

Substitute B 221

Chapter 221: Have You Forgotten, My Big Brother?

In the room.

Hayden Crawford swiftly came over after receiving a text from Yasmine Sterling. Yasmine brought him into the room, and Hayden's hawk-like eyes quickly scanned the space, "Where is she?"

"I didn't harm Serena; she's in the room next door."

Hayden cast a cold, fierce look at her, lips curving into a chilling syllable, "You better not have touched a hair on her head, or I'll take down the entire Sterling family with you!"

Hayden strode out, his steps sharp and brisk, the tailored trousers cutting an impressive arc as he moved.

Yasmine's eyes filled with jealousy. What made Serena Sterling so special that she could capture the attention of both Hayden and Zane Crawford? Their eyes were only on Serena.

"Mr. Crawford, don't go!" Yasmine pounced, hugging Hayden's strong waist from behind.

Hayden halted his steps, "Let go!"

"Mr. Crawford, why are you so heartless to me? I met you first. Look closely, I'm not any worse than Serena Sterling!"

Saying this, Yasmine let go of him, walked to his front, raised her hand, and took off her coat, revealing the champagne-colored slip dress underneath.

Images of that evening's Serena Sterling in the dim light quickly raced through Hayden's mind. She had just taken a bath, and the room was scented with her fragrance. Her champagne-colored slip dress accentuated her soft, curvaceous youthful figure, and her clear, deep eyes shimmered with a captivating glow.

Now, Yasmine wore the same champagne-colored nightgown, matching the outfit Serena wore that night.

Yasmine had been imitating Serena since they were children, in both dress and speech, so this wasn't surprising. Moreover, she was confident in herself—her beautiful face and figure. She was here tonight to seduce Hayden Crawford.

Hayden was her last gamble. She wanted to seize the opportunity to become Mrs. Crawford.

It was her chance to take advantage of the situation, and she wouldn't miss it.

Even though she had meticulously prepared, Yasmine's pretty face still showed a shy, nervous blush in front of Hayden Crawford, "Mr. Crawford, I'm not worse than Serena, and I can please you more. Let me be your woman."

Hayden didn't shy away, his deep, narrow eyes slowly squinted. He took a good look at Yasmine and then curled his thin lips into a playful, wicked arc, "Showered?"

Yasmine had never been scrutinized by Hayden like this. Hayden, with a dazzlingly handsome face, was the epitome of male perfection, backed by wealth, power, and status. This mature and noble aura could easily make anyone feel inferior, even the most perfect woman would feel unworthy of him.

In the past, even looking at her was too much for him, but now, he looked at her with such frivolous, seductive eyes and asked if she had showered?

Yasmine was overjoyed. She nodded vigorously, "Yes, I have."

"It seems you're ready. Since you're so lacking for men, should I call a few more to satisfy you?"

As soon as Hayden's deep voice fell, Yasmine froze completely. Wh-what?

At that moment, Hayden took two steps forward, his lowered voice carrying a cold, mocking edge, "What makes you think you can compare with Serena Sterling? Your face isn't as good as hers, your skin doesn't compare, nor does your figure. Her scent can enchant me, while you're just drenched in cheap artificial perfume. From head to toe, you're a poor counterfeit."

"..."

Yasmine felt like she was plunged into an icy abyss. She couldn't understand what Hayden was saying, only watching his lips move, spitting out the most scathing, heartless words.

She was humiliated to the extreme.

Utterly embarrassed.

Hayden's gaze fell on her champagne sleeping dress, "She wore this for me already. Don't play with her leftovers, change it. It's an eyesore."

After speaking, Hayden turned on his heel to leave.

What he said was true, Yasmine Sterling couldn't match Serena Sterling at all. The champagne color required Serena's silky, alabaster skin to truly shine, which Yasmine couldn't pull off — it appeared tacky on her.

Hayden Crawford was a man of discerning taste, particularly strict in his choice of women, and Yasmine couldn't catch his eye.

Yasmine felt cold all over. She had dressed up carefully, only to end up being humiliated like this?

Her hands at her sides balled into fists as she called out to his retreating, strong back, "I saved you, now I want you to fulfill the third condition!"

Sure enough, Yasmine saw Hayden's steps pause.

Hayden turned around, looking at her, "The third condition, is it that you want me to sleep with you? I can't do that, I'm incapable, because I have no interest in you."

Yasmine's face turned pale; her thick skin couldn't withstand Hayden's humiliation. Yet she didn't speak, only staring at Hayden with a strange look.

Soon, Hayden felt something was off with his body; his temperature gradually rising, his breath tightening. He sniffed — there was a faint scent in the room, present since he entered, but he hadn't noticed it immediately with his focus on Serena's safety.

His handsome brow quickly clouded over as he glared at Yasmine, "What scent is this, what have you done?"

Yasmine knew the drug was beginning to take effect, "This is an aphrodisiac fragrance I obtained, the most potent on the market that no man can resist. The only antidote is a woman."

Hayden stepped forward, his defined fingers shot out, grasping Yasmine's neck instantly, "Yasmine Sterling, are you testing my patience? You dare use such a despicable trick on me!"

He was never short of beautiful women and temptations around him, having seen many tactics, but Yasmine was the only one daring enough to use such a low scheme on him.

Yasmine quickly felt she couldn't breathe as he squeezed her neck tightly, her face soon turning red, deprived of oxygen.

Initially, she didn't dare use such a base method on him, fearing him, just like his current fierce demeanor that seemed capable of tearing her to pieces. Now she didn't doubt he had a mind to kill her.

But she had to go all in.

Yasmine grasped Hayden's large hand, trying to push it away, "Would you really... be willing to kill me? Outside, it's freezing in the snow, and we huddled together in the cave, keeping each other warm, have you... forgotten, my big brother?"