a sudden "pfft" sound. Beside them, Shaun Spencer, who was peeling an apple, laughed mercilessly, "Grandma, that's not how the term 'repay with one's body' is used. You can't offer yourself to this ugly girl."

Old Mrs. Rathborne threw a pillow fiercely at Shaun and scolded him fiercely, "Who are you calling ugly? You're ugly, you're ugly, your whole family is ugly!"

"..."

Shaun stood there in shock, staring at his grandmother. It was confirmed then; he must have been adopted!

Very soon, Shaun's ears were filled with his grandmother's extremely warm and friendly voice, completely different from earlier, "Little fairy, you saved me, so how about I offer you my grandson?"

Shaun froze, what what, Grandma was offering him to this ugly girl?

"Grandma, what are you saying? How can you sell me off like that?" Shaun protested discontentedly as he rushed forward.

Old Mrs. Rathborne didn't even look at Shaun. She patted Serena's small hand and diligently promoted, "Little fairy, take a look at my grandson. He's quite handsome, right? Plus, he's rich, has power, and status. So far, he hasn't gotten married. You should take him in hand and teach him well; in the future, he'll handle the people outside, and you take care of him. Little fairy, what do you think? If you agree, I'll have my grandson kneel down and propose to you right now. Why not today? It's an auspicious day for marriage!"

Everyone in the ward was stunned, and so was Serena, all of them staring in shock at Old Mrs. Rathborne, who had just expertly marketed her grandson thoroughly, as if sealing the deal with a final 'send to the bridal chamber.'

Serena quickly spoke up, "Old madam, thank you for your kind intention, but your grandson is out of my league."

Shaun raised his mischievous, devilish eyes at Serena. Finally, she had some self-awareness.

However, upon hearing her refusal, Shaun felt a slight discomfort in his heart. He had never been turned down by a woman before.

"Little fairy, why can't you measure up? I..."

"Old madam," Serena quickly interrupted her, speaking softly, "I already have someone I like. I'm married. I have a husband."

What?

Both Old Mrs. Rathborne and Shaun froze. Serena looked barely over 20, with no signs of already being married.

Serena lifted her red lips, and a brilliant light shone in her amber eyes, "Old madam, you heard right, I'm married. My husband's temper isn't great; sometimes he gets angry with me, and I have to coax him. Sometimes, he won't come home at night, saying hurtful things, but I know he doesn't mean it; he's also very troubled. I used to imagine what kind of person I would fall in love with. He should be gentle, considerate, perfect, and strong. Later on, when I met him, I realized I loved him, and I never considered leaving him. I want to be with him through spring, autumn, winter, and summer, to heal the scars in his heart. I want to place my hand in his palm and slowly grow old by his side."