

## Substitute B 223

Chapter 223: As You Wish, We're Getting Divorced

Serena knew what that was—it was Yasmine Sterling's blood.

The fist she had been clenching suddenly relaxed, as if the most important thing in her life had quietly slipped away.

At that moment, Yasmine walked out wearing a new nightgown, her face flushed, walking with a slow gait, her lips still graced by a blissful smile.

"Yasmine, what did you and Mr. Crawford just do?" Lillian Sterling excitedly ran over to Yasmine's side, deliberately asking loudly.

"Mom, just now Mr. Crawford and I... I'm already his woman."

Saying this, Yasmine came up to Serena, affectionately took her cold little hand, "Serena, don't blame Mr. Crawford, blame me. It was my first time, and Mr. Crawford and I couldn't help ourselves. I know I've wronged you, but please make it happen for us."

Lillian was practically over the moon, her daughter had finally climbed onto the dragon bed, "Serena, your marriage with Mr. Crawford was a mistake from the start. Now it's just setting things right. Mr. Crawford was always meant to be Yasmine's, you'll have to give him back to her!"

Serena coldly stared at the mother and daughter, then pulled back her hand, raising it to fiercely slap Yasmine across the face.

"Slap!" The crisp sound of the slap instantly reverberated throughout the corridor.

Gregory took a sharp breath, Serena's fiery force was too intense, she actually raised her hand and slapped Yasmine.

Yasmine's face was turned sideways by the blow, anger boiling to the extreme in her heart, yet outwardly she appeared soft and weak, "Serena, why did you hit me?"

Serena's face was pale, tears rimming her eyes, though her gaze was chillingly cold with a hint of sharp mockery, "Yasmine, I hit you because you're cheap. Hayden Crawford is my man, and you even dared to climb into his bed. Being the other woman means you should be ready to be slapped at any time. Heed my warning—I'll hit you every time I see you!"

Yasmine's pretty little face turned red and white, clearly humiliated by Serena, "Serena, we're sisters after all, how can you be so heartless..."

Before Yasmine had finished speaking, "Slap!" Serena turned her hand and slapped her again.

This time, Yasmine was stunned by the slap.

"Who considers you a sister? If I recall correctly, Grandpa hasn't even let you into the Sterling family yet. Yasmine, this slap is from the Sterling family to you. When Grandpa was overseeing the family, at least the Sterlings were a prominent clan in Bayside. But since you and your mom came in, the family is rushing to produce mistresses. How could the Sterlings raise such lowly and vulgar people like you!"

"..."

Serena's clear voice was resolute, stunning everyone; in their eyes, Serena was excessively arrogant and compelling!

Even Gregory was shocked; he felt Serena had vividly taught him a lesson, a textbook display of the rightful wife confronting the mistress, he couldn't help but want to applaud her.

Yasmine's ears were ringing from the two slaps, her disguise torn to shreds, she venomously looked at Serena but soon collided with Hayden's dark and fierce eyes. He hadn't spoken all this time, yet he stood behind Serena, an impenetrable posture of protection.

Yasmine was resentful enough to grind her teeth to dust, yet she feared Hayden and couldn't do anything.

At this moment, Serena withdrew her gaze, too lazy to spare Yasmine another glance; she turned to look at Hayden behind her and stretched out her small hand, gently clasping his large hand, "Mr. Crawford, let's go home."

Her little hand rested in his palm, icy cold without a hint of warmth.

Though she had dominated the scene, Hayden felt her fingertips trembling.

Hayden pressed his thin lips together, allowing her to lead him home.

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Orchid Court.

The two of them returned to the bedroom, Hayden standing tall and long-legged on the balcony. The night breeze puffing up his black shirt, he slightly bent over, cupped his hands around the wind to light a cigarette. His seductive lips holding the cigarette, he took a drag and exhaled, the swirling smoke muddling his handsome, noble face.

Serena looked at him; the bedroom light was off, leaving their faces unclear, but her voice carried a faint hoarseness, "You and Yasmine... did it, right?"

Hayden didn't turn around; after a long pause, he casually responded, "Why ask when you know the answer?"

Serena's long lashes quivered, "Why? I want to know where I lost. You're not that kind of person. Is it just because Yasmine saved you that you can't forget her?"

Hayden turned sideways, one hand tucked in his pocket, his scarlet eyes penetrating the layers of smoke, landing on her pale, ashen face, "Serena Sterling, things have come to this. Don't entangle yourself further in misery. Keep your dignity, don't make me feel annoyed."

Serena lowered her head slightly, "Oh, I understand. I want to take a bath first."

Serena walked into the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

Her slender body leaned against the wall, slowly sliding downward, and she covered her face with both hands. Scorching tears streamed through her fingers like broken beads, burning her heart.

At this moment, she couldn't dispel the sudden pain and grief in her heart, allowing herself to cry aloud.

Hayden smoked several cigarettes in a row, frowning at the precious watch on his wrist. Half an hour had passed, and she hadn't come out yet.

Extinguishing the stub of his cigarette in the ashtray, he strode over to the bathroom door and directly opened it.

No sound came from inside, the silence was unnerving and oppressive.

Looking around, Hayden saw the curled figure in the corner—Serena sat on the ground, her dark hair scattered messily, the girl had her head down, hugging her knees, crying.

She cried quietly yet intensely, her entire glistening shoulder trembling, somewhat out of breath.

Hayden's heart ached unbearably, seeing her hiding alone in the bathroom crying, his handsome brow furrowed, he walked over and gently reached his hand to touch her head.

However, his fingers remained frozen in mid-air.

After a long while, he heard his own rough voice, "How long have you been crying? Stop crying, you'll run out of breath."

Serena halted her sobs, then slowly lifted her face without looking at him, resting her petite chin on her arms while staring blankly at one spot, "As you wish, let's get a divorce."

Let's get divorced.

Hayden's fingers curled, a wrenching pain in his chest.

Serena quieted completely, still holding herself while sitting on the floor, "About the divorce agreement, I'll leave with nothing, won't take a penny from you. You're right, I couldn't help you at all, all that money is yours. And here, returning this to you."