

Substitute B 250

Chapter 250: Serena, Don't Go

Her second attempt to test the poison failed. She was already poisoned by the flower poison, and now, as she conducted the third trial, the two poisons spread rapidly throughout her body. Her stunningly beautiful small face lost all its blush and turned pale. Her legs went weak, and she collapsed onto the carpet.

Cold sweat had already formed a layer on her forehead from the pain, her vision started to blur, and Serena Sterling quickly opened the medical compendium left by her mother, flipping to the last page with trembling fingertips.

The last page instructed to use poison to counteract poison, using blood as medicine.

Under normal circumstances, if she conducted the third poison test, she wouldn't have survived, let alone saved Mr. Crawford. However, the last page of the medical compendium recorded a mysterious ancient needle technique. This involved sealing her heart meridian with a Golden Needle, and using a drop of her own heart's blood to save someone.

This kind of life-for-life forbidden technique only existed in legends. Both she and Zane Crawford had heard of it but didn't know how to perform it. Unexpectedly, the medical compendium left by her mother contained such a heaven-defying technique.

Serena Sterling took up the Golden Needle and inserted it into her own acupoint to temporarily protect her heart meridian from stopping.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford's deep and magnetic voice came from outside as he called her, "Serena! Serena!"

Serena Sterling quickly put away the Golden Needle and the medical compendium, looking into the mirror. Her own reflection was as pale as paper. Immediately, she took out lipstick, applied a thin layer to her lips, and dabbed some on her cheeks to appear more lively.

Serena Sterling walked out and immediately saw Hayden Crawford.

Hayden had just returned and hadn't seen her. Now, his tall and upright figure was moving through corridors, looking everywhere for her.

He probably didn't know where he went. Maybe he rushed back in a hurry. Serena saw that one shoe had fallen off his foot, but he seemed oblivious.

Serena!

Serena!

He called her name repeatedly.

Serena's pale eyes turned red. If she disappeared, he would search the world for her like this, and if he couldn't find her, he'd probably go mad.

No, he wouldn't.

She would never leave him because the one being left behind suffers the most.

Her Mr. Crawford had already been abandoned once by her mother. How could she bear to leave him a second time?

She could only choose to be the one who gets left behind herself.

Serena looked at him, softly curving her red lips, "Mr. Crawford, were you calling me? I'm right here."

Hearing her voice, Hayden Crawford's tall body stiffened. He quickly turned around and took long strides towards her, pulling her into his arms. His hoarse voice murmured in her ear, "Serena, where did you go? I thought you had left."

Serena gently patted his back with her small hand as if comforting a child, "Mr. Crawford, I haven't left. Where did you go just now?"

Hayden released her and brought out something he had been holding in his coat, presenting it to her, "Serena, look."

Serena looked down. He had been holding it in his coat all along. He now carefully held it out to her with both hands, a speculative and ingratiating smile on his handsome face, "Serena, see, haven't you always wanted a bird's nest? This nest has three eggs. Let's hatch them together into chicks."

In his hands was a bird's nest. So he had gone out to climb a tree and get it for her.

Serena felt her heart overwhelmed with pain, something like a vice crushing her heart, that raw agony was unbearable.

What kind of person was Hayden Crawford? Cold, powerful, a generation of nobility, capable of influencing the sky and earth, and yet now he climbed a tree to get her a bird's nest, lost a shoe, careful and tentative in his appeal, the lowest point of humility in his plea.

He had cast aside his pride.

Serena's small hands by her side slowly clenched into fists. She kept reminding herself to stay clear-headed; he was still waiting for her to save him.

"Serena, what's wrong? Don't you like this?"

Serena nodded, "Yes, I don't like it, not at all. I was just joking with you, why did you take it seriously for everything!"

Saying that, Serena reached out and knocked the bird's nest from his hands.

The bird's nest quickly fell to the ground.

Hayden froze, his thin lips pressed into a pale arc, the lines of his handsome face slowly stained with dark disappointment.

The atmosphere between them dropped to freezing point.

Serena felt she couldn't stay here any longer. She feared she would become soft-hearted, so she turned to leave.

But Hayden's clear, defined fingers reached out, gripping her slender, fair wrist, "Where are you going, Serena?"

Serena did not turn around, fought back the tears in her eyes not allowing them to fall, "Mr. Crawford, we agreed, everything is over. Clinging is undignified."

Hayden seemed not to have heard her, "Serena, don't go. Let's stay here. Look, these past few days, I haven't needed sleeping pills, and I can sleep. I am getting better, aren't I? Or should we go to Aethelgard? You know I don't like that place, but you're there, I'd learn to love the city slowly, I can make you happy."

He would learn to love a city for her.

Serena quickly raised her eyes because she couldn't hold back the tears anymore, "That's different, it's not the same..."

Hayden forcefully pulled her over, his large hands pressing on her delicate shoulders, his long eyes bloodshot, "What is different, tell me how it's different?"

Serena tried to push him away, "Because... I'll get bored, get tired, get weary. I don't have the courage to spend a lifetime with you. What if you can't be cured? I don't want to spend all my time on you. I don't want my world to revolve around you. I'm still so young!"

She shouted out these heartless words. With the words spoken, both fell into silence, only the sound of their labored breaths can be heard.

Hayden's long eyes were bloodshot, his slender fingers tightened, grasping her shoulder, "Then, what was the meaning of this honeymoon? You were good to me just for self-interest, you actually just wanted to play with me, and now you're bored and want to leave?"

"Yes, yes it is!"

Serena used all her strength to shove him away.

Hayden stumbled backward several steps, glaring at her with a cold, fierce gaze.

Serena dared not linger, turning to leave.

After a few steps, she heard a man's low and dangerous voice behind her, "Stop!"

Serena froze, and then turned around, her pupils contracting sharply because Hayden had a gun in his hand, pointing it at her, the black muzzle aimed at her head.