

Substitute B 219

Chapter 219: Serena Sterling Has Been Delivered to Your Bed

Serena Sterling temporarily doesn't want to tell Leah Thorne about Mr. Crawford's divorce situation. Maybe it's because she still isn't ready to give up on this marriage with Mr. Crawford; she still doesn't want a divorce.

"Leah, let's talk about the trip to Aethelgard in a couple of days. Let's deal with Lillian Sterling and Yasmine Sterling first. You've stayed with me all day today, and I'll be keeping vigil for Grandpa tonight. You should head home."

Leah Thorne held Serena Sterling's slender arm, heartbroken as she looked at her swollen eyes from crying, "I'm not tired, I'll stay with you."

"Leah, you should go back; I'll have Mr. Crawford accompany me in a while."

Leah Thorne raised her willow-like eyebrows, "That's true, Mr. Crawford will definitely come to accompany you tonight. I'll go home now then. Call me if you need anything."

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Leah Thorne left, and Serena Sterling returned to the ward. She prepared hot water and used a towel to carefully cleanse Grandpa's body.

Grandpa's body had already cooled, devoid of any warmth. Yet a moment ago, Grandpa's hand was still lovingly placed on her head, gently messing her hair.

Serena Sterling sat at the bedside, and when night fell without anyone around, loss and loneliness enveloped her. Tears fell once more as she leaned over the bedside, crying uncontrollably.

Her heart felt empty.

The passing of her last relative, and yet the Sterling family wasn't her home.

She originally had her own home, with Mr. Crawford, but now Mr. Crawford doesn't want her either.

It was as if she'd returned to eleven years ago, when nine-year-old her was sent to the countryside, losing everything.

Serena Sterling took out her phone and looked up Hayden Crawford's number. She stared at the digits for a long time but ultimately lacked the courage to dial, even though she wished for Mr. Crawford to be by her side at this moment.

Her mind was flooded with the scene from the study this morning, with him staring coldly and indifferently at her, throwing a pillow at her and telling her to get out.

Serena Sterling no longer dared to call him again. Having just experienced her grandfather's passing and with her heart drowning in sadness, she couldn't bring herself to face him and let him wound her further.

Late night quickly set in; the entire hospital was very quiet, without a sound.

Just then, there was a sound of steady footsteps in the hallway, the door to the ward was pushed open, and a tall, handsome figure leaped into view. Hayden Crawford was here.

Hayden Crawford was wearing a black coat, his sturdy shoulders adorned with the winds and frost from outside. Perhaps he hadn't shaved in two days, as his resolute jaw was dotted with stubble; the whole person exuded a deep, strict, and cold aura, an air that warned strangers to stay away.

Hayden Crawford walked in, and Serena Sterling clutched her grandfather's hand tightly, having cried herself to sleep on the bedside.

He stood tall by the bedside, lowered his eyes, and gazed at the sleeping girl. Tears were still hanging on her small face, both her eyelids and nose were red, her long eyelashes quietly drooping, even the lashes were misted with tears, seemingly about to fall, her beauty was fragile and pitiful.

Hayden Crawford's heart ached fiercely as he reached out slowly to wipe away the tear beads on her little face.

The girl in her sleep sensed the familiar warmth of his fingertips, and softly rubbed her small face against his fingertips, like a gentle kitten.

Hayden Crawford bent down, directly picking her up horizontally.

Instead of putting her on the bed, he sat on the bedside himself, holding her gently in his arms, letting her sleep there.

His thin lips landed on her forehead, slowly sliding down, kissing her swollen eyes, her tear-drenched lashes, her nose, her cheeks, and finally brushing against her red lips.

"Serena..."

His voice was hoarse as he called her name.

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The next morning, when Serena Sterling woke up, she found herself already sleeping on the bed. She thought about it but couldn't figure out how she ended up in bed.

She expected last night to be difficult to sleep through and was prepared for nightmares, but surprisingly, she slept well, and the swelling in her eyes seemed to have subsided.

"Grandpa, I'm heading to the Sterling family now. Don't worry, I'll make them pay for their words and deeds!"

Serena Sterling took a cab to the Sterling family residence; today was Gregory Sterling's birthday, but the whole house was steeped in gloom, with no one there to celebrate.

Lillian Sterling had returned from the hospital and was resting in her room, building her health after giving birth. She was very emotional upon seeing Serena Sterling, "Serena Sterling, what are you doing here? Get out; you're not welcome here!"

Lillian Sterling didn't want Serena Sterling to see her misfortune.

Serena Sterling leaned against the doorway and glanced at Lillian Sterling, "Has the Sterling family changed hands? Today is my dad's birthday; I'm here to celebrate his birthday. You're an outsider. Why do you have any right to drive me away?"

"You!"

Lillian Sterling was about to lose her temper when Yasmine Sterling stopped her, "Today is Dad's birthday. We are all family, so let's not argue anymore. Serena, stay for dinner and then leave."

Serena Sterling looked at Yasmine Sterling. Yasmine had reverted to her usual gentle and delicate guise; despite everything that had happened, she could endure calmly. Serena sensed something off about Yasmine Sterling. Surely Yasmine was planning something again; she must be ready to use her last chip and make a final gamble.

"Alright, then I'll stay for dinner." Serena Sterling turned and left.

In the room, Lillian Sterling grabbed Yasmine Sterling, "Yasmine, why are you keeping Serena Sterling?"

Yasmine Sterling's eyes revealed a calculating gleam, but she replied tightly, "Mom, I have a plan; you don't need to worry."

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Serena Sterling stood by the floor-to-ceiling window and took a sip of tea. At that moment, she felt someone silently approaching her from behind. She glanced up at the glass window in front of her and saw a black-clad bodyguard coming her way, exuding a dangerous aura.

Serena Sterling didn't move but instead drew a shallow and cool curve with her red lips.

Just then, the black-clad bodyguard behind her raised his hand and struck her directly at the back of the neck.

When the sharp pain hit, Serena Sterling's eyes closed, and she fainted.

The black-clad bodyguard caught Serena Sterling, and then Yasmine Sterling walked over and ordered, "Take her to the upstairs room."

"Yes, Miss."

The black-clad bodyguard took Serena Sterling to the large bed in the upstairs room. Yasmine Sterling took out her phone, snapped a photo, and sent it to two people separately.

After finishing everything, Yasmine Sterling sat on the living room sofa, waiting for someone.

Half an hour later, the villa door was opened, and the figure of a handsome and tall man leapt into view; Zane Crawford had arrived!

Yasmine Sterling curled her lips, "Academician Crawford, welcome. It's said that you are the most brilliant young academician in the field of medicine nowadays, without exception. Many nobility admire you, but you disdain even a glance at them. But unexpectedly, you fell for Serena Sterling, became her follower, and as soon as it involves her, you'll come at the first instance."

Zane Crawford looked calmly at Yasmine Sterling with his cold black eyes, "Where is Serena?"

"Upstairs room."

Zane Crawford stepped forward to go upstairs.

"Academician Crawford," Yasmine Sterling called out from behind him, "Today's a perfect opportunity. Serena Sterling has already been sent to your bed."