

Substitute B 231

Chapter 231: Parking the Car Below Her Apartment

The old lady was being too direct, so Hayden Crawford evaded the question, "What do you mean, I don't understand."

"Oh Hayden, don't play innocent in front of your grandma, come on, stop pretending you don't understand anything, quickly tell grandma, after you injured yourself, can you still... perform?" The old lady calmly uttered that word.

Furrowing his brows, Hayden Crawford was tense and more somber; he didn't want to answer that.

"Hayden, you really can't perform now," the old lady was too sad, pulling Hayden Crawford while crying and sniffing, "You're still young, your wife ran away, you don't have any children, you're all alone. What are you going to do in the future, my great-grandchild, you're going to end the family line!"

Hayden Crawford knew the old lady was genuinely sad, but... his health was indeed poor, though it might just be that he hadn't recovered, or maybe that little maid wasn't Serena Sterling.

There are thousands of girls in the world, no matter how similar, they aren't her. That little maid had dark eyes, very similar, but lacking the charm in her eyes.

Serena Sterling's bright eyes were spirited and lively, every glance was shimmering with radiance that no one could imitate.

That little maid was just a counterfeit.

Hayden Crawford stayed in the hospital for several days and discharged right away to handle documents at the company, not investing much energy into his health, but the old lady was relentless, very concerned about it.

"Grandma, don't be sad, please go out, I'll take a bath."

"What bath, Professor Smith has already arrived, he's the leading expert in male health, he's waiting for you now, Hayden, we'll commence the treatment, restore your manhood soon."

"..." Hayden Crawford's forehead became marked with three black lines, instantly refusing, "Grandma, I have documents to handle later; let's postpone the treatment."

"Hayden, you weren't like this in the hospital, you promised me you would cooperate actively with the treatment."

"Grandma, I haven't refused treatment, just postponing." Hayden Crawford's tone was firm and commanding, allowing no dispute.

The old lady laughed in frustration, "Hayden, are you playing tricks on me? Fine, I'll step out now and call Serena."

Once she finished saying it, the old lady turned to leave.

"Grandma!" Hayden Crawford quickly held her back, "Why are you calling her? You promised at the hospital not to contact her."

The old lady snorted, "I promised not to visit Serena, but I'm not visiting her, just calling, and telling her about your impotence; Serena will surely come to see you. Maybe once she's here, you'll recover, or if not, she'll find a way to treat you, then Professor Smith won't be needed."

Hayden Crawford's pupils contracted; he couldn't let Serena know about his condition. If she knew he couldn't perform, how would she look at him?

Hayden Crawford was deeply masculine and proud, never revealing such embarrassing things to her.

"Grandma, don't call her, I'll go for treatment now, alright?" With that, Hayden Crawford turned and exited the bedroom.

The old lady glanced at his back, her grandson, too young to outwit me!

But the old lady still sighed heavily, it would be great if Serena were here.

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Hayden Crawford arrived at the adjacent treatment room, where Professor Smith smiled warmly, "Mr. Crawford, I understand your situation roughly. Now please lie down; I'll conduct a physical examination."

Hayden Crawford arrived at the single bed, then lay down.

Professor Smith approached, seeking consent kindly, "Mr. Crawford, should I help you remove your pants, or do you wish to do it yourself?"

"..."

In Hayden Crawford's handsome brows, a layer of frost seemed to form; the little maid had tried to remove his pants, and now a male professor was witnessing him, feeling utterly terrible.

"Mr. Crawford, let me assist you," Professor Smith reached to unfasten his belt.

The next moment, Hayden Crawford sat up, pressings his lips into a cold pale line, promptly getting off the bed, leaving directly.

Professor Smith hesitated, "Mr. Crawford, where are you going? We haven't started treatment yet."

Hayden Crawford's tall, upright figure had already faded from view.

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Hayden Crawford grabbed his car keys and got into his Rolls-Royce Phantom, driving the luxury car all the way to the apartment building below Drunken Jade Joy, knowing Serena Sterling was staying with Leah Thorne recently.

The passenger side window slowly lowered; he looked up intently, curtains drawn there but soft, warm light emanated inside.

Previously in Orchid Court, even after she had gone asleep, she would leave a light on for him.

Now that she's gone, no one leaves a light for him anymore.

There's no longer her delicate figure in his bedroom or the office lounge.

Hayden Crawford settled his strong back lazily into the seat, quietly waiting downstairs, some of the gloom and irritation in his heart slightly alleviated.

At this moment, tranquil mobile ringtones sounded; it was Ivan Yarrow, the secretary calling.

Hayden Crawford pressed to connect; Ivan Yarrow reported on that end, "President, we just got the news, madam is packing things; she has submitted her resignation to The Concordiat Research Institute, booked a flight to City of Aethelgard, madam will leave Bayside for City of Aethelgard in two days."

Hayden Crawford gripped the phone, all he could hear was that in two days she'll fly away!

He knew she'd leave, but didn't expect it so soon!

Hayden Crawford tossed the phone onto the passenger seat, his well-built chest started to heave, sleep deprivation had filled his narrow eyes with terrifying bloodshot and a layer of hostility.

He quickly took out sleeping pills, swallowed three, four pills down. During this period, he's found a shortcut for treating insomnia and psychological disorders, which is by taking sleeping pills.

Just by closing his eyes, falling asleep, he can restrain himself from disturbing her, staying far away.

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Upstairs in the apartment, Serena Sterling already took a shower, sat by the lamp, and opened her mother's medical book, beginning to study her mother's acupuncture techniques.

The room was silent; the more Serena Sterling flipped through, the more shocked she felt. Her mother's acupuncture methods were refined and mysterious, nurturing immensely powerful energy, striking her greatly.

She felt she had been a frog in the well before; this medical book seemed to open up a new world for her.

Vincent Terry's words were true; modern medicine can no longer satisfy Serena Sterling's studies. She is truly a prodigy of the heavens, needing more mysterious and profound things to guide her breakthrough, reaching higher realms.