

Substitute B 236

Chapter 236: Hayden Crawford, You're So Annoying!

What?

Ivan Yarrow paused because he had just come over and hadn't seen Zane Crawford enter Serena Sterling's room.

Ivan looked at his own president, only to see Mr. Crawford's handsome face clouded with gloom, his body emanating a brooding cold aura that was intimidating.

"President, are you alright? Why don't I stay to keep you company?" Ivan always felt that his president was trying hard to endure, fearing he would lash out soon.

At that moment Hayden Crawford reached out and took the room card, "No need, Secretary Yarrow, you may leave now."

After saying that, Hayden turned and swiped the card to enter his own room.

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In the presidential suite, Hayden Crawford didn't go to take a shower. The room was dark, none of the lights were on, the atmosphere was cold and oppressive.

He sat on the sofa, pulled out a cigarette and held it between his lips, and with a "click," lit the lighter, the flickering red flame reaching his lips as he ignited the cigarette and began puffing clouds of smoke.

Soon, the ashtray on the coffee table was filled with cigarette butts; he smoked quickly, one after the other, the pack was visibly empty.

Hayden reached out for more cigarettes but realized he had only brought one pack, and now there were no cigarettes left.

The restless, bloodthirsty rage in his chest was numbed only by the flavor of nicotine, but now with nothing in hand, he leaned his head back into the sofa, his eyes narrow and bloodshot.

In his mind, every time he opened or closed his eyes he saw the scene of Zane entering her room; what were they doing in there?

He had already mentally prepared himself that she would meet better men in the future and embrace others, but when this moment truly arrived, it was still unbearable.

The tall and upright figure suddenly stood up, he strode forward with strong steps and opened the room door, then arrived at Serena's door.

The door was tightly shut, Zane had not yet come out.

Hayden raised his hand to knock, but his fingers suddenly paused in mid-air and stopped.

The handsome eyelids fell, and soon he turned and left, returning to his own room.

He took out that bottle of sleeping pills, opened the lid, poured a handful into his palm, and swallowed them all.

He must take sleeping pills now; if he doesn't, he will lose control and might rush in to do something harmful to her.

He was already unable to part from the sleeping pills.

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In the next room, Serena Sterling watched Zane Crawford by the door, a flash of caution in her bright eyes, "What... what are you doing?"

Zane looked at her guarded demeanor, a slight smile on his lips, he walked to the table, opened the bag in his hand, and took out that mandrake flower, "How could I have given this to you standing outside? The mandrake flower was always with me, Shania called me so I brought it over."

Serena's tense nerves relaxed, though she trusted Zane's character, alone with a man in her room was still quite a shock.

Serena stepped forward; the mandrake flower was still vibrantly red and dripping.

"What do you need this for?" Zane suddenly asked.

"Oh, I need it for research. This is perhaps the only mandrake flower in the world, also given by Shania, of course, I want to take it with me." Serena moved the mandrake flower to the balcony.

"Serena, you haven't given up on Hayden, have you?"

Serena's footsteps stalled, her long lashes blinked twice, she spoke, "We are already divorced."

"Let me rephrase it, you haven't given up on Hayden's condition, you still want to cure him, that's why you want to take the mandrake flower, right?"

Serena turned around, looked at Zane, "That's my own business, it's already late, I want to rest."

She was issuing an order to leave.

Zane looked at her for a moment, "With your current health, you definitely shouldn't touch that mandrake flower, unless you want to risk your life. Though I don't know what you're trying to do, for safety's sake, tomorrow we'll take the same flight to the City of Aethelgard, I'll wait for you at the airport, rest well, see you tomorrow."

Zane opened the door and left.

Serena wrinkled her elegant brows, what did he mean by that, was he surveilling her?

Serena sat on the chair and took out that medical canon, flipping to the last page.

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Zane exited the room and then took out his phone, dialed a number, "Start monitoring Serena Sterling now, we're flying to the City of Aethelgard tomorrow, I don't want any accidents when we leave."

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Next morning, Serena woke naturally, it was already after nine by the time she finished her grooming, she opened the door and went out.

Walking to the corridor, she stood waiting for the elevator.

At this moment, steady footsteps were heard nearby, she glanced to see Hayden Crawford's tall and upright figure approaching from the front.

He was actually here.

Serena hadn't expected to meet him here, so unexpectedly and unprepared, this was their first encounter since the divorce.

She quickly averted her gaze, watching the red numbers flicker on the elevator.

At this moment, Hayden came over and stood by her side, his voice was somewhat muted and hoarse, "Have you been... doing well lately?"

Serena didn't look at him, gently nodded, "Mm, pretty good, do you also stay at this hotel?"

"Work requires it." He simply replied with four words.

"Oh." Serena said no more, she tried her best to remain relaxed and natural.

Then, his muted voice echoed at her ear again, "Last night, I saw Zane enter your room, you seem to be progressing quickly, what stage are you at?"

Serena froze, rapidly turned to look at him, he was also looking at her, his narrow eyes were filled with weary, bloodshot veins, the area below dark with fatigue, he seemed in poor condition, his whole being shrouded in a sickly gloom and rage.

"I don't understand what you're saying." The elevator arrived, Serena threw down a sentence and stepped directly inside.

But the next second, her slender wrist was grabbed tightly, the man's distinct fingers pulled forcefully; she was pinned against the wall.

Her delicate back pressed against the wall, in front was his firm chest, she was trapped in his embrace, Serena furrowed her brows, "Mr. Crawford, let's talk properly, don't use hands and feet."

This proximity was enough for him to catch that sweet aroma on her, the scent he was enamored with and fond of, "Perhaps you have some misunderstanding about 'hands and feet', before I actually make a move, answer my question properly, what did you and Zane do in the room last night?"

Serena looked at his bloodshot eyes, her small hands pressed against his strong chest trying to push him away, "That's my private business, none of your concern, Hayden Crawford, you're so annoying!"